

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## **PROLOGUE**

*To experience the liberation and attainment of your most intimate self.*

*Laura Cariston thought she had a pretty good life. She was a manager of a department at a major bank in Phoenix, AZ, well respected and thought of by all she worked with. She had three degrees in different fields but settled on using her MBA for a career. At 31 years old, she was neither old or young, and she felt mostly satisfied. Mostly.*

*What Laura knew very well, deep inside and mostly hidden, was a driving, demanding need for sexual release. It was something she was fearful of releasing. The fear was for her career. She had spent so much time in education and now work that she trusted few contacts socially to allow a safe expression of those desires. She found an occasional outlet through a swinger group in Tucson through a couple she met who would invite her as a guest. Those experiences only magnified for her how much she enjoyed and yearned for a steady, regular exposure to such experiences and pleasures.*

*Without family or anyone to fall back on, she needed her job; she needed respect and reputation to advance in her career, especially one in the male dominated and conservative environment of banking. Although in many ways she was viewed as successful and accomplished, she was also frustrated and empty.*

*What could possibly give her an outlet for fully realizing her full and complete potential? A need to be professionally vital and to satisfy a driving bodily desire.*

*As it turns out, an encounter with a woman, Samantha, and her dog, initiates a series of other encounters she will be quite eager and willing to pursue. This is that story.*

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## **PART I: OPPORTUNITY**

### **CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION**

I am brought out of a sound sleep by the feeling of someone pulling at my thigh as I lie on my side, my hips and knees bent in a semi-fetal position. The sensation is someone pulling the top sheet off me, then tugging my left hip to put me on my stomach. I feel the sheet stripped away aggressively and my hip more urgently pawed. Initially, my mind refuses to make sense of what is happening, a reaction to the fatigue the intermittent periods of sleep did little to resolve. I struggled in my sleep, rolling to my stomach in compliance to the effort of the other without any conscious thought or consideration, merely a reaction to the persistent behavior of the other.

My arms were folded under my head and I sighed, settling into a new position for returning to sleep, my mind still not recognizing or accepting what was happening. I am flat on my front, my right leg stretched straight down while my left leg is bent to the side. The touches to my hip have now stopped and a small smile forms on my mouth as I sighed deeply, again, wiggling my body into the bed, preparing to return back into unconsciousness.

The touch now is on the inside of my thigh. I move my left leg into a sharper bend, my right leg moving slightly to the side. The lick, though, brings a new reaction entirely from my body. My mind seems determined to remain oblivious to what is happening, but the licks to my butt and between my upper thighs have my body responding independently. When the lick finds my pussy, my hips rotate and raise my pelvis upward, a bodily invitation for open exposure and better contact. This allows the

licks to become more concentrated as my right leg spreads to the side and my ass rises slightly off the bed. The sighs earlier anticipating a return to sleep are now replaced by soft moans with added gasps as the thick, wide, insistent tongue probes more urgently into my pussy and ass. So many of my female friends seemed offended by that word, pussy. Vagina, pussy, or cunt. The same thing but feeling different. Clinical, intimate, or in-your-face. So often, it is the center of my sexual experience and I am about my sexual experiences. But, it is intimate, personal, and pleasurable. There are times for clinical and times for in-your-face, but it is my pussy when I think about it objectively, in conversation, and definitely when I relate to it in bed. Intimate.

My hands are no longer folded underneath my pillow, but gripping the mattress alongside my head as the tongue probes along and over my pussy. What I hear first is the pulsing of my blood in my ears, followed quickly by the sounds of early morning birds outside. I know now that one of my two lovers from last night is ready again for more pleasure ... for himself and me.

My eyes finally crack open and I search the bed in front of me. I found Max curled on his bed, his eyes opened and watching what was happening. This, then, must be Axel, which was the basest of deductions since it was only the three of us together. My clearing mind recognizes the urgency and sounds coming from behind me for what they truly are and what they represent; Axel isn't just persistent, his whines and grunts joining his efforts with his tongue at my pussy and ass are indicating his frustration at my slow response.

I feel almost too physically tired to do much in response, so I leave my head and chest on the bed, pulling my knees up and under me, raising my ass to Axel who continues to lick the pussy now presented openly and boldly with knees spread. These two seemed insatiable and a big smile formed on my face, a long moan escaping my mouth, as that tongue curls into my open pussy and slides over my puckered asshole. His swiping tongue now has the access he needs and desires and it has me alert and aware. His tongue dips underneath me, then swipes up over my now throbbing clit, along and inside my pussy lips, and pressing between my cheeks over my asshole. Over and over, but really only a half dozen times.

I feel the bed shift under his moving weight and my knees shift with him, gaining position for stability in preparation for what I am now aware is going to happen, but also want to happen. I wiggle my ass and raise my chest off the bed to my elbows, my head turning to the side to offer my own encouragement.

"Come on, Axel ... give it to me ... put that beautiful cock of yours inside me, again." He gives me a few more licks and there is no mystery to me why. The remains of our threesome activity last night with the two men and the other two times I was mated with each of the dogs during the night were still inside me, undoubtedly still seeping out of my now drooling pussy. But, he now has my body raging in need of its own. I put a hand back to my hip and move his snout, then pat my butt. I try to sound authoritative to fill the need I now have. "Axel ... mount!"

Axel shifted his weight, again. This time, though, his licking was finished. I feel the bed shift under his weight and his furry stomach and chest land on my naked back, his hips driving at my ass. My hand had already instinctively moved between my spread thighs in preparation, finding and guiding his hard, probing cock into my waiting pussy. I gasp and cry out at his initial penetration, so different from the penetration from the others. He grabs me tightly around the waist and pulls my body back against him and he shifts his rear feet slightly, pulling me further over his cock and driving his cock deeper into my pussy. I gasp, again, at the now familiar regripping of his forelegs around my waist as his cock begins driving frantically into me.

Axel is a 105-pound Bernese Mountain dog standing 26 inches. He is a handsome animal. His

coloring is black, brown and white. His head and body are black, white chest and belly with light brown on his neck, underneath and socks. Our attentive companion on the other bed, his eyes fully on our activity and the reddish tip of his cock showing on his exposed belly, is Max. Max is an 115 pound Rottweiler standing 26 inches. He is a brute of a male with shiny mahogany coloring over his body. I saw his eyes watching as Axel pounded away at me and, as calm as his demeanor seemed now, the growing exposure of his reddish cock from his sheath indicated his readiness. He would be immediately next to have me, and as tired as my body was from last night, I would welcome it as much as I was enjoying Axel at the moment.

What Axel lacked in some body weight compared to Max, he makes up for in stamina. He was displaying that for me now. The fucking action of his cock drove my body forward causing my breasts to jerk forward and back, then settled into a swinging motion when his fucking established a rhythm. These two were strong fuckers, not that I had a tremendous amount of canine experience before them. In fact, I had only experienced canine mating on one prior occasion about a month ago, when I was introduced to it prior to a swinger party I was invited as a guest. Axel's cock was at least an inch longer than either of them and Max was certainly another inch longer than Axel. And, they each had knots that matched their larger cocks.

It was Axel's knot that drew me out of that revelry as its forming became evident by the bumping against my pussy and its constricted opening. As I pushed back against his knot as he pushed against my opening, in the midst of my groans and sighs, I noted movement in front of me. I raised my head enough to seek out the source, only to find Max inching closer to me on his bed to our beds touched. He stretched his snout out to me and I reciprocated by stretching my neck and head out to him until we managed to touch. His tongue shot out with a long, wet lick covering from my chin to my nose. I shook my head, my long hair flying from side to side. I groaned at the knot pushing, stretching my pussy, but I also managed to put my tongue out to Max so that at his next swipe of his massive tongue, we shared that intimate touch. My mouth opened wide as the knot was close to entering me and I jerked back, reflexively, as his tongue lapped over my face a third time, the tip of it entering my mouth as the knot pushed through my stretched opening at the opposite end.

I was momentarily frozen in position, stunned by the turn of events. My pussy felt filled with the knot now filling it and Axel quickly recovered and started the quick, short-stroke fucking resulting from the knot locking us together. At the other end, my mouth was filled, also. My lips closed around Max's tongue, my teeth somehow avoiding contact. Max seemed to react with a similarly surprising sense, but then inched closer to me and pushed his tongue deeper into my mouth, curling it and exploring this new chamber in the bitch he had never encountered before.

The combination put me over the crest of my orgasm, resulting in my mouth gaping open and my head dropping, hanging from my shoulders. In the process, I lost contact with the tongue, only knowing the sensations coming from my pussy. I fully dropped my head to the bed as my body shook in orgasm and I cried out my release. My clamping pussy walls held the cock and knot inside me with a death-grip. I felt his cock and knot throb inside me, then the tip of his cock twitch and jerk before spurting seed deeper into my pussy, giving me a sensation of my womb entrance being washed with doggy-sperm.

As we remained tied, he kept me on edge, whether intentional or not. He tested the tie frequently and when he wasn't, I was. I had learned in my trials with these two dogs over the past weeks the pleasure of being knotted. I rocked, pushed and pulled, turned and rotated, the knot and cock held inside and touching me, my pussy giving them an occasional spasm, the cock leaking cum in smaller and smaller amounts, the knot bumping around my pussy entrance, even bumping my g-spot when I manage it just right.

I partially lay on the bed, my chest and head on the bed, my ass up on my knees connected to the cock of Axel by his knot. Each of us tested the security of the tie, but for different reasons. He to escape the tie, an instinctual reaction passed down through eons of time of being vulnerable while tied to his bitch. Me, though, I was still using the knot for my own pleasure, keeping the feeling of arousal riding in my body. And, with Max now sitting on his bed, barely able to sit still in anticipation of his turn at the bitch, I couldn't wait for him to take his turn on top of me.

In the lull, I moved to the side for an angle to see under the brute waiting. His reddish cock was three or four inches extended from his sheath. Axel woke me up to satisfy his need; Max developed his own need while watching us.

Axel pulled away from me and at first, I thought it was still too early. His knot jammed against my spreading opening, grinding into my g-spot. I rotated my pelvis in response and I pulled in time with him pulling, creating a jolt spreading from my g-spot into my pussy, electrifying my clit and shooting up my body, my nipples tingling as I reached another orgasm. A smaller one, but every orgasm has a welcoming in my body.

Having been here only weeks, I realized what my life could be like if I were able to continue here. I loved what I was experiencing and what was being promised if it all worked out. I felt the knot opening my pussy and my orgasm provided the relaxation to open around it, like the effect an orgasm can have to open the cervix as a response.

Axel popped out of me and I felt his movements behind me, then his tongue lapping at my pussy, but at the same time I saw Max jump off his bed, move to my side and give a low growl at the other dog. It wasn't a mean or terribly threatening sound. These two were inseparable normally, but I sensed almost a "Move, damn it; you've had her long enough!" Axel did back away and Max immediately took his place at my ass. He too licked me, but only a couple licks and he mounted me, jumping his 115 pounds onto my back, forcing a grunt from me as he landed.

Max was bigger in every way than Axel or the two other dogs I had before coming here. As well fucked as I was, though, no concern existed in my mind in taking him or his knot. With him on my back, my hand was between my legs, again. I felt his cock as he probed at my ass, then guided to my pussy and his natural probing action pushed it into me. I cried out at the abrupt penetration and gasped as I felt it growing inside me after only a few strokes. Already it was leaking volumes of pre-cum as it extended and enlarged. I called out to him to fuck me and make me his. I pled with him to fuck me as well as Axel had. I had no question that he would, but the second mounting in the morning released inhibitions and a complete lack of concern of who might overhear.

He was pumping me furiously. My hands were clenched in the bed coverings, my arms slightly out in front of me for stability as the beast ravaged me. I moaned and groaned my pleasure.

My eyes saw, but it was my mind that registered the vision as a sensation. The sensation was that something had changed in the relatively confined space of the kennel. I realized what the change was when I heard, "Mrs. Herron, she says breakfast will be ready." There was a pause, but I sensed he was still there. "I will tell her to keep it warm."

I didn't look up or turn to look at him. For one thing, I hadn't known how much Mrs. Herron or Raul knew about my mating with the dogs, but there was only so much I could do to keep it completely private. Instead, I muttered, "Thank ... you ... Raul ...". After that, I sensed that the kennel space was back to normal and we were alone, again. Max was still pounding, my gasps and grunts and moans were continuous. But, what just occurred stayed with me as a reality. This is what my life will be? This is what I now want? The groundskeeper delivering a message to me while I am being fucked.

Those inside the house will begin their breakfast while knowing exactly why I am delayed. This is what I am excited to have for my life? I grunted as I felt the knot pressing against my pussy. I moaned as I pressed back against it, encouraging with my own will to pass the ball into my waiting pussy.

Yes ... Yes, I do want this for my life. I want to feel these dogs regularly. I want to feel everything promised me. He gave me time to be sure. He gave himself time to be sure; to be sure about the dogs; to be sure about the others. I appreciated that, but I was sure. Maybe soon I will find out if he too was sure.

I muffled my grunts and moans with my mouth in the bedding as the knot stretched and expanded my pussy entrance. When it suddenly shot into me with a final push from both of us, I cried out, gasping for air and panting, not realizing I had been holding my breath during the effort. All I could do was brace myself further against the onslaught of his final attack on my body to complete his breeding of me. His knot swelled up and seemed to match the increased leaking of his pre-cum until the increasing throbbing and pulsing of his cock were overshadowed by a final drive of his cock into my pussy that nearly drove me onto my face. I gasped as my body entered another orgasm and I felt his cock deep inside me jerk almost violently as it spurted his seed into my body. That initial spurt of seed was followed by much more, but by then my own orgasm overwhelmed my senses. My contracting and spasming pussy gripped his knot and cock tightly and making every twitch and spasm of his cock a part of my experience. I rocked on his knot as he held steady releasing his sperm into me. My rocking back and forth, side to side, and rotating my pelvis on it, magnified and extended my orgasm as the knot frequently bumped and ground on my g-spot.

After gathering my senses and control of my body, I rolled to the edge of the bed, braced myself and gained my feet. The dogs were already outside the kennel, undoubtedly taking care of their business, hopefully, in the area of the yard they were trained to use. Periodically, I still roamed the rest of the fenced in back yard to verify they were.

I moved to the other end of the kennel, stopping at the swinging door and propping it open to gaze out after them. Axel spotted me first and his trot back to the kennel building brought Max. They were hungry. Now that they had mated their bitch, they would want to satisfy their next base need ... food. I fed them in the morning around our breakfast time and late afternoon before our dinner.

When the dogs made their entrance to the kennel and sat obediently by the door, I was already filling their food bowls and refreshing their water. I put the bowls down on the mats used for that purpose, then released them to eat. I smiled and patted each of them as they tore into the food. I considered myself fortunate; these were supremely well-trained dogs and they transferred their obedience to me quickly. Of course, since they were both pure-bred, certified breeding dogs, one would expect they would be exceptionally trained.

I wanted to clean-up their bowls and refresh their water before going into the house for my own breakfast. It was unusual for Raul or anyone to seek me out when I had been spending the night in the kennel and that gave me a level of curiosity about what might be awaiting me inside. But, my routine with the dogs was important in keeping control over them ... well, keeping control until one or both of them decided their bitch needed to be underneath them. I smiled as I watched them. In my short time here, the idea of being the bitch to two handsome dogs has become more and more comfortable, not that there aren't still times of pause between the moment they express their desire to mate and when I respond by presenting myself for them. The internal switch from human-in-control to ready-bitch sometimes isn't immediate. But, it is always exciting.

I looked at the other end of the room, reminding myself to strip the bed I used last night and to

straighten the other two beds ... yes, the beds of the dogs. The kennel was an interesting and elaborate structure for dogs. It was 10 feet by 15 feet inside with the doorway on hinges that allowed it to swing in and out. It was located at the opposite end from the bedding, which consisted of three beds measuring three feet wide by four feet long, formed into a 'U' shape, which coincidentally allowed room for me and the dogs when I joined them in the kennel, which has been a couple times. The beds were off the ground a foot with firm springs and highly durable mattresses. The opposite end of the kennel, where I now stood, was a storage and meal preparation area with counter surface and sink. Cupboards above and under the counter provided storage for food, medicines, supplements, cleaning, shampoo, and general supplies. The walls were concrete to hold the cool of evenings and stopped a foot short of the roof, providing air flow, especially with windows opened on several sides.

I walked from the kennel to the back of the house, the pool to my right, following a patio brick path through a grassy section of the yard. The back of the house was a covered patio extending 15 feet from the house with sliding or double doors at the kitchen/dinette area and the family room. The outdoor patio area was nearly all-season with a fire-pit, several heating lamps, and overhead fans. It was equipped with an outdoor wet bar and grilling station. With the pool nearby, it suggested an excellent entertaining area.

I moved directly to the sliding doors to the kitchen/dinette area of the house. I opened the sliding screen door and came to a stop at the corner of the dinette table, which was full of the residents of the house. The fact that all of them were still sipping coffee or orange juice indicated that Raul's announcement to me that breakfast was ready was a teaser for the real reason for them gathered. Although the table had chairs for six and there were only four at the table, nobody moved to give me room to sit down. So, I stood among them, the only one naked. Also, the only one freshly fucked by the two dogs and, quite probably, the only one with dog cum leaking down the inside of the thighs.

Seated around the table were the four other residents of the estate. Raul Perez, who came to the kennel earlier, is the property groundskeeper responsible for the yard, house, pool, and yacht upkeep and maintenance. He immigrated from Cuba, still has a strong accent, is in his early 50's, is on the short side, slightly overweight, and has a full head of black hair.

Mrs. Sharon Herron is the property housekeeper and cook of all meals on most days. She is additionally responsible for light cleaning, basic laundry, and runs the house. She manages the cleaning service that comes in once a week for deeper cleaning throughout the house. She is in her mid-50's, short to medium height and full-figured. She has auburn hair styled to her shoulders.

Across the table from me sat Chris Border. He is the bodyguard and driver for the owner of the property. He is 36 years old, 6'-2" tall and 230 pounds, which is muscle everywhere on his body with wide shoulders and chest, flat stomach, and arms 'the size of my thighs' as the saying goes. I guess you could say I have noticed him around the place, especially noticing at the pool. He has a short brown hair cut in some military-type style, which fits since he is ex-military. I was told he was some kind of Special Forces but he has yet to talk to me about those experiences and the others honor his privacy to share information to those he wants to know.

Those three all live in the north wing of the house, which faces the street to the east with the back facing west into the bay between North Beach and Miami Shores.

Finally, the last person at the table and the man I was standing next to was the owner of the estate, Mr. Hein Koningh. A most interesting man and the sole reason for my being at the estate, a process that began only four weeks ago, and quickly led to being offered a provisional/probationary position responsible only to him ... well, nearly so. Hein Koningh is a Dutch national with dual citizenship

with The Netherlands and USA. He is 48 years old, 5'-11" tall and a very fit 180 pounds. He has prematurely graying blonde hair he wears long over the ears and a beard and mustache neatly trimmed. To my younger eyes, he is an exceedingly attractive gentleman with an easy, commanding presence. Mixed with his physical appearance is a rare combination of being highly successful in a diverse business conglomerate while being introvert and a past history of stuttering, which still has him privately nervous and tentative about public appearances and speaking. His father started the KONINGH Group out of Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Mr. Koningh took over the Americas company ventures and expanded it over three-fold in sales and profit in the 11 years he controlled it. When his father retired two years ago, the board of directors spent no time in moving Hein into the position of Chief Executive Officer. With the ventures in the Americas outgrowing the European segments of the business, he now shares his time between two corporate offices in Miami and Amsterdam, traveling frequently and spending more time in Miami in the winter and Amsterdam in the summer. After spending only a limited amount of time with him, I was not surprised to learn from Mrs. Herron that "Hein" means ruler of the house in Dutch and "Koningh" means king.

Standing before them with my hands hanging at my sides, Mr. Koningh brought the back of my right hand to his lips, kissing it, and holding it between both of his. I looked down at him and was held instantly by the deep gaze that was coming back to me.

"We have been talking about you while you were ... delayed." He gave me a smile, then scanned the faces of the others before returning to mine.

I glanced nervously at the others, "Me? You were talking about me?"

He chuckled, "Do you not remember what this day is?"

"Wednesday?" They all laughed in unison, each of them enjoying my response. And, I knew I was missing something significant. But, I was now too nervous to work through the possibilities.

He patted my hand, pushed his chair further away from the table and pulled me to his lap, both of his arms wrapping around my waist and hugging me into his body. "Yes, it is, as a matter of fact. But, it is also the end of your two-week provisional period."

So, that was why last night was so different. The two weeks had flown by and my experiences were non-stop and I didn't want them to stop. Last night was different not because of the dogs (I had spent nights with them before) but when Chris was brought into our sexual activities. The combination of being with the two men, then spending the night in the kennel was the finals, so to speak.

I was naked on his lap in front of the others, but there was nothing sexual about it beyond my nudity, his hands remained around my waist. Then, he continued.

"Yes, we have been talking about you and it was in that context." The two weeks were gone already. They had all talked about what was to happen now. What was going to happen now? Did I meet their expectations? Would I be able to stay? He turned my face to him. "Laura, two weeks ago, we decided that a two-week trial period should be appropriate to determine if you would fit into the position and, equally important if you still wanted the position. Did you have the time you needed to determine what you needed?" I nodded my head. "Good." He then looked around the table. "What do each of you think?"

Raul was next to us on the left, "I love her and I didn't have sex with her." Mrs. Herron reached over and playfully swatted his arm. He feigned being hurt, but his smile gave him away quickly. "She's so natural and comfortable. This morning, for instance, she took my message and continued on with the

dog. Keep her.”

I turned my attention to Mrs. Herron. She looked at me with a look that made me feel like a mother considering a child. Then, she lightened. “I enjoy all my interactions with her. I agree with Raul. She is so natural. I admit it took some adjustment to having an attractive woman naked around the house. It took, even more, to look out the window to find her underneath one of the dogs. But, that has been your fantasy, Hein. She’s smart, competent in business by her resume, and she expresses herself well and thoughtfully. I agree. Keep her.”

This was completely weird and exciting. But, it was coming to the two most critical evaluations. I turned to Chris who didn’t make me wait. “Keep her. No question. No hesitation.” He looked at me directly, “And, yes, part of it is that I know she is a good fuck.” He turned his attention to Mr. Koningh, “Let’s face it, Hein, you’ve been looking for this woman for two years and have never gotten close to realizing it. She’s smart, professional, competent, confident, strong, independent, well-spoken, and …” his eyes twinkled, “... and, the hardest part is she really, really wants sex and to discover new and unique ways to enjoy it.” He looked at me and winked, “She is EVERYTHING you have been looking for.”

I shifted in his lap to look into Mr. Koningh’s face. I had almost forgotten during the discussion that I was naked until his hand moved from my waist to cup my right breast. His eyes considered me as he continued to fondle my breast in front of the others. And, I continued to hold his eyes with mine.

He pinched my nipple, causing me to flinch slightly, but I held his eyes, letting a spontaneous smile cross my face. “What decision did you come to, Laura? You’ve heard from the others who want you to join us. What do you want?”

I smiled at him, squirmed to look at each of the others, sending smiles to all of them. “I want to stay here. I want the position.”

He boosted me off his lap and patted my butt. “Okay, then. Go upstairs and use YOUR shower. Primp a little bit and you’ll find the clothes on YOUR bed I want you to put on. Then, meet me in my office in the south wing and we will discuss this further.”

I noticed that he didn’t say I had the position. I guess there was something more he wanted to discuss before he was satisfied. Of course, the others would be affected, but he was the one I would report to and would be responsible for me. But, it sounded promising and that made me excited. I turned and walked calmly to the doorway to the hall, then ran up the curved stairway to the second floor. At the top of the stairs was an airy library/quiet room. No clocks, electronics of any kind were allowed. It was a quiet space, more so when the door was closed to the rest of the house. To the right from the stairs were the bedrooms. From the looks of it, I had assumed four bedrooms, two on each side. The master bedroom was on the left, west side overlooking the pool, open space of the backyard and the water beyond the dock. I had the guest suite across the hall.

I opened the door and stopped two steps inside. Everything that was mine from two weeks of living here was gone. I looked at the bed, which was made but empty of any clothes set out for me. I walked to the bathroom and found it cleaned but empty of any of my things. What was happening? What did ...

I turned around and walked deliberately back to the door and stepped into the hall. There in front of me was a clue. On the hallway floor in front of the master bedroom door were a pair of my new heels, precisely positioned facing to the door, which was closed. It seemed really strange, but it could only mean one thing given my room being empty. I picked up the heels and cracked the door,

taking a breath before pushing it open. If I hadn't been in this room several times before, I might have been shocked. As I was the first time. I had stepped into a private sitting room, not a bedroom. A fireplace at the end with chairs in front of it, a love seat and a lounge chair in front of an entertainment center. Through double doors was a balcony with more seating overlooking the back. Another door to the right was open. I moved to it, knowing that I was the only person upstairs, but still tentative about walking into his bedroom. Inside the door, I gazed on a magnificent bedroom. This suite was the size of two on the other side of the hall and I thought those were huge.

A small package was on the bed and below it was a pair of black, 4"-inch heels. The only thing on the bed was a package containing new, black, thigh-high stockings. On top of the package was a black lace choker with a silver medallion with engraved lettering standing out on the front. It said simply, "PET". Under it was a simple note, "Bring your copy of the contract."

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## **CHAPTER TWO: FOUR WEEKS AGO**

I picked up the black leather choker from on top of the plastic package containing the sheer, black stockings and examined the silver-looking nameplate. As I reread the three letters, I ran my thumb over the engraved letters. I noticed that it wasn't three letters, but three letters each with a period after it, "P.E.T.", although it was the letters that were seen. So, he did want me to join him. The thought made me tingle throughout my body, despite everything I had experienced during the past night; but it mostly made me tingle in my pussy and nipples. He promised me he could give the sexual excitement I desired and the fulfillment of meaningful work. He made the decision, even before hearing my reaction, apparently, so this next discussion was about more than being his pet, it must also be what is the "fulfillment of meaningful work". And, we were going to have that discussion with me dressed only in stockings, heels, and a choker. I tingled more.

I carefully placed the choker back on the package and rushed into the master bathroom. He had said to go to my shower and referred to my bed for the clothes he selected. As I rushed into the bathroom to shower before joining him in his home office, I smiled at the realization that this was my bedroom and bathroom. The master bedroom! I really was his, now. And, I tingled more.

And, all this started only four weeks, ago.

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Four weeks, ago.

Bob and Carol Carson were friends of mine. Intimate friends, really. They were a couple in their early to mid-40's and lived a swinging lifestyle. I was a guest of theirs at their Tucson home over the past months and was invited to their swinger group parties when allowed. I was told there were various types of swinger groups and this one was carefully managed for couples. When singles were allowed, it was generally only a few at a time and they were especially restrictive of single men. But, I took the opportunity to join them anytime they invited me.

When I checked my voice mail on my personal phone, I found her teasing message, "I know your sexy body must be very needy by now, so I have an offer for you. The group is getting together this Saturday and I suggested a special demonstration for the group as a primer for the evening. You'll be a part of the demonstration. No details until you get here Friday night. Trust me. I know you'll do it, so give me a call say you will. Bye."

She was right, too. I had opened myself up to Bob and Carol over that time together. Others in the

group knew me sexually, but none knew who I was, what I did, or how desperate my needs ran. But, with Bob and Carol, I had opened myself up and let it all come out and they did for me what they could. Of course, there were benefits in that for them, as well.

It was something I never understood and, for a long time, tried to deny. A counselor once told me that it was better to accept it and give it recognition even if I wasn't going to act on it. At least then, I could attempt to manage it. The "it" was a sexual drive that literally scared the hell out of me. If I gave myself to a man in a relationship, it frequently ended up with me taking over the sexual side of the relationship, demanding more, and exploring further. Even now I have to laugh at the realization of how intimating that had been to those men. It also became clear to me that I needed to be very careful, not just for the very real possibility of being taken advantage of, but for my career.

I was 31 years old and single. Actually, never having had a truly meaningful relationship for the possibility of singlehood changing anytime soon. It wasn't because I wasn't attractive. To be taken seriously in school and work, I toned my appearance down. I was 5' - 7" tall and weighed 120 pounds. I had always kept my naturally wavy, dark brown hair long. It was currently in the middle of my back. And, even five years after school, there was little fat on my body. High school and college were a steady stream of classes or athletics. I specialized in soccer and swimming but also tried out for volleyball, softball, and track. Looking back at it, even then I was subconsciously suppressing the other desires bubbling beneath the surface. If I kept myself physically and mentally exhausted, perhaps I could control the sexual side.

Despite being a woman in the largely male-dominated world of banking, only five years after college, I was managing the Executive Banking Department at the National Bank of Arizona in Phoenix. My group dealt with the transactions of very wealthy individuals, companies, and corporation, handling multi-million dollar loans and purchase transactions. It wasn't the financial side of the business I found interesting, but dealing with the so-called rich and powerful. It was almost a sexual release for me to deal with, anticipate, and maneuver these, mostly, men for the benefit of the bank.

That was the part of the job I couldn't bear jeopardizing. I denied my desires and traveled long distances for the occasional opportunities to sate my body's needs. But, when I did, it was with abandonment. I threw myself into the sex and I was never in doubt that I was allowed back to the group as often as I was because of the pleasure and excitement I unselfishly brought out in others. It was something, however, that I felt needed to be isolated from my real life in Phoenix and any possible contact with those I worked with or associated with and that association was widespread.

But, it didn't stop me from musing with Bob and Carol, often while we lay naked in their bed with a final glass of wine or a stiffer drink. If only I didn't have to worry about a job; if only I could be free to experience that side of me without recrimination or consequence to my livelihood.

I was a mess of confliction, and I knew it. Bob and Carol knew it. None of us had any ideas of what to do about it, though. A good job with responsibility and creating opportunity and benefit for the bank was rewarding, and you don't survive in the world without income. At least, you don't survive with the comforts and options I had come to appreciate.

The demonstration Carol was suggesting would change me, again. Friday night, I drove directly from work with a small overnight case to Tucson. Upon driving up to their home, I was intrigued to find another car in the driveway I didn't recognize. Inside, I was introduced to a woman in her mid-40's, Samantha Jameson. She was the one who would introduce me to a whole new world of sexual experience, bestiality. And, it would only take that weekend to convince me that canine sex needed to be a part of my life in some way.

When I was brought into the house, Carol greeted me with a loving hug. I asked her who was also there because I was used to interacting with Bob & Carol and the swinger group by myself. She said it was part of the surprise. Surprise, indeed. After giving Bob a hug and kiss, I left my overnight bag with Bob, who placed it in the hallway, and followed Carol into the family room at the back of the house. There, I noticed the naked woman in the back nuzzling and stroking two dogs. I recognized Blackie from previous visits, but the other dog, a white German Shepard, was new so I assumed it belonged to the woman.

Carol led the way out onto the patio, which brought the woman's attention to us. She stood and approached. It was odd seeing a woman I was unfamiliar with being naked in my friends' house. She was introduced as Samantha Jameson who had also spent time with them sexually. She was going to the swinger party with us. It was at this point that Bob turned to me.

"Laura, I think you are overdressed. After all, you and Samantha are here for the same reasons."

The woman, Samantha, watched me with a wry smile on her face as though she knew something I didn't. And, I suspected she did. I smiled and calmly undressed on the patio, Carol taking each of my garments and folding them on the patio table. I was reaching behind my back to undo the clips to my bra when my eyes went to the dog licking the woman's naked hip. My bra loosened and fell to my elbows, exposing my breast when the thought clicked into all the right slots.

I turned to Carol, handing her my bra, "The demonstration you said was going to be given at the party ..." I turned to the dogs, "... the dogs?"

Carol chuckled and nodded. She explained how Samantha had spent some time with them and introduced her to canine sex. At first, Carol thought of a canine sex demonstration with her and Samantha, but then she remembered how much I like to extend my sexual experiences and fussed so much about not getting enough opportunities to experience new things. She thought if she tried to explain it over the phone I might not have agreed to come. "Somethings," she said, "were best being surprises."

I gasped out my reply, "I've never ... you know I have never done anything like that."

"That's why they call it new experiences, dear. Don't fret. Samantha is a wonderful guide. She'll have you wanting more canine sex before you know it." She smiled at Samantha, "I know first-hand." She put her arm around me, "But, we'll get to all of that, later. Bob, why don't you get us some drinks."

As Bob returned with a tray containing the drinks, Carol took me by the shoulders, but spoke to the other woman, "She isn't giving you the full impression, Samantha. This woman has maybe the highest sex drive I have seen. You, Samantha, are right there, too. I think the difference is that you have your friend Albert to arrange these meetings and Laura is in a position to worry about her career and her reputation within that career." She gave me a kiss on the cheek and I was a bit uncomfortable with the details coming out to someone I had just met.

Samantha glanced at Carol, then turned her attention to me, "Can I have a talk with you for a minute?" I nodded, so with our drinks in hand, we walked to the other side of the yard. "You looked as surprised by this as I was. Are you okay?"

I nodded and held out my arms, "I'm naked, aren't I?" We both laughed. I hugged her. "Thank you, though. I appreciate the concern. There is good discretion in the group, but they are more interested in their own pleasure. Having an outside participant, even one who has been with them several times seems to be a chance to maximize their pleasure." She looked concerned by what I said, then

added, "Not Carol and Bob, though." She smiled at me and I remember, "Of course, you already know them."

"Laura, I think we will get along just fine. I think we are a lot alike." She turned to head back to the couple, but I stopped her with my hand on her arm.

"In the group, they call me 'LauraC'. There is another Laura already in the group. Just so you know ..."

"Well, I am not of the group, you will remain Laura to me." She smiled.

I still didn't proceed, though. "You really do it with dogs? I never even thought about ... anything but humans."

She smiled and nodded. "Dogs, yes. Harley and I are very familiar with each other. But ... other animals, too. We can save that discussion for another time. But, Carol seems intent on you trying a dog. She seems intent on you performing with one tomorrow night. Between you and me, I hope you try it, at least tonight. I am sure you will love it. About tomorrow night, though, if you think it will be too soon to be in front of others, don't worry, I can take both of them." She leaned into me and whispered, "I have done much more in front of others." And she gave me a look that said she thought I would understand. I wasn't sure what, exactly, she meant, but the implication was clear.

I took her hand. "Thank you. I want to talk to you more about all of this. Yes, I will try the dog, but you'll show me?"

"Every step of the way." And, we rejoined Carol and Bob.

For the time being, Bob and Carol seemed content to allow Samantha and me to gain comfort and familiarity with other before springing the full canine issue on me. They sat on the couch in the family room while Samantha and I engaged in some mutual pussy loving. Soon, the sounds of moans and gasps were not just from Samantha and me. Bob and Carol were soon partially undressed on the couch as they used our display to ignite their own play. Samantha was a gifted lover and that was no surprise. I was pleased to experience her abilities in arousing me to an orgasm, as I did for her.

Later that night, we gathered in the family room for a discussion of Carol's thoughts for the coming party with the swinger group. Samantha moved to a blanket Carol had placed on the floor in the center of us and called her dog, Harley. She then encouraged me to join her so I could have a better view of what she was doing and what the dog would be doing.

I watched intently as she placed the dog on his side, then encouraged the cock out of the sheath with first her fingers, then her tongue, lips, and mouth. I found that part amazing itself. I guess we don't think much about the penis of other species, at least I never had. This one was shaped much different from a man. The tip was pointed without the classic helmet head that even an uncircumcised one has under the foreskin. This was not only pointed but shaped different and a distinctly reddish color.

Samantha, though, showed no reservation of treating it any differently than I might a man's cock. She hungrily used her tongue and mouth on the cock, taking it deep into her mouth. She was skilled in sucking the cock, and the dog was used to the attention, obviously, as the dog remained calm throughout and the cock quickly extended out of the sheath to a length of about four inches. She sat back on her heels while continuing to stroke the animal.

"My preference is having a good amount of cock out of the sheath before having him mount me.

Dogs and animals in general won't be able to see where they are putting their cock so they probe and jab in an effort to sink into the pussy. The dog's cock has a bone in it that can be brutal with enough jabbing. So, I use my hand to guide it in me. You can determine your own preference, of course, but I encourage you to consider the easy way."

With that, she moved to her hands and knees, patted her butt and her dog scrambled to his feet, sniffing her ass before giving it and her pussy licks. She wiggled her butt and pushed his snout away but telling me that the feel of a dog licking is amazing and I should indulge sometime when I have a chance. I watched the dog suddenly jump onto her back and I leaned over to watch her hand move between her legs and provide a guide for the cock to find its way into her.

I heard her gasp at the aggressive initial penetration and watched in stunned amazement as the dog seemed to go crazy on top her. With only a moment of pause to reposition itself, the dog's hind end thrust into her with an energy I had never imaged previously. I saw that she only braced herself underneath the animal and made no attempt to match its furious effort at fucking her. After a few moments of stunned amazement in watching, she gasped out that I should raise its tail and look. I did as she instructed, a bit tentatively because I didn't want to have the dog frightened by the touch. What I found made me gasp.

"What is that?! Is that normal? It must be ... but ... you mean that is going inside you?"

Even through her gasping and moans at the fucking, that to me she must only be enduring, she managed to reply, "The knot ... it forms ... to tie ... to hold him ... to his bitch ... to increase the ... likelihood of ... insemination." I now saw her pressing back against the dog and the knot slowly spreading her pussy open. "Yes ... inside ... the best part ... of dogs."

She cried out, but it wasn't really a cry of pain or distress but of the completion of the effort, the stretching of her pussy and what feelings that involved, and I imagined of the sudden fullness of having that ball of dog flesh fill her. It wasn't long after that she literally seemed to explode in orgasm. It was beautiful to watch as the dog, too, pressed strongly against her butt and was emptying his seed into her.

It took minutes before they separated. In the meantime, she rotated, pulled and pushed against their stuck union. The dog, somehow, managed to turn by lifting its leg over her so they were ass-to-ass. By lifting the tail, again, I was able to see the ball of cock flesh just inside her distended pussy lips. She said the rotation and pulling that she and the dog did would sometimes take her to another orgasm, but that it was largely dependent on attitude and situation. She didn't this time, but she was clearly enjoying the knot while being tied together.

After, she assisted me as I attempted to duplicate everything I had just witnessed. As I quickly and eagerly moved to experience their dog, Blackie, in the same way, I heard Carol to Bob, "She always talked about needing more sex, but I just knew there was a lot more inside her. Look how she doesn't seem bothered at all by the idea of being fucked by a dog and that she will duplicate that action in front of five or six other couples tomorrow night." And, she was right. I was not only eager to do this now, to be fucked by a dog, something that I never, ever fantasized about, but the idea of doing it in front of others with Samantha at my side, the two of us wantonly being bred by dogs, professed another side of my sexuality I would need to explore more if I ever got the chance.

That experienced changed me. Or, perhaps, it opened me. I had sought gratification of sexual outlet through these occasional swinger parties or evenings with Bob and Carol. I knew now that there was so much more out there, but I had the same problem as always ... how to safely pursue it without jeopardizing my career and name.

The next day, Samantha and I switched dogs just for my curiosity. The fuck was similar, but there did seem to be something different, smoother, satisfying with her dog. She confided that she often felt the same way. Other dogs can be enjoyable, certainly, but a dog used to mating with a human female seemed to display a subtle quality, slightly gentler. The night at the party didn't quite go as Carol had planned. I couldn't go through with participating in the demonstration with the dogs in front of the other couples. Samantha, however, thrilled the others with the bestial demonstration that served the intended purpose of stimulating the group to a fever pitch. I immediately lost track of anyone else until I was collected late at night and we returned to Bob and Carol's where I collapsed into a sound sleep. I remembered being immediately taken in a double penetration by two of the men, pussy, and ass. After that, I seemingly floated from naked body to naked body, not caring if it was male or female, single or couple.

The next day I took the opportunity to talk with both Samantha and Carol, separately. Samantha warned me about falling into the wrong situation with my sexuality. She confided of her own experience, but also said that I seemed stronger, more in control of my life than she had been. I asked her how I would know and she hugged me. She said I would. If I continued to go into new situations in strength, awareness, and understanding, I would know if something was good.

Carol reinforced the same thing without the experience factor behind it. She just encouraged me with a confidence she felt about my inner strength. If I didn't go into something in weakness and desperation, I would be fine.

I wouldn't have long to wait for the opportunity to put all of that to the test.

The Tuesday after that weekend I sat down on a bench in the park a couple blocks from my workplace. I stopped for a strawberry poppy seed salad and ice tea from a corner café along the way. As I munched on the first fork full, I dug through my purse for my personal phone. Turning it on, I found my usual couple voice messages, but one was from a phone number I didn't recognize. But, it wasn't spam because a message was left. I punched the fork repeatedly into the salad as my phone service put into my voice mail. Chewing, again, I heard the message.

"Laura, Cariston. My name is Kara, with a K. You can reach me at the number registered on your phone. I work for a very exclusive research firm hired to find a uniquely qualified person for an equally unique position. This is not a random solicitation. This is a very real opportunity and it has not been easy to fill, but the client has been patient since the requirements were defined by him and are very specific. Your name hit our database search earlier and I feel we have finally satisfied ourselves that you may very well be that one unique individual that is being sought. I am sorry for the length of this message, but I really do hope you take the time to call me when you have a chance. I recognize the conflict of doing so while at work, which is why I used your personal number. You can call up to 9:00 PM your time. Thank you."

How odd. She didn't say she was with an employment search firm or recruiter. She referred to her company as an exclusive research firm. I came up in their search and they have now satisfied themselves? Am I unique? What kind of position calls for a research firm and apparent lengthy investigation?

I was too curious so I did call her back. I had a good job, but the reality was that it was a good, steady job. It was not 'unique'. Although I might not have peaked in the hierarchy of the bank, I likely would have difficulty moving too much further in the patriarchal environment. So, Friday night I was sitting across the table from Kara, with a K, at the most expensive restaurant in Phoenix. I know, I checked online. She flew in only to talk to me. I couldn't believe they didn't need an updated resume, school records of degrees, lists of references, or something. She assured me they had everything necessary.

To say that I was extremely intimidated would be an understatement. But the woman sitting opposite me was attractive, calm, and controlled. She was maybe a decade older than my 31 years but they looked really good on her. She had a short, efficient hairstyle and wore a silk buttoned blouse with just enough buttons undone to occasionally show edges of her lace bra underneath.

We sipped our drinks and after the waiter left, she leaned in, "Laura, thank you for agreeing to talk to me. I hope you understand that at this time I cannot divulge the company or the person you would be reporting to. That will come later." I nodded my understanding. "Good. This can move quite quickly once it gets going."

I put my hand out further into the table, effectively stopping her. "I don't understand something. Such a unique position requiring a uniquely qualified person. How could you know I am that person?"

She looked down at her drink and turned it in a circle on the tablecloth. I had the feeling she was weighing how much to say. She sighed and looked up at me. "I told him this was going to be too hard ..." She sighed, again. "You've heard the conspiracy stories about how the government knows too much about our emails, phone calls, besides our personal and business lives?" I nodded. "Well ... it's not just the government."

"What do you mean, not just the government?"

"I mean us ... my firm. I have been following you in the world of cyber-space for months. Well, me and a team."

"A team has been following me?"

She chuckled, "Sorry, it probably isn't funny to you. Not following you physically ... well ... a little, maybe. Anyway, we know enough about you to reassure the client that you could be 'the one'. I don't want to be all Matrix about this, but we have spent a lot of time trying to find you."

"Me."

She laughed this time. "Yes. Definitely ... YOU." She smiled. "Suffice it to say, we know you."

I cocked my head at her. "Really?"

She leaned over and retrieved an I-Pad. We ordered and got rid of the waiter with another order of drinks. She found what she was looking for. "Okay ... we know that you grew up in a wonderfully happy and loving family fulfilling the suburban dream until you were 15." She looked up at me and continued. "At 15-years old you were orphaned due to a terrible car accident that you miraculously survived with minor injuries. Your only surviving relative was an old grandmother on your mother's side who was already in a nursing home. You were placed in a foster home but taken out within 5 months." She looked up, again. "Did you know he went to jail?"

I shook my head. "How ... I thought juvenile records were always sealed?"

"They are. I told you, Laura." I nodded my understanding, finally letting it sink in that this was real. "The next foster family was good. You stayed there through high school until you went off to the University of Arizona. In high school, you specialized in soccer and swimming, which you carried into college, but you also played other sports but not at the same level. You took an inordinate amount of time to go through college and completely avoided the issue of boys along the way. Let's see ... Bachelor of Science in Psychology, Bachelor of Arts in English, Bachelor of Science in

Business and an MBA. Took you eight years for four degrees." She looked across the table and shook her head, "You have me impressed right there." She scrolled down, "Then, at 26 you finally ventured into the world. All of your time, five years, at National Bank of Arizona and are now the Manager of Executive Banking Department." She nodded at something and looked up. "Want to know what the executives above you say about you?"

"I don't know, do I?"

She smiled, "Let me put it to you this way ... the way they feel about you privately and your resume, you are grossly underpaid." She looked up, "I'm not saying that to manipulate you into thinking about leaving them. But ... you should keep it in mind. How much further do you think you will be able to go there? Don't answer that, but think about it."

The meals came and we talked about nothing important. I had the feeling she was letting everything to this point sink in. She asked about the desert and how I stood it with the dry, hot air. She was from Atlanta. She laughed that she has used more lotion since being here than she might use in a month. She conceded that might have been an exaggeration.

After the meal, we moved to the adjoining bar in a comfortable and reasonably private feeling booth. I shifted to Jameson's Irish. "Kara, you have to be able to tell me something about the position, where it is located, the size of company and office."

She smiled. "We talked long about this part. There is no easy way to describe this so I will just blurt it out." I leaned forward, this was the part I had been waiting to hear. "The position is really two position wrapped into one person. First, he desires a competent, smart, strong-minded, self-starting ... blah, blah, blah ... person for his personal advisor. Not assistant. Very specifically, advisor. He is looking for that person who can assist him in communication, written and verbal; dealing with personalities; and, who can discuss complex business issues and strong enough to present alternative views. I have no question that is you. And, more importantly, he agrees."

"Sight unseen. Never having talked to me?"

"This is a man who is ... frankly, unbelievable. I wish I was ten years younger and he saw me that way."

"You've met with him, then?"

"Oh ... oh, yes. Yes, I have. I can't say too much. He'll have to do that if you wish to take the next step. But, I can say that he heads a large, global, multi-national conglomerate. He travels internationally frequently and you would be, too."

"Advisor." I said it like I was trying it out to see how it fit me. I looked up, "You said two positions. What's the other?"

She hesitated and I saw nerves in the woman for the first time. I held her eyes, though, and she gave in by turning toward the bar and indicating two more drinks. She was killing time, but after the drinks arrived, I pressed her, again.

"Yes, two positions. Well ... in my mind I have to think of them as two separate performance issues. To him, though, they are equally important and critical, which makes the person so very uniquely qualified and making it so frustrating for us to locate." She took a sip of her drink and played with the glass on the cardboard coaster on the tabletop. When she looked up, again, I saw a nervous smile. Then, a bigger one as she read something in my face. "Yes, I can see you are strong,

determined, unflinching, and uncompromising when you need to be. Right ... the other part ... sex."

Even as I reacted, I wasn't sure I had heard her correctly. "What?!" I noticed others in the area respond to my outburst. I leaned into the table and continued quieter, "What? Sex? You mean part of this is to give sex? Like ... like a sex slave or submissive or ... you mean like that? You mean a "50 Shades of Gray" kind of thing, someone to do his bidding sort of thing? I've read stories about that kind of guy ... fantasy stuff for lonely women. That's patently ridiculous."

She put her hand out to stop me. "You're right, that would be ridiculous." I looked at her questioningly. "Not a slave or submissive. Never. That would be incompatible with the first part. This has to be the same person. A strong, independent, competent person capable of confronting him on business issues wouldn't then be a submissive much less a slave in another part of her being. No, but the thing is you want it; you hunger for it; the more you experience, the more you want."

Now I was looking at the amber fluid in my glass. I looked up, "That's the person he is looking for? A person who thrives on the feeling of the sexual experience?"

She smiled genuinely warm at hearing the calmness of my comments. "Yes. The combination of a strong woman for business and a desirable, insatiable woman who commands sexual attention and unconditionally gives it, too. But, Laura, I wasn't only referring to what he is looking for. When I said 'you want it; you hunger for it; the more you experience, the more you want', I meant you. That is what you feel and want."

I wanted to react with shock and recrimination, but that emotion didn't come out. She was right. But, how could she know that?

"I told you, Laura, we've been watching you. After almost two years with this assignment, you are the one. This past weekend proved it. I had a high confidence before, but it wasn't until last weekend that it was proven."

"Last weekend?" I didn't think I had verbalized it, but she replied. And the depth of her knowledge shocked me.

"The dogs. How many times were you mounted by one of the dogs? Three times? Four?" I couldn't even speak. How could she possibly know that? I put out three fingers. "I knew about your willingness and desire for men and women, but your fear of reprisals at work, if it were discovered, weighed you down like you were encased in concrete. After all, a proper, conservative institution like that, right?" I looked up at her. I didn't know what my face reflected because I didn't know what I was feeling myself. "That is what you've been struggling with all this time. You've wanted to let yourself go and experience, enjoy and explore but you feared the discovery. You feared what might happen to your little world. Even going down to Tucson wasn't a guarantee, was it? The financial world and you handling executive accounts ... What you have always desired most of all was a secure job while not having to worry about seeking your pleasures." I looked her in the eyes. It was like she had been sitting with me as I lamented to Carol and others in the group in Tucson. Then, it hit me.

"You know somebody in that group." But, I didn't ... couldn't ... deny anything she said.

She was right about the process moving fast if I chose to continue the discussion. I called her the next day, Saturday, about mid-day to inform her I did want to pursue this further. I thought early the following week would be a fast reply. Instead of the following week, however, Kara called me back within five hours. She informed me that he wanted to meet me personally in Miami where he lives. His private jet would be waiting at the airport for me Tuesday night directly after work and return me well before noon on Thursday. He hoped I could make that work because he was very anxious to

meet me in person. I confirmed on the spot without even checking with my boss. I would put in for 12 hours, leave an hour early on Tuesday and, hopefully, be back into the office by 11:00 on Thursday. I wondered if his anxious could match my anxious. Thinking about the woman he imagined all this time working for him, his anxious might indeed match mine.

A limo service was waiting for me outside the building and took me directly to the private charter terminal. The jet I was led to had "KONINGH Group" on the tail. I was met at the retractable stair by the pilot and shown into the cabin. I had to decide which of the empty seats I would use. I had never flown in a private jet before, much less one where I was the only passenger. Once in the air, the other pilot came out from the cockpit and enquired if I needed anything. Water was all I desired and he left me alone. He was very discreet and proper and I suspected it was a manner honed by dealing with people who owned their own planes and the guests invited onto them.

Having left from work, I was wearing a business suit consisting of gray colored jacket and slacks with a white blouse and dark gray 3" heels. I removed my jacket, placing it on one of the other nine club seats. This was an amazingly comfortable way to fly. The brochure in the seat pocket on the wall identified it as a Gulfstream G550 with a range of 6,750 miles and capable of an altitude of 51,000 feet. And all for me. The intimidation factor ramped up like a rocket. What exactly did I think I was getting myself into? A simple Arizona girl jetting off to ... what?

As soon as the folding stairs descended from the plane after powering down at the Opa-Locka Executive Airport, a white limo-service car pulled up to the plane. I was shown into the back, my carry-on in the trunk, and quickly delivered to the Grand Beach Hotel Surfside. I was quickly checked in with assurance the room and all hotel expenses were covered. My room was near the top of the hotel by the indications of the elevator.

Inside my room, I found a gift basket of fruit, chocolates, and a bottle of white wine. I opened the envelope tucked amongst the fruit: "Laura. Thank you for following through with this. I know you have a hundred question and possibly some reservations. I hope you understand better the need for discretion. My hope is the next two nights and day will provide many of the answers and understanding you seek to come to a decision that I hope accepts this crazy venture for us both. If you are not too tired, I would like to meet you tonight in the bar on the top floor. I will be the guy with the anxious look on his face."

A handwritten note with no name. Surely an oversight. I took the note to the large windows to the balcony and stepped out onto it. The view was looking out over the beach, the sound of the waves distinct despite the distance above them. The air was completely different than the air I was so accustomed to in the desert. But, there was no possibility of me not going up to the bar.

I removed my suit coat and went into the luxuriant bathroom. I finger combed my long hair, touched up my lipstick and eyes, and checked my image in the mirror. My white lace bra hinted at being seen under my blouse. I re-tucked it into my slacks, slipped the key card into a pocket and left everything else, including my purse I had tucked away in the safe in the closet.

I stood just inside the darkened space of the bar. Windows on two sides overlooked the ocean on one side and south down the coastal island on the other. "The guy with the anxious look on his face". It was hard to distinguish any face in the subdued lighting of the room, but not the man standing at the ocean side window with his arm in the air. I waved back my recognition and picked my way through the tables and people standing.

As I approached the man standing, "Laura Cariston, I am assuming?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chris Border."

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### **CHAPTER THREE: CHRIS BORDER**

As I approached the man standing, "Laura Cariston, I am assuming?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chris Border."

"Very nice to meet you, sir."

"Please, no more 'sir'." He shook my extended hand, then gently pulled me closer and gave me a chaste hug and kiss on the cheek. I took the chair opposite him. "I hope you don't mind the forwardness of the hug. It might be sexist for a business relationship, but ..."

I smiled at him and held his eyes as he watched me. "But, the relationship would only be half business." I gave him another smile. "Besides, that was a pretty safe hug and peck." He smiled back. A nice smile, too. I was surprised by his appearance, not disappointed, just surprised. I think I expected someone a little more mature in age.

He asked that questions and discussion wait until the tomorrow, allowing us to relax over a couple drinks. He managed to pull some information from me about my current work situation and he gave me some hints about the house, a yacht, and the life in Miami in general. Having never been this far east, I was interested in the ocean, boating, and islands. He talked about the Florida Keys and Key West, touching on Fantasy Fest, but it meant nothing to me. He just smiled and suggested visiting during the carnival sometime if I wanted.

Was he already presuming that this was a done deal, or just optimistic? I wasn't sure that either one could be bad at this point.

But, even if it wasn't so late here, it was nearly midnight in Phoenix and I was beginning to feel it with the two drinks and looking at him. This man was only slightly older than me, a few inches taller than six feet and a very solid, strong looking body under his sports coat. His brown hair was cut short and reminded me somehow of a military look. I didn't let it bother me, though. And, part of that might have been fatigue.

He seemed to recognize the signs and settled the bill, then guiding me to the bank of elevators. While we waited, I wander to the window overlooking the lights of the city across the bay. He came up from behind me and his two hands softly took hold of my waist at my hips, standing very close behind me. I could feel his coat graze my back through my blouse.

"A lovely view, isn't it? The lights of the city. A very vibrant city, too." I couldn't help it, a sigh escaped from my mouth and I felt my body relax into his. "Almost as lovely and vibrant as you, Laura."

I shivered and I was sure he felt it. I turned to face him, my breasts grazing his chest as I did. I looked up into his eyes as he looked down into mine. My hands went inside his coat to his chest, confirming solid, broad muscles underneath. I leaned a little more weight into him, my hands

pressing firmly on his chest.

I blinked, "I suppose this might be inappropriate in a business relationship, too."

He smiled, recognizing I was resurrecting his earlier line. "The relationship would only be half business." I smiled back at him, recognizing my line brought back to me.

The elevator dinged its signal and the door opened. I removed my hands and he removed his, but I took his hand in mine and led him inside. I pressed the button for my floor, turned back to him and pressed him into the wall, putting a hand behind his head and kissing him. The damn elevator dinged, again. The doors opened revealing an older couple. I shyly excused us and squeezed past them, both of them looking approvingly following our interrupted display.

We were standing in the little foyer silently. I could tell he was not going to push one way or the other. It might have been gentlemanly to call for the elevator, again, but I could see he was intrigued by my actions. It might have been a wise choice for me to thank him for the drinks with an expression of looking forward to seeing him again in the morning for our discussion. Either one of us could have done what convention would say might be appropriate. But both of us stood there in a moment of silence and mystery. That is until I took his hand and led him out of the foyer and down the hall toward my room.

I used the keycard to unlock the door, opened it slightly and placed my foot in the way so it couldn't fully close. "Chris, I would like you to come in. I would like that very much."

He stepped up to me, a hand going to my waist, the other on my shoulder. He kissed me. It was quick, but he didn't release me from his hold. He only looked at me but kissing me longer, more passionately.

"Are you sure, Laura? I wasn't going to ask tonight." The 'tonight' didn't sink in but it would come back to me tomorrow. I didn't answer him. I retook his hand and back us into the room, letting the door bang shut behind us.

He seemed a bit awkward and unsure, another thing that seemed unusual given a man who had such ideas of a personal advisor/sex partner ... or whatever he thought of it. My mind wasn't working on those things right then, however. No longer could I blame drink for the fog I was looking through as I stepped up to him, my hands moving his coat off his shoulders and down his arms. I took it from him, folded it neatly and laid it over the nearby chair. No ... now it was sex that had my mind hazy. But, it was sex that made up an equal part of what this man was to me. We can talk about business, we'll act on the sex.

I couldn't believe how hot I felt; my body tingled in anticipation. I kicked off my heels and walked to him, working the buttons of his shirt as we kissed, his hands stroking my back. My lips left his mouth and kissed down to his chest being exposed by my fingers on his shirt. With most of the buttons undone, I pulled the shirt tails out of his slacks, and completing my efforts, kissing down his exposed chest to his exposed stomach, which was also muscular and flat. A thought flashed through my head, questioning how a man running a global conglomerate could stay in such shape. But, as with the earlier thought, the fog of passion diverted me from any focus.

I dropped to my knees and looked up at him. His face was a picture of intense anticipation. I smiled as I looked down to concentrate on removing one shoe and sock, then moving to the other foot, his hand on my head for balance. Another shiver went through my body with the only thought that seemed to register in my mind ... his hand on my head and how I looked forward to feeling that again soon when I was doing something entirely different.

With his shoes and socks removed, I moved my hands to his belt and clasp. As I grasped the zipper to his slacks, I hesitated and looked up his hard, taut body to his watching eyes. As I smiled and blew him a kiss, my fingers lowered the zipper. I turned my head to watch what I would discover. My hands held the waist of the slacks, pulling them down his hips, my fingers catching his trunk shorts, pulling both down his legs. But, while my hands were lowering his slacks and underwear, my eyes stayed focused on his exposed penis at eye level. My hands fumbled in an effort to assist him in getting out of his pants, but my lips were moving the penis hanging in front of me. I bent slightly and planted a kiss on the head of his circumcised penis. I pressed my lips to it, then pulled back slightly watching it spring back toward me. A smile spread across my face and I looked up at him. I pushed him back onto the bed, crawling across the floor as I watched him partially bounce. I crawled to the edge of the bed, kissing my way up his right inner thigh until I was inches from his cock. I gave him a teasing smile and moved down to start on his left leg. I stopped, again, just short of his cock.

He was resting on his elbows and watching my teasing. I kissed up his body to his chest and back down, an inch from where his cock head lay on his abdomen, now firming without any touch from me. I lifted my head and watched it, staring, blowing gently on it, watching it squirm and lengthen under my gaze. I bent down to kiss it at the base, kissing each inch up to the head. My tongue came out, licking a drop of pre-cum from the slit in the head. I ran my tongue over my lips.

I kissed the head, but this time took it between my lips. I raised my head, his cock head between my lips until it was standing straight. I opened my mouth and let it drop back to his body. I crawled up his body with kisses until I was in his arms, my clothed body against his naked body. I kissed him and ground my pelvis into his thigh. His hands moved to the buttons of my blouse, but I moved them away.

I got up, my hands sliding down his body, over his now hard cock. I took his hand and pulled him up alongside me. I moved to the bed, pulling the cover and top sheet to the foot of the bed. I turned back to him, moving into his arms, one hand on his cock as we kissed. He groaned and I smiled. His hands moved to my blouse, again, but I pushed him back onto the bed.

I pointed at him, "Get comfortable." I moved my body to music that seemed to be blaring in my head but was otherwise muted. I turned my hips, my bare toes gripping the lush carpeting, my hands sliding up the sides of my body. I looked at him, dipping my body toward him knowing this blouse falls from my body exposing my bra encased breasts. I pointed at him, again, my body still rotating to the unheard music. "What do you want? What do you want me to do?"

He looked at me, his cock was rock hard, one hand sliding down his body to touch it. "Strip for me. Give me a show."

I smiled and moved to the bed, crawling up onto it and straddling his legs. I crawled over him until I could kiss him, but lowering my pelvis to rub over his hard cock. I swung my right leg over and kissed from his lips to his head ... cock head. I backed off the bed and released two buttons, now showing my lace bra underneath. I turned on the lamp by the bed and moved sensuously to the door, which I locked while turning the overhead light off.

My blouse was undone as I returned to him, pulling the tails out of my slacks. I turned my back to him, looking at him over my right shoulder, then my left as I shrugged the blouse off each shoulder. I let the blouse slide down my arm but caught it by the sleeve before it fell to the floor. I hung the blouse over the lamp, putting a soft, sensual, filtered tone to the remaining light. I continued to move at the side of the bed by the big window, the filtered lamp casting its light on me as I did. I rotated my hips and twirled in place, dropping my head to my waist and flinging it to the side and up as I twirled, my long, mid-back length hair flying around my body.

I stopped facing him, my hair covering my face, but my hips continued to rotate. Through my hair, I watched him, focused on my hidden face, he was unaware of my slacks being opened at the back and the zipper pushed down. I spun around so my back was to him, my hips still moving as I pushed, slowly, the waist of my slacks down one side of my hip, then the other. I bent over, my legs straight, my feet together and I let the slacks drop and pool at my feet.

I looked back at him over my left shoulder, raising my right foot out of my slacks. I did the same with the other way and continued to turn to face him as my left foot came out of my slacks. I separated my feet to shoulder width, bent my knees and lowered my hips, still moving, rotating, and now bouncing down and up no more than a foot, spreading my knees on the down stroke and whipping my hair on the up stroke.

His hand was unabashedly stroking his cock and that made me pleased, but also gave me an idea. I moved to the bed in my bra and bikini panties. I knelt on the bed and took his hand away from his cock. I put my mouth to his ear, "If you can't leave yourself alone, I'll have to tie you up." He moaned. I kissed him on the mouth and backed away. His hand moved to the bed and his gaze was fixated on me.

I stepped back from the bed and moved to in small circles, my hips moving, my hands stroking my body, my breasts, my ass, and my crotch. I stopped, my legs apart. I slowly sank until my thighs were parallel with the floor, my knees spreading wide and my hands moving up the inside of my thighs to my covered pussy. I stood, spun around and bent at the waist, my legs straight. My hands were at the tops of my panties and I inched them down my hips until they were half way over my butt and I stood up, again. My crack visible, I continued to move. When my hands went behind my back, he raised himself slightly from the bed to watch. With the last hook released, my bra sagged loosely. I released the strap from one arm, then the other while holding the cups in place.

I let the bra drop, then pushed my panties completely off. I stood before him. Naked. Wanting him to look and he did, but mostly from my bald pussy to my breasts. When he made eye contact, again, I moved to the bed and pulled him to his knees. I kissed him but changed places with him. I lay on my back, my legs spread wide and my arms out to him. I will give him the dominant position the first time. The first time. Yes, that was my thought and after the thought passed, I knew it was going to be true.

He took my outstretched hands and I pulled him toward me. "I need you to fuck me."

He didn't hesitate. He moved between my legs and kissed his way up my body. He stopped for a time at my breasts, feeling them, kissing them, and sucking the nipples. When he kissed my mouth, pushing his tongue in, I felt his rigid cock press against my wet pussy. I rotated my pelvis as we kissed, my arms around him, his hands on a breast and the side of my head. As my pelvis rotated, his did, too. Without the use of hands, our combined movements did the job and his cock entered my pussy. Just a few inches and he stopped. We continued to kiss and the sounds of my moans were mixing with his groans through our joined mouths as he inched his cock teasingly slow into me.

I moved his face away from me and he saw the flames in my eyes. "I said, FUCK me."

With a simple, yes ma'am, he plunged fully and forcefully into me. My knees rose and my ankles clasped together across his lower back. My arms around his neck, my face alongside his, he drove his cock into my pussy. The initial consuming fucking strokes gave way to long, driving strokes in and out, our pelvis' slapping together on the in stroke and almost separating our bodies on the out stroke.

I tried clamping my pussy muscles around his driving cock and he moaned in response. I was going crazy. I was telling this man I just met to fuck me. I had given him a strip tease. And I knew I was going to fuck him again tonight. I was on fire and I needed to cum and I was going to cum. I really, really, really wanted him to join me, too.

My entire focus was on the epicenter of the sensations: his cock sliding into my pussy. So, when I felt that cock twitch and jerk inside me, my body erupted in response. The cock swelled, pulsed, and jerked, then was slammed deep and tight, as far as the man could manage it. I felt the orgasm rise and crash over me like as something that had been visible in the distance with lightning changing skies only to be fully felt when the wind and noise suddenly break overhead. My pussy clamped around him and his jerking cock shot its seed into me like the first lightning strike overhead. Feeling his seed spurting into my pussy in the midst of my orgasm was the added stimulation and emotion that sent tremors through my body. My shock waves spread through my body from my pussy into my clit and nipples, my legs and arms quaking in response as his weight fully settled onto me as he jerked his body strongly into me, driving the last drops of his seed.

When it was over, neither of us recognized the end. Our bodies continued to respond, neither of us moving but for the contractions of our joined sex organs against the other. It was minutes before he rolled fully off me. It was a like a magnet, though, that my body rolled with him, pressing into his side and my left leg draping over his left thigh, my arm spread over his chest and my head resting on his shoulder.

I felt his body tense underneath me. I snuggled in tighter, securing my leg and arm hold on him as though I was going to fight him to stay in place. I kissed his shoulder and neck.

“What is it? You became tense. Do you have someplace better to be?”

He chuckled but there was still some tension in the sound. “A better place? I don’t think on this earth.” His arm around my shoulder and stroking down my back. “I need to tell you something, though.” I raised my head and looked into his face with a six-inch separation. I kissed his cheek. He remained quiet.

“You’re going to say you shouldn’t be here? But, I am the one that initiated what happened ... there is no fault, if there is any, on your side.”

He smiled as his head turned to me. “No ... it’s much more than that.” He was quiet, again. I waited. With the sexual fog lifted from me, the earlier thoughts forged into recognition of what was always there but pushed aside. I kissed the side of his mouth. He sat up leaving me lying on the bed. He turned his body to face me. Even in the effort to come up with the words he wanted to say, his eyes betrayed him and unconsciously strayed over my supine body.

My right hand rose to his arm supporting his body upright, stroking over his biceps and triceps muscles. He was very easy to look at and my eyes betrayed my desire to give him attention for what he was struggling to get out.

“Say it. I think I know ...”

He looked at me and furrowed his brows. “I’m not the man you think I am. I was here to make sure you were settled in and to keep you company to relax after your flight.” He had pulled away from my hand, his eyes pulling away, as well.

I raised up onto my right elbow, switching to my left hand to touch him, this time on his left thigh. “My brain was trying to tell me that, but ... I guess I was ... not paying enough attention. But, Chris,

I am not sorry. I really hope you aren't."

His body actually sagged with the relief. I pulled him back to the bed and stroked his chest, then swung my legs over the side of the bed and walked to the dresser top and the gift basket. I held up the bottle of wine to him. He looked, thought, and nodded. It was a pretty quick process flow.

While I eventually managed to find a cork screw and poured two glasses, he shifted two of the four pillows behind his back and was leaning against the headboard. I handed him a glass and sat on the edge of the bed next to him, my right leg tucked under me. We touched glasses and I watched him over the rim of my glass. He still appeared awkward with the situation.

"So, Chris Border, if you are not 'the man', who are you?"

He turned his eyes to me and gave me a weak smile. "His bodyguard, driver, private confidant ..."  
He looked up at me, "I guess Kara never told you who you would be working for ..." I shook my head.

"I guessed it was more of that all-important confidentiality surrounding this unusual position she seems to think I am, in her words, 'uniquely qualified' for. I ignored several warnings and charged ahead under huge assumptions."

"Sorry, I hope you won't hold this against me ... or him. I guess I was taken up by the situation, too."

With the confessions and tension out of the way, my hand returned to casual touches to his flaccid penis.

I finished my wine and placed the empty glass on the side table. "Well, you know what they say about assuming."

He laughed and nodded. "Well ... true, but ... I'll just say ..." his eyes on mine, "... you have a damn fine ass." I laughed an easy and genuine laugh, then slipped down to his midsection, kissing his stomach before capturing his firming penis in my mouth. I felt his hand softly on my head, stroking my long hair from my face. "What's happening, Laura?"

I continued to suck another minute and was pleased by the response from his forming cock. "Well, Chris Border, bodyguard ..." I sucked another minute, rose and straddled his midsection, my pussy sliding slowly over his hard cock. His eyes on mine, I raised my hips and held his cock up in the air. I moved my hips and his cock head until I found my opening. I smiled at him, new fire and determination in my eyes. "Well, Chris Border, bodyguard and confidant, I think it only fair that I know who it is I am fucking."

He groaned even before he watched and felt his cock disappear into my body, again. When I sat down on his cock, it wasn't tentative and slow, I dropped down, driving his full cock deep inside me in one complete thrust. I felt his cock swell inside me in response and I rode his rigid cock hard and long. I moved into several positions but remained always on top of him. I started facing him upright, his eyes watching my breast bounce and move in response to my movements up and down and the impact of our bodies coming together. Then, I turned around, not allowing his cock to escape me as I did, my hands moving to his knees for support as I raised and lowered my hips, driving my pussy down and up on his cock. When I switch and lay back against his body, he reached forward, one hand pinching and twist a nipple and the other stroking and rubbing my pussy and clit.

He was uninhibited and so was I. The mistaken identity of before was in the past and forgotten. I was fucking Chris Border, bodyguard, and happy to be doing it and he responded.

He didn't spend the rest of the night with me, insisting that he would be needed in the morning at the house. I had a breakfast meeting with Mr. Koningh at 9:00 AM. At least now, I knew his name. It made a lot more sense ... the same name as the one on the private jet ...

I stepped up to the hostess just inside the door to the restaurant on the first floor of the hotel.

"I am meeting someone. A Mr. Koningh." She knew immediately without checking notes. I was wearing a dress I frequently wore in the office and was sure it would be appropriate. A V-neckline sheath dress with a hem just below the knees. With it, I wore a set of costume black pearl necklace and matching earrings. I wore my standard 3-inch black heels.

The hostess began leading me to the far corner when I saw Chris stand and wave for me. I thanked the hostess and wound my way between tables. As I approached, the other man at the table turned toward me and stood. Wow. I know I thought Chris was a hunk and very attractive and it was all true. But, this man ... he was a CEO type out of one of those billionaire romance novels. He was another 10 years older than Chris and maybe 15 years older than me, which seemed much more appropriate for being a CEO. He was about three inches shorter and lighter than Chris, too. I guessed he was 180 pounds and fit. The cut and fit of his expensive suit highlighted his body nicely. His hair was graying, worn longer than customary with a full beard and mustache neatly trimmed. I was very struck by this man and reminded myself by repeating a mantra that this was the same thing as an interview.

Chris stepped up to me, putting his hand at the small of my back. After the previous night, that touch sent a shiver through me. "Laura, this is Hein Koningh. Boss, Laura Cariston."

He gave Chris a sideways look. "The only person who dares call me 'boss'. Ms. Cariston, thank you for meeting with me." He gestured to the opposite chair where Chris had been sitting. "Please ..." Chris stepped out the sliding door to the patio and took a seat facing out to the ocean.

My eyes followed Chris' exit. "He isn't joining us?"

He laughed, "No, I think Chris has done quite enough already." He looked at me intently. "I wish to add my apology for what happened last night. That was not part of the agenda."

I fell back in the chair, "Ooooo boy ... Chris told you about that ..."

"One thing that I hold dear in my personal relationships is remaining open and honest about things that affect the group. Yes, he told me, and ..."

I put up my hand to stop him, "I don't know what he told you, but I don't want you to think that Chris did anything wrong. There was a series of misunderstandings, probably starting with my not being told your name. I assumed Chris was you last night and ..." I looked out onto the patio at Chris' back. "Despite my own faults in what happened ..."

He stopped me. "I am not putting fault here, Laura. On the contrary, we thought it quite funny and quite telling about you." I cocked my head at him. He continued, "If the initial effort to get 'me' into bed was a ploy to win favor, you would have reacted indignant or let down when you found out. Instead, you retook control and did it, again."

I lean forward, "So ... he isn't in trouble?" He shook his head and smiled.

He was vague in the discussion about the position, merely talking about general ideas in support of him. He generally discussed the company as a whole and the changes that were occurring. He rose

in his father's company, holding increasingly responsible positions in companies in The Netherlands, then Germany and England. Finally, he was given the Americas Group. He was specific to reinforce the companies throughout North, Central, and South America, but most of it was in the States. He was the one to establish an Americas Group Headquarters in Miami, then proceeded to triple its growth in sales and profit in the 11 years he controlled it. When his father retired two years ago, the board of directors required no deliberation in moving Hein into the position of Chief Executive Officer of the entire Group. With the ventures in the Americas outgrowing the European segments of the business, he elected to maintain the Group offices in Miami and the central headquarters in Amsterdam, traveling frequently and spending more time in Miami in the winter and Amsterdam in the summer.

Then, he apologized to me, again. He had wanted to spend most of the day with me to show me the sites and the feel of the area. But, he couldn't. He had a pressing personnel issue and a client that now needed attention. He would pick me up at 6:00 PM for dinner and our promised talk. He apologized, again, but I assured him I understood ... as long as we did have that talk. He assured me it was very important to him and I believed him. This trip hadn't gone exactly smoothly so far, but I believed he didn't want this opportunity to slip through his fingers. Despite the fumbles so far, I was feeling the same way.

I saw Chris pulling up the car, a Mercedes-Benz S-Class sedan. Before he left me in the lobby, though, he suggested I make use of the beach outside the hotel and perhaps some shopping.

"I didn't even think of bringing a swimming suit or shorts, I'm afraid."

He went to the desk; the manager came out and they talked. During it, the manager looked around Mr. Koningh and smiled, nodding his head. He returned to me smiling.

"It's all arranged. The gift shop here should have whatever you need for the day. Sign anything to your room and it will be covered."

I stammered my appreciation. He started to move toward the door, but I stopped him with a hand on his arm. In my heels, I was almost his height. I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you. Tonight, then. How should I be dressed? Business or ...?"

He smiled, "I think I might enjoy 'or'."

I watched him exit the main door and enter the car. I was curious where he would be sitting. At least with just Chris, he got into the front passenger seat. With that, I spun around on my right foot and thought, I think this is going well!

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Outside in the car, Chris was watching through the glass wall of the hotel entrance area and points at me twirling in the middle of the lobby. He pokes his passenger and boss, "I told you she was quite a woman!"

Hein was smiling at the sight, "Yes she is."

"So, can we keep her? Or, are you going to play it to the end?"

He laughed. "I am not playing with her. Chris, I've hardly met her."

"Blah, blah ... she's perfect."

“Fine, but let me have dinner with her, at least. Is that too much to ask?”

Chris laughed. He loved being able to give his billionaire boss a hard time. He might be the only one who could get away with it. Well, besides Mrs. Herron, that is.

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I walked out the back entrance of the hotel, took off my heels and walked part way onto the beach. It was still early, but there were already swimmers and walkers assembling and the hotel staff was organizing the hotel lounge chairs and umbrellas. I felt a little guilty, but what was I really going to do with the day?

I went back to the lobby and located the shop with clothes. A sure sign of an expensive hotel is when they have specialty shops for clothes and jewelry in the lobby. At home, I had bikinis of various exposures. Only having an apartment complex pool for sunning, tan lines were a given, but I tried for the smallest possible. The shop had quite a selection and as I looked at various bikinis, the attendant tried to get me into a string top and string thong bottom. I wasn't sure I was ready for my butt completely exposed to everyone so I went with string top and bottom with coverage for my butt but on the skimpy side. I threw in a cover-up, sandals, and sunscreen.

I had a great time on the beach, even doing some swimming in the ocean in the surf. With my experience of swimming being in competition or pleasure pools, the expanse of the ocean was overwhelming. With the cover-up, I browse in some of the shops along the beach and a very nice crab meat salad at an outdoor café next to the beach. I avoided getting burned by using liberal amounts of sunscreen.

Mostly, though, I was waiting for dinner.

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## **CHAPTER FOUR: HEIN KONINGH**

I used soap twice to be sure to get all the coconut smell off my body. I had packed only what I thought I might need for the meetings (business style) and a dress for dinner if it seemed appropriate. According to Mr. Koningh's comment, that was the way to go. I brought my basic, go-to little black dress. It was the dress I felt the most fun in when I also wanted to be dressed up. It was a black backless skater dress that dropped to mid-thigh. The thin straps in front supported a modified halter neckline and crisscrossed over the open back. The top and bottom of the dress had scalloped trim. The bodice was stretch knit to fit well and the waist was fitted with the flared skirt that swung easily. It did not allow a bra, but that always seemed to add to the allure of the dress for me. I finished it without stockings and single strap high heels. I loved this dress. I was sure he would, too.

I saw the same car arrive at the front door. I moved to the door and was surprised to see Mr. Koningh get out of the driver's seat. I met him alongside the car and stepped into a hug and cheek kiss from him.

In the car, I took the chance to be myself. “So ... you do know how to drive.”

He chuckled. “Yes, I do. But, there are not many places I go without Chris. I guess you could say I have let the business become my life. I am hopeful that might change.”

I was watching him and smiled. “I think you deserve for it to change. You seem to be too vital of a man to not participate in more of what life has to offer. What good is all this without enjoyment?”

He glanced at me as he continued down the multi-lane road. "Some would say the ability to acquire more and more is a form of enjoyment."

I looked at him. "Mr. Koningh, is that what you think? More and more, letting the simple things go by the way?"

He smiled at me. "You better start calling me Hein." He smiled. "As for avoiding the simple things, that may be why you are here. Do you think there might be hope?"

"Black road, red road."

He furrowed his brow and looked longer at me. "Black and red, what is that about?"

"The Southwest has a lot of Indian cultures permeating life. Even without trying, I picked up some of it. There is an Indian notion of the black road and the red road. According to Native spirituality, the black road was one of selfishness and trouble; the red road was one of balance and peace. Black road or red road. You need to choose which road you want to travel on."

The car was quiet for a few minutes, but at the next traffic light, I found him staring at me. "What?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are a most interesting woman, Laura Cariston. I am going to enjoy sharing this evening with you." I think I blush.

He took me to a harbor restaurant, which naturally specialized in seafood. We were seated at a window overlooking the harbor. I sat facing the window and he sat to my right. He suggested we order two different combination plates and a couple sides to share. When it arrived, we picked off each other's plates trying everything at once. It was wonderful. Spending most all of my time in Arizona, this was a big new experience and I found I liked it very much.

During dinner and after over drinks, he answered many of my questions. He explained that his idea was that I would ONLY be responsible to him. That would free me from burdens and expectations others might attempt to put on me. The business side would develop, but he was firm that it would be advisory to him. He liked that I had Psychology and English degrees as well as the MBA. People issues, speeches, and written communication were becoming more and more important. He wanted someone who he could completely rely on and trust like he did with Chris and the house staff, but on the business issues he dealt with. He talked for a long time about the issues and struggles of communication and presentations to widely varying cultural audiences. He had seen others fall through the simple missteps of communication and how ideas were presented.

That made me feel good. He was really honing in on my background and assets. As we talked back and forth about some of the issues and situations, I realized that a lot of time had passed during our excitement of sharing ideas and thoughts.

The restaurant was getting quieter as we became one of the few remaining guests. There was still a topic that had been avoided.

"Hein, there is still the other part, which is a pretty big part."

He nodded. "Yes, it is." He reached for my hand and I slipped it under his. "The sex. Yes. That is as undefined in my mind as the extent and specifics of the business side. But, let me tell you what I have envisioned ..." He stopped and was watching me. "How adventurous are you Laura? That is a very sensuous dress. Flirty. Baring of skin. My guess is you can't wear a bra and from the way I have noticed your breasts jiggling, I suspect there is no support in the bodice. Not to mention your

nipples pressing through the fabric. Your nipples are hard, Laura." Now, I was sure I was blushing. "But, I am sure you have panties of some kind on." I nodded. "Do this for me and we will talk more in the car back to the hotel. Go to the women's restroom and remove your panties. Bring them to me and put them in my hand." He watched me as I pushed my chair back. "Are you wet right now, Laura?"

I smiled down at him, leaned over to put my mouth near his ear, "Yes, very wet."

I turned his face to me and I kissed him on the lips. I sashayed my way to the restrooms and after a few minutes returned. He was signing the bill which he left in the center of the table. I stood next to him and placed my small black thong in front of him. He picked it up by the largest piece of material on it that covered my pussy and he smiled as he stood up.

"Very wet, indeed."

He offered his arm and I put mine into his and we left the restaurant.

In the car, I had my seatbelt on but was partially turned toward him, my left knee partially on the seat. In the car, I think he felt he could talk freely without fear of being overheard.

"I think exhibitionism can be extremely erotic, do you agree?" I nodded. Even though we weren't staying at the restaurant, walking through it with nothing on underneath, my panties in his coat pocket, really turned me on.

He continued, "What exactly is the sex part going to include? I'm not real sure. But, I will assure you that I need your strong, confident, self-assured personality on the business side. The sex will be consensual and demanding, which I think you also want. You want to experience more and aren't bashful about it. Last night is an example. Tonight, with your panties." He glanced at me. In the dark, I wasn't sure if he saw my smile or not. But, he continued, regardless. "I see you naked a lot at home. I see you dressed erotically at home. I see you dressed sexy, very sexy when we are out. I see you sexually with me, Chris, and others as this evolves. I have two dogs and I am aware that you have that experience. I see that continuing with my dogs. A fantasy might be that you are their bitch, spending some nights with them in their kennel, being available to them when not otherwise required. I see some group activities. My father had some perverted friends in Europe that I have inherited with my position. I am sure there are some here, too."

When we pulled into the hotel, he turned off the car and turned to me. "Did that help?" I nodded. It did a lot. His idea was for real. Both parts were for real.

The doorman opened my door and Hein got out of his side. He joined me just inside the lobby. He gave me a chaste kiss, but I stopped him and kissed him for real, the way I had wanted to since he asked me to remove my panties and give them to him.

When I broke the kiss, "Have the doorman park your car. I need you upstairs in my room." He looked at me intently and we were both quiet. He was weighing something in his mind perhaps. I was willing him with my mind to come with me. He walked to the automatic doors and tossed the keys to the valet, returned and took my hand in his as I led the way to the elevators.

My room was on the 18th floor and the elevator wasn't terribly fast. Hein surprised me once we were inside the elevator. It was quite late and the hotel was quiet. It apparently seemed to him to be a reasonable risk.

"Now, are you adventurous enough to remove your dress right now?" He was smiling at me. At smile

that was daring me.

I had not pushed the button for my floor, as yet, so the elevator was still at ground level even though the doors had slid shut. I stood facing the closed door while I pondered his challenge. He put it out as a question, but it was far from a curiosity. It wasn't if I was daring enough to do it, it was if I was daring enough to do it right now, here in this elevator with this man I had just met this morning but have thought about since my conversation with Kara. After all, I was already willing to remove my thong, then walk it back to hand to him. This was what the whole thing was about, wasn't it?

I looked up at him and the door opened on its own. I reached over and punched the close button. Then I pushed the 18 button. I handed him my little clutch purse, then reached behind for the zipper at my waist. "This is what it is going to be like. Challenges. Dares. Exhibitionism. Flaunting. And action, fucking who knows who and what." I pulled the dress over my head and held it out to him. "I don't know if you can imagine how exciting this is for me. I've wanted to be released for so long."

One handed, he pushed me against the side wall and kissed me passionately on the lips. When he broke the kiss, I stared at him, my body completely on fire. I gave him a quick kiss on the lips and with our lips inches apart, "Do you suppose there is a camera somewhere in here?" We laughed. Just then there was a 'ding' and the elevator came to a stop. For a moment, I felt some panic as I stood in front of the slowly opening door, but completely naked except for heels and jewelry. And I was so excited I wondered if my scent might actually be noticeable in the air.

I felt two things as the doors opened onto the 18th-floor foyer and it was empty. The first feeling was an instant relief; the second was a wicked disappointment.

I stepped out of the elevator and turned to the hallway and indicated the direction to my room. I turned down the hallway and realized he was not immediately behind me. I turned and he indicated for me to continue.

"Go ahead, I'll watch from back here." He chuckled. I walked until I was almost to my room and I turned around, letting him catch up to me. I was standing in the middle of a hotel hallway naked seemingly as casual as could be.

When he came up to me, I put my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"Wanting to watch me."

"You're kidding, right? I mean ... do you even appreciate how good you look? In or out of clothes? A blind man would stop to watch."

I giggled and just hung onto him. Then, I took his hand and led him to the door. He seemed to be waiting for me to unlock it. I took a step back and indicated my naked body with my hands. He recovered quickly and handed me the purse.

Once inside the room, I came up to him from behind as he walked to the balcony door. I removed his jacket and carefully folded it over the chair at the little desk. I turned him around, unknotted his tie and pulled it slowly from under his shirt collar. It felt like silk and I imagined that it really was. I laid it over his jacket, then started unbuttoning his white, long-sleeved shirt. I pulled the tails of the shirt out from his pants as I neared his waist, finishing unbuttoning and sliding the shirt off his shoulders and down his arms as I moved around him to pull the shirt down. I leaned in to kiss the back of his neck before placing the shirt over the back of the chair with the rest. I pulled his undershirt up his

body and over his head. I tossed it onto the chair.

I looked up into his face as my hands flattened on his chest. I was right about him. He had a very fit and toned body. I kissed his chest, each nipple, then his mouth. My hands fell to his waist, unfastening his belt. Before working his pants, though, I dropped to kneel in front of him, removing his shoes and socks. I smiled as his hand touched the top of my head for balance, just like Chris did the night before. I tossed them to the general area of the chair, standing up and pressing my naked body into his bare chest. My hands unsnapped his pants and my fingers took hold of the zipper. I stopped and looked up at him.

“Can you stay the night?” With that, I lowered the zipper and slipped a hand inside, feeling his firming cock inside his underwear. He groaned.

“No ... I ... no, I can't. I am sorry ... Laura ... I wish I could ... honestly ...”

I kissed his chest, “It's okay. I understand business distraction.”

I dropped to my knees before him, pulling his pants and underwear down with me. I helped him step out of them, folded them and placed them on the chair, too. I came up behind him, admiring the naked body of this billionaire in my hotel room. Here at least for the next few hours. Naked like me.

I pressed into his back, my hands winding around him to fondle and stroke his chest and stomach as I kissed his back, shoulders, and neck. With one hand on his mostly flat stomach, my other hand slid further down. I could feel his back expand against my body as he sucked air into his lungs as my hand moved over his abdomen and found his semi-hard cock. I covered it with my hand, held it, and stroked it, all the while kissing his back.

I moved to the bed, pulling the cover and top sheet to the foot of the bed, then turning off all the lights but one that I turned down to the lowest setting. I put my hand out to him and led him to the center of the bed. I knelt beside him, kissed his lips, his chin, to his chest and nipples, to his stomach and abdomen. By now his cock was hard, my next kiss was on the head followed by kisses down the eight inches of wonderfully hard cock lying on his abdomen. This was only the second man I had met with no public hair. The first was last night, Chris.

I took his cock into my mouth, pumping my head over it slowly and I felt him straining, adding moans to his groans. It occurred to me that this could be as exciting a proposition for him as it is for me. I had a strong desire to get comfortable with my head on his abdomen while I gently and lazily sucked his cock. I couldn't believe how intense the desire was to do just that, just to have it in my mouth, his hand gently stroking my hair as it was doing now. A bigger desire drove me to more intense action, though. A desire to feel his seed being pumped into my pussy, feeling him swell and pulse inside my clenching, wet pussy.

I climbed on top of him, my knees going on either side of his midsection. I leaned forward, my long hair cascading over my face and his as we kissed. I rubbed my wet pussy over his hard cock, slowly, evenly, stroking the entire length of it with my lubricating leaking juices. I reached behind me, capturing his cock and raising it to an angle. I tilted my pelvis and slightly raised my hips and moved backward, feeling the head of his cock hit my ass, moving both my ass and his cock head until it sank inches into my pussy. I tilted my head and threw my hair over one shoulder, gazing into his eyes as I continued to push back, sliding his cock deep inside me.

Neither of us last long, but I wasn't disappointed. Like last night, I had every intention of going for the second round with Hein, too.

After his cock slipped naturally out of my pussy, I kissed him and left the bed. I moved to the mini-bar and bent over from the waist, my legs slightly spread to give him the maximum effect, with the intent of providing some recovery time, but wanting more from this night.

I returned to the bed holding glasses with a couple fingers of whiskey in each. He started moving to give me more room, but I put out my hand. He took his glass and I kept mine, crawled over his body, and carefully positioned myself over his flaccid cock.

I nuzzled his face and cheek. I teased him about how his beard tickled. I teased him further by suggesting that I couldn't wait to feel his beard between my thighs. He laughed. I managed a little more information out of him about his residence in Miami and what The Netherlands was like. He had lived in the US for some years, but he was definitely Dutch clear and through.

It was quiet for more than a few moments. I was comfortable with it. I liked him and being with him. Like I thought earlier, I could just be with him ... yes, just being with him, his cock in my mouth. It might be a nice way to wind down the evening.

The quiet time seemed to have him thinking, too. I didn't want to intrude, there is nothing better, I think, than people who are comfortable in quiet. Then, suddenly, he blurted out what had apparently been on his mind.

He asked me quietly, "Do you ever have trouble sleeping?"

I studied him underneath me, my cum filled pussy covering his soaked, limp penis. "Are you having trouble sleeping?"

He nodded. "Sometimes."

"Part of the job, I suppose, huh?" He didn't respond. "Sometimes, if I do, a late-night drink can do the trick." He didn't seem impressed or particularly enlightened. "Though, usually ..." I looked down at him with my eyes shining with mischievousness, "I would prescribe hot, sweaty, jungle-monkey sex." I kissed his mouth and drove my tongue in. "Works every time."

He considered me, "Do you apply that method often?"

I winked at him, "No. The opportunities have been infrequent." I brought my mouth close to his, kissed him. With our lips separated by only a breath, I finished my response. "I am hoping that will change soon."

He squeezed a hand between us, took one of my nipples between his thumb and index finger and squeezed. "I hear that can be very addictive."

My face moved closer and my voice lowered to a rough whisper, "Ohhhh, yeah."

He was no longer limp under my pussy and feeling it growing between my lips made sure my stimulation matched his. He put both of our empty glasses on the side table and used both hands to twist both nipples. His eyes looking deep into mine, "It sounds like a worthy research effort."

I smiled at him, "Hmmm ... very worthy."

"If only I had a committed research partner ..."

I licked his lips, then the tip of his nose. "Mmmm ... a research partner ..." I ground my pussy into

his ever hardening cock, "... or research subject?"

He laughed after kissing me back, "I think both in the same person would be ideal."

"Sounds like a unique person, not to mention complicated."

He held my face in his hands as he kissed me. My soaking, cum filled pussy continued to grind on his very hard cock. "Why would I change now? Besides, I have a woman in mind."

I tilted my pelvis and he must have flexed his cock because his cock head was at my entrance as I moved back. It was like my lips and opening locked onto it like my mouth, not letting it escape. "Mmmmmm ... this woman ... she's ready for such a complicated venture?"

"She's mulling it over. She has to decide that." He kissed me, again, his eyes on mine. "But, I think ... I hope ... it works out."

"Mmmmm ... maybe ... maybe she doesn't want it to 'work out'." He looked at me, his expression changed, turning puzzled. "Maybe, she wants it to work IN." I sat down on his cock and took it deep inside me.

He enveloped me in his arms, his mouth back on mine, and rolled us over, him now on top and smoothly began fucking me with long, controlled, smooth strokes. I gasped and sighed, vocally expressing my pleasure and delight. But, it didn't continue for long. He pulled out of me and I whined my displeasure only to find his hand stretched out to me. I grasped it, puzzled by his intent. He assisted me to my feet and led me to the balcony. He turned me to the ocean and bent me over the waist high railing. I spread my feet and he easily re-entered me.

"Oh, god ..." I looked in both direction to the sides and found nobody. It was a warm night and most would have their rooms closed up and air-conditioners on. But still, this was as public-public as I had ever done it. I looked down the floors below to the ground and couldn't help the comment, "I sure hope this railing is fastened well. Dutch billionaire and unknown woman found fatally injured after falling 18 floors. They appeared to be in the midst of late night sexual intercourse." He laughed. "I'm sure they wouldn't say fucking." He continued to laugh, but, as if rethinking what we were doing, he pulled me back from the railing and turned me to one of the chairs. I knelt on the seat and bent over the back, my ass sticking back at him. His cock never left my pussy.

That was where we both came for the second time.

He, of course, still couldn't spend the night with me. He expressed his frustration, as I did. I was due to fly back to Phoenix early in the morning and he had more 'issues' requiring his attention and presence.

Later at night, as I rolled on the bed alone, I reminded myself that he wasn't offering me just himself, but also to share in his business life. Different sides to the coin. Different demands on time.

At the same executive airport, the co-pilot retrieved my bag from the driver to load into the baggage space, which was actually a space behind the lavatory on the plane. At the bottom of the stairs, the pilot was waiting with a sealed, letter-sized, manila envelope.

"From Mr. Koningh, ma'am. It arrived shortly before you did. His instructions were that it was critical you have this in your hands before we take off." On the outside of the envelope was a handwritten, Confidential, Laura Cariston. It was printed, but somehow elegant. "We're ready to take-off when you are settled, ma'am."

"Thank you." I climbed the stairs with my large purse containing a magazine and Kindle. Inside I took the same seat I had used on the previous trip and fastened the seatbelt. I noticed the co-pilot closing the door, checked me and smiled, then entered the cockpit. A moment later, the plane started to move. I could feel that the contents of paper were substantial.

I ripped the top open and spilled out the contents into my lap. The majority of the contents was a stapled legal document. I turned to the last page to find signature lines for: "Laura Cariston"; and, "Hein Koningh, CEO and Chairman of the Board, Koningh Group". On the bottom was "10 of 10". Also included were two handwritten sheets of personal stationary with "Hein Koningh" embossed on the top.

I set the contract to the side and read the note:

"Dearest Laura

"On the face of it, that seems so inappropriate when a contract for employment is also included. Last night was heavenly, Laura. I find myself torn over how to express my feelings about it and you. I feel a desire to THANK YOU over and over. But, I can almost envision you face shaking in response. You might be thinking that a thank you is more appropriate for giving a gift and what you were doing was sharing. I felt something last night I have never felt before ... truly another being. You brought our bodies together and it was magnificent; but, more than those physical feeling, you brought comfort, peace, and security in your contact. I find myself anxious to begin our research into the health benefits of "hot, sweaty, jungle-monkey sex".

"Laura, put plainly, I want you, hence the contract. I was confident after reading the synopsis from Kara, I was sure after hearing from Chris, but I am completely positive now. Talk about destroying a negotiating position! I told my lawyer there is to be no negotiating position. If your lawyer has a problem with some part of this, my lawyer is in trouble. We will have enough gray areas and fuzzy lines in what we are going to be doing. We don't need this to be one of them.

"You will be an employee of the Koningh Group reporting only to me. Otherwise, you will be outside of the reporting structure of the Group. As such, you will be at the highest level of security, confidentiality, and proprietary concerns, hence the depth of the contract language. Your assignments and reporting will be strictly from me and to me only.

"You should note some points of interest for you:

"\* It lists allowances to be determined later for housing, clothing, and transportation. In truth, you will be living with me at the house with three others: Chris, a housekeeper, and a groundskeeper. And, my dogs, of course. I can't wait for you to meet them.

"\* I am proposing a two-week provisional period to begin with. This venture is so unique I feel we both require a time to be sure this is what we want and that it will work.

"\* Salary, bonus, incentive, and expense reimbursement payments will all be direct deposit into an account.

"\* Personal benefits include COMPLETE health, dental, emergency coverage. This is not standard, but are for senior executive benefits.

"\* Note your annual salary. The first year will, of course, be prorated.

"\* Note the bonus plan for this first year. It is broken down to pay out at two weeks, three months,

and end of the year. This is for you in case you decide you have to quit our arrangement (please don't)." He actually put a smiley face there. "After this first year, you will be on the same bonus/incentive plans as the other executives (and Chris) reporting to me based on the Group's profitability, growth, and stock price.

"Laura, there might be a hundred other things that beg defining or discussion and I know that. What I have envisioned and proposed to you has many questions and unknowns. My hope is that you will give us the chance to work through them together as we uncover them.

"Laura, finally, I already said I want you. I would like you to start quickly. Now that we are at this point, I am anxious to begin. I am not asking that you quit your job just yet. Think of it as a two-week vacation. Returning here next week would not be too soon for me. I know for them it will seem short notice. Call me with your answer. Hein."

I leaned back in the leather, swiveling, club chair. Next week? A lawyer ... where do I find a lawyer? Bob and Carol. They will know. It has to be someone who won't got to the bank with the information. Besides, then I can ask them if they were the ones Kara got her information from ...

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## **CHAPTER FIVE: TWO WEEKS AGO**

My boss wasn't pleased one bit that I came off a two-day personal time absence only to request an emergency two-week vacation. In fact, he was unhappy enough that he rejected my request. I kept remembering what both Kara and Hein had repeated to me: either the bank didn't appreciate me or they were taking advantage of me. Based on the information they had, I was being taken advantage of and the bank knew they were doing it. It was with that belief that I didn't blink at my boss upon him rejecting my request. I merely took a step closer to his desk, put my hands on the surface, and looked him in the eye.

I also knew that the blouse I was wearing that day tended to drop from my body when I bent forward like that. I knew he could see my lace bra and I could see his eyes involuntarily focused on it. "You either approved my request, which is only half of my accumulated time, or I will be forced to go to Human Resources."

The truth was, I was ready to quit. It was only Hein's request that I not, which kept me in check. He insisted that I maintain a safe exit in case I decided his proposal wasn't going to work. I didn't have any doubts left in my mind, however. Hein was right about everything in the contract and proposal. The lawyer I contact billed me for a normal review, but he admitted that he went over it three times and had another lawyer look at it. In his time of reviewing employment contracts, he never saw one that was written by the employer that was so employee oriented. He was suspicious until he finally had to admit that there was nothing hidden.

That was how on Tuesday, only days after I left Miami after the 'interview trip', the KONINGH Group jet was landing once again at the Opa-Locka Executive Airport with me on it. Instead of a white limo-service car, I found Hein's black Mercedes-Benz pull up to the plane as the stairs descended. This time I had a large suitcase, a smaller carry-on case, in addition to the large purse/bag I had on the plane with me.

I shook hands with the pilots, hoping I would be seeing them more often in the future. Down by the car was Hein, leaning against the rear passenger door. Chris was walking briskly to the baggage space. I wasn't sure what the protocol was, but I jogged to Hein in my heels and flung my arms around his neck, pressing my body into his and kissing him with the relief of being there and the

excitement I felt.

He hugged me tightly and said into my ear, "Oh, my lady. I am excited and nervous."

I created some space between us, but not much. "Excited, I like. Nervous?"

"I take nothing for granted. There is that chance you might decide against staying."

I looked at him, "Or you?" He shook his head.

Just then I was turned around and into an embrace by Chris, who stated for all of us to hear, "He better not."

I kissed Chris on the mouth, then turned to Hein. "Is this alright?"

He laughed, "After your last visit, how could I argue, even if I wanted to?"

Chris hugged me and led me to the car and the rear door with Hein. "Welcome back, Laura. The rest of the house is waiting to finally meet you."

On the way, I turned to Hein, "Okay ... the rest of the house is who?"

"Mrs. Sharon Herron. She is our cook and housekeeper. She manages the house and tries to fatten us up and mother us. We do what we can to resist. When you meet her, she might seem a bit ... hmmm ... what would you say, Chris?"

"Rigid."

"That might be a bit harsh ... you need to let her warm up to you. She will. Once she does, she'll ask you to call her Sharon."

"Okay ..."

"Then, there is Raul Perez. Raul is the groundskeeper and chief maintenance man. The estate here is about 1.75 acres in the middle of high-end residential. It's his job to keep the property private and intimate despite the teeming population outside. He does a magnificent job. He would also be responsible for the maintenance of the house, other buildings, pool, yacht, etc. When others need to be brought in for expertise, he handles it, just like Mrs. Herron for the cleaning service."

Chris called from the front, "And the boys ..."

Hein laughed. "Yes, my boys. Max and Axel. Max is a 120 pound Rottweiler and Axel is a 105 pound Bernese Mountain Dog."

I turned to him sharply from watching out the side window at the congested urban life we passed. "My god, they are huge! The dogs I ... well ... knew were about 70 pounds."

"Yes, well, these guys are both pure-breed, certified, breeding males. They are in fairly high demand." He smiled at me. I wondered if their size was indicative of ...

Chris took my bags to the room upstairs I would be using during my stay. It turned out that the other three had suites in the north wing of the house. The room I was using was across the hall from Hein's room, which I would learn is massive.

I remained in the summer dress I chose to wear for the trip. The five of us all had a very nice meal in the dining room together. Afterward, I made the effort to try to soften up Mrs. Herron right away. When she got up, I joined her and began removing plates with her. In the kitchen, she turned to me as I came in after her, "What are you doing?"

"Just helping Mrs. Herron. If I am going to be staying here, I want to do my part. It's the way I was brought up. Everybody does their part." I turned and walked back to continue clearing the table. The guys, however, seemed to have no problem letting us deal with the cleaning up. They were out of the room, but I could hear the sounds of a game from another room at the back of the house. I commented on it to Mrs. Herron.

"Oh ... probably soccer. Hein and Raul ... some kind of soccer package on the TV. They both follow it like American men do football or baseball."

"What about Chris?"

She laughed and I thought I was making some progress as I cleaned off the dishes into the trash and she rinsed and loaded into the dishwasher, "The poor guy. I think he is still confused by some of the fouls and rules."

When we were done, we joined them in what turned out to be a large family room. At one end was a huge TV on the wall with speakers, couches, and lounge chairs. At the other end was a pool table and a bar with stools. In the middle was double doors leading to the backyard. In the landscape lighting, I could see a large covered patio, a walkway leading further back, a building to the left, and a good-sized pool and hot tub with several lights illuminated underwater with another building on the opposite side.

Hein stood and everyone turned to him, so I did, too. He laid out the next days. He and Chris were going to be out of town on business for the remainder of the week, returning late Friday night. This appeared to be no surprise to the others, but it was to me so I had the feeling he was covering old news for them to bring me up-to-speed. I was disappointed. I just got here and they were leaving. He came to stand closer to me.

"This is a time for you to get comfortable with the environment. Relax. Try to acclimate to the weather and the surroundings. I want you to be responsible for the boys, Raul will show you what needs to happen and when they are used to it happening." Raul nodded. "Otherwise, no expectations or demands. We'll talk when I get back." I nodded and he went up the curved stairs. This wasn't quite what I was expecting for an introduction to what we had talked about for my reason for being here. To say I was confused would be an understatement.

I woke the next morning to an eerily quiet house. I jumped out of bed and jumped into the shower. The suite had its own bath! I threw on shorts and tee-shirt and padded downstairs barefoot. It was just after eight in the morning and I found Mrs. Herron and Raul still at the table off the kitchen, which was set into a bay of windows with vibrant plants hanging and on stands. I apologized for sleeping so late, mentioning the time zone difference. Raul patted my shoulder after getting me seated and bringing me a mug of coffee. Mrs. Herron didn't say anything, simply got up and returned to the kitchen. Moments later she returned with a plate of a soufflé, muffin, and sliced fruit.

I hadn't heard from Hein since they were gone when I woke up Wednesday morning. That didn't mean he hadn't checked in, though.

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“Good afternoon, Sharon. How are things in Miami?”

“Hein! Good. Wonderful. We’ve had a series of days with brief afternoon showers that temporarily helped with the humidity and the plants are thriving. How about you and is your schedule looking okay?”

“Ugh ... not the best trip, but these are necessary, too. We are on schedule to be back tonight, but it will be late. Very late.”

“Good. You work too hard, Hein. You need to relax this weekend.”

He laughed in her ear and she knew what was coming. “Yes, mother ...”

“Stop it, you ... somebody needs to slow you down. Maybe with Laura’s help, we’ll finally manage it.”

“How is she doing? What do you think about her?”

“Is that why you planned this trip at the last minute? Hein, she’s a doll! Raul and I love her.” Hein caught that. It seemed she mentioned Raul familiarly with herself more and more. They had shared the same house for six years so he wasn’t surprised. “She has fallen into a routine. She goes for a morning run, a long one; she helps Raul in the property until lunch. After lunch, she helps me with the clean-up, then reads on the patio for a while. She takes the dogs for a long walk. Now, they are always close by her. Then she helps Raul more ... oh, by the way, she has convinced Raul to rework the bed in the northwest corner. They went out to get new plants this morning. Somewhere in there, she swims. What’s with that? Who swims non-stop for over 30-minutes?”

“A competitive swimmer.”

“What do you mean competitive?”

“Collegiate. Swimming and soccer.”

“That explains the running, then too.”

“I think there was some volleyball, too, but I think that was as part of a practice squad, not the varsity team. How is she doing otherwise?”

“Good, I think. She seems relaxed and comfortable and certainly helpful. Oh, you might be interested in this, though. She disappeared earlier this afternoon. The leashes were on the patio table, but she and the dogs were nowhere to be found.”

“What happened?”

“The kennel. Raul finally figured it out as the only place they could be. He dragged me down there. We were very quiet, but ... the way they were going we weren’t going to be heard.”

He laughed. “Tell Raul to get that other dog bed placed in the kennel. He knows what I am talking about.”

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I hadn’t intended to be mysterious or secretive. In fact, I hadn’t intended anything. The boys and I came back from our walk and I was feeling as close to them as they seemed to be feeling around me. We had become quick best friends over the three days, rarely leaving my side when we were in the

yard. I allowed them to run while on the leash today and that seemed to energize them even more. It dawned on me that they didn't get much playing from anyone and probably only short, sedate walks around the immediate residential area.

So, when we got back to the house, I sat in the shade at the patio table and took their leashes off. I loved them up as I sat there, their two huge heads pressing into my legs for the attention I was lavishing on them. The more I did, the more they seemed to want. Their wanting became pushing against me and I soon had Axel's snout pressed between my thighs as I sat on the chair.

My shorts were ... well, short. And, tight. I looked good in them. Not that these two could care about that, though. But it meant there was plenty of skin exposed and the shorts were tight against my crotch. Not that I had thought about that before. Not until now. The sudden contact of his wet nose along my bare skin then pressed into my crotch sent a chilling shiver through me. The fact that he apparently caught a scent that interested him sent a follow-up shiver after the first. My mind buzzed at the same speed that the shivers coursed through me. These were breeding dogs. Owners paid a lot of money for these dogs to breed their bitches.

I came here three days ago, fully expecting to be bred myself. That was part of the deal. The two nights of the interview were wonderful. I thought my return would be having us continue from those nights, from those experiences, from those sensations. But, no. No, they left town. They left me without. They left me to just wonder, to imagine, to wait, to anxiously wait.

But, now ... now here were the dogs and they managed to trigger me. I hadn't even known I had done it. My legs were open, my head back, my mouth open, and moans were escaping from inside me deep. I realized how wide my legs were when I felt the arm rests pressing into the outside of my thighs. The way Axel was pressing his snout into my crotch, I knew each bump and probe provided a new, stronger waft of my scent because I knew I was wet. My body was on fire, almost instantly.

I stood up quickly, pressing my thighs together tightly. But, if the effort was to quell the desire and feeling, it proved false. Instead, pressing my thighs tight only increased my awareness of how wet and needy my pussy was. It was calling to be satisfied, demanding that this fire be tempered. And the dogs were answering that call.

I looked back at the house, searching the facing doorways and windows for any sign of life behind them. Nothing. Then, I searched the yard, eyeing bushes and shrubs for places Raul could be innocently weeding or pruning. Could I pull this off without being noticed? Would I possibly offend anyone? Wasn't this part of the reason for me being here? Of course, you can convince yourself of anything, but this wasn't taking much convincing.

I pried off my shoes at the table and walked deliberately to the entrance to the kennel. Max and Axel were right there with me. I didn't think they understood or had a comprehension of what might be happening. That would develop over the next days, however. Now, though, they were following me simply because they had a sense that SOMETHING was happening.

The boys entered their kennel and I gave the surroundings one last survey and it wasn't very thorough. At this point, I knew what I wanted and might have been willing to ignore seeing Raul at the other corner of the back yard. I closed the door to the building just to keep a casual glance from finding us.

Once inside, I knelt on the hard surface of the bare floor and began nuzzling both of them, again. As I rubbed them with my hands, put my face to each of them in turn, and softly spoke their names, I tried to remember all the things I had learned about canine sex from that woman, Samantha. It

seemed straightforward enough: encourage the penis out of the sheath; avoid irritating the emerging penis by using some lubricant; assume the position; and, use a hand to guide the cock into my pussy. Then, of course, brace myself for the onslaught, the knot penetration, and the tie. Simple. But, I remembered vividly how extraordinary it felt each time and that both of those dogs were roughly 70 pounds. Each of these was 50 percent heavier, at least, and not because they were fat. My mind circled around the thought if the cock and knot were commensurately larger to the mass of the animal. I was being mauled by these two and smiled as I put my face to Axel's snout as Max now had his head pressed between my thighs. I was about to find out.

With the dogs currently busy with me, I reached under each of them and slid a hand along their chest and belly, seeking the sheath. What I felt on both was the tip of their cocks poking out. I smiled, again, broader this time. These dogs were well trained. They had to be in order to be manageable with other dogs for the purpose of breeding strange dogs, brought together for a few days only for that purpose. So, when I patted the ground and commanded, they lay on the hard surface. I encouraged both onto their sides and rubbed their bellies. I was pleased. After only a few days together, they were completely trusting of me. They partially rolled and raised a hind leg to allow my hand to freely stroke their bellies. Of course, I wasn't so much interested in the loving, soothing touch to the belly as I was in the introduction of the stimulating touch at their sheaths. And, then, much more.

These two were breeders, used to mounting bitches and inseminating them. What they weren't used to, and completely inexperienced at, was mounting a human female and having her as their bitch. We weren't at that point yet, but I could already see it in Hein's attitude that he envisioned all things sexual to be within the eventual bounds of our relationship. In his mind, I was sure, it was just a matter of time for the relational evolution to progress us ever further. The ever further to what was the exciting part because I doubted either of us might envision where we might end up.

Today, though, was the initial, inevitable step for these two and me. And, I needed some relief badly. These two were available. I continued stroking of their bellies and along their sheaths, producing the desired effects quickly. It helped that they already trusted and like my company and touch. I had every hope and confidence that that level of trust and enjoyment was going to dramatically increase very shortly.

I kept a reassuring hand on each of them and lowered my head to Axel who was on my left. I licked the tip of his cock peeking from his sheath. He flinched at the touch but remained on his side, a whimper escaping his mouth as my tongue was replaced by my lips on the end of his cock. I shifted and duplicated the action on Max, getting the identical responses and reactions from him. I went back and forth between, licking and sucking their cocks, all the while finding more and more exposed as I moved from one to the other.

When I was actively mouthing five inches of cock on both dogs, I was seriously considering what lay in store for me and the consideration I was doing served to increase my own excitement and anticipation. I wanted to move to the next step, but I held my actions in check so as not to alarm the dogs. I slowly, much more slowly than I wanted, moved to my knees and stood up. Both dogs raised their heads to watch me. I smiled down at them like I might any other lover to give my reassurance and interest. I quickly removed my shorts and tee-shirt, which left me naked.

I looked down at them. Each had risen to a sitting position before me. As I looked at them, not quite sure how to take the next step, one of my hands was fondling a breast as the other was between my legs, lightly stroking my wet pussy lips. I decided to just see what would happen if I left the next step up to them.

I moved to my hands and knees and pointed my ass as much between them as I could, leaving it up to the first to react. Axel moved first. His snout was a bee-line for my pussy. I felt a few confirming sniffs that it was what was putting off that scent they both were so interested in, then his tongue sprang out and covered my pussy from side to side and front to back. I shivered in both anticipation of what I needed to happen and with the immediate feeling and sensation given to me, sensations and experiences rushing back from that only other time when dogs were a part of my sexual experience.

I spread my knees further apart, surely opening my pussy as he continued to lick my aching and yearning center of need and pleasure. If those lips could deliberately move and act on their own, like my mouth's, they would be clenching and grasping at the tongue, seeking to trap it as it lapped over my lips. They would be trying to pull that tongue inside like my mouth would pull at it. It would be giving sound to its pleasure if it was like my mouth, giving sounds of moaning and groaning, mixed with the gasps and sighs my real mouth and lips were forming.

As good as it felt, I wanted, no required, more. My pussy required the feeling of being full and used, an object of pleasure used to give and receive pleasure.

We were new to each other but our needs were the same. Axel knew what it was to have a bitch underneath him to be used for his satisfaction and needs. He might not have understood the dynamics and considerations that put him into those situations of breeding a bitch, but he understood his role in the events when he was presented with them. I was a relative newcomer to bestiality, not at all like that woman, Samantha, who now lived her life with bestiality being a primary element in her sexuality. But, here I was, finding myself in an opportunity to be a sexual tool, a sexual toy, and a companion and bitch to these very dogs. Being here, the very place for the opportunity to be unveiled to me and for it to be delayed, was like a tease. I have never experienced bondage or any form of BDSM, yet that was how this seemed to me. Like I had been bound from accessing the pleasure and release I sought, to be only teased by the knowledge of what was to come, not able to experience the reality. This moment, on my knees in the kennel with the dogs, was me breaking free, taking my freedom from restriction and realizing the opportunity promised me.

I felt like my soul was on fire as I continued to endure the magnificent sensations emanating from my pussy and clit by the tireless lapping of the big tongue on my sensitive and needy body. I had to take the next step. I had to feel my body in this new opportunity, to fully understand and accept if it was the destiny and purpose I sought.

I reluctantly pushed his snout from my pussy and patted my ass, hoping, praying, pleading in my mind, he would understand and mount me like he would the other bitches he had been given. The difference he couldn't yet realize or accept, but was coursing through my brain, was if this was right for me, if this was what a part of what I sought, this bitch wouldn't be gone after this act of mating. This bitch would continue to be here for him, and for Max. I wouldn't be pulled away by some other human and forced to wait for some other opportunity to mate. I would be here. I would be available. I would be theirs. Yes, my body and, therefore, my brain were inflamed. Those thoughts further inflamed me, though, driving me headlong down a road that would end in endless bliss and pleasure or fiery destruction. The potential of the fiery destruction was never a deterrent; I held my course steady and pressed firmly down on the accelerator.

Maybe the connection had already registered for him, or maybe it was simply convenient timing. Regardless, after pushing his snout and slapping my ass cheek, he bounced his big body and landed on the small of my back. Although his height wasn't much larger than the other dogs I had experienced, the 50% additional weight became immediately significant.

I grunted with the impact, feeling the very real difference on my back. But, the best very real difference was evidenced to me quickly. I concentrated on everything I learned before and applied it now. I felt his cock slide over my extended hand between my legs and quickly find my opening and it was then, that instant, that I knew ... his extra weight meant more than just being heavier. At his initial penetration into me, I groaned out my happiness and pleasure, and it wasn't just at being penetrated, about to be fucked, but at the immediate recognition of his larger size and I greedily anticipated the new pleasures it could provide me. I pressed back against him, taking him deeper than his initial penetration, then held still, waiting and feeling his repositioning. His front legs pulling me back onto his cock, relaxing and repositioning, his cock deep in my pussy. Then, it began. A frantic, frenzied, animalistic use of my body, or more specifically my pussy, for his purposes. He held me tightly and his cock and hips flew dominantly into and at me. I had felt something similar with the other dogs, but this was a new level of feeling. He was holding me as his, dominating and taking me. I had no choice, not that I wanted anything else, but to be used by him.

I cried out and held on, making my body rigid against this onslaught, reveling at the feelings of dominance and use, all so unlike what I would likely expect myself to tolerate from a man. Within the sensations of his frantic fucking was a physical recognition of his cock swelling and lengthening inside me. Each thrust seemed to bring with it a change in size and length, rubbing my pussy more completely, penetrating my pussy deeper. I continued to cry out and moan and gasp as the sensation continued to overwhelm my expectations.

Then, I felt it. His knot forming and banging, slamming into my pussy opening on the outside. My mind immediately raced to the inevitable presumption: larger cock, larger knot! Instead of being fearful or intimidated, I pressed back against my assailant, not wanting to be a passive object but a willing and active participant. I braced my hands and arms, tilted my ass back to brace with my legs, and pressed back into him, seeking to be solid and firm in order to assist him in passing his knot into me. I remembered the encouragement of Samantha about the knot being the whole point of canine fucking, a unique point of being fucked by a dog. A cock is a cock, but the knot ... oh, my. And, she was right. The knot provided so much and I was going to possibly be tied by an even bigger one ... or two, since Max was a bigger dog, yet.

A bigger knot, though, meant more stretching, more initial pain to achieve the eventual pleasure. But, the pain, the stretching, the feeling of being torn apart soon, gets lost quickly, immediately. I felt that sense of sharp stretching, feeling of how much more can I take before ripping open. But, it never happens. The pussy is extremely elastic and yielding and pliable. Large objects can be taken, a fist, a large knot. And it was happening, I could feel it. I was opening. Our combined pressing at each other was having its way against the resistance of my pussy, and it was opening, seemingly slowly but not really. Not really, at all. Before I knew it, the knot passed through my expanded opening and his cock hit deeper still inside me, the knot filling my chamber deeper.

I cried out, I gasped, I moaned and groaned. It might have been ceaseless, a sound laid upon the end of the previous sound. But, I had no recognition or awareness. What consciousness I any longer possessed was centered at and in my pussy as the cock and knot made short, urgent bumps inside me. It was in that centered awareness that I felt the subsequent changes. His knot grew in size, giving me the sense that it was never going to be able to come back out. At the time, though, I couldn't care as long as it was inside me now. But, I knew the time was coming, the time of his cumming. It is how it is: tying, growing, and cumming.

I no longer pressed back against him. I allowed my body to be hammered forward and pulled backward by his confined knot inside me. I was only partially aware of my breasts wildly swinging beneath me from his actions. I was wholly aware of the feelings inside me. I felt his cock press deep inside me, his hips pressing against me, his panting at my shoulder, his drool falling in my hair and

on my skin. All of it adding to send me into orgasm, a driving and violent orgasm that shook my core as well as my body. His cock and knot seemed to increase in size still more, but I knew in the recesses of my mind that it was only my body contracting fiercely around him, clenching as if to strangle and squeeze the life out of his cock and knot. And, as if in that reaction, his seed spurted into me, washing my insides in great volumes of cum, washing my cervix and every part of my pussy. That feeling pushed a second minor orgasm from me and I collapsed to the hard floor, my face and chest pressed helplessly against the surface with my ass held in the air by the dog's knot.

It was moments before my awareness solidified on my surroundings and what I had done. I accepted the temptation and glanced behind me to the doorway of the kennel, but what caught my attention was the reddish cock protruding from Max's body. He was sitting nearby to the side with five or six inches of reddish cock pointing out at me. I pivoted to the side, tried to pull Axel with me but it wasn't going to work. Even grasping his hind leg and pulling was like pulling on the wall to move. I focused my attempts on encouraging Max to move closer to me. When he finally understood my intention to come, I was able to sink his cock between my lips and into my mouth. I had no intention of satisfying him this way, not that I wouldn't, but I was greedy now. I wanted to be fucked by Max, as well.

When Axel's knot shrank enough to be pulled painfully out of me, I turned quickly. I wanted to present myself to Max, but I also wanted to see what had been inside me. And, I was shocked. There was probably some shrinkage after cumming and being tied together, but it was still the largest cock I had physically seen. The cum leaking from me formed a trail marking the movement of my butt. It was obscene and thrilling, all at the same time.

Turning to Max now, though, left little time for any such reflection. Although he swiped my pussy and ass a couple times, he was quickly on top of me with the same resounding grunts escaping my mouth. Max was another 15 pounds heavier than Axel and I felt every one of them land on me.

I knew from that day forward, any time I spent with these two were going to be good days. Their longer and larger cock touched me wonderfully inside. Their knots filled and tied me deliciously, ensuring numerous bumps and jolts with my g-spot during the tie period, frequently bring a secondary orgasm even without conscious effort on my part.

Mrs. Herron advised that Hein and Chris would be home, but not until very late. She didn't divulge anything further about her conversation and I didn't take it as my place to press her on it. I was still the content visitor until I was told differently. But, unknown to me, I also wasn't aware of her knowledge of what I had done in the kennel or that she had passed on that information to Hein.

That night, late, the house was dark and quiet when they arrived home. I didn't know they had arrived until I heard footsteps on the marble stairs, followed by the door across the hallway. I rose from the bed and opened my door just in time that Hein heard my door opening and stopped. He did a double take, looked me up and down as I stood leaning on the door frame completely naked, my preferred way to sleep. He then smiled and pushed his roller case inside his open door. He took a step out into the hall and I met him the rest of the way until we were only two feet from each other.

He touched the side of my face gently with more tenderness than I expected, but also with a fatigue in his manner. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you."

I touched his arm that had dropped to his side as if holding it up was too much effort. "You didn't ... I was kind of waiting."

We looked at each other and I could see the deep exhaustion that seemed to cover his face and body.

"Laura ... I am dead tired. I know I have been gone and you are probably confused and wondering ..."

I put a finger on his lips to stop him. "No need for hot, sweaty, jungle-monkey sex tonight?" He chuckled, remembering the context of the original comment and shook his head. "How about just being held then as you fall asleep?"

He smiled and took my hand, "Yeah, I could use that."

I thought he was asleep. We were on our sides and he was spooned into my back, a hand on a breast. His breathing was slow and regular. It had been quiet for many minutes as I continued to lie in his arm not able to stop thinking about what was to come and how it would evolve. To say that I was still excited and anticipatory would be an understatement. It was all seeming even closer to being real now that he was here and I was in his arms.

Hein's voice came to me from the dark, from right behind me, his voice smoky and smooth like a fine brandy. Some of the tiredness seemed to have evaporated. "I heard you kept yourself busy this afternoon."

How ... could he know ... "I ... what ... do you mean?"

He chuckled and squeezed my breast, moving his hand to tweak the nipple. "I have spies everywhere." He chuckled, again. "Tell me. What was your first time with Max and Axel like?"

"It was Axel and then Max, to be exact about it."

"So, tell me. Details. I want to know."

"Have you ever seen a woman mated by a dog?" He indicated he hadn't. "Details, huh? Okay ..." I began from the initial nuzzles into my crotch until I gave in and took them into the kennel. I was only partially into the description with Axel when I felt his cock hard and pressed into my ass. As I continued, I pressed back against him, wiggling and moving my ass against him. I stopped at the point of being mounted by Max and turned around in his arm, my hand sliding down and capturing his rock-hard cock. "You liked me describing being fucked by your dogs."

"Very much. It is one thing to imagine it; another to perhaps witness it; but, to hear it described by the very woman ..." he kissed me on the lips, "... yes, very much."

I kissed his shoulder and considered the options. "You still sound tired."

"I'm sorry, but I am."

"But, you feel glad to see me." He laughed since the 'feel' was my hand on his hard cock. "I have a proposition for you." He cocked his head, just visible in the moonlight coming through the open balcony door. "You just lie there and I will suck you. If you fall asleep, I won't take it as a slight. I'll take it as a challenge. Can I make a sleeping man cum?"

He kissed me and nodded. I kissed my way down his body, his hand staying on my shoulder or head. I had been sucking softly on the head of his cock for only a few minutes when the unmistakable sound of soft snoring was evident. I smiled around his cock, which was still hard. If I truly tried to make him cum, it might well wake him and he really did seem to need to sleep. So, instead, I stayed where I was and continued to softly suck on his cock, largely keeping it just inside my mouth, but occasionally taking much of it inside. The thought of this had come to me before, now I was sure

about it. As interesting as the thought had been, the reality of lazily and contentedly lying beside him with his cock in my mouth was very satisfying and peaceful. This was a powerful and strong man; I was a strong-willed and confident woman. This, though, felt good.

The following days began to feel the way I had anticipated they might. Although he wasn't ready to fully get into projects in the company until we had a formal agreement, he started me reviewing a series of presentations he was scheduled to give to a college in Amsterdam. We had some long talks about the subject, discussing and debating the approaches he could take in presenting it and the approaches he would feel most comfortable using. I enjoyed the activity and time with him. I quickly came to realize how easily and efficiently we were with each other in those activities.

The other part wasn't forgotten, either. Over the next days, he encouraged me with small steps. He suggested that I only swim in the nude. My concern was not for myself, but for Mrs. Herron and Raul. But, they worked for him, too. They all knew what my participation at the house could become if everyone felt it worked. As such, they were all onboard with the idea. He assured me that my concern need not be them, but my own comfort and acceptance.

The steps might have been short when looked individually, but they were frequent. Swimming nude led to remaining nude while on the patio afterward as I relaxed and read. Those steps were like teasers for me. I knew others were seeing and watching, checking my comfort and reaction.

More directly, he presented me with lightweight Kegel balls. The first ones were lightweight balls with strings attached to them. He wanted me to keep them inside my pussy as I moved around the yard or the house. At first, for parts of an hour and extending the time, not only keeping them inside as my legs parted but consciously flexing the muscles over them like squeezing a ball in your hand to strength your grip, which was indeed the case here. Although I had heard of Kegels, my understanding of them was for women and childbirth. He chuckled, "That might be, but not here. I want your pussy strong and tight. Over time, we will move to the heavier ball, heavier and smaller balls, and balls without strings so you use the muscles to push the balls out. No fingers, just your pussy."

We were sitting in his home office on the main floor in the south wing. I was sitting in a chair with a laptop wearing only a long tee-shirt. He held up the first two fingers of one hand and separated them into a vee. I knew by now that he wanted me to separate my knees. In the process, I also lifted the laptop to show my pussy. The string from the Ben Wa ball was showing from my pussy. I flexed for him. Not that he could see, but the string did move when the ball inside me moved.

"Can I ask why I am doing this? Why all the attention to the strength of my pussy?"

"Sex, my dear. As simple as that. Even after numerous man and canine cocks and knots, your pussy can still give the feeling of a tight embrace around whatever cock is inside you."

"You have more in mind for me than just the four of you here, don't you?"

"Four of us?"

"You, Chris, Max, and Axel." He smiled and nodded. I was glad. Being his toy was erotic enough. The thought that this could go well beyond what could happen in the house, including others in other locations ... the mystery and my imagination took me to wonderful feelings. Of course, the frequent presence of Ben Wa balls in my pussy helped a lot, too.

We made love more as the days passed. Him, me, Chris. And, it frequently felt like love. Sometimes it was fucking, other times it was slow and easy, but generally it was one-on-one. One night while he

fucked me in his office, his cock in deep inside me he told me I was to spend the night with the dogs in the kennel. I had noticed a third bed installed. The size was exactly proportioned to fit together in a tight U-shape. He told me that with fresh cum inside me he expected the dogs to be very interested in me. I was to yield to them any time approached me throughout the night. I went into orgasm bent over his desk, his cock plowing in and out of me as I envisioned what the night be like. When he shot his seed into me, I peaked again.

That night was long and exhausting. That was the first time I was completely available to them whenever they wanted me. And, they wanted me frequently. Hein was right about having fresh cum inside me. It was like a magnet as soon as I walked into the kennel naked. They were sniffing me, front and back. I reached under them and found exposed cocks. I simply knelt on the rubber matting that had been installed between the beds, like our little play area. Max was on top of me almost before I was completely in position. Axel pranced around us anxiously. He wasted no time, either. That night, I was awoken two more times during the night. When Hein came out to the kennel the next morning before leaving for the office, he stood at the door with a mug of coffee for me. I wasn't on the extra bed. I was on the mat covered floor on my stomach where I had collapsed after the last mounting, who I couldn't remember. Under my pussy was a puddle of cum.

He helped me to the patio where he put me into a lounge, handed me the mug of coffee and watched me. I looked up at him and gave him a questioning look.

"Sorry ... I was just mesmerized by how beautiful you look."

I glanced down my naked body and laughed, "I can't possibly look beautiful now."

He got up and kissed the top of my head. "You are. You're perfect."

He left and Mrs. Herron came out with a plate of breakfast for me. She refilled my mug and sat down in the same chair, Hein had used. "Hein looked awfully pleased. Did you really spend the night with the boys?" I sheepishly nodded and she smiled, a reaction I was surprised by. "No wonder he was so pleased." She stood, put a hand softly on my cheek and kissed the top of my head, too. "You are good for him. He's good for you, too."

Then it hit me what Hein had meant by beautiful. Not the glamorous beauty I can be when I try, but the person he wanted. Last night showed him I could be a bitch to his dogs.

I took my plate into the kitchen, rinsed it off and bent over to put it into the dishwasher. From behind me, I heard, "That reminds me, he left you this."

I turned around to Mrs. Herron looking at me. "My bending over reminded you?"

She just handed me an object and a tube. I looked and found a tube of lubricant and a small, slender butt-plug. It wasn't bigger than my index finger. My mouth dropped open and looked up at her. She turned to get on with her work but said over her shoulder with a big smile on her face, "He said to use that when you are doing the Kegels."

I stared after her. I had never. But, a few days later, he presented me with a next size larger. This time, though, he did the honors and that long tee-shirt made it easy. He bent me over his desk, again. I felt the lube being spread on my asshole, then pressed inside. I gasped as he firmly pressed the soft silicone bulb into me, my sphincter closing around it, locking it in place. This one was slightly larger than the previous one. He then proceeded to fuck me, pressing on the plug with each inward thrust. I came quickly, then joined him for another when his seed rushed into me.

It seemed I was spending more time in long tee-shirts and barefoot. Dinners, though, were generally a more formal affair when Hein was home. Raul never quite seemed to manage 'formal' but he cleaned up really nicely. Hein generally requested short dresses and never underwear. Heels were a given and stockings were sometimes stay-ups and other times garter belts. Chris sometimes liked garter belts so I might get an indication by what items I would be requested to wear. It was getting more exciting as the days passed.

On the last night, the night before I would find myself standing at the breakfast table while the others talked about me, I found out what the intention of the butt plug ritual was. That was the first night I received a double penetration from Hein and Chris. Hein lay on one of the lounges on the patio, I sat on him, and Chris came up behind me to penetrate my ass. After only a few days of prepping me, I no longer worried about Mrs. Herron or Raul. The Kegel exercises kept my pussy tight for Hein while Chris pressed in and out, rubbing my asshole and Hein's cock in my pussy. I orgasmed twice with them.

When they stood me up, my legs still shaky, Hein pointed me to the kennel. He smiled and I knew. Another night with the dogs with cum already leaking from my pussy and asshole. I went into the kennel that night thinking it was another night leading up to my hopefully new life with Hein. It proved to be a lot more than just hopefully. I had lost track of how many days I had already been there. The two weeks had gone by fast.

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## **CHAPTER SIX: PRESENT DAY: HIS PET**

It was frankly still shocking to me. Only four weeks ago, I was that frustrated woman seeking thrills by privately separating my sexual life and my professional life. Then, in seemingly a blink of an eye, I awoke this morning to the insistent demands of a huge dog wanting to again fuck me. Never mind that during the night I had been double penetrated by Hein and Chris, then spent the night in the kennel and mounted by both dogs two times before.

Then I found myself naked before the rest of the household as they finish their breakfast. Hein had pulled me into his lap and fondled my breast in front of them. Not that my nudity was any longer new for me or them. It had only just happened. Their discussion was a sort of evaluation of me joining their group in the house to fill that unique position he craved. He had pinched my nipple, causing me to flinch slightly, but I held his eyes, letting a spontaneous smile cross my face. "What decision did you come to, Laura? You've heard from the others who want you to join us. What do you want?"

I had smiled back at him, sending smiles to all of them. "I want to stay here. I want the position."

He boosted me off his lap and patted my naked butt. "Okay, then. Go upstairs and use your shower. Primp a little bit and you'll find the clothes on your bed I want you to put on. Then, meet me in my office in the south wing and we will discuss this further."

I had found the suite I had been using cleaned out. None of the few personal items I had with me were in the suite. I had turned around in wonder and noticed a pair of high heels at the door to the master bedroom. And that was where I found the clothes, such as they were, on the bed in the master bedroom. The implication was immediately clear to me: I wasn't just going to fill a sexual role but also be his companion and would share his private space.

I picked up the black lace choker from on top of the plastic package containing the sheer, black stockings and examined the silver medallion. As I reread the three letters, I ran my thumb over the

engraving. The lace felt exquisite, luxurious. The diamond-shaped, silver medallion shone in the light. I noticed that it wasn't three letters, but three letters each with a period after it, "P.E.T.", although it was the letters that were seen. Holding the choker made me tingle throughout my body, but mostly in my pussy and nipples. He promised me he could give the sexual excitement I desired and the fulfillment of meaningful work. He made the decision, even before hearing my reaction.

I carefully placed the choker back on the package and rushed into the master bathroom. He had said to go to my shower and referred to my bed for the clothes he selected. As I rushed into the bathroom to shower before joining him in his home office, I smiled at the realization that this was my bedroom and bathroom. The master bedroom! I really was his, now. And, I tingled more.

I looked at myself in the floor-length mirror on the wall. My body cleaned, light makeup, my naturally wavy hair flowing over my shoulders. The black choker and medallion around my neck, black thigh-high stockings, and the black, single-strap 4 " inch heels. My entire outfit to meet him in his home office. I felt pretty and naughty. My old 3-inch heels were gone. He apparently wanted me in these higher heels. I would need to be careful as I got used to them, especially on the marble steps going downstairs. But, that only seemed to put an exclamation point on this, marking the significant change occurring in my life. The more I looked at myself and the more I thought about it, the more I tingled. I thought I should probably get moving, to see what he had for us to discuss. The more I delayed, the hornier I got. Would it be appropriate to show up in front of him with the insides of my thighs glistening with my arousal?

I grabbed my copy of the contract and chuckled as I exited the bedroom, walked through the sitting room, and exited the suite into the hall. I chuckled as I carefully descended the stairs, my heels making a clearly heard 'click, clack'. Yes, I suspect glistening thighs might not be inappropriate.

I managed to somewhat gracefully descend the stairs without breaking an ankle and was surprised by my confident attitude as I turned to the left at the bottom to the south wing of the house. I told myself not to nervously look to see if anyone might see me like this. This was now between Hein and me. The others seemed to be fully aware and accepting of what Hein was intending. That didn't mean I didn't feel vulnerable and exposed, though. Before now, I might have found myself casually naked from being in the pool or nearly so with only a long tee-shirt. Now, this was blatant and intentional. The few items I did wear seemed to only intensify and amplify my nakedness.

I made my way down the short hallway and noticed how the higher heels affected my walk. To strike the ground without putting too much pressure on just the heel meant a slight exaggeration, which had a similar effect on the movement of my hips. Of course, they also made my calf muscles pop out.

The door was open so I knocked on the jam. He was at his desk, two laptops open and papers in front of him. Hearing my knock, he looked up and rose, coming around the desk. He came up to me, put his index finger under the medallion and looked at it, despite him knowing exactly what it said. He smiled and looked into my eyes. He leaned forward and I eagerly leaned into him to accept his kiss. His hands were on my bare butt and back. He stepped back and looked at me.

"If you were an employee in your boss's office, how would you be feeling?"

"Wicked and wanton."

He smiled. "Perfect. In just a moment, you can be my employee and this is my office." I returned the smile.

He went back to his desk and chair, indicating the chair on the opposite side. It wasn't until then that I noticed the change in the room. The desk was a large glass oval with double pedestal bases of

carved oak. I suppose it could have been used as a dining room table, too. Both chairs were identical executive office chairs. Guest chairs were on either side. A credenza with shelves and cabinets were behind him. A sofa and two more sitting chairs were behind the opposite side surrounding a heavy oak coffee table. The carpeting was lush and soft. The walls were covered with shelves or original art.

I stood next to the opposite chair and looked at him. He smiled. "This is not only my office but your office." He looked up and down my body, not making any effort to hide the fact. "This might be a bit distracting initially, but I can't think of a better way for us to work together than on opposite sides of the same desk." He paused for a moment while I pulled the other chair out and sat down, sliding it up to the desk. "I openly confess as to the obvious selection of a glass top desk."

I laughed. "I don't think you will want for seeing my body." He nodded.

We signed the contracts, each having an original. He would make my hire official through the corporate channels. I gave him the account number for direct depositing. He, in turn, spun one of the laptops around and pushed it to me. I would be signing into the laptop as though I was Hein. Any modifications and revisions I made to documents would then show up as from him. My email would be from a separate server from the corporate one. I would not have an office located at either headquarters. When I joined him at one of those offices, I would remain with him. He indicated several short-cuts on the computer desktop for the location of documents, presentations, and papers he was currently working on. Those would get me started.

Then, he leaned back. I caught his eyes drifting down to my breasts several times. He smiled at the recognition that I knew he was doing it. "Questions? You must have a hundred."

I chuckled, "Some, yes. PET." I fingered the medallion at my throat. "What is this about?"

He smiled. "It might seem dismissive, but it is not. Well, not entirely. I struggled for something that would be meaningful in a double entendre sort of way for us. Calling you Pet can be endearing or demeaning. The things we are going to do, with your acceptance, might give the term one sense when I mean it in the other. But, it is also an acronym based on our understanding of what you are with me. P E T would stand for Professional advisor & Erotic Toy."

"Professional ... Erotic Toy ... How long did that take?" I was teasing him.

He smiled, "Yes, trying too hard, perhaps. But, that being said, as my advisor, you'll provide a sounding board for interpersonal relationships and the motivations of others; advise me on management and client conflicts; provide written document and publication review, editing, and recommendations; and provide any other support and advice as needed."

"And your Toy ..."

"Hmmm ... yes ... besides being my personal and profession advisor, you'll be my personal sexual partner and the bitch for Max and Axel." He watched me but I didn't react. It was what I expected. "And ... as the Toy, provide sexual and personal behavior in the manner identified by me, and perform sexual services and acts when, how, and where I might decide." I raised an eyebrow at him, but there was a smile on my face. "I know, it sounds different than how I said it before. It's not, though. What I mean is that I will ask for you to do certain sexual things but you always will have the freedom to reject them. We agreed that I didn't want a sex slave or submissive. I found the strong woman who wants to discover and try increasing sexual thrills and excitement. I worded it the way I did because I think you will be excited and thrilled by the opportunities I bring to you."

I smiled at him but the smile belied something else under the surface. "I completely agree." I paused and pushed my chair back. "Is there anything else?" He shook his head, puzzled by my change in attitude. "Good." I rose from the chair, bent over the end of the desk with my legs spread wide, and looked up at him. "Because I need to be fucked."

After all the cock I had last night, I ended up proving to him and myself what I needed. I didn't question that I would willingly and excitedly do whatever he suggested. He stood and walked to me, draped over the end of the desk, unzipping the fly of his dress pants as he approached. And he did fuck me. Rather unceremoniously, too, I might add. And, just what I needed. After which, he sent me back out to the dogs. I swung my hips saucily at him as I left. I could see that I was going to go through a lot of stockings.

Hein arranged for Chris to take me back to Phoenix on the private jet for me to quit my job at the bank and to oversee the movers who would meet us at the apartment. The only things he suggested to me was: I should follow Chris' lead as if he was him; and, to seriously consider what I wanted to bring to Miami on the plane, what should go into storage, and what might be donated to Goodwill.

I was more concerned with the resigning without notice, but he assured me that would be covered by the time I met with my old boss. In the end, though, old boss versus new boss, I didn't ultimately care how mad the old one might become because of who my new one was. So, I had two mysteries, but I had learned with Hein that I would learn things in due time.

With that attitude, I was able to fully relax on the plane and it was nice to not be the only passenger for a change. I read some but Chris and I talked a lot about Hein, his time with him, but not much about his own background.

Chris thought it might be good for me to know and understand about Hein since I would be an inner circle confidant going forward. Hein was a rare combination of being highly successful in diverse and competitive global businesses and heading a conglomerate while also rising up through his career being an introvert and a childhood history of stuttering, which still gave him anxiety and a strong reluctance to speak in public. The introversion made it difficult for him to host the gatherings he was forced to handle and was why he had such a strong protection of his private life and residences. He simply required surrounding and trusted people where he was not challenged and he could completely relax and be himself.

He said, "His grandfather and father started and grew the corporation, but Hein took it into the Americas, particularly the US. Because of Hein, KONINGH Group is twice what it was. He takes that pressure for it to succeed very seriously. A kind of debt to the family tree, in a way." He paused, looked out at the barely visible ground below. "His names are interesting and telling. In Dutch, Koningh means 'king' and Hein means 'ruler of the house'." He chuckled. "In a way, from birth, he has felt pressure."

That did explain some things about him. His comment that first night about not sleeping. I will have to make it a routine to administer 'hot, sweaty, jungle-monkey sex' on a regular basis.

"He made a comment to me. About not worrying about my resigning without notice. Do you know anything about that?"

He laughed. "He's probably talking to their CEO right now. Just do whatever they need you to do through HR, there will be no problem with future references if you should ever need it." He looked at me curiously, "Are you thinking you might need a good reference from them in the future?"

I laughed, "I sure hope not. I plan on being the most excellent PET he's ever imagined."

With the resignation taken care of surprisingly ease, we checked into our hotel for the night, then made our way to the apartment where the movers had just arrived. The movers were amazingly efficient in wrapping, boxing, and moving to trucks. Trucks, because there was a small truck for personal things and clothes that would be joining us on the plane tomorrow. Another small truck that would be for the Goodwill and the final truck for going to storage. I eliminated about half of my clothes when Chris reminded me of the life I would be living. We were out of there by 5:00 PM which was good because Chris said we had dinner planned with the pilots at 7:00. That was a surprise, but Hein had said to just roll with Chris.

I was surprised, but not disappointed, that there was one room reserved for Chris and me. I teased him about a reservation mix-up and he let it ride with a sly grin.

I had brought only one nice dress and it was the little black dress I had worn that night Hein. I knew I looked good in it and it made me feel good. Besides, I was in a different city with a very handsome and virile man with whom I would be sharing the bed, as it turned out.

When I came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around me, I found Chris at the little table with a glass of bourbon in his hand. He indicated to the dresser where there was one waiting for me. He apparently decided to raid the mini-bar before dinner. He was dressed and ready but clearly very comfortable sitting where he could watch me dress. I smiled at him, dropped the towel and walked to the dresser. I picked up the glass and sipped the amber contents, then picked up my thong and slid it up my legs. I did it, though, by bending over with my legs straight and pulling it up before straightening, again. I glanced at him and found I did indeed have a rapt audience. I turned to him in only my thong and sipped more from the glass.

“What do you think? Stockings or not?”

“Stockings”, he said. “I like you in stockings.”

I chuckled. “What you like, dear man, is me naked in stockings.” He smiled and raised his glass to me. I laughed at his honesty and finished dressing.

We were meeting the pilots in the lobby and going to the selected restaurant together. When we reached the ground floor, Chris touched my arm to stop me.

“After dinner, we’ll come back here for a couple of drinks. After a couple of drinks, I want you to do that thing you did with Hein that first night.” I looked at him puzzled. I did a lot of things with Hein that first night. “You know ... the thing with your panties ...”

I looked to the lobby and the pilots and back to Chris. “You want me to leave and bring back my panties to you? While we are all in the bar?”

He smiled, “Nooooo ... I want you to place them on the table between them. Then, convince them to come upstairs.”

I opened my mouth, then closed it. Then opened it, again. “This is what Hein meant about following your lead ...” He nodded. He was watching me closely. I looked back to the pilots and took his arm. After a couple of steps, I quietly responded, “Well, three-on-one ... sounds like an interesting evening.” He squeezed my arm.

He formally introduced me to the pilots. Bob Schafer and Steve Adams.

The restaurant was another high-end place specializing in beef, which was fine with me, although I

did choose the smallest size they had with no potatoes and extra vegetables. I heard about International travel and some of the interesting places they have been since flying for Hein. They were interested in hearing more about me since they had been flying me around lately. I tried convincing them there wasn't much to say, but a few looks to Chris and they knew otherwise, I was just not going to talk about what I was now doing for Hein.

The two pilots were Bob Schafer, the senior pilot, and Steve Adams, the co-pilot. Bob has been flying with Hein and others at KONINGH for six years. He's in his mid-40's and single which makes it easy for him to fly wherever Hein needs to go. His brown hair is cut short and about 5'-10" and 170 pounds. His partner, Steve, has been with KONINGH for three years, upper-30's and recently out of the Air Force, finishing his flight training for this jet before coming to KONINGH. He has light brown hair, cut like he was still in the military, a few inches taller and maybe 10 pounds heavier.

After dinner, we returned to the hotel. Chris took Bob and Steve into the bar and I excused myself to use the restroom. Instead, I went up to the room, turned down the bed to expose the bottom sheet and turned on and off lights until I felt it had the right feeling to it. I then did use the bathroom and rushed back to the bar. I stopped just outside the entry, collected myself, and walked deliberately into the room, exaggerating my appearance of trying to find them. I quickly found them, Bob and Steve waving for me.

They found a booth. Chris slid out so I could slide in. After a drink, which was still one behind them, I nudged Chris and nodded. Without a word, I slid out, located the restrooms and walked with a bit more swing than I might normally have, but I knew what was expected. I might not have understood why, but I knew what was expected. And, thinking about the idea of the three of them and little ol' me ... well, I had been excited much of the night. Hein said he could give me opportunities and he wasn't kidding. Just three days officially on the job, so to speak, and it was already going beyond the tight group.

I stood at the entry to the area of the restrooms facing out into the bar. I caught Chris' eye. He was apparently watching for my return. Chris glanced at the other two and they seemed involved in some discussion that Chris was only partly paying any attention to. I walked to the booth and the closer I got, I found Chris' eyes not on me, but down at the level of my hands. My left hand was relaxed and open. My right hand, though, was balled in a fist.

I had been rehearsing what I might say to them as I laid the tiny thong on the table, but nothing seemed to sound right. The more I worked at it, the less comfortable and realistic it sounded. I decided to wing it and be natural.

I came up to the table and stood at the edge. My left hand went out to keep Chris in position. I put my right hand awkwardly on the table and reach across to take my nearly empty glass. I drained it in one gulp, feeling the welcome burn of Jack Daniels sliding down my throat. I glanced at Chris and focused my gaze on Bob and Steve. I leaned past Steve and placed my right hand between them on the table. When I brought my hand back, it was open and relaxed. I stood there for only a moment as Bob realized what I had done and elbowed Steve. They both looked at it, then to Chris. I noticed a slight shrug from him in my peripheral view.

Steve touch it, then opened it to see that it was a thong. He looked up, "Wha ... yours?" I nodded. He glanced at Bob, then Chris, and back to me. "It ... it's wet." Indeed. The small amount of cloth covering my pussy was quite soaked from my juices.

I stepped back and Chris exited the booth to settle our bill to our room. I watched him for a moment, then turned to Bob and Steve. "Yes, very much so." I put my hand out, "I was hoping you might help

me with that problem ...” They were sliding out of the booth immediately.

Chris was waiting for us at the exit of the bar. I walked in the midst of them to the elevator. I stopped in front of it and told Chris we were going to our room. The other two looked at each other with silly grins. Yes, we were sharing a room. I turned and kissed each of the men on the lips. As I was, the elevator ‘dinged’. I looked to find another couple in their 30’s waiting, also. I smiled at them, still hanging onto Steve’s neck, “We’ll catch the next one, thanks.”

Once their elevator closed, Chris re-hit the up button. I stepped in front of him and looked over my shoulder at him. “Will you please help me with the zipper?” He did as I had requested, lowering the zipper to the bottom, exposing my bare back to the top of my ass. The elevator came and I stepped inside, standing in the middle of the small space. As the doors closed, I pulled the dress over my head and handed it to Chris. Having already removed my thong, I was naked except for the stocking and my heels.

I turned and kissed each in turn and continued to until we reached the 12th floor. Before very long, though, as I kissed one, other hands were on my body. The elevator ‘dinged’ and the guys parted, giving me room to exit first. There was nobody waiting and nobody in the hallway. As with Hein, I wasn’t sure if I was relieved or disappointed. I think a little of both.

I walked ahead of them and stopped at our door. Chris used the keycard. When they entered the room, they could see from the bed that this had been planned in advance. Chris raided the mini-bar, but I didn’t need anything more. Bob and Steve just stood awkwardly, though, staring at me while they tried not to stare.

I put my hands on my hips, jauntily shifted my weight to my right leg, and gave them one command that received an immediate response: get out of your clothes.

Chris actually poured some whiskey into three glasses before following suit, and by the time he caught up I was on my knees in front of Bob and Steve diligently sucking cock. As I moved my head and mouth between the two of them, they each had a hand softly on a shoulder. Chris moved next to me, finally naked himself, and my left hand moved toward him, groping and fumbling for his cock. I stroked him as I continued to devote the attention of my mouth to the other men. We didn’t talk about this specifically, but the intention seemed to be bringing these two more into the inner circle of familiarity.

With two hard cocks in front of me, I stood up, giving each of them a peck on the lips, parted them and crawled onto the bed, laying back well short of the pillows to allow room, bent a knee and dropped it to the side. I stared at the two men, put a hand out to them and didn’t really care which of them would react first. Steve appeared to feel the most confident in the situation and moved up between my legs. He lowered his face to my thighs and kissed his way to my crotch where he planted kisses on my upper pussy, at which point I bent the other leg and splayed it out, too. I motioned to Bob to come to the side of my head and I retook his cock into my mouth. Chris came to the opposite side and my head rotated back and forth between them as Steve’s eagerness moved him up my body with a single kiss to each nipple.

I felt his cock head probing and moving along my pussy lips, his hand moving it in search of my opening until it slipped inside my ready pussy. I moaned around the cocks as he gasped at the initial penetration. I rotated my pelvis and he pressed further into me, pulled out nearly all the way and thrust deeper in. He quickly established an aggressive stroke fucking me as the two I was sucking moved a hand to my breasts and nipples, fondling, tweaking, and pinching. My mouth would open around the cock and moan or gasp or groan before clamping back around it and sucking furiously.

I groaned my arousal and stimulation as my body rose to an orgasm with the three men diligently attending to erogenous zones on my body. Steve thrust his cock deep into my pussy, jamming his pelvic bone against my clit, which elicited a muffled cry as I felt my orgasm just about to explode when I felt his cock twitch and pulse inside my clamping pussy. As my body and mind exploded with tiny bursts of nerve endings reacting to the jolts coursing through my body, I thanked Hein for his attention and insistence for working on my pussy muscles. Clamping my walls around the cock, increasing the friction and stimulating contact with his hard flesh inside me, told me exactly the moment he was about to cum, to spurt his first seed into my hungry chamber. My orgasm only added to the sensation as my pussy's efforts changed from intentional to erratic spasms around the straining rod of flesh inside me.

I had turned my head and lost contact with cocks at my mouth as I went through my orgasm, but as Steve raised himself and pulled his body away from mine, his cock pulling sensuously from my gripping pussy, I look up at Bob who I assumed would be the next. With Steve out of the way, I sat up and patted the bed where I had been lying. He took my place and I quickly crawled over his legs until I was straddling his hips. His hard, rigid cock was pressing my pussy lips as I ground against him, my eyes staring into his. His mouth was already open with short gasps and moans escaping.

I moved my pussy to the head of his cock, turned to find Steve and motioned him over. He looked confused, but I insisted. I reached behind me, held Bob's cock in the air and sat down on it, missing it with my opening, but quickly adjusted and sank down the entire length in one motion. Bob gasped at the sudden feel of his cock buried in my hot, wet pussy.

Steve was standing next to me and I looked at him with my own eyes slightly glazed by the sensation of the second cock grinding inside my pussy. "Come over here closer. Let me clean you off, first." Steve looked at me, then at Chris who, again, just shrugged. I took Steve's cock into my mouth and thoroughly sucked and licked him clean of our combined juices.

I bet over and kissed Bob, not giving him the chance to think about my lips and tongue having the combined fluids of his co-pilot with mine. I rose and fell on his cock, alternating with a grinding back and forth, and a circular rotation. All of it intended purely to provide random sensations for him and me. Cowgirl always seems to provide the best penetration and I enjoy the ability to be in full control of the power and speed of the thrusts. But, when I stopped with his cock head just inside me, Bob took over with awkward thrusts up into the air, driving his cock into me. The mix of motions and penetration was thrilling.

Chris, though, was not to be left out of my attention for too long. He crawled on his knees to me, his hard cock in his hand. I leaned into him, kissing him long and hard before dropping down, supporting my body with an arm as I took his cock into my mouth. I sucked vigorously to keep him rigid. I was going to give Chris the option and I was curious what he would choose.

Bob, however, was having his own issues with me. I pressed down onto him, grinding our pelvises together, my clit being massed against his body. Another orgasm was rising within me quickly. I released Chris' cock and clamped my pussy around Bob's cock, looking into his eyes to gauge his response. What I saw and felt was a man already rigid in a desperate attempt to hold off his own climax. I smiled down at him, "Don't ... I am there, too. Cum with me, Bob!"

I collapsed on top of Bob, gently moving my pelvis and my pussy on his slowly deflating cock. I sat up, not quite ready to release him from within me. I felt something cold on my upper arm and found Steve holding a glass with ice in it. I thanked him and gulped it down, choking and gasping when I swallowed, forgetting they were drinking a whiskey. I coughed and gasped, my body rocking in the process and doing interesting things to my pussy and clit. I was still ready for more and I looked at

Chris with new lust.

I swung my leg over Bob and stood at the edge of the bed looking at Chris. I raised my eyebrows at him. I hadn't really given the other two much of a choice in how they got fucked, but I knew Chris better.

He gave me a sly smile. Without taking his eyes off mine, "Hey, Steve ... go out on the balcony and check it out. See if the railing feels solid."

I laughed, "You know about that!" He just nodded. Steve came back with affirmatives and Chris raised his eyebrows at me. I shrugged and laughed, "Why not."

He placed his hand on the small of my back and guided me out onto the narrow balcony. We looked in both directions along the side of the hotel before he pressed me up against the railing and bent me over it. He was so quickly inside my pussy that I cried out, causing me to put my hand over my mouth and both of us to laugh. Bob and Steve followed us outside and cheered. I looked to the right and found someone several rooms away leaning out and looking our way. I wouldn't doubt they might see my naked upper body but wasn't sure how much more than that they could know for sure. But, either way, the man, followed by a woman shortly after, stayed and watched. My guess was they figured out more than I would have liked. As our moans continued, I decided to not hold back and go with the moment. Then I was sure they knew when they started clapping.

And, as cum soaked as my pussy was, it was going to take Chris some time to reach his climax. That didn't slow my orgasms down, though. That only brought more noise from the other guys and the people further away.

That was quite a night.

We were back at the airport in time to direct the placement of my personal boxes into the plane's cargo area. After signing off on the delivery, I walked to the stairs. Chris was alongside me and followed me up, but stopped halfway to say something to Steve. I had been setup on this trip and I was about to discover one more element of that, which might likely follow me on future trips.

As I stepped into the plane, Bob was standing in the doorway to the cockpit. He stopped me as I turned to go into the cabin. I looked over my shoulder at him, surprised that he was being so playful now that we were headed back to Miami. Instead, I felt his fingers at the back of my sundress and the zipper being pulled down. I saw Chris arrive next to us and expected some tension but instead got another surprise.

"Hein thought it would be a nice way for you to travel."

I heard Bob behind me, "Mr. Koningh is a very smart man." His fingers were on my shoulders and inching the straps off, "May I hang this up for you, Laura?"

I let the dress fall, catching it by the strap, and handing it to him. "Well, then ... glad I didn't wear any underwear ..."

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN: PET & HER HOUSEMATES**

I returned from my run hot and sweaty. As usual, I re-entered the house from the back rather than the front door. The house seemed quiet but that wasn't unusual. I headed up to the master bedroom

for a shower. I stripped off the little running shorts and sports bra, dropping them on the floor of the bathroom to hang over the shower after I was finished with it.

I wrapped a towel around myself and stepped into the bedroom only to hear someone in the sitting room. I walked to the doorway to find Hein.

"I thought you were going to the office today."

As we walked to each other, "I was. In fact, I was there. I decided there wasn't anything happening that I couldn't just as well handle from here. Besides, I wanted to see you." With that, he put his hand on the towel around me. I left my hands at my sides as he loosened it, both of us letting it fall to the floor. He looked down my body, his hands then moving to my breasts, one falling to my stomach. I separated my legs in anticipation and hope for the destination of his hand. I wasn't disappointed as his hand slipped between my thighs and a finger slid along my pussy lips. He leaned forward and kissed me, his finger continuing to slide back and forth. In a moment, he slipped his finger from my pussy lips and brought it to my lips. I took his finger into my mouth and sucked, swirling my tongue around it. He smiled, "I do like how quickly you get wet. There is no pretending about you."

I put my arms around his neck. "I have so many options available to me. What a waste to only pretend when I can fully experience without inhibition." I kissed him and touched the outside of his slacks at his crotch. "It is what you have fantasized for and what I have yearned for."

He smacked my ass and turned me around toward the bedroom, "Go get dressed and meet me in the office."

I took a couple steps and called out, "Any particular desire for my dress?"

"Your choice ..."

Hmmmm, my choice ... only partly, though. There wasn't any misunderstanding about that.

I opened the top drawer of my dresser, which contained an assortment of stockings. I elected dark gray. I was still cautious on the stairs, though I was getting more comfortable in these 4 " inch heels. As I was halfway down the stairs, my clicking heels brought the attention of Chris who was walking the opposite direction from the south wing and the office. He turned as he continued to walk, giving me an approving smile. Along with the dark gray stocking, I wore shiny, silver colored heels, a dark gray choker with a silver pendant saying PET, and silver dangling earrings.

I walked into the office and took my desk chair opposite Hein. Since this was also my office, there was no formality about my entry into it. I sat in my chair and scooted up under the surface, then leaning back to await his intention for the meeting. Although I was essentially naked, my legs were crossed under the desk and my arms rested comfortably on the arm rests. I looked across the desk at him.

He moved a note tablet in front of himself. We had some similar habits in that regard. We each had a stack of yellow note tablets nearby, each one for a specific topic. The one he was looking at appeared to be recently started, so it seemed to be a new project. I reached to my stack, prepared to take a fresh tablet from the bottom when he stopped me.

"I don't think you'll need to take notes." Hein was not in the habit of having to repeat his instructions and ideas regarding projects. It was already my instinct to cover much of our discussion of projects with copious notes for reference and inclusion as I worked on documents and

presentations.

“What project is this, then?”

“Project ... you.” He looked up and smiled. His eyes met mine, then dropped to my breasts and their nipples pointing at him as I sat with a straight back. He allowed that despite being naked, I could act naturally to include crossing my legs and standing with my thighs together. As a concession, I worked at holding myself straight, giving an appearance of pride and self-confidence. I then saw his eyes drop further to my hidden pussy as he looked through the table top.

“Me? This sounds interesting.”

He laughed, “I hope so.” There were two small boxes on the desk next to him. He took one and slid it across the desk to me. I leaned forward and took it from him. It had some weight to it. I saw him watching me so I proceeded. I opened the box to find two solid steel, jeweled butt plugs. One was smaller than the other. “I would like you to start wearing one of these for portions of the day.”

I looked up at him. Much more anal play appeared to be in our future. Each one sat on a descriptive piece of paper. I picked up the smaller one, which was described as a beginner-friendly size, sleek and shiny plug made from high-quality metal and safe for long-term wear. It was 2 " inches as an inserted length, 1 inch in diameter and 5 ounces. He indicated with his eyes to the box and I also noticed a tube of water-based lubricant.

“Try it out.”

I stood up, applied some of the lubricant to the plug, then reaching behind me, to my puckered opening. The end was a sparkly diamond color. I pressed the plug against my resisting opening but persisted until it popped inside. It felt funny being inside and I imaged it was going to feel even more so when I sat back down, but I did. I was right, it felt strange, not being used to having the entrance filled. But, it was also strangely erotic. He saw me squirm and smiled. I picked up the other one and saw that it was a little larger. It was called a medium size with an inserted length of 3 inches and a diameter of 1 1/2 inches, weighing 8 ounces. It didn't seem like a lot bigger, but I bet it would feel bigger inside. The end of it was an emerald color.

“How does it feel?”

“Weird.” I squirmed a little in my chair. “But ... erotic.”

He smiled. “Excellent. You know what this is about?” I nodded. “You okay with it?” I nodded, again, adding a smile. “Excellent. There is another larger size in this style, but you can get used to these, first. There are also 14 colors. Who knows, maybe we'll have matching ones to your chokers ...” I chuckled, but I wouldn't put it past him.

He then passed the other box to me. My ass was already full so I wondered what this might be. I felt like it was some kind of naughty birthday. Inside were two solid glass balls. The cover sheet called them Icicles, hand-blown glass medium Ben Wa balls. They were shatter-resistant glass and guaranteed to strengthen the pelvic floor and improve sexual enjoyment. They were 1.2 inches in diameter and weighed a hefty 15 " ounces. I weighed them in my hand and looked up at him.

He smiled, “You think you can hold those inside, yet?”

I considered them, still feeling the plug in my ass, which was a bit distracting. The other ones he had me using weren't a third this heavy. It seemed like a big jump to make, but ... heck, I could already

tell the difference the Kegel exercises with the lighter balls made.

"I don't know. These are a lot heavier. What's the worst that can happen, though? They fall out. Just so I'm not out in public, right?" He got a funny look on his face and I thought, UH OH. "I think I will adjust to the butt-plug for now, though."

He smiled. "That's fine. Now that we have the gifts out of the way." I chuckled. "There are some more things I wanted to talk about." He looked at the tablet. "I told Sharon I wanted a nice dinner tonight, I have some things to discuss with everyone. Some of them are specifically regarding you, so I wanted to give you a heads-up. Again, per our agreement, you can veto anything, but ..." He smiled. He knew I wouldn't be inclined to ever veto something. My trust was already there. "Inside the house, the temperature will be comfortable for you to be naked ... or nearly so like now. That is the way I would like to see you. The way you are dressed now, stocking and heels can be presumed as the attire for our daytime working when I am home. When I am not home, you can be completely naked if you want. I find a little bit of clothing quite erotic." I smiled. No problem with me. "But, given that, evening dinners are sometimes a quasi-formal affair. I have struggled a bit that you should be able to also be dressed differently for dinner and after." He had my attention. "I was thinking maybe some finely made negligees for that purpose. What do you think?"

My nipples were erect from not only the anal plug but also the new conversation. And, I knew he was aware of it. His eyes continued to drop down to them. "I like the idea. It would allow me to appear different, too. I presume you have in mind something sheer and exposing?"

He chuckled, "Naturally. There is a shop that was recommended. I will have a car take you there. Maybe a couple shops. You'll need more stockings, shoes, negligees, and dresses."

"Thank you."

He smiled. He was also looking forward to seeing me in them. "Now ... you have tried to be careful about being mounted by the dogs, often by restricting it to the kennel. I assume that was for the benefit of the rest of us." I nodded. "From now on, you will be free, and encouraged, to accept the dogs wherever on the property and whenever the desire comes over the three of you." He watched me.

I looked at him. "That will be fine with the others? I know that was part of my being here, but I didn't want to offend anybody."

"It will be fine with them. Is that your only concern about what I just said?"

I looked at him puzzled. Then, "Ohhhhh ... you mean the 'whenever' part. No, I mean they are outdoor dogs so while I am working it shouldn't be a problem, should it? Otherwise, I ... I mean, I love those dogs, Hein. And you said whenever the desire came over the three of us." I think I blushed. "I took that to mean that I still had control over when." He smiled.

"That's right. I want you to have control. They give the indication, you decide." I nodded. "The other sexual part is that your human sex won't only be in the bedroom and that might mean an audience." I nodded. "Yes, that will be fine with the others. They know why you are here."

"A question about that." He nodded. But it wasn't strictly about that. "Mrs. Herron and Raul ... are they ..."

"Yes, but they have kept it under wraps. I am thinking that their pretending will disappear soon as we make you more visible." Wow, maybe a five-some or seven-some with the dogs.

He continued, "Short-term goals for you. Not work. That will evolve. One: exercise up to holding those solid glass balls until you can separate your legs and not drop them. Two: work up to the medium butt plug for an extended amount of time. We'll look at the next stage after that." He smiled. Anal options are definitely in his plans. "Three: have you ever taken a dog anally?" I shook my head. There it is. "That's number three. I guess included with that is anal with men more comfortably and double penetration." I nodded. Maybe I should be taking notes. "I think that's enough. I don't want to get carried away." I laughed. He was definitely headed down that road. He might already be well down that road.

I made my way outside and walked to the back gate looking out at the yacht I had still not been on. I was deep in thought about what Hein and I had talked about that I didn't hear anyone come up behind me. An arm going around my waist and squeezing me was a prelude to the voice.

"How did your talk with Hein go?" It was Mrs. Herron. She opened the gate and pulled it open, pulling me through and closing it on the approaching dogs.

"Do you think I should be out here like this? In the yard, it is mostly private." I looked up and down the shoreline with some concern. I stopped and looked at her. "Wait ... you knew about the talk, Mrs. Herron?"

She smiled and took my hand, casually leading to the boat and further from the walled security of the property. She patted my hand. "Yes, he told me. So, what do you think of the ... ahhhh ... gift? Are you wearing it? Show me."

I laughed, turned and bent over in front of her.

"Ooooooooo ... I do like that. It is pretty ... naughty, but pretty. How does it feel?"

I shook my head at her as she continued to move us to the yacht. "I am getting used to it, already."

Then, she surprised me. She turned me around on the deck alongside the boat and hugged me. His hand moved up and down my bare back. She separated us to arm's length and looked me up and down. "Laura ... you really are wonderful. I am so glad you are here. I know you have probably been a little nervous about me. And, I'll be honest. When Hein told me about his idea, I figured he would never find a truly smart, strong, self-confident woman who would also be comfortable being a sexual plaything. When he brought you here, I was convinced you were a slut who he would see through in short order." She hugged me, again, and laughed. "You might be a slut, but you are definitely his equal in the smarts department and that is saying a lot." I feigned a hurt look and she lightly slapped my arm. Then she thought better of it and slapped my ass and not nearly as lightly. We both laughed. "The best part, though, is that I can see how good this is for him. He needed this release and he didn't allow himself casual affairs."

She led me along the edge of the water wall as though it was perfectly natural for a naked woman in stockings and heels to be out there. She stopped me, again. "By the way, call me Sharon. I insist on Mrs. Herron just to intimidate you."

"Well, it worked. I was definitely intimidated." She patted my arm.

Just then, Chris popped out from the back gate. "There you are. Putting on a show for all the boaters? Come on. I'm supposed to take you shopping." He came out to us and took both of us by the shoulders and walked us back to the house.

That night, I was getting myself ready for dinner. Hein was sitting in the sitting room of our suite as

I came out after my shower. I normally air dried my hair, finger-combing it until it was completely dry before putting a brush to it. I was using my fingers as I walked into the room.

“Do you want to see what I bought and decide what you would like me to wear?”

He looked up from his book. He was in a very nice suit that looks like one he might wear to the office, but without the tie. “No PET. You know what I like, and I like for you to express that in your own way.” I moved to him, bent over and kissed him as he looked up at me. I walked back to the bedroom door, stopped, and slightly bent over. It only took a moment for him to look up and smile. “That does look nice on you ... or, in you.” I blew him a kiss.

I was holding Hein’s arm as we exited the suite and started down the curving staircase. His arm provided some security. I was quickly adjusting to the taller heels, but the slick marble stairs were my worst nightmare. Literally, I had dreams about those stairs. We were half way down when I saw the other three gathered in the foyer/entry area in front of us.

“Wow! I do like that. That was an excellent choice, Laura.” Chris gushed it out and the others alongside him nodding with happy smiles.

I stopped on the stairs and made a funny curtsy, then laughed. I had picked it out just this afternoon and clearly, he liked the result on me. I was wearing a floor length, white, sheer negligee. The bodice was a fine white lace that up close showed my nipples. The rest of the gown was a sheer material with a front opening fastened at the bodice and a backless design. All the edging was the same fine lace as the bodice. Standing still, the front closed and the lacing hid my pussy. But, once I stepped or a breeze caught it, the front opened exposing my body for all to see. Underneath I only had white thigh-high stockings, a pair of white heels, and matching white PET choker. I knew the effect it had, Hein had already told me twice how erotic and enticing it was on me. The reactions of the others told me Hein was right about them and me.

The dinner was wonderful. How Sharon manages to pull it together and still be a guest at her own dinner is a trick she could get rich from on some daytime women’s show. Everyone was relaxed with joking and stories. Hein asked how the trip to Phoenix went, which I thought was strange because I had told him. It was only after I looked up at him and saw him glance at Chris that I realized I was being set up for the benefit of Sharon and Raul who were sitting together on the opposite side from me. I tried playing it innocently, but Chris and Hein kept at it until I blushed, and in the white outfit, I was sure it showed well. I finally blurted out that I had a wonderful evening shared with Chris and the two pilots. It ended there and I could see both Hein and Chris were waiting for Sharon and Raul to catch up on the implication.

It was quiet for a moment, but then Sharon dropped her fork, “You did all three of them?!?”

I looked at Hein and Chris, “Honestly. Like a couple school boys in the playground ...”

That made Sharon look open-mouthed at each end of the table where they sat and broke into laughter. She stood and leaned over the table and put her palm up in the air. I stood and joined her for a high-five over the center of the table. She looked at me nodding, “You go, girl!”

Chris shrugged at Hein, “Just remember, boss ... you’re the one who wanted a strong, confident woman.”

Hein tried to regain some element of his position in the group, but Sharon kept looking at me and giggling.

"I do have some news we have been waiting for. The house outside of Amsterdam is ready. All the modifications and additions required have been completed. We'll have some boxes delivered and a shipper to handle most of the move."

I looked at him, then at the others. Clearly, everyone was excited by the news. This was something they had been anticipating and were eager for. Why didn't I know anything about this? What exactly did that mean? Was I that much of a fool?

My face must have belied my feelings. Sharon looked at me, "Laura, what's wrong? Are you feeling okay?"

I looked at her, then at Hein. Tears formed in my eyes. I stood up abruptly and walked out of the dining room and into the entry area. Where do I go? I moved toward the front door.

Back in the dining room, it was stunned confusion. Finally, Sharon looked at Hein, "Didn't she know? Hein? Tell me she knew." His face went slack, then tensed in anguish as he closed his eyes tight. He pushed his chair back, tipping it over and rushed out of the room. The others just looked at each other.

"Laura! Wait, please, let me ..." But I was out the door. He followed and touched my arm. I pulled it away. "Laura, please. You didn't ... I didn't tell you about Amsterdam and the house?" I shook my head. "Laura, I'm ..."

I spun around and confronted him, my hands on my hips. "What does this mean, Hein? Did you bring me here for only a few weeks? What? Am I supposed to just wait here for you to come back? How long are you going to be gone? A month? Three months? What am I really, Hein? Am I really just a kept woman for your time in Miami?"

Maybe ... maybe, if I had thought the words out ahead of time, I might not have been so stupid. The truth was, though, it showed me how vulnerable I felt about everything that was happening. There was that part of me, that strong, self-confident woman part of me he wanted so badly, that had questioned and challenged my decisions about this. Had I been a fool?

He didn't back away, though. He stayed right there, not a foot from my angry body. I gave him credit for that right away.

"Laura ... Laura, I'm idiot. I was so wrapped up in the business, the move, my need to be in Amsterdam ... then you. I was so tantalized by you being here that I ... I forgot what you didn't know." In the faint light of the driveway circle, his eyes looked lost and fearful. Not afraid of me or my anger, but ... fearful of what my anger meant. "Laura, you not knowing only means I need you more than I thought." I looked at him questioningly. "Look, I can be stupid sometimes."

"I find that hard to believe. I have met a lot of high-powered, successful men in my former job. You're brilliant in comparison."

He chuckled, "Believe me. I can be stupid. Okay, not about business, maybe. But, ask those people inside. They know the real me. I can be stupid." I couldn't help but want to smile, even though I did everything I could not let it show. "I brought you here to be with me, Laura. Not for two weeks or two months or two years. I want you, Laura. I need you. Please."

"Hein, I don't have a passport."

He stared at me. "Of course, you do. It is sitting right there on my credenza. Don't you remember?"

You had to sign the form when we signed the contract and other HR things. I put a rush on your application.”

I looked at him, my eyes squinting, trying to remember. “I ... I don’t remember ... I was so excited about ... you took care of it for me.”

He nodded. He put his arms out and let me walk into them. Now the tears that flowed were happy and relieved. He stroked my back and over my hair, pulling me and my head into him. “Laura, oh, Laura. We need to talk. I didn’t want to overwhelm you with too much too soon, but ... we need to talk. There’s a responsibility I want you to take over from me.”

I pulled back slightly and looked up at him. “What’s that?”

“Run my life. I wanted a woman like you, strong and confident, for two reasons: someone I couldn’t run over, and someone others couldn’t intimidate and who could protect my time. Besides the other stuff, I want you to manage my business schedule with my personal and social commitments. So, this exact type of thing doesn’t happen. I want to talk to you about that. Okay?”

I hug him tightly, then step back. “I’m ashamed. I am so sorry. I was acting like a silly girl.” I sought his eyes, “Can I admit something to you? Just between us?” He nodded, of course. “I didn’t recognize it in me before, but I think I have been feeling vulnerable about everything that has happened and so fast.”

He took me in his arms and kissed me on the lips. It was a wonderful kiss. One of those kisses that seem to make the world slow down, the noise surround you to fade away, and all sensations to disappear except for the body, arms, hands, and lips. He broke the kiss and put his mouth to my neck, moving my hair with the opposite hand. He kissed my neck, but his breath on me ... his breath caused goose bumps to form on my naked arms. I pulled my body into his and held him tightly.

He whispered in my ear, a shiver rippling through me. “Next time, tell me. Just turn to me and tell me, I’ll always be right there beside you.”

I kissed him and everything felt good, except ... except I still felt bad about my reaction. “I made such a fuss and such a scene in front of the others. What can I do to make it up to you and them?”

He considered me. “You don’t need to do anything, they will understand and be happy just to have you back. But, if you insist ...” I looked at him slyly and he smiled. He leaned in and whispered his idea. I smiled, took his hand, and marched us back into the house. They were still waiting in the dining room and became quiet as I led Hein back into the room. I stood before them, Hein beside me.

I apologized to them, explained how I had been feeling, and my over-reaction. I was properly sheepish and embarrassed. I suggested the guys take a drink to the family room and I would help Sharon quickly clear the dining room. Then in atonement, I would give a demonstration they may be seeing more of going forward. Hein would prepare the guys for what that was, I would fill Sharon in.

As expected, when I told her I was going to give them a close-up demonstration of mating with the dogs, she stopped and stared at me. “Hein said we should be ready for this and, frankly, I’ve been waiting anxiously. It sounds so ... so ...”

“Animalistic.”

“Yeah ...” She was quiet for a moment, then turned to me. “Laura, I want you to come to me in the

future for any reason when you have a concern or question. I've been with Hein for a long time and I can attest he can be a bit flighty sometimes. In the future, though, I'm here." She looked at me, my body showing under the sheer gown and smiled. "We're all here with specific responsibilities to provide Hein with a comfortable, relaxed, and safe environment away from the business. But, all of us, this is the only family any of us has. You, too, right?" I nodded. I hugged her and thanked her. She then took my hand and led me back to the family room.

I started for the door to the patio and noticed the area in front of the sofa with the chairs forming a U-shape had been cleared of the coffee table. Hein said, "Let's do this inside with better lighting." I said what we would need to protect the carpeting and Sharon scurried off. I went to the door and called the boys. They weren't used to being inside, but with just a little encouragement from me, and a look of concern toward Hein, they did and sat expectantly.

Sharon returned with an old blanket and a couple large towels. I spread them out before them on the floor and stood before them. I wasn't sure how to go about this. I had recognized the thrill of exhibitionism, but this was the most blatantly exhibitionistic performance I had ever provided. To be accidentally seen while doing it was one thing, to purposely demonstrate it to them at close proximity was entirely different. In a part of my brain, it registered that much more of this kind of behavior was likely to be requested from Hein and not just before friends, or as Sharon said, before family. I decided on a sketchy approach to have fun.

Whether it was verbalized or just happened, Hein and Chris took the two side chairs, putting Sharon and Raul on the sofa together. I stood before them and slid one strap off a shoulder, then the other. The gown sagged, held momentarily by the bodice over my breasts, but the backless gown was too loose to remain there without the straps and fell quickly to my feet. I moved the gown with my feet, turned my back to Sharon and Raul, bent over at the waist with straight legs to pick up the gown. I heard Raul gasp and Sharon whisper something to him. I had the smaller, jeweled butt plug still in place.

I turned my back to Hein and raised a foot to him, looking over my shoulder. He grasped the shoe delicately in his hands and slipped it off. I pivoted around to present my other foot to Chris, who duplicated the action of our mutual employer. I winked at him, then turned to face Sharon and Raul on the sofa. I stepped up between them and parted my legs slightly. Raul's eyes went, as expected, to my clean pussy. I raised a stocking clad foot and placed it on the edge of the sofa between his legs, causing him to shift slightly to accommodate my action. I looked at him and nodded. I then turned my attention to Sharon and surprised everyone.

"Don't worry, Sharon, I'm not moving on him, just enticing him." She looked up at me, then to Raul, before smiling and nodding to Raul. He moved his hands up the inside and outside of the thigh until they came to the elastic lace of the stocking tops. He slid the tops down my thigh to my knee and over it. He glanced up at me, but quickly back to the leg he was making nude like most of the rest of me. He pulled on the toe and the loosened garment slid off my ankle and foot.

I put that foot down and shifted to put my other foot alongside Sharon's leg, not requiring her to part her legs with the dress on. She looked up at me tentatively, then to the others and seemed to gain confidence. Then, she surprised me. She slid her fingers up the inside and outside of my thighs just as Raul had done, but her fingers continued over my already bare thighs until her hand on the inside touched my pussy lips. I was watching her, not her hands, so my response was a flinch and quickly looking down as one of her fingers grazed up and down along my lips. She gave me a wicked smile as her fingers then grasped the stocking top and pulled it down and off my foot. She slid her fingers back up my leg from my foot to my pussy, sending a shiver through me. I also noticed Raul's eyes glued to her fingers and the light teasing they provided my lips at the end. I smiled at her, bent

over and kissed her lightly, a peck only, on the lips.

I backed away, my eyes taking in each of their faces until I turned around and found the two dogs patiently sitting at the edge of the blanket. They weren't normally in the house and their slight nervousness was evident. I knelt down between them, scratching and petting their large heads, giving them my face to kiss and lick. They quickly settled down with the attention and stopped looking over to Hein, accepting my attention and acceptance in these new surroundings.

As the dogs settled, so did I. I stopped considering what might, or might not, be happening behind me with the others. The intention of Hein's suggestion was, besides raw stimulation, exposing them all to the other side of my erotic pursuits and interests. This was going to be an increasing part of my display and it was best to get understood what that involved right off the bat. Max and Axel were familiar with me already so it was easy to get them into position for our preliminaries, our foreplay, almost laying themselves on the blanket with hind legs raised for me. Maybe not quite, but this had become common for us, even when they were ready to mount, I enjoyed sucking their cocks, at least a little most times. My love of sucking cock wasn't just human cock.

I moved from dog to dog, nuzzling first Max's face and neck, then moving over to Axel. My hand working down their sides and bellies until I was sliding alongside their sheaths. I could sense there no longer any concern of frightening them or they being nervous about the touch or the different situation. I raised my head and looked at the two of them. I had to somehow make a choice in who would go first. Or, did I? I wrestled with Max to get his hind end next to Axel's. I smiled. I now had only less than a couple feet separating the two sheaths. After having them both erect and exposed, the first one to mount me would be the first. Solution found.

I started at Axel, stroked his sheath, his reddish cock tip showing quickly. I bent down, my face moving along his soft belly, turning my face to his cock tip showing in front of me. I licked at the drop of pre-cum showing on the tip before taking it between my lips. I sucked at the end of the cock, rewarded with more pre-cum with increasing amounts with increasing length of cock showing from the sheath. I moved to Max and repeated the process until I was working my mouth over the visible cock, sucking hard, and finding more cock deeper in my mouth as I did. I heard Max moan softly with a guttural rumble and pulled away slowly, making sure to suck all the precum his cock was ready to give me. I found about 4 inches of reddish cock showing and I moved back to Axel and I knew the others could now glimpse the dog's different cock. The murmurs coming from all sides of me.

I was focused on what I was doing, not what they were doing. As if reinforcing that, I moved to my hands and knees, wiggling my butt, not directed at either of them in particular. I only half glanced at Sharon and Raul on the sofa, noticing their hands together on Sharon's thigh. I noticed movement to the side and found Chris shifting for better viewing angles. Axel was the one who responded. He came to me with calm self-assurance. I felt his wet nose against my moist lips, then his tongue lapping at my sex. I spread my knees further apart and sighed as his tongue lapped the full length of my slit, over and over. His tongue was randomly long, wet strokes over much of my pussy from my clit to my asshole or more intense and focused attacks at my pussy, his tongue occasionally slipping inside my opening, curling inside me and sliding out and up over my asshole. And, that's when I remembered, because he wasn't licking my asshole, it was filled with the plug. I was already wet and ready just from giving head to the boys, but being licked by a dog with experience is always a joy and thrill and it is difficult to want him to stop. I groaned and sighed at the pleasure of his tongue, but I wanted the others to see more. I wiggled my butt and reached back to move his snout, then patting my ass. He jumped on top of me immediately.

I gasped out at the impact of his weight landing on my back. But, I also remembered Max. I looked

around and called him, patting the blanket in front of me. I felt the 120# Rottweiler bound alongside us, pouncing with his front paws only inches from my hands, his massive tongue covering my face. I patted the floor, again, until he settled himself down with a plop in front of me. I moved slightly to reach his exposed cock and licked it. All this with a 100+ pound Bernese on my back thrusting his cock into my pussy. That was when I truly felt the difference. I always enjoyed their cocks, but the butt-plug filling my anus constricted my vagina enough to press down on his cock as it penetrated and thrust into me.

I heard various gasps and utterances from my audience, but the most distinct were Sharon's sounds as she gasped, "My god ... look at that. I never realized how big they were until ... my god ..."

I smiled around Max's cock as Axel continued to pound his large cock into me, knowing that Max's was even larger. The bigger difference between the two, though, was the tactile sensual effect of Axel's deeper furry body. It felt luxurious against my back. My moans and groans, gasps and sighs, the physical sensations coming from the dogs were magnified to another level entirely by the close presence of my other house members. And, if they had caught moments of my being fucked by the dogs, this was the first real experience for them where they could see the detail and see my reaction and understand the experience as I presented the show intimately in front of them.

Sharon leaned into Raul, "Look at her ... listen to her ... it's as if she's being driven to new erotic heights. Look how fast and urgent he pounds into her." It looked to her nearly like abuse. In fact, if a man was doing that same to me, she thought she would have to go to my aid. My ass was being pummeled by the animal but I somehow managed to keep the other cock in my mouth, at least for the most part.

Then, everything changed. My head raised from Max's cock and my mouth was open, low guttural moans flowing out but sounding as if coming deep within me rather than a vocalization in my throat. She and Raul were no longer merely sitting next to each other, they were pressed thigh-to-thigh, arm-to-arm, body-to-body. She didn't remember when or how they had shifted those inches to be so intimately touching. It wasn't just their bodies, though, his hand was on her thigh, her hands placed on top of his. His hand grasped her thigh just above the knee but also moved up and down over a half foot range above her knee. She wasn't even sure if it was his hand moving or if her hands were, in fact, propelling his hand along her leg.

She had insisted on discretion as their relationship blossomed several years earlier and demanded it as it grew stronger. At first, she was convinced a household relationship would not be appropriate in the house of their employer who was without a relationship himself. As their relationship grew and the reality of it was undeniable to each other, their conservative response to propriety took over. Both having become without spouses after long marital relationships and without families, they found themselves torn between honoring those memories, presenting respectful service to Mr. Koningh, and old-fashioned propriety, especially as they discovered resurgent sexual interest.

Now, here she sat, pressed up against that same man with her employer in the room as they all watch their newest household member get mated by one of the dogs, my face and mouth busy in the crotch of the other at the same time. All of her strictly applied resolve at discretion was melting away like soft margarine in the microwave. In front of the others, her resolve for discretion and propriety was vanishing. And, with that clear realization, she also understood that it was her hands that were moving his along her leg, a leg she had uncrossed and in the process, had raised her dress inappropriately to her mid-thigh. But, she no longer cared. Despite Hein turning the house sexual, she tried to remain discrete even to admitting the relationship with Raul. She knew that discretion was now gone. She also knew she didn't care.

Her eyes moved from the movement of hands on her thigh back to the naked woman on the floor as I screamed. My head rose from the extended cock of the other dog and the cock visible there had her mesmerized. It seemed huge, red, and oddly shaped. But, it was my cries that had her even more fixated. My long hair cascaded over my face, but as it swung from the pounding from the other dog, just as my magnificent breasts were, Sharon could see glimpses of facial ecstasy reflected, my mouth open, my eyes open but unfocused, my body tensed and pressed back into the urgent action of the dog behind me. My screams and cries were the sounds and reaction of a woman fully released and committed to the experience I was immediately in, lost to that experience and divorced from everything else surrounding me. She immediately envied the woman for the ability to freely experience what she was.

And, with that thought of envy for experience, she turned Raul's face to her own and kissed him on the lips. His reaction was predictable to her. He had been always the perfect gentleman, honoring her implicit needs for propriety, perhaps even against the cultural aspects of his Spanish masculine approach to relationships. He pulled his face from hers and search her eyes and face, giving her every opportunity to stop and recover. She didn't want that, though, she would limit her expression, but she was tired of holding herself back. She wanted to be able to express herself, her feelings, her love. More would come later. She knew the house would accept them. For now, though, she took his head with one hand and pulled him in for another kiss. And sighed deeply as I cried out, again, pulling their attention back to me.

Axel's knot had just pushed past my resisting opening into my pussy when I caught a glimpse of Sharon and Raul in a lip-lock, his hand and her skirt high on her thigh. That was more than enough stimulus to put me into an orgasm. While tied with him, I orgasmed a second time as I watched the two of them watching me, sharing kisses openly for the first time.

When Axel pulled out of me, Sharon gasped loudly at the sight of the dog's cock and knot. "That was inside her?!?" I smiled, but Max had waited long enough and I was immediately impaled by him.

We all knew Sharon and Raul had a thing going between them, even if they were trying to be discrete about it. That night changed all that. After watching me blatantly being mounted by the two dogs, they lost any desire to remain discrete and they exited to the north wing, she dragging him behind her by the hand.

Still tied to Max, I smiled up at Hein and Chris. I wasn't so sure they would be interested in such sloppy thirds and fourths, but maybe I could suck them to a good climax.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT: AMSTERDAM**

I felt like a little girl, again. As the driver pulled the hired car into the executive airport and the KININGH Group hangar came into view, my excitement was so thick and sweet around me it seemed like a multi-hued veil coloring everything I saw. When the car pulled through the gate and around the building, the aircraft awaited like a gleaming white apparition intended to deliver me to a new and mystical experience.

For a girl who had seen little of even the Southwest of the USA where I was born and raised, traveled little outside it until I came to Miami, and certainly never left the country, this was truly 'new'. Hein had helped develop the sense of mystical, too. The first image I had of the Dutch seemed to be tulips and windmills. But, I was also aware of the magnificent engineering involved in protecting the country's lowlands with their sophisticated levies and their influence in modern

Europe. Of course, there was always the infamous reputation of Amsterdam, even if only a small part of the city and its tourist business. Hein showed me pictures of the old-world charm of the city and surrounding area including the canal areas of the city where the old-world charm was rich but also intermixed with avant-garde conversions.

It hadn't taken Hein but a few days to dump his life into my hands just as he had told me he would. His comments to me standing in the driveway that night were not manipulating or placating. In two days after my meltdown, I had two new electronic devices that became a part of me whenever I was away from home with him on business. He created quite a fuss at the Headquarters building in Miami on my first official visit with him, being introduced as his Personal Advisor. There was little explanation except that he expected all his scheduling, meetings, and commitments to be validated through me. His days of being committed at two meetings and locations at the same time were over.

When the car stopped at the stairs to the plane, I stood with Sharon and Raul at the side of the vehicle as the bags were removed from the oversized trunk of the vehicle. Chris was overseeing the driver while Hein moved to Bob and Steve, the pilots. Sharon had made the trip once before; Raul, like me, had not. Sharon's trip was to identify with Hein modifications to the house he purchased. I noticed she was holding Raul's hand. Their relationship was now solidified in our group and I wondered if the new house would still have them in separate living spaces or if they would be now sharing. There had been no hints and I left those matters for them to share when they were ready.

She bumped me with her shoulder, then did the same to Raul. Her face was lit with excitement, too. "You two are going to love it, I guarantee it." I smiled at her and hugged her from the side.

Then, my attention was drawn to a second vehicle that had somehow been separated from us by traffic. It was a van. I walked over to it as it pulled in behind the car. I walked to the side sliding door and put a hand on the window as the driver moved around the front of the vehicle. With the familiar hand pressed to the window, two huge heads appeared, their snouts pressed against the glass. As the driver hesitantly put his hand on the door handle, I moved into position. With the door cracked, I had the dogs sit. Their tails wagged furiously and their bodies shivered with excitement, but they remained where they were. I reached in, my hands touching each head as I slid them to take the leashes attached to their collars. They jumped from the van and stood to shake their huge bodies as if relieving themselves of the confines of the van. If that was confining, what was the airplane going to be like?

I put both leashes into my right hand and returned to the back of the car. I was wondering how I was going to juggle them and my carry-on bags, but Bob came up to me and took the leashes. Apparently, despite my first time at international travel, this was not their first time and they trotted up the stairs and into the plane with Bob left to follow.

Steve and Chris loaded our cases into the luggage hold and we took up our individual carry-on. I had two. Hein had replaced my old backpack with a new, black leather one. In it were my personal items including my Kindle, which contained my personal stash of reading, some of it being erotica romance that never failed to provide something that peaked my curiosity. The other bag was also black leather and was a shoulder bag containing my electronics that managed Hein's life and business issues. A smartphone that was synced to his, a tablet for quick reference and easy handling, a black leather covered folio for taking notes, and the laptop, which I still preferred over the tablet for its larger keyboard and substantial hard drive.

I was wearing a sundress with a full skirt, white thigh-high stockings, and matching heels. Around my neck was a white choker identical to my others, except it was of the public style that did not have the PET medallion hanging from it. I also wore a double loop of pearls and matching earrings.

I followed Sharon and Raul to the stairs with Hein behind me. He slipped the shoulder case from my hand, carrying it with his briefcase behind me. I was nearly to the top of the stairs when I was brought to a stop with a touch to my thigh. It wasn't a simple touch, either, as it slipped up my leg to the top of my stockings and up to my bare hip. I looked behind me, not caring if anyone on the ground might also be observing, to find a smiling Hein.

"I do love the dresses you have chosen." The full skirt no doubt had provided him a view most of the way, if not all the way, to my butt cheeks from below.

I smiled back to him before continuing to the top, "As you already know, and can see, I enjoy pleasing you."

I took the few additional steps into the plane when I heard, "Ma'am?" Sharon and Raul were organizing their own carry-on and turned to look. I recognized the voice and smiled inwardly at the term. His reference to me had steadily progressed from "Ms. Cariston" to "Laura" to "Ma'am" as my position in the group had evolved. I knew what he was suggesting from the last trip. Instead, I heard Hein's voice.

"That's okay, Bob, I'll do the honors." I put my case on a seat, pulled my hair out of the way and smiled back at him. He lowered the zipper at the back of dress until it reached the bottom just below my waist. He slipped the straps from my shoulders and lowered the dress for me to step out of. He handed it to Bob who hung it in the closet by the door.

I acted as flight attendant once we were in the air. Hein had indicated seats that allowed us to be side by side. He raised a table in front of us and we reviewed his schedule over the remaining days of the work week upon our arrival. His first day in Amsterdam was light and would be spent catching up from the house. He assured me it was natural to be very out of sorts after flying such a distance east, but we would adjust completely after a few days. And, the weekend was in a few days.

The plane was kept warm for me. I had adjusted to the principle of being the only one naked among them. I adjusted, but it was still erotic. I could almost count on someone reminding me of my nakedness if I became too comfortable simply with a casual touch as they or I moved by. In this case, as Hein and I reviewed his upcoming schedule on the tablet setup on the table in front of us, his hand was on the inside of my closest thigh. Despite my legs being crossed, his fingers played teasingly at the junction of my thighs. He more forcefully pushed his middle finger between my legs and I slapped his hand, playfully, of course.

Sharon happened to walk up behind us, just then and saw the whole thing. She whispered in my ear that she wanted to talk to me privately when it was convenient. I turned to her.

"I think we can talk now. He isn't paying much attention to the calendar, anymore." He put a hurt expression on his face, but that just made Sharon laugh.

"Like any of us are going to believe that look ..." He laughed and looked to Chris as maybe the only one who might side with him.

I followed her further back into the plane. There was a spot where the club chairs would be turned to face each other. We sat across from each other and I noticed that the empty chair next to her had Raul's stuff on it, but he was sitting on the other side now. She touched my hand on the armrest, which drew my attention from Raul back to her. She smiled.

"There is something I just have to ask you ... woman to woman."

I nodded, "Of course."

"I'm not sure how to start this ..."

"Then blurt it out."

She took a deep breath. "Okay ... that night ... with the dogs ..." I nodded. Yes, I remembered. Being fucked by both dogs in front of them. Yes, I remember. "It looked like you were orgasming ... like, a lot." I nodded, again. "What I want to ask is ... well, do you ... do you always? Orgasm, I mean."

I smiled at her. "Yes. Almost every time." She looked surprised. Then, I thought I should qualify that answer, just to be clear. "I mean, I do if I am stimulated. Obviously, if I am just sucking a guy ... or dog ... I will make them climax, but I am not going to. There is no physical stimulation there for me." I couldn't believe I was having this conversation with Sharon. She then got a concerned look on her face and was chewing her lower lip. I leaned forward, "What? There is more, what is it?"

She started and stopped a couple times, looking around us nervously. "I don't. Laura, I don't. But, I want to." She seemed to be opening up and it was like a flow had started. "Believe me, Laura, Raul ... you know, right? Well ... I mean ... Raul is good, loving, tender. I love being with him, but ... sometimes when he has climaxed ... I fake it ... I fake an orgasm." She glanced his way, then returned her eyes to mine. "Sometimes, he asks. I think he might suspect." She bit her lower lip more, then, "Is there something wrong with me?"

"Can I ask you some very personal questions?" She nodded eagerly. "When you make love, what happens? How do you do it? If you can, give me some detail."

She looked at me puzzled, then shrugged her shoulders. Then, it was as if she resolved internally to give up her modesty. "I can't believe I am sitting across from a naked woman 20-some years younger than me and talking to her about sex." She breathed deep and considered her next words. "Okay ... we're very tender. We kiss some, hold each other, usually, he is on top ... maybe he is all the time. I know I am very intentional to please him. I want him to ... well, to climax ... with me. I want it to be good for him." She looked at me questioningly.

"Is that the kind of loving you had with your late husband?" She nodded.

"I didn't orgasm a lot with him, either."

I nodded. I smiled broadly and leaned back in the chair. I stood up, I needed to consider how I was going to approach this diplomatically. "I need some water. I'll bring you one, too." She looked confused but nodded.

I actually got five and distributed them to everyone. One of the things Hein stressed about these long-distance trips across time zones was to drink plenty of water and avoid alcohol.

I sat down, again. I looked her in the eyes and reassured her immediately. "There is nothing wrong with you, Sharon. If anything, I am the odd one." She blew out air that had been held in her lungs. I smiled. "It might be why I am so much into sex. I have known it for a long time. But, I also know I am the unusual one, not you." She cocked her head to the side and crinkled her brow, looking at me with doubt. "Okay, let me approach this clinically. You know my first degree was in Sociology, but I started with Physiology before that. But, I always maintained an interest in the more physical side of social behavior. There was a series of lectures by a visiting professor on the study of sexuality. Needless to say, in college, it was very well attended." She smiled. Good. She's relaxing, so I might get the point across. "I think I have these numbers right, but they are close, anyway. What would

you guess is the percentage of heterosexual women who always or usually orgasm during vaginal sex? Obviously, I am one of them.” She shrugged and guessed maybe 60%. “Wrong ... way wrong. Only 35% of the heterosexual women said they did. Not only that, but 44% said they rarely or never did.”

She thought about that, then, “So, most women don’t orgasm that much.” I nodded.

“But ... this is important ... but, of lesbians, the responses were VERY different. When just looking at lesbians, 91% always or usually orgasmed.” She looked puzzled and I smiled. “Yes, I think you have it. The lesbians are not relying on vaginal sex, are they? No. Sure, there is strap-on sex, the use of dildos, and vibrators in their play, but ... the important point here ... but, for the most part, their sexual encounters are a combination of genital stimulation and deep kissing. Now, when those characteristics are used with heterosexual women ... genital stimulation, deep kissing, and oral sex ... 80% of the heterosexual women are now orgasming.”

“Seriously?”

I smiled, “Seriously, yes. Now, more studies focused on other variables. The one that seemed the most beneficial was relaxed play; being able to laugh at awkward moments, talking, sharing what feels good, using words to express yourself ... fuck, pussy, cock, pound me, bite me, squeeze my nipples, whatever.”

“Foreplay.”

“No. Not just foreplay. Thinking of it as foreplay puts the emphasis back on what? Vaginal penetration. No, instead, it is all part of the play. Deep kissing, cuddling, talking and sharing, touching intimately, oral sex, fucking, changing positions, maybe back to oral sex, teasing nipples, nibbling on each other, laughing when you are tickled. All of it. Some of it. Whatever is working at the moment. Asking to change it if it isn’t working.”

I leaned forward, scooting forward so our knees touched. I slid my hands onto her knees and up her legs. My eyes were focused on hers and she was on mine. My hands move up, back to her knees, then up under her skirt. She sucked in air, gasped as my hands came to the top. Still looking into her eyes, I moved my fingers to the inside of her legs and they parted. Her skirt was bunched high on her legs. My fingers were inches from her panties. I knew without looking. I touched her panty covered pussy. I felt the hair underneath. I saw her eyes close. I saw her holding her breath. I felt the wetness of her panties.

I kissed her on the lips. Her eyes opened. “See what I mean?”

I stood and moved to Raul. Sharon watched me, perhaps disappointed at my abrupt leaving. I leaned over Raul, my ass pointing at her, the jeweled butt plug staring at her like a one-eyed flirt. I whispered to Raul, “Sharon needs you. I think she has something to discuss with you.” I patted his shoulder and returned to Hein. I was wet now, too. Maybe next time, we could comfortably just fuck in this close space.

The house ... I thought the one in Miami was private. Very close to Amsterdam, yet in a beautiful and remote location, the villa itself presents a subdued impression while you realize this house is spectacular in every way. It is fit perfectly into the hilly and wooded landscape of Bosch en Duin, a very pleasant villa village on the Utrecht Heuvelrug, near Zeist. It sits on 8 acres at the edge of the nature preserve.

The first experience to the property for me was like approaching a wooded cottage stuck far into the

forest. The access road was a narrow, roughly paved single width drive through dense woods and forest into the hilly terrain. To the sides into the woods could be seen rough paths disappearing into the foliage and trees. Hein indicated that these were walking trails on the property, several of which hooked into other trails outside the property into the preserve. There were areas of expanses of grass around the proximity of the house, but not much. Other areas were opened up for light, but the grass was left natural intended to be maintained rather than mowed and trimmed.

The house itself was almost impossible to take in from any one position. It had an unimaginable 23,000 + square feet of interior space. The structure was broken up into levels and section so much that you could only see a portion of it, never getting a view of overall size and expanse. It was divided across seven levels, not floors really, but levels going off into different directions with a half dozen steps to create a new, isolated space. And amazingly, this crazy layout seemed to be purposely intended to provide views of the natural beauty outside from every space, taking in the beautiful sight lines and iconic trees of the area.

The playful format, with half and whole level differences between the various areas, interconnected with one another by transparent high halls and mezzanines with glass banisters, largely determine the special atmosphere in the house. At the back, there is the beautiful music room with a semi-circular glass front which looks out on a lawn surrounded by rhododendrons. However, the attention is drawn to the monumental red beech. The adjacent living room provides a peaceful view of the forest pond on the front side of the villa. In the semi-circular 'tower', which breaks through the tight design of the villa, there is a spacious television, entertainment room; and, on the floor above it, 'the oval office' with an adjacent archive space. The master suite, the luxurious bathroom, and elegant dressing room - with maple wooden cabinets with leather fronts - comprise a large part of the first floor. But the other bedrooms, all with their own bathroom, all have style and allure as well.

In the basement, was a complete wellness center with eight-person whirlpool, sauna, steam bath, rain shower, a fitness center and a swimming pool hall, of which the Brazilian blue marble floor was sawn from one block. For optimal well-being, the swimming pool and the bathrooms do not just feature floor heating, but also wall heating.

Clearly, this was going to require more staff to maintain than our little group. We had talked about the difference, but I wasn't able to comprehend the significance. Hein was reluctant to give up my nudity around the estate, but especially around the house. Sharon and Raul were establishing functional schedules of outside staff in order to create private blocks of space and time. They both believed that establishing a routine for movement of the outside staff could provide entire sections of the house where I could freely move within schedules. It was recognized that outside posed a greater risk for being seen and inside at certain locations. But, if Hein was okay with my being seen from a distance, I could adjust. That the house had a naked woman in it would reflect on him more than me in retrospect.

It took Sharon, Raul, and me about a week after moving in before we all came to the same conclusion. I was in the upstairs oval office that looked out over the back pond when they both came in. Hein had created a similar desk arrangement but rotated the massive glass desk surface so neither of us had our backs to the door or to the view outside. In this new office setting, it still didn't quite satisfy him. He indicated he was still working out a desk arrangement for us that might be better.

They were both essentially managers of the house and property now, overseeing and coordinating the work, but they were too simple to fully embrace those roles and still maintained personal involvement in the daily work. Sharon still enjoyed the cooking but enjoyed that not all the other cleaning fell to her, especially considering the effort involved with 23,000 square feet of living space.

They plopped themselves into chairs in the sitting area, placing a cup of coffee next to me and waited as I finished up typing a thought and saving the document. I rotated my chair and stood, then did what I always did when getting up from the desk or moving past any of the many windows; I looked out into the magnificent natural setting of the house. And, we were still close to the city proper.

Between the two of them, Sharon almost always verbalized what was on their minds if they were together. "Do you get the feeling this is where Hein is intending to live?"

I had had the same thought. "Yes. Perhaps we should talk to him about that." We talked about it, first. It was a curiosity thing more than a concern. As we had all acknowledged to each other, we were a group of 'orphans' with no family ties anywhere.

So, at dinner that night, we talked about it. He admitted that it looked like our perception was correct. He was anticipating a more even split between the two residences, but the call of business and his solidified role as CEO was making increasing demands to be here. He asked if that changed anything for anyone. We all assured him it did not, the questioning was more in our ability to anticipate and adjust. We reminded him that he had purposefully or accidentally hired those close to him who did not have any surviving family. He further admitted it was partially purposeful. He offered that he liked the Miami residence, but especially the yacht, which hadn't been used sufficiently. He might keep the residence and use it for visiting VIP and company executives, allowing for times when we could use it privately. With that, he glanced in my direction, something everyone around the table caught and laughed at.

I had dressed for dinner in a semi-sheer, black baby doll with red lace trim on the edges. It came down to just cover my ass cheeks but was open gapped in front, closing at the bodice, effectively exposing my pussy. I wore black, sheer stocking with red lace flowers in the elastic tops. The high heels were black soles with a red strap around the ankle. I chose a red choker with a PET medallion. I was standing in front of the living room window looking out over the night lit forest pond sipping an after-dinner drink. I hadn't heard him approaching me, but I was gently wrapped in his arms from behind. I tilted my head to the side, touching his face as his lips nuzzled my neck through my long hair.

"Are you okay with living here as the primary residence? Is that going to be a negative?"

I lay my free arm along his and squeezed, pressing his arms firmly under my breasts. "It's kind of exciting, actually. I had hardly been outside of Arizona before meeting you. Now, I am living in The Netherlands? With Germany, Belgium, and France within easy driving distances? How could I not be excited?" I turned in his arm and moved my free arm to around his neck. His hands dropped to my ass cheeks as I pressed my groin into his, giving him a smile followed by a kiss. "But ..." another kiss and more pressure against his hardening cock, "... but the most exciting is doing it all with you." I took him into a very passionate kiss, wrapping my right knee around his left leg. I broke the kiss and gasped into his ear, "Oh god ... I ... I thought my body wanted sex before ... but, now ... OH GOD! ... Hein, now ... now it seems I crave even more. I can't believe ... what all this ... is doing to me."

He took my drink from my hand and placed it on the floor and pressed his lips to my exposed mound. I gasped, my hands going to his head. Apparently, my legs opened to him as I felt his lips and tongue now on my pussy and clit. I heard from below, "Are you serious? You desire more sex and excitement than you ever imagined? You want ... no, need more stimulation and release?"

"Oh god, yes! Yes, yes and yes!" He left my pussy and moved up my body, squeezing my breast through the lace bodice, until he captured my mouth with his, pressing my body against the glass

wall to the outside. He broke the kiss and looked into my eyes. I looked back at him with eyes that were hazy with lust and need. "Yes, Hein. Whatever you can think of. Try me, challenge me, dare me ... I'll show you what I can be with your encouragement."

His hands left me and fumbled between us. The next thing I felt was his hard cock pressing into my groin, my body pressed harder against the glass. I wrapped my leg higher around him, around his hip, and he entered me, his cock sliding into my wet and open pussy. We were pressed against each other in the living room, against the glass wall to the outside, and he was fucking me. I had never been fucked standing up, much less in a room where anyone in the house might suddenly walk in. I didn't care, except for the excitement it created in me.

"Ohhhhhh ... yesssssss ... fuck me ... sooooooo goooooooodddddd." I gasped it into his ear with each thrust of his cock. "I ... trust you ... Hein. Anything ... you want ... just ... try me. I trust ... I can stop ... reject ... anything ... I trust that ... but ... Oooooooo ... ooooohhhhh, yesssss ... but ... I know ... I won't ... reject ... anything you ... think of." I clutched to him. My breathing was ragged and gasping. My eyes were tightly shut, all my senses finely focused on his cock driving inside, his pelvis slamming into my clit, my nipples rubbing against the lace bodice as his body drove into me. I was ready to scream my release at any moment when my eyes opened to slits and I saw Raul and Sharon standing just inside the entry to the room. Sharon was in front of him, his hands fondling her substantial breast through her dress, her hands behind her, pulling his hips into hers. That was when I screamed my orgasm.

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## **CHAPTER NINE: ORCHESTRAS & BALLS**

I felt like a princess. Or, maybe a queen. Hein had taken me shopping ... again! This time, though, the dresses and accessories were formal, very formal. He wouldn't say why, merely insisting on allowing him to give me some surprises. The gown he chose for tonight was stunning. It was a beautiful long v-neckline with halter top bodice on sheer illusion net with sparkling lace. The bodice had bra cups to compensate for the fully open back. The sexy, slim full-length skirt with a slit on the left leg had voluminous sheer, blush colored chiffon overlay that gave the gown a fabulous flow as I walked.

I didn't have much experience with orchestra concerts, but here I was. The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam where the Royal Family were patrons. The corporation had reserved seats for executives and guests on the upper level of the Concertgebouw. The building is a grand place. One of those structures you would swear could only exist in European cities. The building is replete with sculptures, the most eye-catching to me being the large golden harp perched atop the front of the building. The inside was magnificently decorated with red velvet-like seating.

At intermission, Hein held me back for a moment while many of the others exited for refreshments. "What do you think?"

"Hein, you spoil me. This is wonderful. I confess I don't know much about orchestral music, but it is beautiful. Thank you for including me tonight." I gave him a discrete peck on the cheek.

He smiled and stood, giving me his hand. "In that case, we will do it more. And, the opera. The corporation has these seats and four more here. The Queen is a patron and she may be in attendance in the future."

He took me to the main level where we received a flute of champagne, apparently, another perk of being season-ticket holders and contributors. He mingled and I stayed glued to his arm. He

whispered that he seemed to be sought after with me on his arm. As it turned out, he was rarely seen with female companions and the women, at least, were too curious about me not to stop him and chat for a few moments.

After the concert, Chris was waiting with the car. He held the back door open when a couple, older than Hein, walked deliberately up to us. They were introduced to me, and me to them, then the man took Hein's arm and led him to the side for a short talk. The woman turned to me and touched my arm, "Sorry dear. Men, there is always some business that can be done, even at events like this." She looked at me more appraisingly, then glanced at Chris behind us before leaning in to speak more discretely. "I saw your name with Hein's on the RSVP list for the upcoming Ball. It'll be your first time, won't it?"

I looked at her puzzled. What Ball? But, if my name was on a list ... so I played along. "The Ball ... yes, it is my first time." I smiled at her like co-conspirators, "And, speaking of men, he hasn't given me a clue about how to dress. We women need time to plan." I smiled at her, glancing behind me at Chris who just rolled his eyes.

"Of course, dear. That gown would actually work. You carry off sexy very well without becoming an issue even in a conservative crowd like this. It is a formal night, but definitely not conservative. Sexy is most certainly in order."

I looked at this older woman definitely in her 50's, a little too much plump, and talking about attire that should be sexy and not conservative, but at the same time seeming very appropriate in this crowd that she categorized as 'conservative'. I smiled at her as if that was helpful, but I still had no idea what she was talking about.

In the car, Hein and me in the backseat, "We're going to a ball? Formal but sexy?" I saw Chris look through the rearview mirror.

"Yes. Anna managed to blurt that out, huh?" He shook his head and watched out the side window as the city zipped by on the expressway as we headed back out of the city. I waited. "I have no idea of how to describe these affairs. They are called, 'Erotische Bal', which would translate to Erotic Ball." I caught Chris peering through the mirror, again, this time his focus was only on me. But, I continued to wait. "They have been after me to attend for some time now. I have a couple of times, but ..." Clearly, there was something about this that gave him pause in the discussion. I waited. "There are about a dozen couples, maybe more if they all showed up. Most are Dutch but some are from Belgium and Germany. All very rich. All very discrete. These are private affairs, always held in someone's estate for anonymity and privacy." This was coming out painfully slow and we were nearly home.

That was an interesting realization. Home. Hein was giving me plenty of time for my mind to wonder. After just a short time, I already thought of it as home. Miami might be a visit at this point. I never ceased to be enthralled by this city and countryside and people. And little things like the use of bikes. I had heard of the number of bikes in China's cities, but China hardly compared, as I soon learned. The Netherlands is the number one country in the world on a per capita basis. Nearly everyone owns a bike and about 27% of all trips are made by bike. In Amsterdam, my most familiar city, about 40% of all commutes are by bike. Their cities and communities are built around that style of movement, unlike most American cities. Chris told me the trails in the preserve outside our property could be ridden by bike. He hinted to wanting a companion to do it with.

My home, because that is how I already thought of it, was overwhelming. And, we were inside it, the living room, which was becoming a favorite with the expansive windows and the night-lit yard

outside. Chris joined us. They sat in chairs and I stood at the window looking out, keeping my eye on Hein in the reflection in the window as I sipped my whiskey. Whiskey was an influence from Chris.

Without turning around, "You were saying about the ball ... 'about a dozen couples' ..."

"Yes ... how do I explain this?"

Chris jumped in and it made me smile. It was a reflection of their easy comfort with each other. "You're on your own, boss." This has to be good. We are going to something called an Erotic Ball, which is very private and he is finding the description difficult. And, a good part of my relationship here is sexual ...

He chuckled, glanced at me standing before him beautifully dressed. He was clearly admiring what he saw. He looked down into his own glass of undiluted whiskey, swirled it, then took another sip and returned his gaze to me. "In my mind, this had been a simple series of comments and explanations. But, I look at you standing there ... You know, it is not easy handling the ultra-rich in their world, but you handled it as if you were born into it." He sipped his drink, again, buying more time. He sighed. "You are a confident, exquisite woman. I am continually realizing just how much so you really are."

I laughed, "Would it help if I was dressed as normal?"

He returned the laugh and Chris' eyes reflected his enjoyment of his boss' discomfort. Hein, "As bizarre as that might be, I think it might."

I smiled. Being finely appointed made it difficult for him to discuss what was normally so easy for us. I moved to the silver tray holding the decanter of whiskey and put my glass down. I stepped to Chris who stood up as I moved to him. I turned my back to him and pulled my hair over my shoulder. He lowered the back zipper and I whispered a thank you. I slid the straps off my shoulders, stepped out of the dress and laid it over a chair. I lowered my thong with my back to them, showing the jeweled plug that I had inside me the entire evening. I looked over my shoulder, finding them both smiling.

I picked up the decanter and added more whiskey to their glasses, did the same to mine, and took up my same spot at the window. It is a strange thing that the window can be essentially in a wooded area far from the nearest road and it is still erotic to stand naked in front of it.

"Tell me about the ball."

He smiled and took in my exhibited body. How much has he seen me like this and he still surveys my body as if it was new to him? As strange as it should be, he did appear to be more comfortable. "It isn't the ball so much as what it could lead to." I cocked my head inquiringly. He smiled at that but continued. "As the name would indicate, the ball is a formal perversion affair of the rich. Everyone has perverse interests or fantasies, it is just that the very rich can afford or manage to entertain those perversions in anonymity and in an excessive manner."

"How did you get involved? You don't seem like that type of man to me."

He laughed. "What am I doing with you, then?"

"From what you are saying, I take it there is a difference."

He nodded. "My parents were involved. When I rose up in the corporation, I was introduced. By that point, these paragons of business and society were too invested in the activities and knowledge of

each other. It was a perversion of attending the orchestra or opera to be seen and known, another place where society and business intermixed. But, over time it has become more perverse. I think, most of the people were enjoying an opportunity for escape and fantasy on a side of experience that much of society might not readily accept."

"Different than what we are doing?"

"Yes. I think so." He looked at me intently. This wasn't sexual. "I want to take you to this one for you to see for yourself, talk to a few of the couples, and we can talk. I have some ideas along the line of these balls, ideas I think would be very stimulating but different. Will you be patient with me?" I, of course, agreed.

We arrived at a manor on the other side of the city. The property wasn't expansive, but it was protected. To enter the area, we passed through a security gate where Hein's name was checked against the prepared list. The house itself had ten cars in front and by the light showing behind us, I gathered there were cars following us to the house.

The night was cool so I wore a silver colored shawl over my shoulders, which Hein removed for me upon entering the house and handing to an attendant waiting there. The entry area emptied into a large gathering room to the left and down two steps. Several heads turned as we entered. He warned me there would be interest in me because he rarely brought a female companion the few times he came. But, I also knew some of their attention was going to be due to the dress. This was not a dress I could wear to the orchestra. It was, again, a halter top, slightly fitted at my breasts with a few tucks, but otherwise hung on my body. The back was completely bare to the top of my butt and the material loosely hung from the halter around my body. It was floor length with a slit on the left leg slightly to the side that extended to my hip. The material was a fine, thin satin that gave the image and impression of a slip. Very often, the sides of my breasts were exposed from the back and side. My nipples, very often erect, were evident clearly under the thin material. While dressed, I was quite exposed.

As we stepped into the mix of people, meeting many more than I was going to remember, I saw a young man approaching with a tray of filled flutes. He was bare-chested and had an elastic bow tie around his neck. Through the people, I saw that he was probably in his early 20's with a muscular upper body, the kind of body Chris called 'gym muscles'. When people parted and he was in front of us with the tray, I saw that he wasn't just bare chested, he was naked, his limp penis hanging before him. Close, I noticed that the bow tie was over a prominent leather collar with a ring attached to it under the bow.

It was then that I realized the other servers were also naked, both men and women, all with collars. The realization set in. Bit by bit my eyes and mind took in what was happening. People freely touched and grabbed these naked servers, touching penises, pinching nipples, fondling breasts, putting their hands between the legs. One of the male servers was standing while being stroked, his penis firming under the attention of a mature woman finely dressed in a gown that could be worn to the orchestra. Apparently, not everyone felt comfortable displaying their own bodies while taking advantage of the exposed bodies available to them.

Hein spoke from closely behind, "Sex slaves and submissives. They will endure whatever someone wishes to do to them." I turned to look at him and he nodded. He then indicated to the side. "Watch the woman in red. She is one of the Mistresses."

I saw in her hands what looked like sections of long hair. A finely dressed mature man was following her. She seemed to have her sights on something. She approached a young naked female server who

immediately stopped what she was doing. The man applied something to the solid end of the hair and the server dutifully bent over at the waist. The woman unceremoniously shoved what I realized now to be a butt-plug into the server. It now looked as though she had a long tail. The woman in red then repeated the process to a naked male server.

As the evening wore on, the activities took on even more strange turns. All four of the servers, two male and two female, all had plugs inserted in their anuses and it was common now to see someone ramming the plug in and out while someone was torturing a breast, using a vibrator on a pussy, or stroking a penis of the males. Breasts were tightly wrapped with rope, hands tied and stretched across tables or strung above to hooks that I had previously not noted. The activity became increasingly abusive and I focused my attention not on the activity of the abuse but on the man or woman being abused. Were they finding enjoyment in this? Or, was this truly some form of dominant abuse they were being subjected to? It was hard to tell. I was not familiar with the BDSM scene or the dynamics of the dominant or submissive/slave involved.

I was startled out of my contemplation by a voice next to me. "What are you feeling right now, Laura?"

I turned my head to her, seeing it was Anna from the evening at the orchestra. "I ... I don't know ..."

She chuckled and touched my shoulder, stepping closer yet, and her voice became softer. "Be honest, dear. I want to know what your reaction is."

"Well ... I am not sure I understand the dynamics here. There appear to be three couples who are overseeing the naked people. Four or five ... five other couples who are actively involved in abusing them or closely attentive. Then, at a distance are three couples, including yourself, who don't seem involved."

"Yes, the three you first mentioned 'own' the slaves and submissives. They share them at these events with the rest. It is interesting the word you used, abuse. Is that how it appears to you?"

I watched more for a moment, then turned my back to it all and faced her, but walked to the fringe where I got another drink, handing her one, too. "Yes, I think abuse is a fitting description. I watched their facial reactions, the way their bodies moved and responded. There doesn't appear to be a lot of pleasure for them. Maybe, it is just a form of pleasure I am not familiar with. I have heard the term 'pain sluts' and perhaps that is what this is? They get off on being abused?"

"I take it, you don't think this is for you?"

I studied her face. There was no sense of accusation or challenge, so I honestly replied. "No, this is not for me. Anna, I am not a prude, Hein can attest to that." I saw her eyes flick to something behind me and I felt a hand on my arm.

"I can attest to what?" He took both my shoulders under his hands and pulled me against his body while I continued to face Anna, her husband coming up alongside her.

"We were just talking about the evening. She asked me what I thought and I told her that even though I am far from being a prude, this wasn't something I was comfortable engaging in."

He squeezed my shoulders, "Yes, I can attest to the point that she is not a prude." They chuckled. Then he surprised me with his next observation, "If you remember when we arrived, her nipples were hard and clearly evident through the thin, clingy material of her dress. Look now." All eyes, including mine, dropped to examine my marginally concealed breasts. My nipples were hardly

evident, and they were not erect.

Hein announced that we were leaving and I caught a look passed between him and Niels, Anna's husband. In the car on the way back, Hein told me that he had talked to Niels while I was talking to Anna. Apparently, they were of the same feeling about the direction those gatherings had gone and were interested in what ideas he might have.

I shifted in the backseat to look more directly at him, glancing at Chris in the process. "And what, exactly, are your ideas? Then, my reaction to the evening was not a surprise to you and you anticipated the same reaction from the Bakkers."

"Quite right. Your reaction was as anticipated and just as the Bakkers and I have previously discussed. My idea ..." In the dark of the car, as I was able to discern the wry smile growing on his face as we passed under street lights. "My idea is a bringing together the motivations of two desires in a small group for mutual satisfaction. The Bakkers reached out to me. I invited them to join us for a quiet discussion." He looked ahead to Chris, "Were you able to alert Sharon?"

Chris looked through the mirror, "Yes, she said she will have the house lit and will prepare some light snacks. She'll be ready for us in the living room."

I took Anna's arm and led her through the house, pointing to several rooms as we passed and indicating up and down at the half levels. "I have to give you a tour someday soon. This is such a beautiful house. And, in the day, it melds with the land so wonderfully."

She clutched my arm and pulled me to her closer, "So, you live here?" I nodded. "Oh, how wonderful. There is more to this relationship of you two than we thought." I nervously smiled. That should be something for Hein to acknowledge or not.

Chris passed out the requested drinks and Sharon made sure everyone took a sampling of the local cheeses and traditional biscuits. Chris leaned against a table with the trays of liquor bottles, mixes, and bucket of ice, while Sharon and Raul sat on a sofa in the sitting area with the Bakkers. Hein and I stood in front of the group. Hein began by introducing everyone and establishing our relationships, emphasizing the feeling of family and confidence among us and that nothing could occur here without the acceptance of everyone. The Bakkers smiled their acknowledgment to each of us.

Hein then launched into the discussions regarding the Erotic Balls. From the reactions from Sharon and Raul, he had apparently discussed this with everyone but me, perhaps giving them the opportunity to raise objections before even bringing it up to me. I had the feeling my reaction to all of this was the make-or-break point of what followed with his idea. He and they reviewed their previous comments for our benefit. The original concept of the Erotic Balls was to have a place where fantasies could be explored, a little experimentation pursued, and voyeurism indulged. It was perverted with the introduction of the so-called sex slaves and submissives and their dominants displaying and enacting the darker side of sex. There was growing discomfort and dissatisfaction among a small group of couples.

Finally, all eyes went to Niels as he brought the review to a close, "So, Hein, explain to us", he opened his hands and arms to encompass everyone, "what is this alternative you suggest?"

Hein was holding my hand and it was not lost on anyone how he was openly displaying the connection between us. Not knowing what was to come, that action reinforced me tremendously.

"I know of two other couples who seem to share these same concerns and are the sort of people who might also be included."

Niels and Anna looked to each other, each offering up a name, "Hendriksens and Meijers?" Hein nodded and smiled.

He went on to explain and its basis was simple. The premise for the couples was voyeurism and the potential for participation in some way but on their terms. And, the important thing to emphasize was nothing was forced or dominated by anyone or on anyone. Whatever happened would be consensual and agreeable to all. The Bakkers nodded their agreement.

Hein concluded, "So, what I propose we consider is a small, intimate group of perhaps two more couples who we trust explicitly and enjoy their company. That group could meet by rotating in our homes for the mutual enjoyment of erotic presentations to be determined by the group. Those erotic presentations, or displays, would be provided by a woman who has a high desire and willingness to provide and experience sexual activities for her own enjoyment and ours. I envision highly charged sexual activity for our enjoyment."

Anna, "What kind of activity? Highly charged displays ... is this just going to end up in the same situation of seeing someone being dominated into activities?"

He smiled. He had also shifted slightly to being a step further back, his arm around my shoulder. I now realized what he was setting up for this smaller group. I also realized who this person was who would have the 'high desire and willingness'. He shifted so both his hands were on my shoulders and he stood close behind me.

"Laura, what happened tonight that offended you?"

I looked at the other couple. "Offended? It wasn't erotic to me. There were people being abused sexually, apparently for the enjoyment of some watching and those doing the abusing. The pleasure, though, if there was some, wasn't a sexual release that I could discern. I guess I was offended for the people being treated that way."

"What if they willfully were in that position? What if their role was to submit to whatever was done to them? That they accepted that role?"

"It didn't excite me. The participants didn't seem to be intent on giving or receiving pleasure, stimulation, or release. The only purpose appeared confined to inflicting or enduring abuse." I looked at the other couple, then Sharon and Raul who weren't at the event then turned my head to Hein. "To me, it could have been rape."

I saw Anna nod. Niels looked at Hein, then asked, "Laura, you feel there is a similar, but different way, to being more stimulating?"

Hein's hands were rubbing my bare shoulders and I took that for encouragement. "Let me ask you, did you find that stimulating?" They both shook their heads. "We're talking about personal preference here. Those people, maybe, were stimulated. All I can say is, I don't understand that. Now ... I am not saying there can't be a place for some pain in sexual adventure, but for me it would be to heighten the experience, not to dominate it." I thought for a moment. I had good reason to know where this was ultimately going. So, how would I present something like this? "Imagine you are entering a large park area and you come upon a naked woman being restrained on a park bench or table. She is being brutally fucked, like tonight, while being groped, slapped, and gagged with other cocks. Would you be stimulated or horrified?" They agreed, they would be horrified. "Now, imagine being in the same park, but this time you come upon a woman lying naked on the same bench or table and she is being fucked by a naked man. This time, though, her body's actions and movements indicate her desire to motivate and encourage him. Her cries and moans are of pleasure,

not pain. Would you be stimulated or horrified?" I knew what their answer would be and saw Sharon and Raul nodding in agreement. "Now ... would you be tempted to look around and discretely find a place to continue to watch it?" They nodded.

Anna added, "I'm already stimulated." She turned her eyes from my face, "And, I can see by your nipples, you are, too." I smiled.

Niels directed his next question to Hein, "You know of such a woman?"

Hein didn't immediately answer. His hands slid from my shoulders to the back of my neck and the closure to the halter of my dress. His hands moved under my long hair, fumbling with the snap until finally releasing it. The dress hung so loosely over my body that it only momentarily caught at my breasts before falling to my feet. I was suddenly naked before them, except for my heels.

Hein took my hand, raised it to his mouth, and kissed the back of it. "I have the perfect woman right here." He went on to explain our relationship, stressing my independence and having final approval and acceptance about any such activities. He emphasized the point by indicating that this was how I was normally redressed, or similarly, around the house.

I smiled, "I find exhibitionism very erotic."

Raul surprised me and others, "And we find her exhibitionism very erotic, too." Sharon playfully elbowed him and everyone laughed.

Hein and I escorted the Bakkers out the front door to their car. I was still naked except for my heels and jewelry. When I hugged Anna and kissed her cheeks, she whispered in my ear, "Laura, you are a vision of loveliness and sexuality. I look forward to the next time we get together."

I smiled at her and squeezed her hands, "Hein's idea appeals to you, then?"

"Very much." She leaned in close, again. "I may attack Niels when we get home." She giggled.

I smiled and glanced at him. He was watching us intently as he spoke to Hein. "You may not need to attack him." She looked over her shoulder at him, then back to me and smiled.

We rejoined the others in the living room. I moved to refresh everyone's drinks and Hein got the consensus of the group. "What do you think?"

I returned with Sharon and Raul's drinks and moved back for the rest. I heard Sharon, "We're included in this? You're asking our approval, our ideas, what?"

He took a chair between them and Chris. "You're included for anything that happens here, at the least. If you want. Nothing is expected. I am not leaving you out of anything that happens in your own home."

Sharon and Raul exchanged looks, then they both turned to Chris. I saw him shrug at them as I gave him his drink. Hein put his arm out and uncrossed his legs. I smiled at him and sat on his lap, one of his hands going around my back as the other one took his glass. I gave Hein a peck on the cheek.

Sharon took up the response, "Laura, how do you feel? You're the one in front of everybody."

I look at her, "You know how I feel." I looked around at the group. "You guys are the only thing I have that is close to a family. You all know I have multiple roles here, not unlike all of you. Granted,

some of mine are very much different, but that is because it matches who I am. So, let's be clear and blunt. Hein is attempting to create a mechanism where ideas can be generated to provide new and increasing sexual adventures. I want you guys to share in my life as much as you wish. BUT ... the last thing I want is to have you be uncomfortable or embarrassed. And, well, I hope you won't feel less of me by anything you see me doing."

Hein gave my upper arm a light kiss. I think he was trying to just be encouraging and unnoticed by the others. I felt what he was expressing. I didn't know if the others noticed or not.

To my surprise, Raul responded. "Miss Laura ..." Sometimes his old Cuba formality came out. "You are an amazing woman. I want you to know that we are thrilled that you are who you are." He got embarrassed, but continued, "If it wasn't for you and your directness and encouragement, Sharon and I might still be pretending we only liked each other." He looked at Sharon, "Can I tell them?" She nodded shyly. Seeing Sharon being shy was something to see just in itself. "I would like to announce that we are talking about getting married." Congratulations were called out to them, I hugged each of them, Hein and Chris did the same. We were all standing and Hein made a toast. Raul continued, "It is still early, but like you said, Miss Laura, you three are our family, too."

Sharon took over from him. "You do us an honor, Hein. Technically, we work for you, but you make us feel like family. We'll support Laura in any way we can." She looked at me, "But, what kinds of things do you think? I mean if the three couple are brought together, do you have any ideas?"

I smiled. "We haven't talked, but I would think some canine sex might be different for them to witness."

"Oh my, yes. I know that does it for me anytime I see you." Chris laughed first, then the rest of us joined in. She then got a glint in her eyes, "Perhaps you could give us another demonstration."

I looked at her, "Tonight?"

"Like you don't want to ..."

"Well, it's late and tomorrow is a workday."

Chris chuckled, "Yes, but we have the boss on our side." He then gave my naked butt a soft slap, "To the pool level, then. I'll bring some drinks."

Hein walked with me, "Two dogs, you going to do both now?"

I squeezed his arm, "I can't leave one wanting. Hmmmmm ... maybe something different tonight. Maybe one will fuck me and I'll do the other with my mouth." He patted my arm and smiled.

In the lower level, I took one of the lounge cushions and laid it on the floor away from the pool. This level had the indoor pool, hot-tub, fitness center and access to an outdoor patio to the back of the house looking into the wooded surroundings. To the side was a kennel built very similar to the one in Miami. This level was the only area where the dogs were allowed in the house. They were essentially outdoor dogs and the climate in Amsterdam had seasons but was very manageable for the dogs with the heated kennel. I had created a small seating area here where I could read or do computer work and have the dogs close by. I had become quite attached to these two beasts.

Chris went to the door to the patio and called the dogs. They came bounding in almost immediately, indicating they were nearby, probably in the kennel, which wasn't a surprise since it was late at night.

I took a sip of my drink, handed it back to Chris, and moved Max and Axel to the area of the cushion on the floor. I put them both on the floor and maneuvered their substantial bodies so they were tail to tail. Their hind legs bumped each other as they complied with what they knew I was wanting. I braced myself on my elbows, giving my hands some freedom of movement so I was able to stroke and finger both sheaths at the same time.

Once I had two cocks well exposed, I slapped my ass. I was already on my knees. I didn't want to favor one dog or the other so let them decide who was going to fuck me by which one mounted me first. As it turned out, Axel was able to scramble up and take his position at my ass while Max was still moving along my side. With Axel's strong body on my back and his cock poking at my butt, I eased him into me while motioning Max to return to me in front. Since I frequently had one of them lay in front of me while being mounted, he was familiar with what was asked. What he wasn't familiar with was my intention to have him climax in my mouth rather than my pussy later.

I shut out the quiet conversation I could hear around me, as generally happened while I was being fucked by the dogs with anyone in the vicinity. It was something I had learned to do since joining the household. Being the bitch to Max and Axel meant being mounted at random times of the day or night, especially those nights when I was their kennel mate. I was never sure when or if one of the others might happen upon us. And, being the exhibitionist that I discovered I was, being discovered or the potential, was an added thrill and stimulation. Even the dogs had learned to take it in stride to have others around us during mating. It was something I remembered in that initial mounting at Bob and Carol's with Samantha. Blackie had been a fine fuck, but Harley was more comfortable in the presence of other people. The difference in the mating, especially during the time of being tied, was noticeable even to me at the time. Max and Axel were like Harley now in that respect, much larger and powerful, though.

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They were outside of my view and I wasn't paying attention to the voices. Sharon, however, in the spirit of the familiarity of the household, was making a point. The four of them were sitting in deck chairs in a loose arc behind me. Sharon was between Raul and Hein with Chris on the other side of Hein. She was holding Raul's hand as she watched me intermittently while also watching Hein next to her. Finally, she spoke up with the thoughts she had been harboring for weeks.

She reached out to Hein's hand resting on the armrest, "You seem so much happier. I don't mean to be a fussing old woman, but ... I don't think I have seen you as relaxed and at peace." He turned to her and smiled, but also had a look of contemplation while considering her words, his attention frequently returning to me and the dogs. "I think your responsibilities have become more demanding since taking over the corporation and have only increased since we moved here." He nodded in reflection. Both Chris and Raul were paying close attention but not visually wanting to intrude so they continued to keep their heads turned to what was happening in front of them.

He switched the placement of hands by taking hers in his and squeezed it. "You're always watching out for me, aren't you? I'm just fortunate to have the support and friendship of you all to provide a place of sanctity to retreat to. And, you are neither fussy or old."

She smiled and fully turned her head to him, but her demeanor rejected what he professed. "Perhaps, but I don't think that is what is the difference. We've been around you for long enough that it has to be more than just our support and friendship. No ... with your increased responsibilities, there is another reason for it." He only smiled while watching me. The glint in his eyes told her he wasn't about to say it, though. "She's much more than you ever dreamed for, isn't she?"

He turned to her, checked the others and found them now watching him just as intently. His smile spread larger and he sighed, nodding his head in reflection, his attention now fully on me attending to the two dogs in front of him. "Yes. I admit it, okay?" He seemed to her a little embarrassed by the admission. He was a man used to and expected to be in full control of himself and this massive global enterprise. He shook his head in reflection and muttered out the rest. "I thought I was looking for someone to lean on for special situations while also providing a release from those very same situations. She's giving me so much more without the demands of commitments to the future. I know I was looking for someone who could and would share her body, but she is sharing that and her soul, too. And ... without expectations."

Sharon smiled at him and squeezed his hand. "Good. You are a wonderful man, Hein. You are generous and caring. We know that from experience with you. It is a rare person to take in strays like us and allow a family to be built around them. For your own sake, Hein, accept that about her. Accept what she is selflessly giving to you and us. And, if I can be so bold, don't be afraid to share back to her in the same way ... without expectations."

"This is all very fast."

"Without expectations, Hein. Without expectations."

As he watched me, Sharon's words bouncing around inside his brain, he smiled and his eyes grew soft. He had always recused himself from entanglements in the process of attending to the demands of business. His idea of a P.E.T. was fanciful, something he barely thought possible. Then, here this woman shows up on his doorstep, unbelievably qualified in all aspects of his fanciful proposition. And, then some. Sharon was correct, too. It wasn't that she was very smart and very sexy, she was amenable to his ideas and suggestions while still be strong and self-assured. Her attitude wasn't limited to just the requirements of the agreement, either. She enjoyed it all, the business side and the sexual side. But, as Sharon pointed out, she enjoyed and cared for everyone in the household. She immediately fit in by her honest giving of time and assistance, whether an apparent part of what was expected or not. Yes, this was more than he had expected when they had started out on this path, but the more was very nice to find.

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The shower in the master bedroom had a very nice feature for me. Whether it was for me or was just a convenient feature, I didn't know. The very large shower enclosure contained an overhead 16-inch square fixture containing 100 openings that create a very real feeling of standing underneath a rainfall shower. But, the shower also contained a hand-held unit with a removable head, which exposed a smooth, round end I could insert into my vagina. It was very effective in cleaning myself out after being with the dogs and before being with Hein or Chris later.

After my shower and brushing my teeth, I enjoyed sucking out dog cum but I wasn't sure Hein would feel the same way when we kissed, I exited the bathroom in our suite and crawled under the light covers alongside Hein. He was on his back and he raised his left arm for me to cuddle alongside him, then covering me with his embracing arm.

I kissed his shoulder, "Was tonight what you had hoped for?"

He kissed the top of my head, "More. Much more. You are an amazing woman, Laura. Thank you for accepting my naughty offer."

I snuggled in closer and mewed, "Mmmmm ... I thought I was your PET."

He chuckled, "You are. You're both, I guess. Does one feel better to you than the other?"

I raised up and kissed his mouth and settle back into him. "I am Laura, always was and always will be. I like being your Pet, though. We understand what that means and entails."

"Even if others might misunderstand?"

I raised up in the dark to look at him in the faint light from the window. Being far from the road, the curtains in the house were rarely closed. "Misunderstand ... referring to me sometimes as your pet?" He nodded. I kissed him on the chin, then the end of his nose. "You would never let me be abused." It wasn't a question.

"Of course not."

I settled back into him, content to fall asleep. "Then it wouldn't matter if they misunderstood. What matters, then, is what you four think."

As I slipped from consciousness into sleep, I felt his other hand cross over his body and stroke my upper arm as his other arm stroked my hip and his lips pressed into my hair. It felt so good. It felt so comforting. It felt so safe.

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## **CHAPTER TEN: A P.E.T. DAY**

I was 18 minutes into my swim. I knew that because I had purchased a large timer clock for the wall for one end of the pool. I zero the timer, hit the start button and dive into the water. I had started the day like many with a run with the dogs through the property and out onto the trails in the preserve further in back. I showered, dressed in something appropriate, all white today (stockings, heels, and PET choker), drank a protein smoothie, and ending up in the office upstairs. Hein had changed out the desk in the office. Oh, it was still glass topped, but it was now a massive thing to allow both of us to have dual monitors, which pointed us to the windows, and a peninsula of glass desktop between our two sides. So, when we sat across from each other, he still got his view of my crotch. I loved it. The man had no end to his interest in seeing my bare body. What wasn't to love.

I finished up a review of documents he needed for a meeting and emailed him my comments and suggested revisions. I pulled up his calendar, syncing whatever new business items with the master calendar I was maintaining. The master automatically synced to his smartphone. I found no conflicts, so pushed back and slumped in my desk chair, staring out the window at the dreary, wet world outside. When I ran early this morning, it had been dreary and gray, but not yet wet. That had started while I was working.

I was restless. I got the highest priority need out of the way. I had more that could be done, not the least being to review Hein's draft speech coming up in a month down in Rotterdam. But, I was restless. I knew what it was, too. The Exotische Erotische Sociaal was coming up. It had been a week since we had attended the Erotische Bal, which led to the Bakkers coming to the house for a talk about starting a different, more intimate group of our own. Hein had talked to the other two couples he and the Bakkers had agreed on, Meike and Stefan Hendriksen and Celine and Ruben Meijer. The gathering in about a week would be at the house and would be the trial for moving forward with the idea. Based on what Hein had described, the Bakkers came up with a name for our gatherings, Exotische Erotische Sociaals or Exotic Erotic Socials. These gatherings were intended to provide me with new opportunities to experience things sensually. Being the focal point for these gatherings, though, was still a little unnerving until I knew they would be successful. Successful meaning brings

satisfaction and pleasure to the others, as well as to me.

I had picked up Spanish somewhat just from being exposed to it in Arizona so I was seeing if I could also pick up Dutch. English was commonly spoken, but I was wanting to present an image of a good visitor. I still wondered if I was an early stage of being an immigrant. We hadn't gotten that far in our long-range discussions. Currently, we were all covered with work permits to keep us legal with the Dutch authorities. But, to truly make an impression, I was going to need a tutor. Chris and I were making good use of the fitness center's equipment on the pool level and it was good for my body to have a Special Forces expert to train me in weights, balance, and defensive moves. The balance and defense training was like a cross between yoga and kickboxing aerobics class. I thought I was in shape until Chris started working with me. Some days after a tough workout, I begged him for a massage of my sore muscles. You can guess how that ended up.

I found myself bothering Sharon as she was trying to get her work done. She shooed me away, telling me to go for a swim to take my mind off the coming event. I went to the bedroom and stripped. Yeah, that didn't take long. At the pool level, I had only my goggles in my hand, taking a towel from the cabinet and placing it on a nearby chair. I put the goggles on, reset the clock, punched the start button, and dove into the water.

When I reached the far side of the pool 18 minutes into my swim, I glanced up as I was turning to kick back in the other direction and saw dark blue slacks standing at the edge. I put up my hands and turned my body vertical to stop. I treaded water and found Chris looking down at me.

"What are you doing here?"

"Hein needs you at that meeting this afternoon. He swore up a blue streak when he realized he hadn't put you on the schedule."

"When?"

He looked at his watch, "An hour and five minutes. It will take us 30 minutes to get there and to the meeting room."

"Shit! Why didn't you call?"

"I did. No answer."

"Oh ... crap ... I left my phone in the office upstairs ..." I swam to the side where Chris met me with the towel. It was about 20 minutes later that I met him at the entryway. My hair was still damp, but would be dry by the time we got there. I was in a knee length, very professional looking dress. Well ... it would have been if I was wearing the white blouse under the jacket as was intended. It was one of the times when I wore a bra, a white lacy one that didn't quite provide all the support the outfit should have to be fully professional. Okay, two ways it wasn't professional. Oh, wait, no panties, either. I did have stockings and heels, though. I loved teasing. And, Hein was fine with it ...

The meeting was with a company seeking to produce product and parts for KONINGH companies. It was the issue covered by the documents I had been reviewing and commenting. Chris led me into Hein's lavish corporate office just before his Executive Assistant knocked to let him know the visitors were in the executive conference room. As she turned to leave, the look she gave me was suspicious and hostile. As Hein moved to the door, he stopped to let me go first. I looked up at him and quietly said, "I don't think she likes me very much."

He looked outside at the woman's open office area. "She is an excellent Assistant, but she isn't you

and I mean the three degrees that can help me. I'll have a heart-to-heart talk with her after this meeting to let her know she has nothing to fear from your involvement. It'll be fine, she is very much married with three young children. Her concern is her position."

Hein took the middle of the conference table on one side and the other president took the opposing location, while their support staff took positions along their respective sides. Classic power positioning. I sat in a chair directly behind Hein against the wall. Tablets and compact laptops were open and powered up for the discussion regarding their proposal. KONINGH executives and support personnel had performed their due diligence on the company and its proposal. This meeting was felt to be a formality. I had challenged Hein about that, however, feeling there were still issues of concern.

The meeting was led and directed by executives on both sides as they maneuvered through the proposal. I could see that Hein had my marked-up copy of the proposal open on his tablet. When the review moved to the first concern, he asked the clarifying question I included as a review comment. What surprised me was that he read my suggested question word-for-word rather than putting it into his own words. The other president looked at Hein warily, getting whispered support from the executive on his right. The man smiled and gave a lengthy answer. While the man was still answering, I put an electronic sticky note on my tablet which went to Hein's at the same time since we were now synced live for the meeting.

The note was simple, "Ask the question, again. He didn't answer it. It only sounded like it."

Hein didn't immediately react. He didn't turn to look at me or move his hands, he continued to give the man his attention. Finally, he held up his hand, "Excuse me, sir. I consider this question important. I trust the effort of my people and their confidence in your company's abilities, but this is a question of concern to me. I did not hear a direct answer to the question, however."

The man considered Hein for a moment, whispered to his people on either side of him, and considered Hein further. The tension in the room was evident. He began speaking, again. I sent another note, "Ask again."

That item and another were placed in a 'parking lot' for follow-up later with more documentation and clarification. Hein assured the other company he still hoped to do business with them but required this further clarification.

After the visitors left the floor, Hein's own executive in the meeting broke off from a discussion with his people and approached Hein. "I am sorry, sir. We've worked on that proposal with them for several weeks with reviews and requested revisions and negotiations. I reviewed it twice during that time."

Hein laughed and clapped the man on the back, "Don't feel bad, I reviewed it myself and didn't see anything." The man looked at him puzzled. Hein pointed to me. We were all gathered near his Assistant's open office area and she was watching the dynamics with interest as other workers in the area were.

Hein nodded to me. "You are all experts in the topic being discussed, the product, parts, and qualities needed. I am not, but sometimes it helps for someone outside of the process to see what is really there or not there in the words. It is human nature to see and hear things along the line of what we want or expect. The wording here didn't match up."

"What about his explanations? I heard him address the question but, Hein, you kept after him."

He pointed at me, again. I took a breath, "He was employing a classic debate and argument technique, and he was very good. If we had a recording of it, I could point it out to you. He simply identified important keywords and phrases Hein used and repeated them back in his answer. A very wordy answer that was mostly blah, blah, blah. Though the very wordy answer addressed several things, they didn't address the actual question." I watched them as they considered it. "Did you notice his smile finally? He recognized he had been caught and Hein wasn't going to do the naturally human thing. It is another human reaction to not appear to be a bully by continuing to press an issue when someone responds to you. There was something they were trying to bluff their way through, which is why Hein's counterpart did the talking. It was assumed Hein would not openly confront him. He was wrong. But, he managed to do it very diplomatically."

Hein turned to enter his office, but as we passed his Assistant, he said to me, "He was wrong only because of you." Hein told me later he didn't need to have the conversation with his Assistant. She came in and apologized for her reaction.

At dinner that night, Hein thanked me in front of the others, which provided further validation of the other part of my role among the group. Even if it had never been questioned by them, it was nice for that side of me to be shared. Then, the discussion turned to the upcoming party.

Sharon offered, "As I understand this gathering, it will be as much about a feeling out of everyone as much as what is actually witnessed?" Hein nodded. "You and the other couples certainly know each other well enough, but then there is Laura, us, and how the evening would be different. So, I suggest a time of easing into the evening with something different. We could provide a casual meal, nothing too elaborate, but intended to allow a diversion and light talk, gaining familiarization."

Hein like that idea, but he showed a concern. "If you are part of the group, though, do we bring in servers?"

Raul leaned into her and whispered to her and she lit up. "Wonderful! We'll introduce them to an American buffet style. We can have an assortment of items on a serving table, they take what they want, and wine on the table."

Hein liked it. I thought of something else to make it different. "A masquerade. Not a big deal masquerade, maybe just masks over the upper part of the face. There will be no mystery of who anyone is, but psychologically it presents the illusion of mystery and intrigue. We don't even have to tell them ahead of time, just have the masks ready when they come, adding an element of surprise and playfulness."

He loved it. He especially loved that everyone was so involved in supporting his idea. His comfort in bringing these events into the house showed on his face. Then, he posed the next question, "What about the actual demonstration, presentation, exhibition, or whatever it might be termed? What should that be, the basic crux of the getting together?"

Chris decided this was going to be his contribution. Why would I be surprised by that? He looked directly at me, glancing down at my breasts visible through the sheer fabric of the negligee I was wearing over stocking and my heels. "I suggest the same thing you did for us that night after the Bakkers left."

All eyes turned to me. Hein slid his hand toward me. I put mine on the table for him to capture. I smiled at him, for the supporting gesture, then at Chris for being bold in suggesting it. "You know me, I love a good dog; and, two at the same time was ... an experience I loved even more."

Later, it was just Hein, Chris, and me in the living room. Sharon and Raul had again disappeared

early. They moved into the same suite together after the recognition of their relationship was established. Sharon had approached me in confidence. Girl-to-girl confidence. She expressed frustration. She didn't know what to do. She and Raul were doing so well, she knew they should just move in together and make it final. I had asked what the problem was, then. The problem was that Raul didn't seem to be able to take the step and ask her to do it. She was convinced, by the way she felt about men and women, the man should make such a step and approach the woman. I remembered chuckling, which for a moment caused her to wonder if she should be offended. I told her she was a very strong and commanding woman, so much so that even Hein approached her at times with care. I suggested she might need to take the initiative in this regard. She apparently had because they were soon moving Raul's belonging into her suite. After that, the matter was settled. They were a couple. As a developing result, they were spending more time quietly together, not sneaking like before, though. There was certainly enough rooms and spaces in the house to disappear into, even without going to a bedroom suite.

We had been sitting in a cozy grouping, but I got up and went to the wall of glass looking out at the dark night with only the landscape lighting to break up the blackness. Being surrounded by forest and preserve eliminated lights and views from neighbors, streets and traffic, and the nearby city. I saw Chris approaching by his reflection in the glass. I partially turned to take the offered glass with his favorite whiskey. I gave him a kiss in appreciation and returned to my musing. I was aware they were both watching me. It had become quiet since I went to the window. And, I was aware that the negligee I was wearing allowed them a decent impression of my naked body underneath.

Hein broke the quiet. "What is the American saying? Penny for your thoughts?"

I chuckled. He had spent enough time in the States to pick up many of the colloquialisms but still was sometimes uncertain about having them correct and necessarily using them in the proper context.

"Yes ... not that a penny buys much these days ..." I considered turning around if I was going to talk, but decided to stay as I was. It might be easier not to consider their reactions directly or them mine. "Thinking about a lot, actually."

Chris released a, "Oh, oh."

Hein followed with, "Are you okay, Laura? Is anything wrong?"

I smiled at my reflection in the window. "Yes ... I mean no ... well, yes, I am okay; no, there isn't anything wrong. Well ... I don't know ... I guess if I am thinking about it, there must be an element of concern, right?" I turned around and smiled sheepishly at both of them. I took my chair, again. I crossed my legs and folded the gaping gown over my legs.

I looked up and they were both watching me. I shook my head. "This is a beautiful home, Hein. Your corporation is amazing. Amsterdam is ... I can't believe I am here. The history, the culture, everything." I took a sip and considered him over the rim of the glass. "Okay ... I've been thinking about the coming Sociaal; I get hot, turned on, excited. I sit at the dinner table dressed like this; I get hot, turned on, etc. I work in the office virtually naked and while I am busy, it feels fine. Then, I remember I am virtually naked and it might be while on the phone with someone, or reviewing a document, or I catch my reflection; I get hot, turned on, etc. I move around the house absently and one of the outside staff sees me; I get .... You get the idea."

Chris chuckled, "Yeah, you're turned on a lot."

I smiled at him and considered Hein. He was waiting for what was following. "It's not JUST that I get

turned on. It's that I want to be ..."

Hein finished it, "Fucked."

I nodded. "A lot." I looked down into the glass I was still holding. I took a very big gulp and put it on a coaster so the collecting condensation wouldn't drip onto the wood surface. "You said you were looking for a woman who was sexual and adventurous in that sexuality. I said I wanted a situation where I could explore an adventurous sexual existence. On the face of it, it would seem we found what we were looking for, right?" He nodded. "Unless ... unless this is one of those 'be careful of what you wish for' type situations creating regrets."

Hein stared at me, glanced at Chris who just smiled, then stood up and pulled me into a hug. He put me out enough to take my face in his hands, "Not me. You are more than I hoped to ever find. Laura, to me you mean more than what PET was intended. Delightfully more. So, unless you ..." I shook my head vigorously. "Then ..." He glanced back at Chris and returned to me with a very big smile and that glint in his eyes. "Then, you being regularly turned on, stimulated, aroused ... needing a good fuck ... is perfect. You have the dogs during the day ... and I hear you are doing that." I blushed. Sharon or Raul. "And, if we need to step up our activity with you ... we'll just have to struggle to do that."

Chris mumbled out, "Hell if that would be a struggle ..."

I giggled, threw my arms around Hein and kissed him. I then moved to Chris and sat suddenly in his lap, giving him the same treatment. When I broke the kiss, I looked at Hein, then Chris, "Feeling strong tonight, boys? There is something I have always wanted to try."

I stood up before them with my fingers going to the clasp between my breasts holding the gown together. I undid it and shrugged the straps down my arms and the gown off. I put one hand on Hein's chest and the other out to Chris, who took it and rose up off the chair.

Chris was all smiles in anticipation, "What do you have in mind, wench?"

We all smiled at the immediate comfort in his anticipation and his confidence in my reaction to it. "Have you ever seen an image of a woman in the arms of one man but she is being fucked by two men while standing?" They both smiled in recognition. "Good." I turned to the entrance to the room, "You guys start getting undressed while I go get some lubrication." I kicked off my heels and ran out of the room.

Moments later, they heard the slapping of my stocking clad feet on the floor and turned to watch as I came sliding to a stop on the polished wood floor of the hallway. I returned to find them standing in the middle of the room in their underwear. They were well away from the wall of glass. I slipped the small tube into the elastic of my stocking, took their hands in mine and led them to the glass. They may not be such exhibitionists, but I had accepted that I was. I pushed their backs against the glass, then thought about it and looked up at Chris.

"How strong is that glass?" since he was the security guy.

He laughed. "Now you ask after pushing us against it?" He glanced at Hein for his information, too. "This house was built with safety in mind. If someone can afford a place like this, security might as well be built in. The normal residential glass is 1/8 inch. All of this is L inch, basically 1/8 inch glass and 1/8 inch glass-plastic laminate. Think a car windshield. A standard NATO round, 5.56, will probably be stopped, certainly when it hits at an angle. And, all of it is double-pane for insulating qualities." He saw the expression on my face. "Too much, huh? Killed the mood?"

I laughed, "Don't worry about the mood. I'll fix that. Good to know I won't push you through the glass, though."

Hein said in all seriousness, "It is all good to know, though." He then put his hand on my shoulder and put downward pressure for me to sink to my knees before them. "Now, about that mood ..."

I smiled as I turned my attention to the fine looking male bodies in front of me in their boxer shorts. With a hand going to the waistband of each, I yanked down on their shorts and helped them step out of them, tossing them to the side. In short order, I had them both hard, again. I stood up, put my palms out and pressed both of them back against the glass, took one step back and considered the two naked males with hard cocks in front of me. I thought I spotted some movement outside below us but discounted it. Someone would have to want to be here awfully bad to get past the secured gate entrance and the long walk on the dark single lane drive to the house, then finding their way to the back while avoiding sensors that would light up the yard on the perimeter of the groomed yard. Not to mention the dogs who would go completely insane with noise if it was anyone but one of us in the household.

So, I returned my attention to the appraisal of the guys. Neither of them was a slouch physically, but Chris was certainly the strongest of the two. I returned my palms on their chests as if holding them in place.

"This is what is going to happen ... as I said, I've never done this before, but it has been a fantasy of mine. I hope you agree. I am going to jump into Chris' arms, my legs around his waist and I am going to settle my pussy over his cock. You, Hein ..." I removed the tube of lubricant from the top of my stocking ... "will come up behind me, work your cock into my ass, and take some of my weight from Chris. Then, we'll see if reality is as good as the fantasy." A broad smile went over my face.

They shrugged to each other. Hein was opening the tube as Chris put his hands on my waist and took a step away from the glass. I raised my eyebrows at him. He smiled and nodded his readiness. I bent my knees and jumped into his arms, my legs going out and my foot hitting the glass, but I quickly tightened my legs around him, my arms around his neck.

His cock was poking me in the ass, but I held myself high as I looked into his face with a devilish smile. He furrowed his brow in a question and I responded. "My legs clamped around your waist, a cock poking my ass reminded me of Max or Axel holding me."

He chuckled. "Well, I hope we can satisfy you as well as they do ..."

I kissed him on the mouth, "You will." I lifted myself using my arms and legs with an assist from his strong arms. He released one hand from holding my ass to move his cock along my pussy until it sank an inch into me. We both sighed. I slowly allowed myself to slide down his length until he was fully inside me. I turned my head to look behind me for Hein. "Are you ready? Because the pressure on my clit is very stimulating."

He must have been ready and waiting. The last word no sooner dropped from my mouth and his hands grasped my ass cheeks and spread them apart. In the next instant, Chris raised me a few inches up his cock and I felt Hein press his cock at my ass. I heard the sound of exasperation from behind me.

I giggled, "Oh, yeah ... you might need to take that plug out, first."

I felt him grasp the jeweled end of the butt-plug and tugged it out of my ass. He dropped it on the floor next to us and slid his cock into my gaping opening. Chris shifted and looked down and began

laughing.

“Oh yeah? What, you forgot it was in there?”

Hein spoke over my shoulder, “Oh, yeah ... right. Imagine my surprise. ‘Sorry, this hole is already taken.’”

They seemed to be enjoying that quite a lot. But, the joking and movements were having its effect on all three of us. It was awkward for a while, maybe more than a while. This certainly wasn't the first or tenth time for anal with us and we had used double penetration on occasions, but this was quite different. Gravity had a strong influence in having me down on them and it took more effort to raise me up, but once we figured it out it was the best of teamwork.

The pressure of our bodies against each other as I was sandwiched between these two strong, naked, excited and exciting men pushed us unconsciously against the glass like it was a wall. I planted a hand on the glass over Chris' shoulder with my legs tightly around him. I used my legs to raise myself just a bit, which helped Chris and Hein to add their effort from their arms. Eventually, we had it worked out and I had never felt anything like it. Even the other double penetration efforts were nothing like this. The up movement was such that my body almost emptied of cock, then almost dropped with my weight driving both cocks up and deep inside my holes simultaneously.

I became almost delirious after a short time and desperate for release only a short time after that. So much so that I orgasmed, my entire body convulsing and tensing every muscle fiber and spasming continuously. If not for the fact that I was already being held off my feet, I might have collapsed, the feeling was so intense. It was after the most intense portion of my orgasm ebbed, that I realized the men had slowed their fucking into me, but not entirely stopping.

I wrapped both arms around Chris' neck as they resumed their efforts. I gasped and groaned as the sensations began to increase all over again. I had climaxed hard and they still hadn't. My mind wasn't engaged in those considerations, though. It didn't focus on if they had or hadn't or that I already had. It was only focused on the buildup coming to the next orgasm and this wasn't feeling any less than the previous one.

My body was shaking and quivering. I was very near my next orgasm when I heard a whisper in my ear. Was it a whisper or was my mind just that foggy for speech to penetrate normally?

“PET, use your training now. Squeeze on Chris. Milk his cock. Use those muscles now.”

My mind struggled to understand, to acknowledge and respond. But my body already was. All those Kegel exercises started at his instruction. My pussy clamped down around Chris' cock, squeezing and releasing, squeezing and releasing, over and over. I was moving up and down over these cock in my two holes and my pussy was working, too.

I heard him exclaim behind me, “Oh, God, YESSSSS! Milk him, squeeze him. Yes, like that!”

I was confused. Hein was saying that but I was squeezing around Chris. A smile spread over my face a moment before I erupted, again. Just as the two cocks in me both twitched and jerked, being jammed firmly, strongly, and deeply inside me. The smile followed the recognition. By squeezing Chris, I was also squeezing Hein ...

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**CHAPTER ELEVEN: 'EXOTISCHE EROTISCHE SOCIAAL' = EXOTIC EROTIC SOCIAL**

When I thought I had detected some movement outside while Hein, Chris and I were engaged in our activities in the living room, I had discounted it for all the reasons that flashed through my mind, the most significant being the dogs hadn't sounded an alarm. And, they certainly would have if anyone was outside other than a member of the household. Of course, that would turn out to be the key differentiating factor.

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After disappearing, leaving me with Hein and Chris, Sharon had hurriedly led Raul into the section of the house with all the bedroom, pulling him into the suite they were now sharing. She wasted no time with coyness or flirting, and he wasted no time in acting like he wasn't completely certain what was happening. It was an amazing side-effect of agreeing to share their private space and announcing to the rest of us how seriously they felt for each other. They both had become very forward and intentional in their desires and wants. The talk I had with Sharon, and she had shared with Raul, did wonders for their mutual pleasure and response during their lovemaking.

That night, they tried something they might never have considered but for what they had occasionally seen of me with the dogs. They had both climaxed magnificently at almost the same time. Sharon lay in his arms, her head on his shoulder and chest. Her fingers idly played with his soft penis. Neither spoke. Neither felt the need to speak but were enjoying their post-orgasmic euphoria. That is until Sharon turned her head so her chin was on his chest looking at him.

"Feeling adventurous?"

He had to cock his head to look into her eyes. "Already? I ... don't ... know ..."

She wiggled up so her face was in front of his. She kissed his lips and smiled broadly, her hand squeezing his soft penis. "I know." She kissed him hard. "I know ... don't ever worry about disappointing me. You won't as long as ..."

He finished her statement, "As long we both focus on pleasing the other."

She smiled and kissed him, again. "Yes. You know, for a sex-crazed maniac, Laura is a very smart woman."

He nodded. "So, what was your mind thinking?"

She gave him a wicked look and rose to her knees. "Remember when Laura would sometimes clean the dogs and they her after mating?"

He looked at her, processing the image before its application to them sunk in. "I'm game."

She looked at him. "Sure?"

He nodded and straightened his legs out. "I'm sure. For you, I'll try anything at least once." She looked at him with an even more wicked look. Nervously, "At least once." They both laughed.

She kissed him, swung a leg over his head and muttered, just before taking his soft, cum-coated penis into her mouth, "How did I get so lucky, Raul?" But, any chance of a response was squelched as her cum filled pussy was pulled to his tongue and lips.

After they had toyed with each other, she re-aligned her body along his, her arm across his chest. They both conceded the taste was different, but they found the activity very erotic and increasing

the feeling of closeness and commitment. His fingers were casually tracing along her spine, which sometimes tickled her but mostly felt comforting. Amid the random thoughts vocalized between them as they contentedly savored the physical and emotional presence of the other, Raul asked a curious question.

“Do you think there will be a time when we join them in their activities ... whatever they are doing upstairs now?”

She raised her head and looked at him. He nervously turned his eyes to her. “You want to do that?”

“It’s only a question, a thought. Sharon, I never thought I could experience these feelings again at this point in my life. You are an amazing woman, strong and sensual. I am not seeking anything more, except to hold onto you. It is just ... well, in this house now, it is hard not to think about those things.”

She chuckled and wiggled her body in tighter to his, her left leg draping over his. “You mean making love in front of them? Or, sharing ourselves with them?” She planted her chin on his chest and looked at him. “You could watch another man making love to me or me a woman with you?”

“It was a question, not a request. But ... not just any man, one of them I think, yes.” She wiggled into him tighter, her pelvis pressed into his thigh and she ground it into him and she sighed. “You haven’t wondered?”

His cock was hard and she was horny, again. She raised up and swung her leg over his hips, reaching down and inserted his cock into her wet pussy. They both gasped as she settled down over his length. She bent forward and kissed him deeply. Openly talking and sharing was such a turn-on.

After they shared another orgasm, she was still lying on his chest, his softening cock slowly retreating from her pussy, but not quite out, yet. She sat up quickly with a thought. She gave him a look that caused him to think, ‘oh-oh’.

She swung her leg over him, his cock pulling out of her completely and slapping against his abdomen, causing her to look down smiling. She had a sudden idea. Go outside below the living room and see if they could tell what was going on. She was pulling him off the bed, tossed him his boxers. He could use them or not. She was feeling adventurous and ignored any covering for herself. He struggled and hopped into his boxers as he followed his crazy partner out of the bedroom.

Outside, she encouraged him along the house despite his quiet protests of embarrassment to intentionally spy on the others. He suddenly felt like a school boy peeping on the people next door. What they found at the wall of glass at the living room was the two men with their backs to the glass and Laura looking at them. Then, she sank to the floor and pulled their boxers down, moving from one to the other, apparently sucking their cocks.

Raul caught movement from Sharon and he looked to her, hoping against hope that she had seen enough. What he saw was her raising her phone. “Your phone? You brought your phone?”

“For the camera.” She selected the app she needed and held the phone up. There was an audible click.

“Sharon!”

“Shhhh ...”

What followed next, though, had them both frozen where they were. They watched me jump into Chris' arms and after some movement, my mouth opened in an apparent gasp. They both knew immediately what had happened. But, then they saw Hein move up behind me and my mouth opened wider. If the house construction wasn't so tight, they were sure they would have heard my cries. Sharon took numerous captures with the phone, thankful that the flash had been turned off the last time she used it.

Raul came up behind her, taking her naked body in his arms, one hand on her stomach down to the patch of pubic hair, the other grasping one of her full breasts. He whispered in her ear as he continued to fondle her body outside below the exhibition above them. "What are you going to do with those?"

Her hand slithered behind her butt and stroked his hardness inside the top of his boxers. "I don't know. Show them to Hein? I don't know. Have you ever seen anything so erotic? I have the feeling this is just the kind of thing Hein might want to tease her with."

She turned in his arms, kissing him hungrily, her hand now fully inside his shorts and stroking his rigid cock. She broke the kiss and took a step back toward the door, "I need you, again. I really need you ..."

He stopped, "Still feeling adventurous? We could do it right here. Them up there; us down here."

She looked up, again. She couldn't believe what she was seeing: the two of them standing at the window with me, a sandwiched woman in a double penetration. She turned her eyes back to him. "Oh god ... Raul ... I can't believe I am out here naked! No, not yet ... soon? ... god knows what I will be doing soon around here ..." She pulled him into the house.

The next morning, Sharon tried to find a time when Hein was by himself, but Chris remained close by. Chris moved to go to the underground garage and she touched Hein's arm to stop him. Chris looked back, recognized her need to talk to him and suggested he would bring the car around to the front door. Hein nodded, then turned to Sharon.

It was obvious to him that she was nervous. He prodded her until she could begin. "I hope you won't be mad, but ..." And she went on to explain how she and Raul had ended up outside below the living room. He looked at her quizzically, and she nodded.

"We saw it all. In fact ..." She pulled out her phone and scrolled through to the pictures she had taken. She handed him the phone and she continued. "We had just made love and we knew you guys probably were, too. We were still very excited and I pulled him to come with me and snoop. We went right outside ... it seemed to me at the moment to be even more exciting."

He looked down at her, "So, you put some clothes on, went outside, found us at the window, and decided to record it."

She was wringing her hands in front of her with her head down. "Well, that's mostly the case." He raised his eyebrows. "Well ... you see, I was excited ... like voyeurism ... Raul managed to grab his boxers, but ... well ..."

He raised her chin and looked into her face, "You went outside naked?!?"

"Shhhh ... Yes. I was still so turned on and what I was thinking ... and this house, my god, Hein. I've never felt like this ... poor Raul, I'm always after him." She looked up at him. "The only reason I took the pictures was for you. I don't think I have seen anything that expressed such a purely erotic

image. Are you mad?"

He laughed and was hugging her as I came into the area for some breakfast. I hesitated whether to go for coffee or give Hein a kiss before he left. Hein won out, of course. I saw them continuing their quiet conversation, which I couldn't hear.

"I am not mad. I love you. And thank you for this. It gives me an idea. Would you please transfer these to a flash drive?" He turned toward me and stopped, taking her back in his arms. "You going outside naked ... wow, I wish I had noticed that ..."

I saw her blushing, "Go on, you tease. You have her and she is still naked. Now, go give her a kiss. Chris is waiting."

"Okay, but don't breathe a word to Laura, it would spoil what I am thinking."

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The first Exotische Erotische Sociaal loomed with all the anticipation, apprehension, and ambiguity. It wasn't just from our anticipation of the evening, either. We, of course, prepared for the evening with our own anxiety because this was Hein's proposed alternative for the smaller group. There were several phone calls from the other couples, however, about the evening suggesting their own anxiety. Hein, since the couples still didn't know the rest of us well, took over all communication suggesting semi-formal attire and a light dinner preceding the evening's voyeuristic activities. We kept some details like the masquerade aspect as a surprise as an effort to lighten the initial feeling of the evening.

We worked out among ourselves our roles and responsibilities in the hopes of providing a smooth and carefully choreographed evening so Hein could simply act as host. He was the initiator of the idea for these evenings and this first evening was critical to it ever occurring again.

On the night of the first Sociaal gathering, the dining room and house were ready for our guests. A catering service was used for the majority of the food, but the buffet style allowed us to eliminate the need for servers. The catering company would return in the morning to clear out the leftovers, although Sharon and I intended to save as much as we could after the party. Waste not, want not. Even if money wasn't an issue in the house, being wasteful wasn't something we intended to embrace.

As we made final arrangements prior to our guests arriving, it was intriguing to see everyone in semi-formal attire. Hein and Chris, of course, were dashing and very attractive in suits I had seen them in many times before. Raul dressed up very well from the daytime work clothes I was so accustomed to seeing him in. Sharon was beautiful in her new gown and a recent visit to the salon with me. It was not lost on her how attentive Raul was, either. We exchanged numerous smiles and winks as Raul seemed to move around her admiringly as though she had produced some gravitational force to hold his orbit attentively around her. I suspected it was going to be a powerful evening for them, too.

Hein asked me to wear the same gown I wore that night when we talked with the Bakkers separately and had the opening discussion about this idea. While it hung loosely around me, the light satin material showed each curve it contacted, not to mention my nipples. Under it, I wore light colored stockings and high heels, my now standard 4 " inches. I was feeling very sexy in the gown, especially since the others were dressed nicely and not blatantly sexy. I was sure the other women arriving soon would be dressed like Sharon. It added to my anticipation of the evening and seemed fitting since I, and everyone else, knew I was going to the focus of the eroticism tonight.

I felt Hein's familiar hug around my shoulders as he came up to me from behind as I considered the dining table arrangement. "How are you doing?" He kissed my recently coiffed hair, "Are you still okay with this?"

I leaned into him and put a hand to his chest and patted him. "I'm fine, thanks. No ... I'm much more than fine. A few nerves, maybe. This has the feeling of a big deal, some importance ... future activities riding on this initial night. But, I am excited. It's what we talked about me doing, right?" I looked into his face and he nodded. "To be honest, though ..." I looked back at him with a smile as the front door rang and I headed that way, "I know I am dripping wet."

He called out after me, "That's my PET...." And he laughed as he followed me to the door.

Meike and Stefan Hendriksen were the first ones to arrive, with the others following quickly after. Hein had earlier given us an idea of the couples who would be a part of our Exotic Erotic Social group. The Hendriksens were both in their early 50's and appeared quite active. They were trim. She was dressed in an elegant gown with plenty of cleavage that fit tightly about her upper body. They both had graying hair and I admired that she wasn't coloring hers out and she wore it long, it falling below her shoulders. He was a CEO, like Hein, but at a significantly smaller Dutch corporation. Celine and Ruben Meijer were also in their early 50's. He was a senior executive at a major Dutch firm. Like the Hendriksens, they had a youthful sparkle in their eyes and manner that betrayed their years. She too showed plenty of cleavage and her gown was backless. We had previously met the Bakkers.

They all loved the idea of a quasi-masquerade theme for the evening. We had chosen masks that covered the upper face, only. The women were all given lacy masks that feathered off to the right of the face. The men were all given solid black, leather masks. There was no mistaking anyone with the masks, but the idea lent a feeling of mystery and anonymity, even if it was an illusion.

Usually at dinner when it was just us, Chris and I sat on one side with Sharon and Raul on the other with Hein at the head table. This night, Hein suggested I sit opposite him, the two of us taking the heads of the table with our guests. The table was massive, intended to seat 12 people, making it just large enough for the 11 for his first event.

Several of the men commented on my dress. It was known to all, despite my being the hostess for the evening alongside Hein, I was also the featured erotic entertainment. My dress, which was originally intended by Hein to subtly compete with the nudity of the slave and submissive women of the other affair, served well to set the tone for this evening and set me apart from the other women in attendance. It was not a joke that my pussy was wet from the time the guests began arriving and I only hoped that the dress wouldn't have a wet spot in the back as a result of sitting in my current condition. Of course, I reasoned it could be just another blatant indicator of my role tonight if it did show after dinner. Except for drinks, I suspected my wearing the dress would be short-lived.

The comments about my dress, though, I knew were an inside joke among my housemates and the Bakkers regarding the prominence of my nipples. The looks and smiles finally brought inquiry from the other two couples. Hein just looked to Niels Bakker who offered the explanation.

"Hein mentioned the last time we were together that Laura's dress served as a good indicator of her arousal. It doesn't take close observation to see how aroused and erect her nipples are."

Celine Meijer couldn't restrain herself, "I have to say, Laura, you are just stunning. That dress makes you so sensuous I can't wait to see you without it." She immediately blushed and put her hand to her mouth. "Oh, my god, I am so sorry. I don't normally say things like that." Her husband

chuckled and gave her a hug from the side.

I smiled at her and looked around the table, seeking to make contact with everyone. "Thank you, Celine. Please don't be embarrassed. That response, I believe, is exactly the kind of expression of honest feeling Hein hoped might be achieved by this smaller group. We want this to be a free expression of sexuality and eroticism with the significant difference being a willing, consenting offering of erotic exhibition. Nothing in these evenings would be forced, contrived, or involuntary." I looked at Hein who was smiling his approval back to me. "It is our hope, if tonight is a success, we can enjoy many more evenings like this while allowing only our imaginations limiting where these exhibitions might take us. It is why the term 'exotic' was added. I hope you find tonight an indication of where our gatherings might take us."

We seemed to be finished with dinner and sipping the wine, so Hein suggested we adjoin to the living room. Once everyone was assembled and seated, Hein handed me two fresh bottles of the wine to refill the glasses. I started moving to do just that but was restrained by his hand on my arm. "Laura stated the intention of tonight very well. And, hopefully, you agree this night might encourage us to continue these evenings for our enjoyment and pleasure." Everyone, including Sharon, Raul, and Chris, gave polite claps as they also held their wine glasses. He leaned in from behind me, my hands occupied, and I felt his hands around my waist and his lips on my bare shoulder and neck. One hand moved to my left hip and thigh as the other moved to below my right breast, lifting it noticeably, as he continued to kiss my neck and lick my ear, finally taking the lobe between his lips. I gasped as his hand clasped my breast underneath the clingy material.

He whispered into my ear, but more than a whisper, and I was sure it was to allow the others to also hear him. "My Laura; my PET." He kissed my neck and looked past me to the others who had indeed heard him and were watching intently. "Shortly, this wonderful woman will expose more about herself than just her body. I will share another of our secrets. Laura is privately referred to by me as PET." He shared with them what it meant and how I truly fit into his life. "Through her, we are both living out some of our fantasies. Mine to experience a woman such as her; hers to have the freedom and security to seek new experiences." Then, as if to reinforce that, his hands left the front of my body and settled on my shoulders and moving to the back of my neck. I smiled, knowing what he was moving to do, but with both hands occupied with wine bottles, he pulled my long hair out of his way, then released the clasp of my halter strap and allowed my dress to fall down my body to the floor.

I now stood before the group in my stockings and heels. He patted my butt and I gave an exaggerated flinch to show playfulness. I then moved around the group filling glasses with either white or red wine depending on their preference.

With everyone's glasses refilled, we led them down to the pool/fitness level of the house. There waiting for us was a large mat Chris and I procured for our martial arts training and my yoga. I decided it would also be good for being with the dogs. Chairs were lining three sides of the mat, which meant that nobody was more than six feet from where I would be in front of them.

I noticed some curiosity and confusion on faces as they were directed to the chairs. I was sure my next moments would eliminate all that. I stood before them at the center of the mat.

"As Hein said upstairs, I have been given the opportunity to seek new sexual experiences while remaining safe under the watchful attention of him and Chis. It is our hope that through these gatherings in the future, your imagination and naughty minds can provide us with ideas for us to consider."

Hein spoke up, "I want to reinforce, in case I haven't been clear to this point, all ideas are subject to

my consideration and review, but are ultimately up to Laura's, PET's, acceptance and approval."

"Thank you, Hein. Now, the question earlier was asked what I had in mind for tonight." I winked at my group. "I have an exhibition in mind with me and two males. Does that sound acceptable for this initial gathering?"

They all nodded their heads in eager anticipation but also were looking around at our group, making the assumption that the two males were coming from the ranks of our household. In a way, they were right, but not in the way they were thinking. I turned on my heels and walked to the door leading to the back of the house. I opened the door and whistled. Within a few beats of my heart, the two monsters came chasing into the house. I quickly called them to stop and sit. I then walked them to the mat where they again sat.

The look on the couple's faces was of amazement and shock. They looked from me to Hein and the others in our group. They all nodded affirmatively. The couples began to understand it was not a tease and they all moved their chairs as close to the mats as they could, gaining a few to six inches at the most, but their desire to be closer caused them to do it.

I put both dogs on the mat on their sides and they quickly complied. The presence of these new couples was not an issue for them as our activities around the other housemates had trained them to the attention. My face was soon buried in the bellies of Max and Axel, alternately. As I did, I could overhear some of the quiet comments from the couples and reinforced or explained by one of our group. I could tell that my decision to keep my stockings, heels, and jewelry on was also having the desired effect. To see a woman with dogs might have been enough of a taboo scene, but to have the woman give off the appearance and attitude of a sophisticated, well-groomed woman added more the effect.

As soon as I had the dogs' cocks showing sufficient cock from their sheaths, I kissed each of their sizable heads and moved into position for mounting by one of them. We had done this several times since the first time I did it for our group and the dogs had learned the difference from other times of mating. Usually, I would allow myself to target one dog for the initial mounting, knowing that the other would follow his partner very quickly. When I didn't focus on one, or present my ass directly to one, they seemed to already understand that one would get my ass and the other my mouth. There was never a problem between them, though, when one got onto my back first, which had been my primary concern. I never showed a preference to either dog in my general actions to them or during mating.

Axel was the first to respond and did so by skipping the frequent step of licking my ass and pussy before mounting. Max walked around us several times as the mounting and initial penetration was accomplished, a loud gasp escaping my mouth. The gasp escaping me was only slightly louder than the gasps heard around me by the three couples witnessing their first canine sex live.

After Max was done walking around us, I called for him to lay down in front of me. I managed to partially move Axel and me and Max in order for me to continue mouthing his cock, but I was not intent on too much action with him at this point. Now, I merely wanted to maintain his hardness. During the tie would be when I would make him cum with my mouth.

Axel was fucking me like these two always did: wonderfully and fiercely. As his cock pounded into me, my mouth was intermittently engaged with Max's cock. With Max lying in front me, my face was always in close proximity, but the wondrous sensations coming from my pussy diverted the intentions I had for Max, all of which was just as well because I wanted him hard but not to cum too soon. I wanted to enjoy his cum shooting into my mouth and throat with the same attention and

awareness I would have from Axel shooting into my pussy.

I arched my back into the body of Axel on top of me, then sagged it down, both actions causing his cock to slide inside me at changing angles and effect. I sighed out my pleasure and satisfaction he was giving me, my knees spreading a little more in the process of resisting the onslaught of his animalistic fucking.

“Yes ... oh, god, yes, Axel! ... yes, give me your knot ...” I felt it forming outside me and pushing against my opening. At my outburst, I heard murmurs and whispers around me. Amazing how I seem to ignore and forget everything around me when a cock penetrates me!

I smiled, maybe not only to myself, and pushed back against the dog to encourage and assist him in tying me to his cock. Before too much more time, that is what happens, his knot burst through my constricted but stretched opening. With the comments floating around me, Max’s cock at my lips, the cock pumping and the knot thrust into my pussy, I orgasm. I cry out exultantly for more and more as my orgasm crashes through me and washes my entire body and senses with wave after wave of glorious ecstasy.

Axel never stopped, of course. He continued to hammer his cock and knot at my pussy, working himself to his own climax. As my orgasm begins to fade, retreating like a glorious high tide through my body, it only allows my senses to again focus, my body aware of how his cock touches me inside, how his knot pulls and bumps against my pussy opening, and how it invariably bumps and jams my g-spot. That returning awareness is just in time to feel his cock and knot increase in size and volume as his climax approaches. I feel him tense around me, his legs gripping tighter, his body pulling us more firmly together as he drives his cock strongly into me. His knot swells, his cock jerks and jumps inside me. I am unaware that my breath is being held in anticipation of his climax ... unaware, that is until I feel him spurt inside me and my mouth opens to take in a gasping of air but there is not room in my lungs. My head falls, hanging from my neck and shoulders as the air inside me is released in a lengthy sigh of satisfaction.

I hadn’t realized when my upper body had fallen to the mat, but I again raised myself to my hands and tugged on the tie, just as Axel had just done. I feel with satisfaction with a bump to my g-spot that I am not far from another orgasm. I purposefully work my pussy on his knot, feeling his cock moving inside me at the same time as I attempt to maximize the contact of his knot with my g-spot.

I am momentarily distracted, though, by a whimper from in front of me. I remember ... Max has decided to put an end to patience. Axel has turned on me and is regularly testing the knot, but from experience I know we have better than five minutes at least remaining. I touch Max and pull him a bit closer and kiss his still erect cock. He gives a slight flinch of his cock at my touch and I know he is ready, too. I move my head to the side and take his cock between my lips and into my mouth. I move my mouth over the length of his cock, continuing until I feel the ball of cock flesh forming at the base of his cock. With my lips at the forming knot, his cock tip is in the entrance to my throat. The tapered tip makes it easier than a man’s bulbous cock head. I comfortably take the tip into my throat, my lips contacting his knot, planting a kiss occasionally onto the knot.

I felt the cock in my mouth stiffen more and throb. At about the same time, I felt my pussy opening stretching and knew our time being tied could come to an end, but I was wanting more from that knot. I pulled my knees together and clenched my pussy down on the cock and knot inside it, using those developed muscles all those Kegel exercises gave me. My shifted focus to my pussy, rotating it to impact my g-spot more frequently, distracted me from the cock in my mouth. The surprise of the first spurt of cum into my mouth was replaced by concentration being torn by simultaneous action at either of my body. The cum in my mouth shot into my throat and Max reacted with a violent thrust as

if he thought he could still drive his knot into me. My reaction jerked my whole body and startled Axel. The result was Axel pulling strongly as I jerked upward, jamming the knot trapped inside me now by my muscle control. I again erupted in orgasm, my mouth dropping open as Max's cock drove into my throat and his knot partially into my mouth, the following spurt of dog cum being shot directly down my throat.

I gagged and coughed; I gasped and my cry being muffled by the cock. The action of choking and supreme pleasure coursing through me from opposite ends.

I opened my knees and relaxed my pussy around the knot. Axel felt the sudden change and pulled out of my pussy, releasing a stream of cum from my now gaping opening. My body collapsed to the mat, my mouth falling from Max's cock. Cum drained from my open, gasping mouth. Puddles of cum formed under my pussy and mouth as I lay catching my breath and fighting to lower my heart rate, the world around me coming into focus both visually and audibly.

My eyes focused on the chairs arranged to the right, the direction my head happened to be turned. I found two pairs of men's shoes. I looked up and found the faces of Hein and Chris looking down at me, both with knowing smiles and twinkling eyes. I focused on Hein. This was his gathering. These were his friends. He winked at me and blew me a kiss. He stood and moved the few steps to my side, his hand stroking my naked back to my butt.

From the other directions, I picked up comments: "My god, that was something ..." "Have you EVER seen anything like that? Anything so erotic and hot and ... primal?" "It makes you wonder what it felt like." Then a giggle, "Wait until I get you home ..."

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The follow-up gathering of the Exotic Erotic Social bunch was a few weeks later. We were not surprised that the couples eagerly accepted the invitation, nor were we surprised that they didn't offer suggestions for the event themselves. We understood and accepted that there was going to be a period of acceptance, familiarity, and comfort before they could open themselves to developing ideas for the exhibition part of the evening much less verbalizing them.

The second gathering followed similar activities that seemed to be so well received the first time. Since the couples weren't shocked by efforts with the dogs, I duplicated the actions. This time, however, I was mounted, fucked, and tied by each dog. By the end of the evening, I lay on the mat with my pussy gaping and dog cum flowing out of it amid the excited and amazed comments from both the men and women. Their exclamations included comments to the effect that a pussy couldn't be more open and full of cum. I silently chuckled, of course, at the thought and was confident my other housemates were doing the same. Most of them, at one time or another, had found me early in the morning after I had just been released from a tie after spending the night with the two dogs in their kennel. My repeated use during the night by these two very large dogs loosened my pussy temporarily despite the muscle control Hein's Kegel exercises had developed. We were hopeful of more active participation from the couples in the future.

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## **CHAPTER TWELVE: GRATITUDE**

"I want your honest response."

Sharon and Raul were lying in their bed, her left leg draped across his, her left arm across his chest, and her head in the notch of his shoulder. She completed the statement with a kiss to his body from

the corner of her mouth, still easing back from her orgasm.

“Okay.” She still hesitated for longer than a moment, but he patiently waited. They had become very close over the years of being in the same household and now very intimate. As he stroked the arm over his chest, then down her naked side to her hip, he still marveled that their relationship had bloomed as it had. At the beginning, he would have considered such a suggestion ridiculous. They had come from very different worlds with seemingly very different expectations from life. He as a Cuban immigrant; she a white, middle-class widow. But apparently not. They had both found themselves in the same situation: in need of a job and the desire to be allowed to dedicate themselves simply and completely in that job, and in a way a means to escape. Both sought, knowingly or not, a situation to lose themselves and withdraw into a tightly protected environment. Stumbling into the employment of Hein Koningh at his Miami estate, an international businessman with global responsibilities and pressures seeking his own retreat, became a crucible for how starkly different people can evolve into a tightly cohesive organism of efficiency and support.

“Do you have any regrets?”

Her question, when it came, was almost predictable and he softly chuckled. “Yes ... sure ...” She raised her head to look at him and he smiled. “I regret that Cuba hasn’t been to more World Cups.”

She playfully slapped his chest and resettled her head to his shoulder. “You can be such a tease. You know what I mean. About us. This is an awkward situation for anyone to form a meaningful relationship ... living in such close proximity and reliance. We took the big step, but ...”

He stroked her hair, moving some strands from her face. “I’m not having any second doubts, Sharon. So, unless you are ...”

She raised up and turned quickly, half of her upper body on his chest, so she could look him in the eyes. “No! Not at all. It’s just ... you make me feel so happy and wanted and loved. I hope you feel the same way. To feel this way, again, ...”

He put a finger to her lips and smiled. “I know ... I feel it, too.”

Her hand slid down his body. “I’ve never been so bold before, Raul, but ...” She looked up at him, “Do I satisfy you?” She touched his limp cock. “Because I want to very much.”

He pulled her up his body to kiss and hug her. “You are an unbelievable woman. Never, ever, question that.” He searched her eyes, “Is this about Laura? Is this about having a naked goddess running around here? You’re not worried about a comparison ...” She shrugged. “Don’t. Laura is a stunning woman, yes. Confidentially, the three of us men have talked over beers during watching soccer matches and Hein has confided he still can’t believe she is here.” He smiled at her and hugged her closer. “I moved in with you for the reasons I stated before, Sharon. Nothing changed or will. I love you; you love me. We make each other happy. Besides, having that sex machine around here has certainly stimulated our sexual attitude.”

She wiggled into him, “Hmmmm ... it certainly has.” She looked up pensively, “Have you ever thought of what it would be like to be with her? Honestly.”

He smiled and he could feel her hand over his firming cock. “Sure ... but not in a one-on-one sort of way where we sneak off together.”

“By joining in their group activities, then.”

"With all this going on around here, haven't you wondered what it would be like to be with Hein or Chris?" She shyly nodded. "They are probably somewhere right now together. They aren't shy about using the main house, are they?"

"No, they aren't. If we wanted to ... if you really wanted to ... how would we ...?"

"We could just walk in naked."

She shook her head violently. "NO ... no, I couldn't do that without knowing they wanted me."

"I could talk with one of them ..."

She shook her head, again. "That just makes it awkward for them. What else could they say?"

She looked up and he knew she had something in that mind of hers. She told him and he leaped out of bed, put on shorts and a t-shirt and slipped out of the bedroom. He returned in minutes with a big, conspiratorial smile on his face and reported they were in the living room. She walked naked to him and stripped him out of his clothes, took his hand in hers and led him back out the door.

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I got up from the sofa and looked down at the two of them. Hein, Chris and I had another of our threesome evenings, which were beginning to seem like a regular occurrence for us. I certainly wasn't complaining. I love the attention of both of them and my body loves the attention their combined cocks, hands, and lips gave me. Hein and I had our opportunity for quieter, slower, more intimate loving in our bed. It truly was the situation I always dreamed of: two dogs, two men, being safe and secure in the activities, a professional life that challenged me, and people who care for and about me.

I stretched my arms high above me as I looked at them, their eyes traveling over my naked body stretched and exposed to them. Whether their cum was visible on my pussy lips or not, we all knew it was there. It was into the evening, but not late, yet. I asked them if they would like another drink. They agreed as long as I was going to. I nodded and turned to the bottle, but I deviated to the wall of windows, which was a habit of mine in this house. Naked and all this expanse of glass, what else would a blossoming exhibitionist be expected to do?

I glanced down to the yard at the back of the house and stopped when I thought I detected something out of place. Again, with the security at the gate, the distance from the city, the security system along the property lines, and the dogs, I didn't think it might be an intruder. But, that acceptance made the idea of something or someone being down there that much more intriguing. I cupped my hands to the window and peered down.

"Guys! Come here."

They were at my side, more curious than anything, everyone being as confident in the security as we could be. I suppose they were expecting to find a wandering deer or other animal.

Hein was to my left and looked out, but then cupped his hands to the glass, too. "What ... oh ... my ..."

Chris was more to the point, "Damn! Look at those two!"

Below us, naked on the grass was Sharon and Raul in the missionary position. They had been so

careful in the past, despite our knowing full well since they move into the same bedroom suite.

Still watching, I said, "It's a sign."

Chris said matter-of-factly, "A sign? I don't know about that, but it is something I never thought I would see from Sharon."

Hein pulled away and looked at me. "A sign ... what do you mean by a sign? A sign of what?"

"They want to join us! I'll bet anything that's it, they just didn't know how to let us know." They looked skeptical. Maybe I didn't blame them because they knew them when they weren't partners and when Sharon was the tight, disciplined matriarch of the house. I turned for the hallway, "Come on."

"Wait!" Hein was not convinced. "Where are you going?"

"Down there."

"NO! They'll be embarrassed, no ..."

I went back to them and took their hands and pulled them with me. The three of us naked and my intention was to take them outside where Sharon and Raul were. "Trust me. We're going to join them."

Raul was the first to notice us standing in a line between them and the house. Sharon's eyes were closed as he plowed into her. It wasn't until he stopped his motion, though, that her eyes opened and she followed his eyes behind her. She tilted her head back and found us, but her eyes moved to me. She smiled and raised a hand to give me/us an inverted wave. I smiled back her. I motioned with my head to them and she nodded.

I knelt beside her head and covered her mouth with mine, then I moved to Raul to kiss him as he renewed his motion of driving his cock into her. It was awkward, trying to kiss someone while he was in the midst of fucking the woman I revered. I glanced down and found Chris kissing her breast and sucking the nipple. Hein was next to her head, kissing her mouth and eyes. I saw his lips moving as they brushed next to the side of her head. When their eyes connected, again, I saw her lips form, "Thank you". Her eyes were glistening and her arm pulled his mouth back to hers.

Not much more happened that night, but it was a magnificent night for the house. One of our most magnificent, in fact.

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Hein stood toward the end of dinner and refilled everyone's wine glass, then took his place standing at his chair at the head of the table. He had our attention.

"I need to go back to the US and I was hoping you would join me. I was thinking about four weeks this time, which will make it worthwhile for everyone. I need about two weeks in various offices and locations, but then I was thinking we could take the yacht down into the islands of the Caribbean." He was smiling, and in return, he was greeted with enthusiastic nods from all of us. Then, he raised his glass out toward us, "A toast to the four of you." He indicated with his glass to each one of us. "To the four best people anyone could possibly have at their side. Thank you. Each one of you." We all took a sip from our glasses. He was still standing and looking pensively into his glass. I glanced around the table at the others. Chris shrugged as it remained quiet.

I looked up at him, "Hein? Are you okay?"

He seemed to be jolted back to the present from wherever he might have gone. He smiled at me, "Yes ... No ... I am more than okay. I am wonderful. I was lost in the realization, I guess. It has been something I have been thinking about ... how wonderful I feel these days. Do you know what I decided the reason for it was?" We watched him, waited for him. I don't think anyone dared to break his thinking and expression of it. "You. Each of you." He chuckled. He took his seat and chuckled, again. "Look at us ... how did we become what we are? I bought the mansion in Miami and needed someone to run the house. What did I know? Sharon has been mothering me ever since. For Miami Beach, the estate was extensive, so I hired someone to keep it looking presentable. Raul created a sanctuary where I could escape and be at peace. And, Chris ... what was it? Six guys?"

"There were only four, Hein."

"I thought I would walk from the office to the restaurant. It was a little late and the downtown was at that transition time, shifting from the business crowd to evening crowd. I don't know where those six guys came from and I sure as hell didn't know where you came from. In maybe a minute, those six were on the sidewalk, against a building or against the curb."

"There were only four, Hein."

"It would have been good enough to just be able to hire such a talented man. Instead, I got my best friend." I saw him wink at Chris and smile. "I'm sitting here counting and I think there might have been eight guys."

Chris shook his head and laughed. He made like he was going to get up, "If this is the way this is going, I may need a stronger drink."

Hein waved him down. "Relax ..." He turned to me. His eyes studied me and I blushed. I know I did. But, this was different. It wasn't my exposure to him that he was taking advantage of. It was as if he was looking through my eyes into my soul. "You ... Laura ... PET. What are the words I have for you?"

I dropped my eyes to the glass in my hands. I stole glances to the other three at the table. "Nothing." I said it with an awkward smile and downcast eyes, almost a murmur, though I could see the others heard it. I knew because they all turned to Hein for his response.

"You might be correct, my dear. I'm nearly at a loss for the words." The table was completely quiet. I stole another glance at the others and was surprised by what I found. All, even Chris, had big grins on their faces, twinkles in their eyes. When I looked back, I found his hand sliding across the table to me. I shifted my glass to my left hand and gave him my right. His hand slid over mine and my eyes came up to meet his. "I spent my life attaining power and control over businesses and industries. I dedicated myself to it. But, I wasn't really happy." He looked at Sharon.

"You weren't, Hein. I tried telling you ..."

He smiled at her. "Yes, you did ... my surrogate mother ... I didn't want to think about it, but you were right. Of course, you were." He looked down the table to Chris. "So, I came up with a fantasy. A woman strong and knowledgeable enough to stand up to me, argue with me, if I needed it. A woman confident enough to whisper advice to me at a critical moment. But ... I wanted more. A woman who was a sexual woman. A woman who was sexual because it was sex. A woman not afraid to cross boundaries of experience, to take a challenge and satisfy it ... in every sense of the word." He looked back into my eyes but spoke not to me. Odd. "What did I say about this fantasy woman?"

Chris answered without hesitation, "Impossible. She didn't exist. You'd never find her."

"I would never find you ... yet, here you are. But, you are not my fantasy woman." I cocked an eyebrow at him as if challenging that. "You are more than my fantasy, Laura. Much more. I ... I ..."

He glanced at the others and stopped. There was more. I knew there was. Instead, he shifted to the table and re-raised his glass, "I need you all, every one of you. I hope I never give you cause to want to leave."

It became awkwardly quiet, again. Nobody knew how to follow that. But, leave it to Chris to find a way. "Okay, enough of the syrupy, emotional stuff. Sharon, Raul, and I have been wondering what is in these wrapped packages since they arrived earlier today."

Hein laughed, got up and arranged the four items wrapped in heavy, brown paper. They were oddly shaped, all were about two feet by a foot and a half and comparatively thin. He made a small cut in the front of each, looked inside, and distributed each to one of us. He wanted them opened by Chris, Raul, Sharon, and finally me. As I held mine in my lap, I could tell it was a framed picture and assumed the others were, too.

The first was a beautiful framed photo of the back of the house at full night darkness with the interior light ablaze throughout. The photographer caught the expanse of the house, but also the lit landscape outside. The next was closer and focused on only the house. There was someone standing at the wall of glass in the living room. As the picture was passed around the table, they all looked at it and then at me with a smile. It was close enough that it was clear that I was in the grasp of a man who was leaning on the glass, my legs wrapped around his waist, my face over his right shoulder and my mouth opened in a gasp. My mouth dropped open as I looked at. It wasn't clear who the man was, but I suspected it was Chris. The third picture was even closer and it was obvious what I was doing. The man and I were silhouettes in the window, but we were both shown from the side. I was on my knees with my face in his crotch, only a small portion of his cock shown between him and my mouth.

I looked up at Hein, then glanced around the table. I held the last picture and I pulled the wrapping away from it with a bit of trepidation. As I suspected, it was even more blatant. It was a close-up from below. Clearly, the photographer was still outside and at ground level, but the details were clear and void of the silhouette effect of backlighting. I gazed at it with much less shock despite it blatant image after the progressive display of the previous images, which was obviously Hein's intent. In this picture, I was pressed up against the window, my eyes shut and my mouth gaping open, and my entire face displaying a moment of exquisite pleasure. The man behind me, pressing into me, was hidden by my head but it was obvious that we were fucking, my hands and breasts pressed into the glass.

I looked up at him as I handed the picture to Sharon across the table. "How ...?"

"Do you remember that night?" I nodded. There were many nights when we enjoyed ourselves in one of the lit rooms of the house and there were times when I insisted on being near the window for the erotic, exhibitionistic effect, but this one time it was Hein who insisted that we stay at the window. "Remember when I told you to keep your eyes closed?" I nodded, again. He had been quite insistent and it seemed odd at the time. Now I understood. "Remember ... as I fucked into you, your eyes must have slit open just a bit because you uttered 'lightning'."

I remembered vividly that night, now. I had fucked and sucked both of them in front of that window. My god ... he must have had a photographer outside recording the entire thing to capture these images. As if he were reading my thoughts, or perhaps the look on my face, "There are a lot more

images we can enjoy together, later.”

He explained how Sharon had captured us in the window before with her phone when she and Raul were sufficiently stimulated to become voyeurs one night. I looked over at Sharon and Raul. Sharon was blushing but was enjoying the look on my face. Hein took that idea and arranged for a photographer to be waiting. He shared that the photographer was curious how he could be so sure that it would happen and that I would be willing to be so exposed in front of the window.

He turned to looked at me with a big smile. “I simply told him he didn’t know my Laura.”

He said he would have them hung around the house, but the two most obvious ones would be hung in our bedroom suite.

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## **PART II: DISCOVERY**

### **CHAPTER THIRTEEN: MIAMI**

“Now this is interesting ...”

The five of us were relaxing by the pool enjoying a tropical drink concoction Chris was experimenting with. It was fruitier than I preferred, but it was certainly strong. I suspected the main ingredient was rum. After the long flight to Miami, then putting our belongs away in our rooms and a quick run-through the house and property, we were all ready for relaxing. I talked everyone into some time in the pool, even if I was still the only one doing so naked. I was making headway, though. While in the privacy of our own company, I had Hein and Chris talked into doing away with swimwear having long legs and opting for speedos. They were both in good shape and looked good in them. The next step would be naked. I suppose they were covering up for Sharon’s comfort, though. Maybe I needed to work on her first.

Hein had his phone out checking last minute emails before his meetings started the next day. I was on the tablet verifying his scheduled meetings and locations. I was satisfied with the schedules and was putting the tablet to the side to focus on trying to figure out what Chris had mixed together in these drinks ... besides the rum.

We must have all assumed the same thing, that it was some business email regarding something coming up because we all gave his comment no recognition or an absent-minded one like mine.

“What is?” I was more interested in sipping the drinking and using lips, tongue, and mouth to investigate the contents, not wanting to give Chris the satisfaction of outright asking him. It had become one of our games as he played creative bartender.

Hein ignored our lack of apparent interest but knew he would get our attention. “A personal email from Meike Hendriksen.” That did get our attention and our eyes were on him. “She expresses her appreciation to the whole group for hosting the evenings and especially, to quote her, ‘That stunning package of pure sexuality. Her exhibitions have left Stefan and me frantic to attack each other once home.’” He smiled as he looked up at us, winking at me. “She goes on but ends with a question for Laura regarding future evenings. She wonders if Laura has tried other animals and, if so, if that might be a possibility sometime.”

Sharon, sitting next to me, reached over and touched my arm. “Dogs are the only animals you’ve ever tried, aren’t they?”

I turned to her and winked, "Well, no, there have been men ..." She giggled while looking over at the others.

Chris was not to be deterred, though. "Funny. But, at least, we follow directions well." I thought he might be hurt before seeing the smile forcing the ends of his mouth upward. "Okay, but, in seriousness, have you thought about it? They would probably have to be farm animals, right?"

Hein interrupted, "This is completely up to you, Laura. You know I will support whatever you decide or desire. You'll get no pressure from us, but ... that would be hot."

I looked at him, then Chris and back to Hein, "I'm wondering about something ... I always thought of Amsterdam as being this hotbed of sexual availability with prostitutes and live sex shows in clubs. And, doesn't Germany have clubs and bars with bestial sex shows?"

"You're wondering why they don't just go to those places?" I nodded. "Multiple reasons. First, as you have pointed out, it is far sexier and stimulating to see a willing, non-professional woman being fucked than someone who is paid or being forced. Second, their image. How would it be for them to be seen frequenting one of those places?"

"That's the reason we've never gone to one in Amsterdam?" He nodded and looked at Chris. I wondered if he had gone by himself, but decided to let it ride unless he chose to share with me. "What about German clubs, though?"

He smiled, again glancing at Chris. "We can talk about anything if you are interested. But, back to Meike's question, have you thought about other animals? How should I respond?"

I thought for a moment and just then Max decided to add his two-cents by approaching me and licking my left breast and working his way down to my hip. He licked my abdomen, but my legs were crossed and that was as close as he was getting to his intended target. I smiled down as the big head sought my pussy in vain.

"It isn't as if I don't have enough male attention, already, but it has occurred to me, yes. Mostly because of a certain woman I met only a short time before all this started." I put my hand on Max's huge head as his snout and tongue continue to probe at the junction of my closed thighs, a soft, frustrated whine escaping from his throat. I glanced at Sharon to find her eyes on Max's attention, too. Since she and Raul had opened up with us, I had mused when she might express interest in experimenting with Max or Axel. In that relatively short time, it had yet to happen. But, her interest and enjoyment at being nearby to witness my experience with them was very obvious. She reached out her hand and touched my arm lightly. She looked up and nodded to me, a silent expression of a desire to see the animal enjoy me once more. I nodded back to her with a smile, then opened my thighs as far as the chair would allow. Max scrambled around to be in front of me, his tongue immediately finding my exposed pussy.

I dropped my head back at the first contact, my eyelids fluttering between closed and open. A soft expression of satisfaction escaped my lips, "Aaaaaaaa ..."

"Laura? Laura ..." I opened my eyes at my name and found all watching intently as I so quickly relaxed into allowing myself to be pleased in front of them. I found Hein who was smiling with delight, "Stay as you are, but ..."

I smiled and my body fully relaxed to enjoy the sensations the tongue was giving me as they watched. "Yes ... sorry ... mmmmmmm ... Meike ... question ... animals ... yes ..."

"You want me to respond with 'yes'?"

"Yes ... no ... I mean ... mmmmmm ... I mean ... let me make a phone call and talk to Samantha ... I might want to go to Tucson ..."

My eyes were closed and my attention was fading, but I heard his chuckle, "Of course. There is time before we go cruising into the islands."

I felt hands taking my legs and draping my knees over the armrests of the chair, fully opening my crotch to the attentions of Max who quickly took advantage. I slit my eyes to give whoever it was a smile in thanks and was very surprised to find it was Sharon and Raul. My eyes opened in recognition and she smiled down at me, her and his hands moving to my knees and shoulders.

"You are so beautiful like this Laura. You are so open and honest about your pleasure, both in giving it and receiving it."

I smiled up at her, turning my attention from her to Raul and back. This was the first time they, either of them, had taken a step to initiate a sexual situation for me. Then, Hein appeared in front of me behind the brute dog lapping at my drooling pussy. I was suddenly on fire with this new attention while Max attended to my pussy, his tongue swiping along, into, and over my pussy and clit. My eyes closed, again, as the wide, long tongue worked its magic and quickly turned me into a seething mass of arousal.

Hein's words brought my attention back to those around me ... but barely as the start of an orgasm rose within me. "We should put her down on cushions for our enjoyment before the dogs do."

I smiled in the satisfaction of my life. I was promised opportunities to sexual encounters, situations, and opportunities. That was one of the basic tenets of our relationship from the start and he has been good to his word. My eyes reclosed as they discussed how I might be used for their and my own pleasure, but the words that broke through to me as I thought they were allowing Max to bring me to a climax with his tongue.

It was Hein's voice followed by Sharon's. "... you both are ready to participate?"

"Yes."

"You're sure, dear. It wasn't pressure, just an offer."

I slit my eyes to look. Offer for what? Sharon and Raul? What are they ready for? Hein was hugging Sharon and Raul was smiling down at me. I felt strong hands on my arm, encouraging me up, causing the dog to stop his wonderful lapping at my pussy. I was so close and now that tongue was gone. But something else was happening. My mind was just not fully making the proper connections in my lust haze. Whatever it was, though, it would be good and I wanted it. I no longer doubted the intentions of these people for me.

Chris was supporting me as I staggered to my feet. I was held in place and was suddenly covered with hands on my naked and aroused body. I looked down in my haze and followed the arms from the hands to the person. I was surprised and pleased to find both Sharon and Raul touching, stroking, and fondling my breasts and groin. I smiled at them, then leaned to Sharon who leaned into me and we kissed ... on the lips. I looked into her eyes and saw them smile but I also saw a fire burning in them. Our second kiss was longer, harder, and intense with desire. She broke the kiss and turned me to Raul who duplicated the actions with similar intensity.

As I kissed Raul like a lover, not like a dear friend, Sharon leaned into me and whispered into my ear, "We are going to be with you, Laura. We want to experience your body and love."

I smiled at her as Chris led me to cushions arranged on the patio ground. I lay on my back as Chris positioned me and looked up at the four of them, my legs spread wide with one hand fondling a breast and the other between those legs. For a moment, none of them moved, they just watched me as I touched my own body. Whatever my face might have been showing, my mind was screaming for someone to do something, for someone to put something into my burning pussy.

It was Sharon and Raul who moved. The two of them standing at my feet with Hein and Chris at my sides. Sharon's hands moved to her coverup and began untying it, quickly followed by Raul who pulled his t-shirt up his body and over his head. Once he started there was an eagerness about Raul that seemed to propel him. He kicked off his sandals and untied the string at the waist and loosened his shorts, which soon dropped to the ground. His cock was already hard.

I looked over to Sharon. While I was watching for the exposure of Raul's cock, Sharon was pulling down the straps of her one-piece suit. Her hands fumbled as she pushed the garment down, exposing her large breasts. She smiled at me, but her eyes flitted to her sides, nervous at being exposed before the other men for the first time under a blazing sun. She hesitated for only a few moments, then pushed the suit down her legs and letting it drop to the ground. I looked at her crotch and smiled up at her. She was clean of hair like I was. She had asked me about why I was. Apparently, she decided it was a good encouragement for Raul to tongue and mouth her, too.

I reached my arms up to them, wondering what they were intending for the three of us. Raul moved between my legs and Sharon moved to my head. They both knelt, Raul moving his hard cock to my pussy while Sharon lowered her face to mine. "Thank you, Laura."

I smiled at her, our faces only inches apart. "For what? This?"

She looked at Raul's face, then down my body as his cock touched my pussy lips and found the entrance to my body. I gasped as he slowly and gently entered my pussy. "Not just this ... for everything. You have changed the way he and I look at ourselves, how we express our love, how we want to share that love, and how we want to experience the love of all of us. You encouraged these two old people to feel like horny kids."

I put my arms around her neck, her boyfriend sliding his cock in and out of my wet pussy. "In that case, you are very welcome. What are you going to do with me?"

She didn't verbally give her intentions. She swung her left leg over my head and aligned herself over my face. I pulled her hips down, my tongue penetrating her pussy. The two of them came together as they kissed above me, one in my pussy, the other over my mouth. I was already ready to climax. Their quick response might have been their first time with me; it might have been their first time in the group under the watchful gaze of Hein and Chris. It was, however, something I hoped to enjoy many more times in the future.

As the sunset approached on the horizon beyond the city across the bay to the west, Chris and Hien smoothly moved me from the entangle bodies with Raul and Sharon to entangle me into their own combination. Chris help me up on wobbly legs as Hein lay on the cushions. I was assisted back down with Hein's cock penetrating my pussy. I motioned Chris to me, wanting to suck him while I was fucked by Hein, but, curiously, he refused. Then, I discovered why. Chris assisted me off Hein, turned me around so my back was to Hein and eased back down, this time Hein was not targeting my pussy, but my asshole. The secretions and Raul's semen from my pussy provided sufficient

lubrication and gravity provided sufficient force to open my tight opening to his hard cock. After the two of us worked to achieve that goal, Hein eased me back onto his chest and I saw Chris approaching between my open legs.

Double penetration was certainly not a new position for us, having experimented and used several variations in the past. I put my arms out to Chris and wrapped myself around him as he forced his cock into my constricted pussy. The two chambers, separated by a single, thin membrane, influencing what happens in the other. With my asshole already filled, the available room in my pussy was initially constrained, but that was only initially. As the two men began moving, clumsily at first, my body and those two chambers quickly responded. Soon, the three of us were in the throes of another wild ride. There was little for me to do, but to be on the receiving end of their efforts. Hein's ability to move was greatly restricted by his position and weight of us on top him, but the motion of Chris' cock in the adjoining chamber and my body tightening around him with the stimulation I received was plenty to increase his arousal.

My orgasm was, again, before theirs. I was limp between them at the end of an orgasm when Chris drove into me deep and hard. I was clutching to him, my arms around his neck, my legs splayed out, lifeless except for occasional twitching and shudders from my orgasm.

After Chris' climax, dumping another load of semen into my pussy, he quickly exited, knowing from past times that I could best assist the other to a climax with only one cock inside me. Free to now focus on Hein in my ass, I used my legs and arms to raise my butt off him slightly, the two of us using that freedom to move jointly. In only moments, I felt him spasm, swell, and jerk inside me followed quickly by his semen. We lay exhausted, his cock still firmly embedded inside me, his arms around my body holding me firmly and lovingly to him. He eased me to the side and his cock eased slowly out of my asshole bringing a string of cum with it. I rolled back to him, trapping him with my body. A trap he didn't appear to mind being in at all.

After a final kiss before rolling apart, Chris was ready to assist us to our feet from the ground. Sharon and Raul were standing nearby with drinks for us. We stood in a tight group and I could feel the fluids from our activities leaking from my two openings but was distracted from that feeling by Hein. I saw his free hand go around Sharon and moved mine around Raul. Hein put his glass out into the center of the group and we all touch in a salute.

"Once again, you four find ways to make life together increasingly rewarding and comfortable. Sharon and Raul, we welcome you into our debauchery."

The five of us clinked our glasses, sipped, and laughed. Whatever tentativeness and awkwardness there was previously about mutual nudity evaporated that night. Which wasn't to say the others began roaming the house or property naked like me. They didn't. That was my role. But, when the situation was right, there was little hesitation or timidity remaining.

With the long flight and our activities of the evening, fatigue set in for everyone. Hein and Chris needed to be up and attending to business in the morning as usual. Before we broke up, though, Hein was noticing something that I had missed. Perhaps it was my own fatigue, but the two dogs were quietly lying at the perimeter of our activity, but as we began moving to close the night, they perked up in their attention. Hein noticed and it was not lost on him.

As Sharon and Raul collected the glasses and bottles and Chris pulled up all the discarded pool towels and dumped them in the basket, Hein approached me with his arm around my waist.

"There are two males appearing to be left out." I looked around, remembering suddenly how all this

had begun in the first place with Max licking at my pussy in front of and encouraged by the others. I smiled. "Perhaps, if you feel up to it, this should be a kennel night?"

I was fatigued, there was no question about it, but at the mention of it, my body instantly reacted and tingled anew with anticipation. I was not required for any business reasons tomorrow and my mind quickly moved to rationalizing that I could rest or sleep in the morning. I smiled and he must have felt the change in my body as he turned me and took me in his arms.

"You know, I miss you at night when we are separated. I was used to be alone, but you have changed that. I like to have you next to me, especially at night." I kissed him and my hands roamed his naked body. "But, knowing you are out here with the dogs ... I will have some very erotic dreams ..." I held onto to him, almost as if I didn't want to let him go. It had nothing to do with going with the dogs, that would be wonderful, if not tiring. I didn't identify the feeling and there was something in me that was not seeking to identify it. I looked into his eyes and looked deeply into them. He looked at me quizzically but I simply returned a smile and kissed him, again, then walked to the dogs who stood up quickly at my approach. I sensed that he hadn't moved and was watching me. I wondered as I entered the kennel behind the dogs if his softly expressed words weren't somehow vaguely surrounding some feelings of his own he was not yet ready to identify or express openly.

I stood still inside the kennel, the dogs having jumped onto their beds and very attentively and expectantly watching me as I stood listening to the quiet outside in the yard and patio area. It was several moments later before I heard the sliding door open and Chris' voice carry out.

"Hein, is everything okay?"

There was a pause, long enough that I was sure Chris might have begun to wonder, before the response. "Yes ... just ... .. never mind ..." They spoke softly before the door closed.

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As Hein came close to Chris and the door, Chris quietly spoke out with a familiarity that only a best friend would attempt. "Hein, you know what you are feeling."

"Chris", spoken in a voice intent on stopping him.

"No, you know ... you should say something."

He looked slightly up into the face of his best friend, the one man he could truly confide in about anything. Besides just always being available, Chris had saved his life in Central America and averted other encounters by his mere presence and selfless defiance. Chris never asked for anything, never expected anything. Simply put, he was a soldier and when they met that night in Central America, he was a soldier that had become disillusioned by governments. After they accepted each other, more than the soldier, Hein appreciated the man who was the soldier. So, he stood just inside the closed door and allowed him to push his concern back onto him. He was the only one so far who would.

"It has been ... so fast ..."

Chris put both of his strong hands on his boss' shoulders, causing the man to look up. "Only because you never allowed it before ... only because you didn't expect it now."

Hein's words came from a downcast face, "Perhaps. But ... is it okay if I'm scared? If I feel a need to get comfortable with this?"

Chris laughed hard. The outburst was enough to surprise Hein, but as Chris backed up to head off to bed, his words carried all the weight of caution before entering a dangerous situation. "Only a fool wouldn't be at least somewhat scared, Hein. And, don't fool yourself into thinking you can truly get too comfortable in the feeling. Not that I am anything of an expert, but I don't think that is what those feelings are about."

For all the power and control he routinely wielded in his world, those words did not help to ease his feeling of unease.

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I stood just inside the kennel before the two dogs who I knew so very well and who knew me so very well in both attitude and physical. Being naked before them and the scent from my body being strong, they understood they didn't need to be hesitant in their approach to me. And, they weren't. I stood before them with my legs slightly parted and waited, but I didn't have to for long. They moved to me with the confidence and intention signifying a well-practiced familiarity. As one drove his swiping tongue over my pussy, the other swiped my ass. I knew both were filled with cum from the men and the resulting scent would be unmistakable to the dogs. They had been nearby observers, though, during the activities with the others. They had watched intently as I was taken by the four others in different ways. Now was their turn and they also understood that. As significantly, I understood it, as well.

I bent over to reach underneath Axel in front of me. I slid my hand along his belly and found his cock tip well outside his sheath. I quickly debated with myself: I always enjoy sucking cock whether it man or canine so do I suck cock, first, or move right into fucking? Normally, as I settled into mating with the dogs, I like to approach them in the same way I might a man. I like to spend time sucking and teasing their bodies and cocks, even if they are exposed, already. A night like this, though, can be different for me. A night like this, I find myself highly charged and impatient to continue with the fucking. I have been well fucked already and the desire is still high knowing what I am going to do with the dogs. Although my mind thinks about sucking cock, my body is only wanting to be mounted.

I didn't hesitate further. I got down into position on the matted floor near the beds and was not surprised when I felt Max' body land on my back. I was less surprised at the brutal penetration of his cock as it slid across my guiding hand, grazed off the side of my pussy lips and plunged into my opening. I shuddered at the force and change of the experience after the men, then arched my back into him, raising his body slightly, and changing the angle of penetration as his motion quickly changed from adjusting to being in me and aligning our position to his frantic attack on my pussy, his cock sliding in and out of my clamping pussy as if he were possessed.

My pussy was already well lubricated from the semen of two men and the continual release of pre-cum from his cock only increased that. He pounded into me and I found my head and chest collapsed on the floor as hot breath panted into my neck and shoulder. I was holding on with every fiber of my body. I was ready to climax when I felt his knot against my lips, but I put my focus and attention on assisting him to enter me, diverting my mind to a task and delaying the mounting orgasm building and teetering just at the peak. When his knot broke through my constricting lips and plunged further into me, I did explode, my body quaking and my mouth opened in a silent cry.

As his cock emptied his seed into my pussy, my mind was blank and my body was a receptacle for this beast, merely a bitch with the feeling of being inseminated by her mate. The sensation was strong and overwhelming. So much so, that when my body began recovering, my mind still only reacted to the role of being the bitch. I patted the surface in front of me, mumbling Axel's name. He came and stood over me, his cock hanging out of his sheath nearly completely. I raised my head and

his body moved over me, Max having already turned to be ass-to-ass with me. I rotated my head underneath him and took his cock into my mouth. He shifted over me, moving more of his cock into my mouth, more and deeper. This still felt new ... and chilling. I still had a knot and cock locked in my pussy and now I had a cock being driven into my mouth. This was not any kind of comfortable cock sucking. This was a face fucking and his cock tip repeatedly found the entrance to my throat. At the same time, I felt the tip of his cock entering my throat, I felt Max testing the tie, pulling on me and bumping my g-spot. As I opened my mouth wider in a gasp coming from the combination of the two sensations, my mouth lips felt the forming of the knot on Axel's cock. I gasped and grunted as my teeth were jammed against the forming knot at my mouth and I cried out, muffled as it was, as a small orgasm racked my body. My g-spot was somehow in near constant abuse from the knot in my pussy and the other cock was routinely driven into my throat.

I pulled away from Axel's cock and dropped my head, saliva and pre-cum running from my mouth. I looked up and found a fully erect cock complete with formed knot bobbing alongside my head. As Max pulled his cock out of me, Axel was at my ass, gave it only one lick and leaped onto my back. I barely got my hand back to guide him when I was being jabbed by the red, bony rod that was his cock. The penetration was even more abrupt, dominating, and powerful than the previous one. My body shivered, again, another orgasm already building from the embers of the previous ones.

I felt completely dominated and used and controlled. I was being held in place and attacked, the cock flying into me and his already formed knot banging against my opening. I focused my mind only on my pussy. I willed it to expand its mouth, my real mouth even opening wide as if giving it a visualization. When the knot passed through, I cried out, shouting my joy and pleasure and encouragement for the dog to take me and make me his, to seed me and turn me into a bitch.

The words coming out of my mouth were somewhat shocking, but the intensity and feeling of them were not forced, they were my feelings. Later, recovering, my mind would subconsciously work on it. It was a series of stimuli, all pushing me to greater heights of sensation and arousal. The 'family' coming together finally in common and open activity; the suggestion of other animals I should mate with; the dogs, but more than just the dogs, that I had throated a cock. I had never managed or tried very hard to deepthroat one of the men, much less a canine. It all became overwhelming and powerful in the experience.

The dogs outdid themselves that night. The sleep I managed to get was fitful and intermittent, captured between moments of being mounted. Several times as I was again being encouraged by one of them to rise to my knees, I found myself on the matted floor, never managing to even crawl to the middle bed that was mine for these nights.

When morning came, I was being prodded and pawed, once again. I crawled, literally, out of the bed and knelt on the floor with my head on the mat, resigned to another mounting. Instead, my ass, hip, side, and face was being licked. They wanted to eat.

After taking care of the dogs' morning needs, I stumbled and shuffled my way to the sliding door at the dinette area. I purposely avoided looking at the glass door as I approached, not wanting to see my image, not at all confident of what it might present.

At the sound of the door sliding open, Sharon turned from the kitchen counter where she was finishing cleaning up from everyone's breakfast. "Oh, dear, you look awful."

I glanced at her as I plopped into a chair at the table, "Thanks, I needed a pick-me-up to get my day going ..."

She came to me with a large glass of orange juice, sat next to me, and took my free hand. "Sorry ... but you really do look like you didn't sleep last night."

I sighed after drinking half of the glass and placing it on the table. "Oh ... I did. Maybe five times for about a half hour each." I looked around the kitchen. "I could really use some coffee ..."

She patted my arm, not getting up. "What you really need is to take a shower and crawl into bed for a few hours."

She studied me, I could tell without looking up. "What?"

I finally looked up at her. Her elbow was on the table, her chin supported in the palm of her hand. Her eyes were squinted as if that might help her discern something from looking at me as her eyes moved from my face down my naked and tired body. A smile came across her face. A smile of the same mischievous that was in her eyes as well as across her mouth. "How many times?"

I looked at her and marveled at how she was changing. Despite the number of times she has glimpsed or fully watched me with the dogs, she has never before ventured into a discussion about it. I gave her a smile, "Five times."

She straightened up, "Five? Over the night? That doesn't seem ..."

I put up a hand to stop her, my smile getting bigger as I rolled my neck. "No ... five times each ..."

"Oh, my ..." She stood up, took me by the shoulders and help me up. "I'm going to take you to the shower. Then, I want you to get into bed and not get out for at least two hours. Understood?"

I patted her hand on my shoulder, "Yes, ma'am."

It turned out to be more than three hours. Feeling refreshed, I dressed in my uniform after much deliberation ... white PET choker, white lace garter belt and stocking, and heels. The all-white seemed a delicious counterpoint to the activities of the past night.

Downstairs, I decided to follow the south wing to the home office where I was delighted to find a carafe, my favorite mug, and a still warm blueberry muffin. I checked a few Koningh Group emails, then switched to my personal ones. I didn't get many of those, but I was following several authors who sent out informational messages about their upcoming books and appearances. There I found a forwarded message from Hein, but originating from Meike Hendriksen. All Hein added to the message was a reminder not to forget that call I wanted to make.

As I moved around the house dressed like I often was, I would have the phone either in the elastic of my stay-up stockings or in the garter belt at my hip as I was today.

I punched the contact I was looking for and waited. Living on a ranch, I could easily get an answering message, but not this time.

"Samantha, this is Laura Cariston. We met ..."

"At Carol and Bob's before that swinger party. I remember. They called you LauraC, right?"

I chuckled. "You have a good memory after this time."

"Oh no, I don't think that is the case as much as you being very memorable. So, dear, what can I do for you? There must be something for you to call out of the blue."

I laughed. "There is, actually. I hope I am not being presumptuous in even asking, but I remembered you indicating that dogs weren't the only animals you enjoyed. It was just something added to a comment, but it stuck with me."

Now she laughed. "Very true. So, now you want to branch out into other animals?"

"Someone suggested it. I never thought about it, but now I am curious. I was hoping you might instruct me like you did with your dog. If possible, as soon as possible."

I could hear her covering the phone and some muffled talking. "I can't wait to see you again, Laura. Now, you said someone suggested it?"

I chuckled, "I'll explain. It's quite a story."

"It sounds like it. Carol said you moved to Miami suddenly, but it was all very mysterious. I can't wait to hear it. Fly into Tucson International and I will pick you up."

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Albert stood looking at Samantha. "We are having a visitor?"

"Sounds like it. Remember that woman I met at Carol and Bob's?"

He thought for a minute, "Laura? You introduced her to canine, then you both participated in that swinger party."

"A memory like a steel trap. Yes, she wants me to introduce her to some other animals. Something about it being a request for her." She shrugged her shoulders.

Albert smiled, "Are you going to introduce her to a Bear and Wolf, too?"

She smiled back, "I think they would all enjoy that, don't you?"

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## **CHAPTER FOURTEEN: HELP FROM SAMANTHA & ALBERT**

I told Hein I wanted to fly commercial to meet with Samantha. He argued but ultimately relented understanding my concern of not wanting to appear to have a personal jet for my purposes. And, we had the time.

I was transferring in Dallas to connect with the flight into Tucson. My limited commercial flying experience didn't prepare me for the chaos the DFW airport can become when the weather turns into thunderstorms. We landed fine but there was significant turbulence that a seasoned flier into DFW might have considered a harbinger of what might come. To me, though, it only meant holding onto the armrests of my first-class seat with death grips.

Like half of the rest of the plane without an app to tell me what gate to go to next, I sought a bank of flight information screens. My flight from Miami arrived in Terminal E and my short flight to Tucson leaving from Terminal B. According to the airport map, those were the two furthest apart terminals. But, I wasn't in a hurry as the connection time was considerable ... and about to become more as lightning and thunder surrounded the airport.

I was attracting a lot of attention, but I also knew that was Chris' intention when he offered his

assistance in selecting my travel outfit. My black, form-fitting leggings were topped with a loose black ribbed cami crop top that exposed my midriff. My black outfit was matched with black strap heels (4 " inches, of course) and large dark sunglasses with my long hair loose and hanging down my back.

I stood in front of the gate where my next flight was leaving from only to find a large crowd grumbling at what the flight information screen was telling us. The weather was causing delays. As I stood at the back of the crowd, watching the chaos and weighing my options in the crowded gate area, one man after another tried hitting on me in casual or obvious ways. From behind me and across the walkway, I heard repeated snickering and a final laugh when I had to be particularly confrontational with a middle-aged businessman who had perhaps spent too much time between flights in one of the bars.

I turned around to find the source of the bemusement, scanning the people until I found a woman in her mid-30's abruptly looking away but her eyes continuing to flutter back to me. I walked directly over to her and stood against the wall next to her.

I ventured a simple exclamation, "Some men ..."

She turned her head to me. Even if I was attempting to keep my face neutral, from the side she could see behind my large glasses my eyes reflected amusement. She was attractive, but she seemed to be downplaying her looks. It reminded me of my past when I felt it important to reflect my professionalism over my looks. Her hair was cut short, her outfit a business pantsuit, though it fit her body very well. Her jewelry was minimal with a stud in each ear. Her shoes were very low heels.

I softly spoke to her. "I didn't mean to attract attention, but ..." I sighed, "Why do some men think we are around just for them to hit on?"

She chuckled, "You did a great job of saving the rest of us."

I looked at her quizzically, then, "We're going to be stuck here for a while. Could I buy you a drink?"

After sitting down and getting our drinks at the bar closest to the gate, she explained her comment. After establishing that I wasn't a model or actress or anyone 'important', she shook her head while looking down at her drink. Then, raising her eyes to mine, my glasses now on the table next to me, and she explained. "You are exceedingly attractive and apparently very confident and natural with it. I would suspect your looks and how you express it is just something that is part of your life. In fact, your very expression of your looks might be a part of who you now are. If it wasn't always that way, you have become very comfortable in exuding your looks, even sexuality. Am I wrong?" After some reflection, I smiled and shook my head. It, of course, wasn't always that way, but I could see how everything about my appearance now would reflect that.

I looked at her, seeing her eyes watching me. "It wasn't always this way for me, either. But ... yes, now I have been released to express myself."

She laughed, "Well, you certainly do express yourself. You are like a human force of nature." I cocked my head and furrowed my eyebrows reflecting my curiosity. "You might not even realize what you are doing ... you probably don't. I was watching down the walkway when you happened to be coming. Through the crowded mass of bodies there seemed to be a parting of them and there you were, a stunning, dark, tight body strutting directly toward me. Let me tell you, as a woman, lots of women try to perfect the sway at some point in their lives, but few get the sway that you had in spades. It was like Moses parting the Red Sea, like an icebreaker splitting a shelf of ice, both men and women watching you approach and go by. Heck, even your sandal heels slapping the floor as if

teaching it a lesson.”

I was embarrassed by her observations. On the other hand, it also seemed to reinforce to me how much was trapped within me and now was released.

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“Oh, my ... you weren’t kidding when you said you lived on a small ranch.”

We were standing in the yard at the house and barn after the long drive on the increasingly remote and dusty roads leading into the property. Albert was taking my bag into the house as we lingered behind.

“No, I wasn’t kidding”, she replied with a hearty laugh. “We have ranch animals and some farm animals. Wait until you try the goat milk.” The look on my face must have said more than I wanted. She laughed, again. “Seriously, it is really good and low in fat.”

I looked around and spotted more small building and pens scattered around the yard. “So ... you have goats. What else?”

She smiled at me and quickly connected the reason for my visit. “Yes, well ... for your interest we have, besides the goats, some hogs. Then there are horses.” I looked aghast. “No, not to fuck. I haven’t worked up the nerve for that, either. But, if you haven’t seen their erect cocks ... handling them is fun even if just to jack them off.”

“She has managed a donkey a few times, though.” I turned to find Albert returning with three cold beers, handing one to each of us. He held his bottle out and we touched bottles. “Welcome to our little corner of the wild west, Laura.”

I looked around at the openness and the mountains. “This really has the impression of the west, for sure.” I looked at Samantha, “So ... donkey?”

She laughed and poked Albert. “Yes, but we don’t have one. I had to visit a farmer’s place that seems even more remote than this.” I looked at her and shook my head, not quite fathoming that possibility.

Albert indicated for me to lead the way into the ranch-style house. Behind me, I couldn’t quite hear a short conversation between them. Albert held Samantha back a few steps, “What about Bear and Wolf?”

She smiled as her eyes took in my form in the tight outfit ahead of them, “Unless she has changed, they will very much be welcome to join us.”

I was settling into a spare bedroom when Samantha appeared at the open door. She had indicated that I should make myself comfortable and not worry about formalities around them ... their house was mine during the visit. I had my case open and deciding what combination of shorts and tops to change into. I looked up just about the time I was wondering if I should close the door before changing, struggling to remember if she had said anything in our only meeting. She had changed into a simple, formless, sleeveless dress that hung to just above her knees. In her hand was another one.

She did a twirl in the door and laughed at herself. “Not very stylish, but I have found these to be very practical.” She stepped to me and handed me the other dress. “I tried naked when I first came

here but found it difficult. Although there is certainly enough privacy, working around the animals, hay, feed and the brutal sun and dirt I found a light covering was best. These," she touched the shapeless fabric around her, "breath well, provide good circulation, and are easy." She looked intently into my eyes with the next words that told me all I needed about their lifestyle. "And, if Harley the dog or Albert decides they want me, it can be raised over my hips or slipped off easily."

I took the other dress, looked at it in my hands and for a moment mused about what the others in the household might think about seeing me in such a dress and smiled. I looked at the open door, but she didn't seem concerned so I pulled my clothes off and slipped into the dress, buttoning it partially up similar to the amount hers was buttoned, which was to say only about half the buttons. While I was naked and slipping my arms into the dress, Albert stopped in the doorway and smiled.

As she led me out into the house for a large glass of ice water, hydration I was told was critical, she asked, "Albert watching wasn't a problem?"

I chuckled, "Nudity and exhibitionism are part of my life. I love being naked, even outside when it is possible. It's the way you are, too?"

"Very much so. Normally, inside the house and casually outside, I am naked. I thought I would show you around and give you a chance to get acclimated." I smiled.

The next day, she didn't waste much time in getting into the reason for my visit. She had taken me around the yard to show me the goats, hogs, chickens, and horses, then we stood in the back and she swept her hand across the space in front of us to illustrate their property. She asked if I rode horses and I confided that I hadn't much, but I was very interested in doing it. She had smiled and squeezed my hand, "We'll do it naked, then. There is nothing like the feeling of being naked outside and far from your clothes." I tingled just from the thought.

She stood in the yard in the general area of the pens, "So ... how do you want to do this?"

I looked around, then back to her, "It's that simple? Just do it?"

She chuckled, "I felt the same way. But, the first time with the goat I wasn't given a choice. I was going through a phase of being very submissive." She walked me over to the goat pen and we stood outside. "They are animals and they mate like dogs do. They will get onto your back, find your opening and fuck you. The penis is different, the action will be different, the feel and smell will be different." She watched me watching the goats in the pen. "Intriguing, is it not? You think nothing of being mated by a dog and this seems somehow very different." I nodded, my eyes staying on the animals. It did not escape me, though, that I could feel my body reacting at the thought of the animal I was watching being on top of me. My body tingled and my juices began to prepare for the action.

She could see it on me, too. "Are you ready for your first farm animal, Laura? I can see that you are. Your breathing has quickened; your eyes are not moving from the animal; you cannot keep your body still, and your hands are stroking your thighs. Strip off the dress, Laura. Do this now."

I thought I was ready to mate with the animal before, but now ... she had me very primed. At her mere suggestion, my fingers began working the buttons of the dress until it was gaping open. I shrugged the dress off my shoulders and let it drop to the ground.

I looked for Samantha and found her standing at the gate, holding it open for me. She too was naked. Whether she was going to be participating or not, I knew nudity was not an issue of concern for her. I watched as she shooed the other animals into the shed and shut the door on them, leaving one ram in the pen with us. She gave me a quick review of what to expect from the ram, including

what his penis would look and feel like. Then, she stepped aside.

A moment of trepidation passed over me, but I resolved that I could only do what I knew and was comfortable doing. It was who I was and how I was in the mating. All my mating followed the same process, a process I learned from this woman, so I proceeded with that resolve to be true to myself ... and her.

I knelt on the ground, petting the animal around its head and flanks, gaining my own comfort with the animal and allowing it to gain comfort with me. I knew this animal had mated with Samantha so there was less concern with it knowing what to do, but more about my own comfort with what I was about to perform. I moved to stroking his underside and onto his belly, his head jerking to the side to look at what I was doing. But, he didn't move away, attesting to his familiarity from Samantha. I lowered my head and reached underneath him. I licked the tip of his cock, sucked on it as it grew out with my coaxing.

It wasn't long before I made the decision to take the final step, assuming that his now exposed cock was an indication of his readiness. I moved to my hands and knees, just the way I would need to be if this mounting would be like a dog's. The animal was slower in understanding, so I encouraged him, taking hold of the fur around his neck and pulling (encouraging) him up to my ass. He caught the scent from me, sniffed, and jumped onto my back soon after. I guided him inside my pussy and heard murmurs that had to be Samantha. When I took the moment necessary to look up, though, I also found Albert standing outside the pen at the fence.

I moaned at the initial penetration and sighed as he drove further into me. I didn't find the goat to be as stimulating as the dogs, which were larger in size. The arousal I felt must have had as much to do with the demonstration, the exhibitionist scene of this mating, a scene where I was mating an animal, a strange animal to me, in front of these people I hardly knew. The impact of what I was wanting to do on this sojourn hit me fully as I felt this animal on my back driving his thin, pointed cock into my body.

After the goat came inside me and I had a nice, if little, orgasm, the goat quickly and unceremoniously jumped off my back without a lick or thank you. I giggled at the thought, but the dogs are so much more attentive, especially my dogs.

As I stood up in the middle of the pen, I could feel the escaping cum leak onto the inside of my thighs and was sure it must glisten in the sunshine. I raised my face to the sun, my hands gliding up my body and threw my hair. I opened my eyes and turned to find Samantha and Albert watching and waiting, expectantly waiting for my reaction. I looked down at my body to find not only the glistening of goat cum on the insides of my thighs but dirt pressed into my knees and forearms. I brushed off my arms and smiled at my hostess and host.

"Wow ... that was different."

Samantha led me to the gate being held open by Albert, the only one now with clothes on. "What do you think?"

I looked at her, then at Albert. "I guess ... not knowing anything except men and dogs, it felt weird. Okay, but weird. I had an orgasm ... of sorts ..."

She squeezed me at the shoulders. "But, now you know. I happen to agree with you. After trying various animals, I still prefer men and dogs for a good cum." We laughed.

I noticed she was leading me to the next pen where I could see hogs milling around. She wasn't

wasting any time, apparently. I never indicated I was in a hurry to experience this, but she had her own agenda in play.

“Do you want to get him cleaned up and use the barn or really experience him by doing him in the pen?”

I looked at her as if it was only then that it was sinking into me. “Oh, god. This all sounds so nasty, but I want to do it in the pen.” First a goat and now a hog, one after the other. This was what Samantha had done as a challenge from Albert, only he included the horse, him and Harley, the dog. I was wondering now if that might be what her agenda was. She had told me the story of that day and I had thought of it as an assurance to calm my growing nerves. Now, I wondered if she had just been priming me for the test. I came to her to learn, she may be seeing what I was made of and what my capacity for this was. Maybe, though, she was testing me for me, for my own understanding of what I was and what my capacity was.

She and Albert moved the hogs back into the shed, all but one of the boars. I assisted as I could, but they were definitely more experienced at this. Once they were done, they surveyed the situation and tried to stifle laughing, because I had already slipped in a muddy section trying to encourage the hogs out. I had mud on one leg. I glanced down at myself and couldn't help but join them in laughing. This was feeling nastier and nastier. I could still feel the cum of the goat on my pussy and thighs and I was preparing to do the same thing with this animal. A hog. A really big hog, at least he seemed to be to me.

When she mentioned the animals they had for my consideration, the hog was the one animal that made me feel the strangest, even thinking about it. Even a goat can be petted in petting zoos, etc. A pig? A hog? When does that happen? And, they just seem dirty ... but, then again, now I was, too.

“Okay, there are some things to understand about this. A boar is definitely not a gentle mate. You may be a little sore from carrying a portion of his weight on your back during the mounting and mating. Once he gets going you might think his cock is attached to a mixing blender because of how quickly it goes in and out and all around inside you. He will try to enter your cervix; it's just what they do with that long, thin, curvy cock. He's very inaccurate and there is a lot of poking around. As soon as he feels the warmth of your pussy, he doesn't waste any time ... he just thrusts it all in. There will be deep penetration and the sense is that the twitching/twirling effect is a really strange, but erotic, feeling. The tip is very slender and made to slide into the cervix. Once he finds it and is able to penetrate, the tip will fix itself and he'll slow his fucking down. He'll then begin to cum a lot. Initially, it is clear and thin but a thicker and milky semen comes next and there is a lot of it. Then a thick, jelly-like substance is pumped into you. Now, this is all happening inside your womb, if he makes it there. You will feel full, but it will not be too uncomfortable. The thick cum can stay in you for a number of hours to a day. So be ready for it to slowly leak out later without warning. Are you still game?”

“This is just so nasty. But, yes, I am.”

I went to my hands and knees and lowered myself until my chest was on the ground, too. This seemed like it would help to relieve some of the stress on my lower back once the animal mounted. It was Albert who helped the pig onto my back and moved him forward over me. Then I felt a strange movement at my butt and realized that Samantha hadn't been exaggerating in her description of the boar's cock. It was wildly thrusting and was extremely inaccurate. After many attempts, it managed to get the tip into the warm, wet target it was wanting. Once in, he thrust violently and achieved a deep penetration. And, this was weird. The long, thin cock actually seemed to twirl.

"Oh, god, this is so wild! It feels like you put a small mixer inside me. I can feel it whirling around, hitting the sides of my pussy. This is so wild. OOOOOHHHHH, GODDDD!!!! He's hitting my cervix, already!"

This went on for a while and I was quickly approaching an orgasm, although mild. Then I felt it.

"Samantha ... Saman ... Ohhhhhh. Oh, my god! Heeeee's ggggoooooinnggggg inside my cervix!!!! OOOHHH my gooodddddd. Oh, he's inside me." This is so nasty. My chest is in the dirt, one side of me is covered in mud, and I have a pig in my pussy. No, in my womb. "OOOOOHHHHH. He's cummmminngggg. So, am IIIIIIIIII! Yes, OOOOOHHHHH GGGOOODDDD. YEESSSSSSSS."

She watched and stroked my hip and thigh, telling me how wonderfully I was doing and reminding me that after the initial cumming, the jelly would follow and to expect the feeling of fullness since he was inside her womb.

"Yes, I feel it. Yes, I do, I feel the difference. Wow!"

When the pig pulled out of my cervix, it felt so weird. When the boar pulled completely out and got off, I just collapsed onto my front into the dirt of the pen. I just lay there leaking some of the cum the boar had left inside. I rolled over to my back and looked up at Samantha and Albert, sharing a smile as they smiled their pleasure. "That was wild. The weirdest feeling I have ever had with something in my pussy. Don't know that I want to do it frequently ... but it was wild."

We were still standing in the hog pen and Samantha gave me a nasty smile telling me she had still more in store for me.

"Since you are already a mess, how about one more." I cocked my head inquiring what that might be as I looked around for another pen. She shook her head and pointed to the barn. "One of the horses. I'll even join you."

I smiled as she took my arm into hers. Albert jogged ahead of us into the barn. By the time we caught up with him, he was finishing up tethering the hind legs of the horse in a stall. I stood next to Samantha as we watched him complete the task, then move further into the stall to the horse's head where he stood stroking the animal.

Samantha indicated for me to go on the left side of the animal as she moved to the right side. I heard her, "You are going to be amazed by this."

I peeked under the horse's belly for the location of the voice and found her on her knees. I joined her underneath, then moved further under as she did. Her hands were sliding along the sheath of the beast so I moved mine to do the same thing. In moments, the cock began to show and I was shocked with it dropped fully and quickly. She chuckled as she was watching for my reaction and it must not have disappointed her. I had never seen anything like that. Even limp the cock seemed gigantic compared to anything I had experience with.

I had trouble pulling my eyes from the beastly organ, but I did in order to see what Samantha was doing. Her face and eyes were on me, watching my face as I took in the cock with my eyes. I looked at her with eyes that seemed to be bulging, "My god!" She laughed.

She instructed me on the precautions of handling the cock, similar to the sensitivity issues of other cocks protected within a sheath. And following those precautions, I found myself with her massaging and stroking that massive cock into hard firmness, both of us easily fitting our hands over it, alternating with our mouths and lips over the mushroom shaped head.

My hand continued further until I was able to cup his balls in my hand, marveling at the size of them. Of course, my mind couldn't stop wondering what his climax might be like from such a sexual weapon.

In due time, I found out. Samantha easily maneuvered me into position directly in front of the massive cock. I was so fixated on the organ in my hands that I failed to recognize her moving me in position and herself just to the side. With my hands on the cock, I felt it firm harder, then pulse. My mind only connected what my hands were telling it in time for me to see the first spray of cum shooting from the end. In my mind, it was like a slow-motion filming. The cum initially visible spraying from the end before the spray of cum splashed into my naked body. My reaction was so startled, I jerked the cock up, which directed the second spray of cum into my face.

I heard Samantha laugh when the second hit me in the face and knew instantly that she knew that might happen. My mind, though, had kicked into gear and hoping for yet another spurt of cum, I directed the cock to the side, hitting her with it.

As we exited the barn, I asked her if she had ever considered taking a horse vaginally. She said not. The donkey, which is considerably smaller was still big enough to easily bottom out inside her. And, even the donkey felt like having a large dog's knot full-length inside her pussy.

Remembering Max and Axel and the size of their knots. That idea was stimulating.

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## **CHAPTER FIFTEEN: THE BEAR & WOLF JOIN IN**

My experience with riding horses had been marginal, restricted primarily to a few afternoon rides with associates at a ranch catering to tourist types. So, I stood in the barn, out of the way, as Samantha prepared two of their horses: a stallion she was riding and a mare for me. She had the mare saddled and ready, handing me the reins to hold while she applied the bit and reins for the stallion.

I nervously stroked the side of the horse's huge head and down her neck as I stood naked in the barn. "You aren't using a saddle?"

"My friends have been teaching me the finer points of riding bareback. If I am not moving cattle or having to get up and down frequently, I like the feel of being on the horse without the saddle. I don't know ... I guess I like the feeling of his muscles working underneath me."

I looked at her feet, then at mine. I was wearing a pair of her cowboy boots while she was in moccasins. "Is that the reason why I have boots on?"

She smiled, hearing the question not being asked. "Yes, the boots have heels designed for assisting in staying in the stirrups. Mares are more gentle rides but none of our horses are the kind of gentle ride that a dude ranch would have."

I recognized and acknowledged to myself the feeling of anxiety at the idea of riding away from the barn area naked. The idea of nudity is not new to me by any thought, but being nude has been restricted to in the house and the confines of the property. This was going to be different. I also recognized that the anxiety was combined with a high degree of stimulation.

I climbed into the saddle and walked the horse out of the barn, spotted Albert leaving one of the pens and waved to him, feeling every bit like a smaller girl proudly indicating confidence I didn't feel

while on the beast. Samantha led the way around the barn and toward the mountains to the West. She said the spot was idyllic. I was just following. This was only the third day with her and I had already accomplished everything I intended by the second day, but she was insistent that I stay longer if I had the time. And, I did. I had an open-ended ticket. I called Hein to check in and report my success, but he was not available, so I left a short message also indicating that he could now affirm to Meike Hendriksen that I was willing to consider other animals for future gatherings. My phone call to Sharon was more extensive and detailed and I was sure she would be passing much of it to Hein and Chris with enthusiasm.

Samantha caught me looking nervously around the landscape as we slowly rode in the direction of a large grouping of trees on the side of the otherwise barren mountainside.

“Relax, Laura. Surely, someone like you is used to being naked.”

I smiled and tried to do what she said, relax. “Yes, but I have always been inside or in a confined property setting. It has not been an issue of being with other people while naked, even if I was the only one. It is funny how the lack of walls or privacy fencing makes it feel so much more exposing.” I slowly got used to the situation and began recognizing the sensual side of it, including the way Samantha’s breasts moved rhythmically with the motion of the horse and assured that mine were, too. Looking out over the seemingly boundless expanse of land to the North and East crept into my sense of exposure and redefined for me what exhibitionism can be. “This is different ... and exciting.”

She chuckled. “Yes ... yes, it is. We are really quite protected from anyone, even out here in the open. The idea of being far from your clothes, though, is quite exhilarating, isn’t it?” I nodded. She watched me as I settled into the ride and was enjoying the scenery. “Good.”

She set into a gallop and my horse followed. I self-consciously hugged an arm under my breasts as they flopped around. Without turning around, Samantha called back to me, “Don’t bother, as Albert said to me the first time, ‘that’s what they should do’. Enjoy the feeling of being out here naked, exposed, and your body on display and responding naturally.”

Coming out of the trees, it opened into a nice sized mountain, spring-fed lake. It was idyllic. It was also rather cold, attesting to the depth the water was coming from. There were several floats secured in the trees and we used those to paddle around the lake while we talked. She quizzed me about what had happened to me since disappearing shortly after the party with the swinger group. I gave her a rundown of my life since leaving Phoenix, although I left out some details, but she knew the basics and how complicated it was. Wonderful, but complicated.

We found ourselves back on the shore, lying under the sun to dry off. She turned onto her side and stared at me, “So ... this whole animal thing was really a request from someone else for you to perform? There is a group and you provide the entertainment, sort of like exhibitions of sexuality for their enjoyment?”

I was watching a hawk floating on the thermal above, but considering my answer. “Yes, that’s pretty much what it is.” I turned to her, “But, I think the intention is that there will be more sharing of participation in the future. It’s hard to explain.”

“But it is good? I mean it is good for you?”

“Oh, yeah! Very good. I mean how could it not be? I was looking for a way to experience new things, most intense and adventurous situations and this is giving me that. Mating with the dogs in front of others has been a huge turn-on for me. My life is sexual, Samantha! I spend most of the day and

night naked except for stockings and heels. I have two wonderfully strong and devoted dogs. I have two wonderful men. And, now the other couple in the house has begun participating. I dreamed of being able to feed my sexual appetite while remaining safe and secure. I have that now. And", I looked her in the eyes with a devilish smile, "I don't think the best has come yet. Now that the others are thinking of activities, situation, and partners for me ... who knows where it will go."

"But, it will be safely ..."

I reached out and patted her forearm, "Yes ... safely. Hein is very protective and Chris ... well, he is a real bodyguard. And, he is teaching me, too."

She continued to probe about something, though. She was pushing back on the 'complicated' part of my feelings about what the relationship was and who I was in that relationship. I finally blurted out that I sometimes wasn't sure if I was a slut pretending to be a business woman, or a business woman pretending to be a slut. She held my hand and touched my face to capture my eyes in her gaze.

"You know what and who you are, Laura. From the sounds of it, your partners in the relationship in the house also know what and who you are. In your heart, you know who and what you are, right? And, you like that person?" I assured her that was true. "Then embrace it. It is your dream. It is unusual in our society to find yourself in such a freeing and expressive relationship, but look at me. The difference between us is the society circles we run in, but we are the same. Well, I am a ranch woman instead of a business woman, but you understand. Maybe, the bit of me that is submissive or easily led allows me some measure of acceptance with Albert directing me, but you are strong, competent, and normally self-assured. If this is what you want, take it fully and confidently."

We talked more, but I eventually rolled into her and covered her mouth with mine. Hein had such a high opinion of my inner strength and determination, yet there was this part of me that still wondered and worried. I suppose it is only natural that we question ourselves, especially about the big things in our lives and the most important relationships inside it. But, Samantha was right. Hein saw that person in me and I fully accepted it myself. That was what I needed to grab onto and fully make it who I was. I needed to search deep inside me for that strength and control and allow it to be on the surface.

But, all that affirmation and determination washed into my consciousness and back out like a fast-moving tidal surge as my naked body covered hers and my mouth and lips covered hers with urgency and need, need brought to the surface by the compassionate and honest caring of this woman I knew so little about except for the spirit she so willingly showed to everyone. As I projected my burning lust to her, I resolved to do exactly as she recommended. Somehow ... and maybe I'll be able to figure out how this woman was able to hone in on a concern I was consciously unaware of.

It had been some time since I had been with such a talented female as a lover. It was exciting to be loved and to love such a sensuous woman. Not the least of the effect was being in the outdoors in the surroundings of the mountain, lake, and expanse of the land. We brought each other to satisfying orgasms, then refreshed ourselves with another swim followed by being dried by the sun, this time holding hands quietly under the beating sun.

When we started out, again, she headed the horses further to the North. As we came out of the trees and off the slope of the mountain behind us, I could see we were headed for a narrow tree line and what appear to be a rural country road just beyond it. She never hesitated, though, as we galloped directly for it, walked the horses through the trees and out the other side. Once on the other side of the trees, I could clearly see the gravel county road in front of us, but she didn't stop, riding up to the barbed wire fence that marked the edge of the ranch property.

I called out to her to get her to stop. "Samantha! Should we be out here next to the road ... like this?"

She laughed. "You do not know how little traffic this road sees. Besides, there is something I want to show you."

She kicked the horse and started into a gallop, again. I watched her, shaking my head when I heard a sound coming from behind us. I turned in the saddle and shielded my eyes with my hand to see something reflecting light from the sun on the bumpy road and sending up a cloud of dust in its wake. No sooner had she made her proclamation and there was a large pickup truck barreling along the road that wasn't supposed to have traffic.

There was nothing to be done at this point, so I kicked my horse and moved it through the gallop into a run to catch up to her. Once near her, I began slowing my horse and drew up alongside her as the truck passed by honking its horn, arms out each window waving.

"No traffic, huh?"

She only laughed, again. "Yeah. Friends of mine. They are what I wanted to show you." Then, just before kicking her horse for more speed, "Or, you are what I wanted to show them." I shook my head, my mouth agape and followed, but at a gallop, not trying to catch up with her this time, wondering what she was now planning.

When I caught up with her, she was dismounting near a couple of old trailer homes clustered together and the same pickup truck parked nearby. Samantha was swinging her right leg over the head of the horse and sliding off the side of it into the arms of a handsome, but rugged looking man with long, shiny, black hair loosely flowing over his shoulders and back. Another man, looking very similar, came out of one of the trailers carrying four bottles of water.

As Samantha slid into his arms, her arms went around his neck, and they embraced into passionate kissing. The other man came up to me, still sitting on the horse, and put up his arms in similar fashion. I shrugged my shoulders, mostly in response to my own thoughts, and duplicated Samantha's movements, sliding off the saddle into his arms as his hands grasped my waist and seemed to effortlessly take my weight. I glanced at the others who had broken their kiss and were watching me. The man didn't make an overt move on me but watched my eyes while ignoring the others. I smiled at him but put a slight pressure on his biceps to indicate I wasn't about to duplicate Samantha's easy embrace and kiss. He returned the smile very politely back to me, but also allowed his gaze to move up and down my naked body.

They both looked Native American with their rugged complexion and features, long black hair, and quiet confidence. Samantha confirmed that assessment. She introduced us and confided that they were close friends and her occasional arrival naked on horseback was a perk for all of them.

Jim Standing Bear and Henry White Wolf were proud Aravaipa Apache in their early 30's who were cousins and friends since they could barely walk. Tribally, they were direct descendants of very historic and influential warriors. I had to admit they looked the part.

On the way back to the house, I admitted to Samantha my nervousness at meeting them naked but found them to be very polite and respectful.

She glanced over her shoulder at them as we moved the horses into a walk. "They are good guys. They did the carpentry in the house and other buildings." She chuckled, partly to herself, "They are actually squatting on Albert land, but the relationship has been so good, he allows them to use the

land for their business.”

I looked at her, “They are more than that to you, though. The way you so casually went into their arms and kissed them. Friends with benefits?”

She smiled back, “Ohhhh, yeah. Lots of benefits.”

She asked if it would be okay for them to join us tonight. They often joined her and Albert and Harley for interesting sexual play. I told her I was open to her ideas as long as she thought it was safe.

“We are very much the same, Laura. You have your Hein and helping with his business and I have my Albert and helping with his ranch. Both of them engage us in exciting ways to experience our sexuality while remaining safe. We are very lucky girls.” I had to agree. My dream fantasy turned into real life. I was lucky, fortunate, blessed, whatever. So, what was this uncertainty Samantha exposed from within me? I might be better off not worrying about it, leaving well enough alone. I knew that wasn’t going to work very well, though. Presented with a question or puzzle, my mind doesn’t often rest without digging for the answer or solution.

That night Jim and Henry, or the Apache Nation as Samantha referred to them, arrived shortly before the sun descended below the mountain tops to the West. Samantha talked me into staying naked. For my part, I knew this evening was going to be sexual, so the issue of familiarity and expressed affection wasn’t an issue any longer.

That night I was introduced to something so stunning and powerful I knew I would be duplicating it with the others. Perhaps, it might even become an exhibition for the other couples.

It wasn’t that I doubted Samantha, but I felt the familiarity and caring shared by Samantha and Albert with Jim and Henry instantly. They were completely comfortable and at ease with each other. If anything, it was my inclusion that generated any awkwardness during the early portion of the evening. My nudity with Samantha’s provided them some assurance of the evening, but they were respectful to the point of never assuming anything until Samantha initiated the activity after some time of conversation and drinking.

We were gathered in the family room as night fell. The men shared the couch, Albert being dwarfed by the size of the other men. Samantha and I occupied chairs in front of them while Harley, Samantha’s white German Shepard lay curled near the sliding door to the back patio. It had cooled off with the setting sun to the point where it was much more comfortable for Samantha and me to be inside, but not so cool that the sliding door had to be closed.

Samantha asked my help in the kitchen to refresh the drinks, which turned out to be a ruse. We did refresh the drinks, but she really wanted to privately establish what we did sexually, how, and with whom. I loved how casually she broached the subject with no concern that it might be indelicate or unwanted. The choice was mine but she was pushing for me to use Harley and one of her Apache friends. Which one didn’t matter to me, so she made that choice.

Before going back with the drinks, she stopped me, “What about anal?”

I smiled at her and looked out into the family room. The discussion of me with her dog and one of the other men, had my body ramped up several more notches on the arousal indicator. “I have come to love anal. And, before you ask; yes, double, vaginal and anal, penetration, too. It has become a favorite back home.” She smiled and led the way back to the men.

Samantha had me stand in front of the men as we sipped our drinks. She moved around me, her

hand caressing my body ... everywhere. She asked them what they thought of me, my body, how I carried myself, how I stood before them. The entire time she moved from one side, around my back, and to the other side. All the while one hand or the other sliding over my skin, caressing a breast, my stomach, my ass, or back. She suggested what might happen tonight, the five of us with Harley. I saw Jim and Henry nudge each other and Samantha saw it, too.

See looked over my shoulder and down at my breasts heaving slightly as my breathing increased to match the increase in my heart rate. I followed their gaze and saw ... as Hein had commented, the indicators of my arousal ... my nipples fully erect.

She moved my long hair to the side and kissed my neck, still watching the men, and whispered into my ear, "What would you like, Laura? Fuck two men of your choosing; or, fuck my dog and one of the men? You like dogs so much, but I only have one. He can be yours tonight, though. In fact, I insist." Then a little louder, "Samantha would like to be mounted by Harley and one of you ravagers. Who will it be?"

Henry stood up immediately, using his hand on Jim for leverage and to ensure that he was trapped on the couch. I didn't see it, but Samantha gave him a wink. What I did see was Henry smile mischievously and leave the room and down the hallway leading to the bedrooms. That seemed odd, but Samantha provided a diversion as she led me to the men remaining on the couch. She took Albert's hand and assisted him to stand. I duplicated the action to Jim. In moments, I recognized what we were doing. I kiss Jim on the mouth, my hands working his shirt out of his jeans and over his head. I moved off his mouth and kiss down his throat to his collar bone and shoulder. All the while my hands were working on his belt, snap, and zipper of his jeans.

I glanced at Samantha to see her lowering Albert pants, leaving him in his underwear. I decided to be more direct. I pushed both his pants and underwear down at the same time. I immediately engulfed his semi-hard cock into my mouth and tried to assist him in the removal of his pants off his feet. His boots, of course, made that impossible. I pushed him unceremoniously back onto the couch, pulling his boots, socks, and pants off his feet. Then, I was cleared for an uninhibited approach to his body.

I pressed my body between his knees, my breasts into his hard, thick muscled chest and kissed him with full effect, my hands caressing up his hard thighs and up to his chest. I pulled back from him, a smile covering my face, my eyes shining with excitement. Slowly, I kissed down his body to his cock, a cock that was no longer semi-hard, but fully erect and urgent as my lips formed around the head, my tongue playing over the top.

I sensed more than felt or heard Samantha moving next to me and found her moving to the floor. She took a position on her back with Albert moving between her legs and Jim kneeling next to her head. She smiled up at me before her eyes shifted to the cock next to her head, turning and taking it into her mouth.

I looked at Harley who was now standing attentively, anticipating how his involvement would come into play. I saw motion in the reflection of the window. I turned to find Henry naked. He was setting something on the end table but moved to me. He knelt on the floor and took me into his arms and we kissed.

He broke the kiss and whispered into my ear, "Time for Harley?" I looked at him and smiled. Usually, men would prefer not to have a pussy full of dog cum before fucking, but I remembered the question about anal. I smiled with that understanding.

I moved to my hands and knees on the floor and called Harley. Like any well-trained, experienced dog in human bitch mounting, he responded quickly and confidently. Harley and I were not strangers. Since being here, he and I had been together several times. He was good and I knew why Samantha enjoyed him ... but I still missed my own boys, but I told myself that reunion would be coming soon enough.

Harley tied me and I crashed into a marvelous orgasm moments before his climax and his seed spurting into my pussy. He remained on my back for a few moments as his cock emptied its seed, spurt after spurt, into me. Then, he turned to position us ass-to-ass, a position I have come to prefer than to try to have him remain on my back. Ass-to-ass provides better and stronger testing of the knot by the dog, which is a decided benefit for maintaining stimulation and adding to the potential of a secondary orgasm with the knot jamming against the g-spot.

One of the things my experience with Samantha's other animals showed me was to relax and accept the moment without prejudice. The idea of mating with barnyard animals, even a hog in its pen while becoming muddy, could be a turn-off to be endured on a base emotional reaction. By accepting the situations as intriguing new opportunities to experience provided stimulation and enjoyment at a base level of my being. Experiences I did enjoy even if they were due to the base level of animalistic encounters.

The same was to be true for what happened next while still tied to Harley. I was enjoying the knot inside me, maintaining a high level of stimulation by jamming it against my g-spot and only vaguely aware that Albert had changed with Jim fucking her. This time Samantha was on her hands and knees.

I felt a hand on my ass and wiggled it absently in response. Then, I tensed as I felt a cool, greasy substance smeared over my anus. The finger remained over my anus and applying increasing pressure until it slipped inside, probing, and sawing in and out. That finger was then joined by another and my mind focused enough to recognize what was happening. My initial thoughts about the inquiry about anal sex had jumped to Henry taking me after the dog. What I was now coming to realize was his intention to double penetrate me with my pussy occupied by a dog's knot. Being DP'd was nothing new for me, but never had it been with a knot filling my pussy.

That was when the "relax and accept the moment without prejudice" kicked in. I was intimidated, but my experience with various DP-ing with Hein and Chris was good preparation so I did relax, pushing back against the cock head now replacing the fingers. He was so sure of himself that I had to believe this was not the first time it had been tried, which would mean that Samantha had experienced and accepted it in the past. My coming here was to experience other animals and to decide if using other animals might be an acceptable addition to our Social events back in Amsterdam. I was finding more to experience and to understand about my capacity if I was willing.

He pressed hard against my tight opening made even tighter by the knot filling my pussy and pressing against the anal passage. The lubrication he applied and my eagerness to try this new thing combined with his persistent and aggressive effort, slowly opened my tight hole. I was having doubts that it was going to be possible, but I continued to remind myself that Samantha must have succeeded in this, which drove my determination to succeed, as well.

He felt me push back against him and that encouraged him to press against me harder. At the same time, my pushing back must have lodged the knot deeper inside my pussy and Henry's cock head pushed through my sphincter, lodging his cock head just inside my anal passage. I was now thankful for all the time Hein had me using the various anal plugs because this was penetration of that passage beyond anything I had experienced with the two men. At the same time, it felt almost

abusive, it also felt ecstatically fulfilling. I realized his motion had stopped and my hand was pushing against his thigh. Samantha was right about these men, they were very considerate and caring. He responded immediately to my need for a pause, his cock locked inside me, one hand on my hip and the other snaking around to my breast, the action of him leaning forward pressing his cock head another inch into me. I gasped and grunted as I sucked in air and willed my body to relax around the double intrusion in my body.

With the effort and determination of relaxing my muscles at the intrusion, I pressed back against the pressure in my anus. That was a signal to Henry and he responded with his own determined pressure against the restriction around his cock. Between the two of us, more of his cock became embedded in me. He pulled out an inch and pressed back in several more, repeating the movement until I felt his thigh against my butt. My head hung on my shoulders as I fully felt the fullness of having his cock in my ass with Harley's knot still tied in my pussy. I raised my head with a smile as I recognized the reality of the situation I was now in. I felt Harley pull against the increased constriction of his cock and knot. With the cock in my ass, there was no way that knot was coming out unless it completely shrunk and I was sure that was unlikely with the continued stimulation of my pussy contractions and the cock sliding over it from the next chamber, only a thin membrane separating them.

I had never felt as full as I now felt. Every thrust and retraction of his cock moved the knot inside me, pushing it down, pulling it as he pulled back. The effect was movement in both chambers with the additional benefit of my g-spot being repeatedly jammed by the knot as it was pressed down.

I cried out as another orgasm spread over my body. This time, though, it didn't stop. Every time there was an ebb in my orgasm, my g-spot would be jammed anew and I would peak again. Then, just to tease my body to oblivion, Henry leaned his body onto my back and used both hands on me, one on my clit, the other to torture my nipples. My orgasms peaked on top of each other until I wasn't conscious new effects. I was only conscious of my body shaking, tingling sensation emanating from my nipples, clit, anus and pussy.

I felt a sudden emptiness and realized Henry had pulled out of me, follow quickly by a very anxious Harley who was undoubtedly relieved to be away from that activity. My vision cleared as my breath returned to somewhat normal. I was shocked to find I was still on my hands and knees. Henry was the one collapsed on the floor next to me, a weak and resigned smile on his face.

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## **CHAPTER SIXTEEN: PEYOTE CEREMONY**

I was surprised and wary the next day when Samantha held the phone to tell me Jim Standing Bear and Henry White Wolf received approval for me to attend church with their mothers that night. I wasn't big on church worship and organized religion, much less someone else's. And maybe especially after a night like we had just shared. She held the phone out to me. I pulled up that strength and self-assuredness that Hein talks about being inside me and expressed my reluctance. They assured me that this wasn't a church in the sense I was familiar with but a spiritual experience, an experience rarely shared with a white outsider, but Samantha had also been allowed to experience. I glanced at her, she nodded, and I agreed.

Samantha explained that the ceremony was deeply personal. There would be others participating but not intimate friends who might cause an unintended influence on the experience. The mothers of the two men would sponsor me through the request of the men. They felt it might assist me in finding my way, the core of my strength, to understand what that strength was and how it influences

me, and perhaps provide me with insight into my path forward. I was instructed that it would not be a situation of providing a fortune-telling or a look into my future, but a glimpse of the path available to me if I chose to act on it.

I listened to her, still struggling with the 'church' reference. I was also curious about another reference Jim Standing Bear made. She smiled, "It is not a church like you think of it. In actuality, it is a large, family style tipi. It is called a religious ceremony of the Native American Church for government exclusionary reasons. Peyote is used to assist the person along the journey. It is listed by the government as a controlled substance but does not apply to the 'non-drug' use during religious ceremonies of the Native American Church and members of the church."

"I am not a member of the tribe, much less the church."

"There will not be anyone to check off membership. The translation of the word for peyote has been traced back as 'Divine Messenger' and has likely been used for spiritual and medicinal purposes for at least 5,500 years."

Though I used alcohol on a regular basis, I had always been wary of other drugs. "Is it addictive or dangerous?"

"I would not have suggested it for you or done it myself if it was. It is a small cactus, which explains why it has been a staple of their belief system for thousands of years. This is a powerful element for seeing into the Spirit World. It triggers a deep introspection and insight they describe as metaphysical or spiritual in nature. It can be accompanied by rich visual and/or auditory effects, all depending on how open you make yourself to the experience." I found myself staring out at the trees on the mountainside where the lake was located. She apparently followed my gaze, "Yes, remember our discussion up at the lake? I thought this might help you in some discovery into yourself, what you are at your core and where you could be going if you chose to take that path." I was still quiet, unmoving, still deep in considering this unexpected offering. "Are you familiar with the term 'Spirit Animals'?" I nodded. "I was shown mine, the Sheep, and it reaffirmed to me what Albert has attested. It represents an innocence and gentleness that can lead to weakness and vulnerability that could turn into powerlessness, but with self-acceptance can lead to an ability to respect my own limits. Laura, that is the very definition of who I have been in my life. Through Albert, I am able to explore life while accepting my limitation of control. He keeps me in situations where I can remain safe. It was very affirming for me."

I asked how long the ceremony was using the drug. She indicated there was no norm, some were a few hours, but some could be on the journey of discovery for many hours if they were properly open to the experience. Residual effects of the drug could be a slight high feeling for eight to ten hours.

All of which was how I found myself between the two older women this night. We arrived after a long walk from the car to a flattened area in a small clearing where there was a powerful glow from a large tipi, apparently, a fire inside. It was indeed family style, painted around the edge with a brownish reflection of individuals ringing the inside perimeter. At the apex, where the light didn't reach, it was dark.

My left hand was tightened inside her grasp and she continued with a final observation, "The mind must be liberated from old habits, prejudices, restrictive thought processes and even ordinary thought itself. It is best, most helpful, to open your mind completely and allow the Spirits within you to lead your way." She patted my hand, turned to me with a smile. "My sons tells me you have strong Spirits within you, but you are untrained in what they can mean to you. Give yourself to the Journey. Allow the Journey to lead you to your Spirits and your path may be opened to you."

I turned to her, "You said, your sons, but I thought they were cousins."

She smiled, "Yes, the white culture would call them cousins. Our culture does not have words for uncle, aunt, or cousin. We are all part of the family. My sister's son is my son. My son is her son. Our culture is inclusive; we rely on and support each other. The white culture divides and separates. That diminishes family support."

I thought about how I often described myself as not having any family left. She was right, though. What if uncles, aunts, and cousins were as closely tied as these people were? I patted her hand, "I see where your sons get their deep pride in their culture."

I wasn't sure how much of her description of the Spirits made sense to me, but I knew that now wasn't the time to quiz her further. Her hand tightened around mine, giving a strength that belied her size as she led the way. I had been given a briefing on the tradition of this ceremony. The opening of the tipi was facing east in order to welcome the rising sun and those flaps were now tied open. The woman paused at the entry and spoke in their tribal language in a strong and unwavering voice to those within. After a moment, a collection of voices responded and, still grasping my hand, stoop to enter.

I followed, first ducking my head through the opening, then standing, a little hunched at the shoulders in line with the angle of the canvas of the tipi sides. I glanced at the assembled people and, of course, didn't recognize anyone. I was told that only those leading the Journey or going on discovery could be present. Samantha's Apache friends would be nearby during the entire time, however. Some stood and approached me, but the old ones did not, nor did they smile.

After taking our places in a large circle around the fire, Henry's mother leaned into my shoulder, "I am to be your sponsor tonight. Is that all right with you?"

Sponsor? Why wouldn't it be alright? "Um ... of course." Others smiled as I glanced around the assembly, but I focused on the three very old, very solemn women, all seated behind the fire and in front of a slight, crescent-shaped berm that half-circled the perimeter. "I guess not everyone is happy to have me here?"

My sponsor whispered back, "No, it isn't that they are unhappy, it is just that they have very important sacred duties."

A few words were passed among the three women, at which point the woman responsible for the fire took up a number of bundles that included sage, tobacco, corn husks, and a dried powdery substance. She passed the sage around the circle and I watched as the others drew the bundles across their limbs, trunks, and heads in an initial purification. I did as I had seen the others do, passed it to my sponsor who smiled at me with a nod of approval, then did the same before passing it on. When the bundle had passed round the circle, one of the women took out papers and a simple tobacco pouch, which she passed to the others, who in turn scattered a little of the tobacco into one of the small sheets and rolled themselves a makeshift cigarette.

Never having experimented with pot in my past, probably because of concerns for sports and testing, I fumbled with the paper. Mrs. White Wolf's patient hands took the assembly from me, nimbly rolled the thing, and licked the edge that held it tight.

"Thank you", I whispered to her smiling face.

The fire keeper pulled a stick from the fire and handed the smoldering wood to the participant to her right, who lit her rolled cigarette before passing the 'lighter' to the next person. I managed to light

my ceremonial smoke without assistance and without burning my nose or hair, which Jim Standing Bear had wisely tied back in a ponytail.

The others were now talking in subdued voices and it occurred to me that they sounded very much like praying. From next to me came the guiding words, "These are the prayers of smoke to clear your intentions for the ceremony."

I looked around the circle, then to her with a whisper, "What if I am not sure what my intentions for being here are?"

"Then, perhaps, you should question why you are here." I nodded. "You do not have to give voice to your prayers; you may keep them to yourself if it makes you more comfortable."

I nodded, again. My eyes focused on the fire in front me, but my eyes quickly lost focus on it, instead, seeing my thoughts in my mind in the flickering flames as they danced off the logs and shimmered in the coals beneath. My past and present life, the multitude of changes, the past frustrations and fantasies, the present joys and rewards and reality, and the ... yes ... the questions that persisted. They all flickered and danced through my mind, others remaining constantly present like the shimmering coals. Maybe I hadn't known why I accepted this invitation, but I knew now. The knowing wasn't even so much something I could articulate or express, but it was impressions, questions, and ambiguities I sensed.

When I was again aware of my surroundings, I realized I was the only one in the circle speaking. And, I hadn't been aware that I had been expressing myself.

The fire-woman stoked the flames and I watched as the sparks rose and ascended through the opening at top of the tipi like lightning bugs escaping into the cool, dark night.

When I looked down, there was a bowl being held under my nose that contained a powdered substance. I took the bowl and watched as the person next to me placed a spoonful of the powder into her mouth, then handed me the ornate spoon with a carved bird on the handle.

I sat still, a person whose nearly total experience with drugs had so far been limited to cold, sinus, and pain pills ... and alcohol. Staring at the powder, I took the spoon in my hand. There was no pressure from the faces surrounding me, just looks of reassurance and smiles. I remembered Samantha's comment, "It is a great honor." I looked around at the faces, again. I took a spoon full size I recalled the others taking and slipped it into my mouth. It tasted horrible, bitter and dry, and my reaction was to spit it out, but I figured that might be worse than if I had just refused to ingest it.

A moment later, the woman to my left handed me a small cup and filled it with a dark liquid, steam rolling from the opening of an earthenware jug. I studied the small cup and especially the unknown brewed contents, but figured it had to taste better than what was currently stuck in my mouth.

Swallowing the content and remaining powder caught in my mouth, I had to fight the urge to gag and quickly passed the jug and cup to Mrs. Standing Bear. I was wrong, it tasted worse. Taking a few deep breaths, I began feeling a little better.

I wondered briefly if maybe the taste was to make the Spirit respect your commitment and receive you on the journey.

I felt an odd familiarity with the light; the glow from the fire filled the tipi like the gold that sets off the sunset. I basked in its warmth as I looked around the circle, their heads bobbing and their mouths uttering sing-song rhythm of prayers.

I really wasn't feeling much of anything, except that mild sensation of nausea, but I'd been told it wasn't an unusual response to the substance. I was beginning to think that I might be someone with a natural tolerance to the stuff and was going to make the whole experience a bust. I had to admit I was a little disappointed at the thought. It was about then that I became acutely aware of the grain in the knotholes of the tipi poles.

The tempo of the chanting had quickened and was reinforced by the beat of the drummer, who also joined the chanting. I listened to the music and allowed my eyes to rest on the fire woman as she stoked the coals of the fire, again sending a flurry of sparks up and away in an attempt to join the stars above.

The warmth of the fire reached out until I could feel the ends of my fingers and toes glowing, which was interesting because my feet were in a pair of Samantha's boots. At this point, I began thinking I was trying to make something happen, hoping for anything that would be different, anything that might be akin to whatever a Spirit Journey might be like. I studied the patterns in the spire-like poles that supported the tipi, willing something to be seen in the wood, but they stubbornly remained simple knotholes.

It was then that I lowered my face to look around. And, everyone was gone. I blinked my eyes and stared around the interior of the tipi just to make sure what I wasn't seeing was what I wasn't seeing ... nobody.

The dirt altar that had made up the center of the ceremony floor was still there, even the indented road of the moon, the cigarette butts, the drum. The peyote bowl, spoon, and jug of tea were all there, all of it untouched, as if the participants had suddenly been called from the tipi and had left me behind. The fire was blazing away as if it had been very recently stoked, but everyone was gone.

I started to think about standing up when I noticed something on the ground leading to where I sat. Leaning forward, I poked a thumb and forefinger into the dirt and picked up a piece of thin rope. Where had that come from? I picked up the end of the rope and watched as it traced its way across the floor, underneath the tipi flap, and out.

I moved to a standing position and looked around, again, as if this time I would see what I hadn't been able to see before. I stood there for a moment and then noticed more ropes lying on the ground, each one leading to where someone had been sitting, all of them disappearing under the tipi.

I moved to the opening, letting the rope slide through my fingers as I moved. For some reason, I was reluctant to release the rope so I put it between my teeth and I swear I could taste the peyote in the jute, but I wanted to be able to use both hands to free the flaps of the tipi opening. It continued to be weird, but the task of untying the flaps was made easier because my fingertips were glowing. I pushed the flaps away, bent over and exited the tipi.

It was daylight outside. At first, that seemed too weird, but then it occurred to me that this must be the explanation of everyone being gone. I must have fallen asleep and the others left me in the relative security of the tipi. But, as I let that thought go, I looked out over the landscape. I was no longer in the land of the Aravaipa Apache ... or Arizona for that matter. I looked down at my feet thinking that if I were wearing red slipper, I might tap them three times and settle for going to Kansas. Not only was I not wearing red slippers, but Samantha's boots were also gone. I was still wearing the simple dress, however.

What I found in the landscape was not the harsh desert sands of Arizona, but sand dunes, strangely

yellowed in color. The sky above was a pale blue and richly moist as if it were early morning near the ocean, but without the taste and smell of salt in it.

I held the rope in my hand and turned to the horizon, but all I could see was wind-drifted sand on the rolling dunes. I turned back to look to the tipi and found it just as it should have been. I wondered if I shouldn't stay in the tipi in case the others returned. That was when I felt a tug on the rope in my hand. Startled, I almost dropped it, but something told me this rope was important. The rope tugged at me, again, and I followed the line of the rope in the sand and saw it plainly, exposed by the tug from the level of the sand and leading over the nearest dune and beyond. I glanced around and could see the other ropes that had come from the tipi, each tracing off in different directions.

My attention was brought back to my rope when I felt yet another tug from it. I was uncertain what this meant, but it seemed even to this white woman that there was something at the other end of this rope that was calling me. Maybe my Spirit Animal. Maybe answers to some of my questions. I stepped away from the area around the tipi, my bare feet sinking inches in the sand and feeling surprised by the coolness of the sand under my feet.

I allowed the rope to slide through my fingers as I walked, always following the rope. It seemed that the rope may lead me to something, but it could also lead me back to the tipi later. The walking was surprisingly easy, given that I was barefoot and in loose sand. As I crested the first dune, I spied mountains in the distance that looked very much like the mountains that should be in the distance, but they were further away and seemed disconnected with the environment I was currently slogging through.

I was unsure what was happening to me but I now figured it had to have something to do with the peyote. I guessed this was what happened when you took the stuff. It was not unpleasant, but it did feel dissociative as if I was outside myself.

I continued until I swore I heard something ahead in the direction of the rope's path. I crested another of the dunes, this one sharp-edged having to be formed by a powerful wind. I turned my head in all direction to listen but then focused my senses in the direction of the rope's path. The rope went down the slope and into a constricted valley formed by two close dunes. With more eagerness than might have been prudent, I sped down the slope and into the ravine.

The further into the narrow ravine the clearer the sound and it sounded like chanting, not unlike what I heard last night ... or earlier, if this wasn't really morning. I could now hear the chanting in the native tongue, but I couldn't find the source. Finally, in exasperation, "Where are you? I need your help in understanding what is happening."

I continued through the ravine when heard, "Are you lost?"

I looked around me, then continued, the rope still sliding through my fingers, "Lost? I don't know? Where am I?"

"You don't know if you are lost or not, but you don't know where you are?"

I turned a sharp corner in the ravine to find the rope going up the side, but also returning down to continue. I looked up ... a giant owl was standing at the edge of the ravine, about head high to me. By giant owl, I mean about three and a half feet tall. Certainly larger than the biggest Great Grey I have seen. I looked around knowing this owl could not have been the one talking to me or chanting earlier.

I took another step to move my fingers to the rope coming off the ledge to continue, but, "I do not

think you are lost." I looked up at the owl. He cocked his head, his penetrating eyes piercing into me, "I think you are on discovery ... not lost."

The owl sat perched on the dune and hooted to himself as he moved the rope between his enormous talons. He looked at the rope in his talons, then at me, "The rope is connected to you."

I was still trying to get used to the idea of carrying on a conversation with an owl. I stared at him and figured that it was all a part of some kind of dream. His voice sounded familiar, though, but I kept getting distracted by the fact that it was an owl talking.

He hooted again. "Of course, it is only your line in the sense that you picked it up." His head turned toward me, and I was struck by the penetrating eyes, but the eyes seemed familiar, too. "Why did you choose this rope?"

I shook my head, unsure. "It was the closest and this one moved. It seemed like the appropriate rope for me to take."

"Yes, I see that now. Intuitive. Not distracted by multiple options. Faced with the unknown, yet persisting."

"What are you talking about?"

"Why, you, of course." I cocked my head to look at him and was struck by how similar the action was to the way he had acted to me earlier. "It is who you are; it is your way."

I stepped back from the wall to better look up at him. "Are you my Spirit Animal, then? The Owl? Are you why I am out here?"

"Hmmmmm ... One, yes, but not 'the'." I cocked my head curiously, again. I was beginning to think I might be an owl with all these head movements. But, he continued, "Look at the ground. This rope does not stop here."

"Therefore, you are not 'the' reason I am out here. You are 'a' reason." I was musing to myself more than to him. "So ... multiple Spirit Animals? Is it common to have multiple Spirit Animals? What does that mean? Maybe that makes sense, though. The way I accommodate and act out the different roles that are my life."

"See? It is who you are ..." I looked up from my musing and saw him smiling. But, how does an owl with a beak smile? Perhaps it was merely something in the eyes ...

He then told me something of what the Owl Totem represents, but challenged me to pursue my understanding by delving within myself. It is representative of a deep connection with wisdom and intuitive knowledge, possessing an ability to see what is often hidden to most others, having the capacity to see beyond deceit and masked situations or information. It symbolizes the ability to cut through illusions and to see the real meaning of someone's action or state of mind.

The owl represents being intrigued by the unknown, an interest in discovering and exploring the mysteries of life and what had not yet been experienced. It can be a guide to uncovering hidden potential and abilities to experience what is new and unexpected.

The presence of the owl announces change, is the announcer of death, but most symbolically as a life transition or change, a transition in life, important changes that are taking place or about to happen. It can provide insight into a moment of transition in your life.

He was watching me. I was watching him. He spoke softly. If I hadn't been watching him, I might have thought it was my own thought, "It is you."

I nodded to him and to myself. I looked down at the ground, but more specifically the rope on the ground leading around the next bend of the ravine. "What will I find at the end of the rope?"

"You will find what you will find, if ..."

I nodded, "I know ... if I am open to finding it."

I looked back at him and thanked him for his help, still feeling awkward about having just had an extended, seemingly rational, conversation with a giant owl. I was able to take only a step, when, "There is one more thing required before you go." I turned back to him. "Your covering." I cocked my head at him, again. "Your garment." There was that sense of smiling, again. "You must be fully open to what is ahead for you. Not just your mind, but the entirety of you."

I looked down at the simple dress Samantha loaned me. It was the only thing covering me since I had somehow already lost the boots. Could I really just leave it out here away from the tipi? "Does everyone open themselves like this?"

That damned smile, "Are you everyone?" He looked at me with those eyes and I shook my head in resignation.

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## **CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: SPIRIT JOURNEY - WOLF**

I continued to walk, the thin rope sliding through my fingers as I did. It was a way of staying on track while allowing my mind to wander. And, as I walked, I continued to ponder what I had just experienced and speculate on what still lay ahead of me, because, as the owl pointed out, the rope continued. Most of the time my pondering was restricted to a mental exercise, held within my thoughts, analyzed and evaluated. Sometimes, however, the pondering became vocal. And sometimes the sound of my voice as I moved through these sand dunes would startle me.

"Here I am walking through this desert of sand and I am completely naked." It was curious to me, though. The light, the sky, the temperature and the feel of the sand underfoot hadn't changed. I wasn't sure how much time had passed while being with the owl and my travel overall, but the feeling that the day was like early morning had not changed. The sky had not changed color, the air had not warmed and the sand had not become hot. In fact, the sun was still at the same location just above the horizon. Despite sinking in the sand like the soft sand of a beach, the going was easy. Additionally, despite my time in and out of the tipi, I had not developed a thirst.

I had no way of determining how much time had passed. With the sun staying in the same location in the sky, there was no way of even estimating how much time had passed. But, that wasn't the only unknown about time. When I entered the tipi, it was just after dark. If I was still in the tipi, it was probably still dark. But, if I wasn't still in the tipi ... if I was really here, then where had all that time gone?

"But, then, an even more important question than time was where in the hell was I?" I pondered that some more without any way of coming to any conclusion, but I inevitably came back to my dialog with the owl. I mulled that direction from every direction I could. All of which left me still confused and frustrated. I came back to the exact same point in my thinking. If I was still in the tipi, that dialog with the owl never happened. Not really. It might in a dream, sure. And, most Spirit Animal

encounters come to people in their dreams as indicators while their mind is open and unencumbered by the world around them.

“But ... if I am not, then where the hell am I?!?” My voice startled me, again. But, it also had a soothing effect to hear it amid what I hadn’t really recognized as a very quiet world I was now in. I stopped moving and purposefully looked around and listened. No other tracks in the sand, no sounds of vehicles or planes, and no birds in the sky. Nothing.

I started walking, again. The rope sliding through my fingers. It was important. I don’t know why except that if I was ever to return to the tipi I would need to have a way to follow.

“Follow the rope. That’s what the owl said.” I shook my head. “Sure, you always do what birds tell you to do, right?” I stopped and looked at the rope in my hand. I looked ahead to where it seemed to disappear again over yet another dune. I looked back, seeing my footsteps in the sand better than the rope.

“Yep, follow the rope.” After a couple steps, “You know, it isn’t just that I talked to the owl, but he responded back.” “Well, it wasn’t just that he responded back that is really weird. You responded back to him.” “I was just being polite. Besides, he had good information about the Owl as a Spirit Animal.”

“You think carrying on a conversation with an owl is strange?”

I was about to respond when I realized that hadn’t been my voice. I looked around but found nothing but more sand dunes. “Is there someone out there? Who are you? Where are you?”

“Follow the rope.” With that, I felt the rope tug and slip through my fingers causing me to grab tighter onto it. I looked back with a thought. I couldn’t see the tipi or the trees that had been around it. How long is this rope? But, another tug drew my attention back. “Are you coming?”

“I ... I have a situation here. I gave my dress to the owl back there.”

“The same owl you were talking to?”

Exasperated by the tone of the voice, “How many owls are there around here in daylight?” That’s another thing, I met the owl in the daylight. Aren’t they nocturnal? Huh, maybe not all the time. “Yes, the owl I was talking to.”

“Tell me something ...” I waited. I was afraid I might know what he was going to ask and I wasn’t going to help this line of questioning. He did continue, however, “What does an owl, talking or otherwise, need with a dress?”

“Don’t be silly. It wasn’t like that; it wasn’t for him. He just said I needed to fully open to all the experiences I would encounter along the rope.”

“So, you’re telling me you are naked?” There was another pause. I suddenly realized how absurd this conversation was going, also. “I don’t mind.” There was another tug on the rope. It didn’t exactly reassure me that HE didn’t mind that I would be approaching him naked .... “But, answer my question. You think carrying on a conversation with an owl is strange?”

I turned up the dune following the rope. “Yes, I guess I do. Don’t you think it strange to converse with an owl?”

“Hmmmmm ... stranger than talking to yourself? And answering?”

This was beginning to irritate me. I had not only held a conversation with an owl, a very rational and proper conversation but now I was admitting that to someone who was challenging if that conversation was different from the one I was having with myself. As much as I was seeing his point, it was pissing me off.

I crested the dune and shrieked. Down in the valley was a pool of water, some grass, a few bushes and ... a wolf. A very, very large wolf. His fur was silver, not gray and not white. Silver.

After I tried to regain some of the composure I had just lost, “Is that you who has been talking to me?”

“Yes, it would appear so.” His massive head looked up the slope to me. “You have already talked to an owl and yourself, why be surprised about me?”

I stepped off the crest of the dune and walked and slid down, my feet sinking into the sand and causing mini-surfing movements until I had joined him at the bottom. He was indeed sitting on my rope. I allowed it to slip from my fingers as I approached him nervously. It was one thing in my mind to casually converse with an owl for information about my journey, it seemed an entirely different matter in this case.

I glanced at the pool of water but didn't take my eyes from this beast for too long. He was massive. I had an idea of the size of a big wolf from pictures, but he was in a class by himself. Sitting on his haunches, his head was nearly at the same level as mine. When I told him he was sitting on my rope, he seemed to smile, then rise to his four feet and move to the side. His shoulders were a good four feet from the ground.

He sat, again, then considered me. His head moved up and down as his eyes took in my body. Then his head stretched forward until his snout was no more than a foot from my face. His eyes seemed to penetrate through mine.

“You are not of The People.” He looked up and down my body, again. “You are different outside and inside. How did you come to being here?”

I fought to stay in control in the face of this direct challenge. Would a wavering or weak response provoke an aggressive or dangerous reaction from him? Or, might he reject me on this Journey?

Perhaps, he would recognize Samantha's friends. “I was invited by Jim Standing Bear and Henry White Wolf. They felt I might benefit from this Journey if I was open to it.”

“They did? Hmmm ... they are of a worthy warrior clan. So, you come naked?”

I hesitated. He seemed far more challenging than the owl had. Was I being measured? Judged, perhaps, for my worthiness? “As I said, the owl suggested I continue the Journey completely open. He suggested I leave my dress behind.”

He leaned forward, again. Despite the softness of the words coming out, there was a hint of an accent that wasn't Apache, but foreign. I was distracted, however, by this being a wolf, a very large wolf, and his habit of bringing his mouth so close to my face.

“Openness ... indicating you are not hiding anything?” I shrugged at the possible interpretation. “Or, openness to the sexual implications that you might find as you continue?”

I took a partial step back and he leaned forward further maintaining the distance between our noses. Suddenly, this Journey business changed for me. I had approached this intellectually, battling with my rational mind over this being a dream ... or somehow not. Suddenly, the physical, the bodily, aspect of the situation came into play. If this wolf was also a Spirit Animal, he would have new information for me, but would he also have more than information for me? My dogs at home were considered large, but this beast ... this beast was a beast and more so in size. With an involuntary reaction, my body tingled and a shiver went through my stomach and chest, the implication vibrating inside my brain.

I blushed, though, when his head raised and his nostrils flared and his head lowered down my body with repeated flaring and sniffing of his nostrils until his snout was at my crotch. I closed my eyes and held my breath as I felt the air from his nostrils on my bare skin. When his nose touched my crotch region, tightly closed off by my thighs pressed together, I gasped, a soft moan escaping my throat.

After a moment of nothing further, I slowly opened my eyes. His snout was again only a foot from mine. A soft, low growl rumbled up from deep in his throat. He surprised me with one word, "Interesting."

I attempted to regain some dignity in the face of my body's betrayal. I was finding it to be a massive battle waged within me. I had an overpowering image in my brain ... a massive, red, canine cock and knot. But, I fought through those thoughts, assured that to allow them would only magnify the scent he was already aware of.

"I ... I ... Are you also my Spirit Animal?" He seemed to nod slightly, but he also seemed to be as distracted by the scent he was aware of as I was by the images in my mind. I continued in an effort to create some distraction for both of us. "Is it usual to encounter multiple Spirit Animals on these Journeys?"

His snout had lowered toward my lower body but stopped just below my breasts. His eyes looked up to me without his head moving. Finally, perhaps with some effort of his own, he lifted his head. "No ... it is not." He returned to gazing into my eyes. Perhaps that moment had passed. "But, the owl would not be incongruent. Interesting in combination with me, but not incongruent."

"I must say, you have an interesting use of language. Not only do you use my language, but in an interesting range of grammatical word usage."

He seemed to share that smile, again. "Not surprising, really, since we must connect with the traveler if we are their Spirit Animal." I nodded, happy to have diverted his focus from that part of my body. He gave me that silly wolf-grin, again. His nose came to my mouth. I could feel the exhalation of air through his nostrils on my lips. I heard him sniff at my breath, his eyes focused on mine. Then, he became even bolder and obvious. His tongue came out and licked my lips. Then, his head lowered while remaining a breath from my flesh. He lowered to between my breasts before moving to my right one, all the while sniffing and smelling as he moved. His tongue came out, again, licking my nipple several times, sending little electrical signals through my body.

I sucked in a breath, tensed and waiting. Just as I anticipated, he moved to my left breast and did the same thing, it taking only a couple licks of his long, wide tongue to bring the nipple to full erection. His snout moved off my nipple and began to lower and I gasped, "Oh, god ..."

A low, guttural sound rumbled from his throat that was a combination of chuckle and growl. "Oh god, indeed. You are quite a female, aren't you, PET?" I could feel his breath on my crotch and he

was sniffing. I looked down and could see his nostrils flaring as he took in the smell of me. The next was almost a mumble from his throat, "Your scent is ...", another sniff of his flaring nostrils, "... is intoxicating." His tongue came out and licked at the space protected by my tightly clamped thighs. His tongue probed and licked and I felt my will to resist evaporate until my feet spread. I shifted my left foot only six inches, but that apparently was enough for his insistent tongue as I felt the wetness slide along the length of my pussy. My right foot moved out another six inches and when his tongue went between my thighs the next time, I cried out.

He pulled back and sat on his haunches and watched me. My hands were at my breasts and I moaned at the loss of his wet tongue sliding over my pussy and clit. I opened my eyes and didn't care what he might be thinking as one hand slid down my body to replace the missing tongue on my pussy.

Then I froze as his most recent comments sunk into my consciousness. "Wait ... what ... you called me what?"

"PET. Isn't that what he calls you? It has some playful meaning, doesn't it?" I nodded.

"But, how would you know that?"

"I am your Spirit, remember? I was going to say he was your lover, but you have quite a few lovers, don't you? He is special, though, I can see that." He moved over to the pool of water and lapped up with his tongue. He sat on the small grassy section near the water. "Since you are not of The People, you may not be aware of the significance of having me as your Spirit Animal."

I was still flushed from his teasing of my body, but I moved to join him on the grass. I even bent over to drink some water myself, sucking it up from cupped hands. Even if I wasn't thirsty now, I might not have another chance.

I sat in front of him on the grass. I sat cross-legged, knowing I was exposing myself fully to him, but I figured two could play the teasing card. He told me succinctly what Wolf as a Spirit Animal represented. He watched me closely as he spoke, gaging my reaction to the indicators he provided.

Wolf brings instinct, intelligence, an appetite for freedom, but also an awareness of the importance of social connection and belonging in a larger group. While Wolf is capable of being and often found alone, it is most effective when a part of a pack. I could definitely see this in me. I reveled in being my own person, a strong and independent woman of the business world. In a way, I had little other option before; I had been completely alone. But now, as Sharon pointed out, I have blossomed into more within our makeshift family structure under Hein. With the realization that I can still be my own person but also a part of something larger, I have gained so much more in return.

Wolf also reflects sharp intelligence and strong instincts in dealing with important and complex matters. This was exactly the qualities Hein saw in me and desired for the business half of the relationship. His ability to recognize that so quickly and to trust in that recognition made me nervous, at first. It seemed like a lot to live up to and to perform to. But, his continuously calling on me to trust my instincts, not just in my ability to analyze numbers and information, has proven him right, even to me. It can mean that the recognition of Wolf as a Spirit can be a call to use those instinctual strengths in dealing with a challenge that is being experienced in life. Overcoming the challenge of being at Hein's right-hand came relatively easy in the end. Overcoming the challenges that are to come in my life as a result of the Social gatherings, however, have been working away inside my mind, whispering doubts and fears and uncertainty.

Then, he surprised me with the telling element of it all for me. His eyes were focused on my pussy

and he seemed unfazed that I knew he was. His brazen attention to my sexuality seemed to be an opening for me to reciprocate and it was hard not to, anyway. It was easy to look between his front legs and under his body. Maybe, he wanted me to look. Maybe, it was part of the same game. What I saw, though, was stark ... and arousing. About three inches of thick, reddish penis was protruding from his sheath. Then, we seemed to be playing some kind of game with each other, looking at each other's sexuality, then up to our eyes. We both had smiles on our faces. If I was still in the tipi and this was some drug induced dream, I have never had a dream like this ... ever.

But, then, the explanation of the Wolf Spirit became still more intriguing. "Out of curiosity, how big was the owl you encountered?"

He was curious? That made me curious. "Very big. Much bigger than any owl I have ever heard of. Why?"

"What about me?"

I squinted at me, wondering where all this was going. "Again, much larger than I have ever seen depicted even in pictures. Again, why?"

"The size of the Spirit Animal encountered is an indication of the power of that Spirit within you. This is the largest I have ever been presented to a traveler." He studied me, his eyes again falling to my exposed pussy. I was wet and I was sure he could tell that. "There is something else about the Wolf Spirit and I sense it will be very meaningful to you." I leaned forward, felt my breasts swing forward slightly and saw his attention to them. This whole experience had already far exceeded anything I imagined and now there was something more meaningful. "The Wolf Spirit conveys an energetic imprint of strong sexual energy or addictive behaviors. I don't sense addictive behaviors in you so it must be the sexual energy." He paused as if to gauge my reaction, but 'strong sexual energy' was certainly not news to me. "Is my appearance now positive or negative for you?" I indicated positive. How a monstrously large wolf can be positive when mere feet from me, I wasn't sure, but he was positive in my reaction to him. "Good. A positive tone or reaction is interpreted as a guiding symbol for trusting your instincts more or expressing them in such a way as to feel at ease and supported in your sexuality and your partner's sexual expression and cravings in your life. This can be most indicative in a relationship where the male partner may be pushing his sexual desires and, correspondingly, pushing your sexual boundaries." His eyes piercingly considered my reaction, again. He must have been intrigued by my calm. "This reflects closely to your sexual relationship?"

I nodded while studying the ground separating us. I came into this Journey with only a few concerns that were niggling, not highly significant, but were still teasing at my subconsciousness while not elevating to real concerns that I worried about. One was the idea of increasingly erotic, stimulating, and challenging sexual situations presented by others to me. Even though it has been a wish and fantasy of mine, there is that old saying about being careful what you wish for. Accounting to my Wolf Spirit, these new situations filtered by my partner, Hein, can be entrusted to my instincts and my trust in Hein.

The other little niggling thing in my mind was not addressed and may be far too complex. That little thing is what is happening between Hein and me? I have the feeling that something is, but that was not part of our agreement, plans, or expectations when this started. This Journey, however, remains shockingly amazing. My expectations from the descriptions provided by the others was a kind of woo-woo-horoscope-meditation experience. This has felt so much more and so much more accurate to my inner self. And, I reminded myself the rope did not end here, but was continuing on to something else. But, I felt strongly that I was not concluded with the Wolf Spirit.

I raised my eyes from the ground where they had been focused during my thoughts and moved them to his. He was quietly waiting for me. I felt myself heat up with a blush spreading over me. "Yes, your explanation is very much what my situation is. As you say, I have an extremely high sexual energy and have a need/desire to be challenged by more intense situations. I found that in my partner. He has, however, recently expanded the source of challenges and ideas to include others outside our familiar group. I think that is a source of what tension I might have been harboring."

He was quiet and seemed to be studying me. I glanced down his body as I would if he were Max or Axel sitting in front of me. What I saw set off an immediate rush through my body. A thick, red penis was exposed from his sheath. And, it was very large. I fought for some control by returning my eyes to his head, but my glance repeatedly dropped down as if not believing it was real. For his size, the cock showing might have been just proportional, but his size was extremely large.

It was awkwardly quiet. My attention was focused on his erect and exposed cock, but his brazen and bold attitude of before seemed to have waned in the face of my changed manner. The words stumbled from his mouth, "That's all I have for you as your Spirit guide."

Without taking my eyes from his groin, "It would appear not to be the case."

I didn't say anything else. I didn't indicate for him lay on his side as I might have Max or Axel do. I moved to my hands and knees, crossing the short space between us and forced my way between his front legs, my head and shoulders lowering until my mouth was at the tip of his cock. I licked the tip of the pre-cum formed there, then kissed it before taking three to four inches of it into my mouth.

His reaction seemed to rumble from deep in his throat, maybe his chest, "OH ... I ... I have never ... felt anything ... like this."

I mumbled a 'thank you' around his cock, but I wasn't prepared to release it now that I finally had it, my mouth sliding up and down half of its still growing length. He was licking my ass that was underneath his head. He wasn't quite getting to my pussy, but his attempts were delicious.

I pulled back and gazed at the cock in front of me. I gasped at the sight of the largest canine cock I have ever seen and made me think of the horse cock Samantha introduced me to. This was much smaller, but it was the largest cock I had seen or imagined short of the horse. The pre-cum was dripping from the tip and I sucked the tip for what was there before turning around underneath the beast while remaining crouched low to fit and move. I squeezed back through his front legs and rose up to full height on my hands and knees, only then feeling his furry chest and belly on my back. I turned my head to look up at his head.

"You have one more thing to give me, Spirit O' my Spirit. How many of the human females that have come to you as their Spirit did you end up like this?"

"None." There was heavy panting above, before, "Are you for real?"

"I am real. The question would seem to be, are you real. Because, if you are, this is going to surreal."

The time for talking was over, apparently. He moved his hind legs into my butt and I felt his hard cock jab my butt-cheek. I used my hand as a guide, as I did for my boys, and I felt his cock slide across my palm, glance off one side and into my pussy. Between the pre-cum, he was leaking and the wetness I had been experiencing for some time, his cock slid into me and didn't stop until he was deep.

When his powerful front legs grabbed me and pulled me back, it was just that. With my boys and

Harley, it was as much them pulling themselves into me as much as them pulling me onto them. In this case, it was entirely me being pulled further onto his cock. My knees slid a few inches along the grassy ground as he took complete control over our mating. He was a massive beast and it was never so obvious to me as it was then. His cock was long and large. He filled me like nothing has ever filled me before. When he pulled part of the way out to thrust back into me and begin the frantic fucking that was so canine, the deep penetration touched parts of me nothing, cock or toy of this size has ever touched. I felt the tip of his cock at the top of my vagina, the tip touching the opening to my cervix.

“Oh ... my ... GOD! Oh, yesssss ...” I grunted and groaned under the onslaught of his unrelenting fucking, filling me and touching me like never before. I was quickly cresting to an orgasm and I hadn't yet felt his knot. The thought of what his knot must be like sent me over the peak. I screamed out my release, “Oh god, YESSSSSSS! Please, please ... never take it out of me!”

I arched my back, pressing upward into his belly, wanting the feeling of his fur on my bare skin as my body quaked in pleasure. I have never felt anything like this, so full, so encompassing of my sexual being. I used my training and newly defined strength to hold myself rigid against his onslaught, his driving of his cock into my pussy.

I was on the ebbing side of my orgasm when I felt his forming knot against my pussy. I gulped at the thought of it, but gasped at the expectation of what it would bring to me if his cock had already brought me so much pleasure. His cock was driving furiously into me and the knot was meeting the resistance of my pussy. His frantic, hyper-drive fucking was slowly replaced by an urgent pressing of his cock and knot at my pussy opening. The more he pressed at me and the more I pressed back at him, the more I began to feel this wasn't going to work, he was too big. If his cock was so massive, how could I possibly take a knot of proportional size? There seemed to be no way. I relished the larger size of Max and Axel over other dogs I had experienced, what their knot did to me and for me. But this? Was this even possible?

My mind flashed to the horses Samantha and I played with. I remembered her comments, almost aside comments, that trying to fuck a horse vaginally scared her, but she had heard stories of women who had managed it and were rewarded with mind-blowing orgasms.

Suddenly, I knew I could do this and I knew that I wanted to. I wanted to take this knot and experience this completely. I refocused my mind, bringing my mind into meditative yoga practice with deep breaths and controlled release. I was willing my body to relax. I was willing my muscles to relax and stretch and yield.

I pressed back, not with stress, but with visualization and freedom of body. I saw in my minds-eye my pussy widening, stretching, yielding to the intruding member of this beast on my back. My pussy stretched. Moments of panic at the feel of it forced a refocusing, which yielded more stretching. I could feel his knot slowly stretching me and entering me. He groaned and grunted, sounds that were non-wolf like, but coming from deep in his chest and rumbling out over my head as he continued to press and thrust against my body's natural resistance.

In a moment of stark clarity and awareness, I felt the exact moment when my pussy was opened around his knot at its widest. The next moment it was inside me. It had to be many inches in length as well as thickness because his cock tip was suddenly not just deep inside my vagina, but pressing brutally at my cervix and the top of my vagina. Each next hampering thrust probed at the end of my vagina until ... OH MY GOD! ... until the tip of his cock pressed against my cervical opening and the tapered end teased it open with a violent thrust, penetrating me even more fully. It hurt as it stretched me and penetrated me where nothing this size had ever been before. It hurt and I

screamed in response, but it quickly transformed into a wanton and bizarre sensation of pleasure. Unlike anything I had experienced before, a new pain or discomfort that gave way to an exotic taste of pleasure, something I wasn't sure I would ever be able to explain or understand. But, it was real in the moment and in the reality of the experience.

The combination of pains, the excessive stretching of my pussy by the massive ball of flesh and the intrusion of my cervix by the cock tip, sent me into another orgasm, this one as strong or stronger than the previous one. My body shook underneath this beast that was devouring me sexually and my pussy muscles seemed to be in a constant state of spasms around the knot and cock deeply embedded in it. The front of my body collapsed onto my forearms, my forehead on the back of my hands as my body continued to shake and shudder as I rode out the tremors that were my orgasm.

Somewhere within a part of my consciousness, I felt his cock change, his knot and cock becoming ever more rigid and large within me. That conscious impression was immediately followed by the sensation of my insides be washed by powerful spraying of cum, most filling my pussy but, as he pressed powerfully into me with the tip penetrating my cervix, some entering into my womb. Whatever egg was inside me was awash with wolf seed, tiny wolf sperm on a short and unopposed journey in finding my egg. The very thought sent a delicious, taboo, animalistic shudder of impossible expectation.

I don't know what happened. I had no recollection of when it started or how it started. Suddenly, my eyes and body registered that I was moving in a jerking fashion backward, my knees no longer on grass but that weird, soft sand. My head was still resting on the backs of my hands as I was pulled back a foot, then paused, then moved, again. That my head was resting on my hands and not pressed into the ground caused me to think I hadn't passed out but must have ... something ...

The knot inside me still felt huge and gave no indication that it might be ready to come out anytime soon. Behind me, or in front of me as I was going backward, was a trail of grooves from my knees and my hands. Oddly, neither my knees or hands seemed to be affected by being dragged along the sand.

"Where are you going? It isn't as if I don't have a life to return to."

He laughed that deep, rumbling, throaty sound. "You relaxed so completely and I wasn't sure how long you might be like that or how long we might be tied. So, I decided I would try to help you."

"Again, where are you going?"

"I don't know. I am only following the rope. That was what you were doing, isn't it?"

"Oh, yeah. The rope. The rope didn't end at you, did it." He stopped and we both turned to look at each other. "How long have you been pulling me? Wait ... you've been pulling me just by the tie of our mating?!?"

He gave me that smile. "Indeed. You are very tight, PET. Also, you respond very easily, don't you?"

I furrowed my eyebrows at him. "What do you mean, 'respond very easily'?"

"You've been spasming and moaning nearly the entire time."

He started moving again, and I felt the sharp impact of the knot against my g-spot and a sudden rise of arousal. "Wait! Stop!" My god, I've been orgasming all this time? No wonder I feel so completely limp and drained. I needed to stall for time and maybe the knot will shrink with a loss of stimulation.

“Is it even possible for me to have a third Spirit Animal?”

“Anything is possible. What I am wondering, though, is if you are about to meet another, will you respond to him like you did with me.”

My god, he is openly wondering if I will be fucking the next animal, too? That was when I felt the knot shrinking and my pussy expanding. That was also when I realized how much of my weight he was supported by his knot. It burst out of me and I fell to the sand.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHTEEN: SPIRIT JOURNEY - BEAR**

I didn't immediately react. After all, I felt I deserved at least a little recovery time after all that I had experienced. And, what I remembered experiencing was only a part of what I fully experienced. According to the Wolf Spirit, anyway. Having been dragged through the sand by the knot in my pussy, I would not be surprised that the combination of his knot and my g-spot and the motion of his walking and my being dragged caused the steady orgasms he suggested.

I don't think I had ever experienced anything like what just happened and the civilized person in me felt I should thank him for that.

“Wolf ... uhm ... by the way, do you have a name besides Wolf?” No answer. I looked up, behind me and all around me. I was alone. I moved to my knees and looked around, again. Ahead of me, the sand along the rope was unmarked. I found no indication of tracks to the sides, either. Behind was the markings of him dragging me. Had he really managed to go around me and retreat along the same path without my hearing or seeing him?

Very weird. Another weird thing in a long succession of weird things. I might have been tempted to write it off as just a dream except for the feeling still evident in my pussy and the cum still evident leaking from my still gaping pussy. I slipped a finger in and brought it out covered in juices, mine combined with his. I sucked my finger clean and was talking to myself all over again.

“Very definitely not a dream. No dream could be this real.”

I stood up and looked down at the sand. I reached for the rope barely visible and pulled it out of the sand. I pulled up on it and exposed the direction it was leading. It was as if it had been there for some time and the wind had deposited grains of sand over it. But, I couldn't have been out here that long.

“Follow the rope.” The rope has led me to find two Spirit Animals and they have seemed incredibly appropriate for me. What could there be to still discover? The Bear said a third Spirit Animal was possible, but he sounded very vague and non-committal about it, too.

I started up the next dune, the rope sliding through my fingers as before. I was back in my Journey mode... following the rope. Find what will be found. It was like a mantra ... follow the rope ... find what will be found. There was nothing else to consider. Perhaps the rope was just following a circular route and bringing me back to the tipi. Then, I will have to worry about my dress, or, more specifically, worry about not having it. That should be an interesting explanation. Maybe that is what I should be thinking about. How will I explain reappearing without the dress or boots? How will I explain it to Samantha?

I crested this dune and absently started down the other side, half stepping and half sliding in the

sand. Then, I looked ... below me was a massive bear. Its fur was light brown with gray and, from this distance, he seemed large. And a thought stopped me in my tracks. If he seems large from here, how much larger will he seem up close? And, combined with his extra-large size, his coloring was also concerning. From a little research for a couple backpacking trips in Colorado while in college, I know that not all black bears are black, but I also knew they weren't this large.

I figured the way this had been going I had nothing to lose by making my inquiry directly to him. "You are standing over my rope. Are you who I am intended to meet, or are you an interruption in my Journey?"

He had seen me as soon as I had seen him. He was already looking up at me and I was supposing that a response from him might provide a clue as to his intentions. "Your rope?"

In a peculiar way, I wasn't surprised by that response. Animals out here seemed to all be quite challenging. "Yes, my rope. At least I chose it and am following it. I must follow the rope." He didn't respond to that and it concerned me. I mumbled to myself, "Could that be a grizzly bear? If I was intended to meet a bear, I would prefer it to be a black bear. I wonder, though, if it would make any difference when it is so large. No, grizzly bears are much more unpredictable and dangerous."

He called out to me from below, "Who are you talking to?"

I looked at him with the recognition that I had a similar dialog with the Wolf Spirit. "Myself. Are you a Bear Spirit?"

"Who told you to follow the rope?"

"An owl. He was my first Spirit on this Journey."

There was loud rumbling rising from within his body. I didn't know if it was growling or the way he laughed. He flicked his head to my left, "That owl?"

I turned to look to my left and there sat my Owl Spirit. "Where did you come from?"

"I am your Spirit, aren't I? Where should I be?"

I had no idea what that meant. Do my Spirits then remain aware of me or they are available to me when I need them for reassurance or support? I couldn't resist the temptation to look around to see if Wolf might also be nearby. He wasn't.

I turned back to the Owl. "Do you know if he is a black bear or a grizzly?"

"Does it matter?"

I looked down at the bear. "I think it would, don't you?"

"Were you equally concerned when encountering Wolf?" He had an excellent point. For some reason, when I encountered the Wolf Spirit, I was inclined to simply accept the encounter. So, why am I reacting differently now? My mind had been wrestling with this being real or imaginary, reality or dream. I considered that the ending with Wolf might mean this was some sort of reality. Which would make a grizzly very dangerous. Wouldn't that also have made Wolf very dangerous, though?

The Owl pushed with another approach. "What do you know about bears, anyway?"

These talking animals challenging me. "When backpacking in the Colorado mountains, I was told to

put a bear bell on my pack. The sound would warn away bears. On the occasion when that might not be enough, I was to carry a strong pepper spray, in case.”

“How do you tell a black bear from a grizzly bear?” I turned back to the Owl to find that silly hint of a smile showing on its face. I shrugged. “The scat.” I looked at it puzzled. “Usually, you can tell by the scat.” He looked down at the bear who seemed content observing our exchange. I saw the bear shaking its massive head, but the Owl continued, “Black bears are omnivores and their scat generally has berries, nuts, foliage in it.”

Okay, I’ll play along, “And Grizzlies?”

The Owl took wing and hovered 15 feet above the dune, “Grizzlies, their scat usually has bells in it and smells like pepper.” It then flew back in the direction I had come from.

I turned back to the bear. He was again shaking his head when he stopped and looked up at me. “Owls. They have a peculiar sense of humor. But, they represent wisdom, correct?” I nodded. “So, what did you learn?”

“Well, I need to trust my intuition.” I began that walking/sliding down the dune’s slope. “After everything that has happened, my intuition tells me that the Owl would have told me if I was really in danger. Also, on this Journey, after talking with an owl, then a wolf, there seems little surprise or justifiable alarm with talking to a bear.” I was at the bottom, standing in front of him. I leaned forward and made a dramatic point of sniffing while I stood five feet from him. “But, there is no harm in being safe.”

He leaned forward, also, putting our faces not three feet apart. “What are you doing?”

I smiled, “Smelling for pepper.”

He roared something that had the clear effect of a laugh. Standing on his four feet, his head was at the same level as mine. I wondered if he might be nine or ten feet tall when on his hind legs and standing fully erect.

He was indeed yet another Spirit Animal to be added to my list. In the kingdom of spirit animals, the bear is emblematic of grounding force and strength. This animal has been worshiped throughout time as a powerful totem, inspiring those who need it the courage to stand up against adversity. As a spirit animal in touch with the earth and the cycles of nature, it is a powerful guide to support physical and emotional needs.

The Bear has several meanings that are inspiring. The primary meaning of the Bear Spirit animal is strength and confidence, standing against adversity; taking action and leadership. The Bear medicine emphasizes the importance of solitude, quiet time, and rest. The Spirit of the Bear provides strong grounding forces, giving courage and a stable foundation to face challenges. It is a guide to take leadership in your life or in other people’s lives. Its strength and powerful stature inspires to step into a leadership role in your life and take action without fear.

I considered everything he said as he said it, comparing it to my situation and new life and relationships. One of the things that Hein embraced about me was my strength and courage in myself and my convictions and how solidly I stood in the face of opposition and challenge. In my previous life at the bank, it was that part of me that stood out and made me a visible option for his search of his fantasy advisor. In that previous life, I had honed that persona in the face of competing in the male-dominated environment. I secretly questioned how much of that persona was truly me and how much was a bluff to survive and compete, a bluff that had never been successfully called.

I now saw the presentation of the Bear Spirit to be that validation of myself. That spirit of strength, conviction, and deep foundational stability were real within me. They were parts of me I should never again question or doubt.

I was sitting on the ground cross-legged. At first, he had started sitting on his haunches, but he towered over me so he lay on his stomach with his head raised. By the end of the discussion of the meaning of his totem for me, I was still very much aware I was dialoguing with a huge bear, but the fear factor quickly dissipated, as it had done with the wolf not so long ago. Despite his being a bear, he was one of my spirit totems and how could I not be comfortable with my own spirit selves?

I was also very much aware that, as our dialog waned, his visual attention seemed more and more focused on parts of my body well to the south of my face. He finally sat up on his haunches and what I saw surprised me, though the way this Journey was going so far I wasn't sure why anything should surprise me anymore.

While sitting back, his front legs supporting his upper body, my eyes were caught by the sight of a very long exposed penis. The penis exposed to me about six inches long. It wasn't particularly thick, but I suspected the length did not represent all that he had. Our conversation did not possess the elements of sexuality that the conversation with Wolf had. This reaction from him could only be the result of his own thoughts, though probably combined with whatever scent my body was giving off particularly due to my recent mating with the Wolf Spirit. For all I knew, all the Spirits were aware of what was going on in the Spirit World, if this is what that was.

I looked from his penis up to his head. He smiled at me with close to fifty teeth, many of them exceedingly large and pointed. I had not detected the scent of pepper on him, but I wasn't sure that was really a good indicator of safety. I pushed those thoughts out of my head and proceeded with the confidence and strength I was supposed to have.

"Is this a common way you greet those of the Journey?"

He looked down between his front legs under his body and back to me, our heads nearly at the same height as I stood up. "Common? No, not common. In truth, never before." He looked over my body, again, his head reaching forward while he sniffed the air between us. The smile came back to his mouth. "So, it must be you."

"Me? You are blaming THAT on me?"

"There is no blame. It is only a natural reaction for a male around a female in heat."

"I am NOT in heat!"

"Your scent says you are. But ... whether you are or not ... the situation still exists."

The situation still exists and presumably that means I should allow something to happen to relieve the 'situation'. If this is just a dream, there is no harm. If not, and Wolf DID NOT feel like a dream, this could be very interesting. No, a goat and pig were interesting, this could be amazing.

"Okay. But, then I must continue on this Journey. I see the rope does not stop here."

"I will even accompany you if you wish my company."

I wondered about that. The Owl and Wolf did not offer that. I asked how this would work and he indicated similarly to Wolf. Doggy-style, then. I asked if that was as long as he was. He laughed and

said no. I told him to lie on his back. I wanted to see what I was going to be working with. He smiled. Once on his back, I crawled onto his belly, my legs on either side of his body at his front legs, my head at his exposed penis. It was not large in diameter compared to Wolf, but it was pointed and very hard. Canines have a bone inside their penis and I suspected bears must, also.

I inserted the tip between my lips and sucked at the opening. I heard a deep, rumbling sound from behind me and I took that as a positive sound since I could feel a rush of air against my exposed pussy that I knew was still wet with juices. Soon, I had much of the exposed cock in my mouth and I felt his nose on the insides of my thighs and the exhalation of air from his nostrils on my pussy. I pulled my mouth off the cock for only a moment, but long enough to turn my head to him.

“You can lick me, too. I would like that very much.”

I didn't hear anything more from him, only felt his tongue lap over my pussy, even pushing inside. I returned my mouth to his cock. Before long I knew he had been speaking the truth. His fully erect cock was a little short of a foot long. I also realized that the size was deceptive on such a large body. If not for Wolf and the horse, it might have been the thickest cock I had. It would not have a knot, though, and that would be a big difference for experiencing.

With his cock fully erect, a delicious thought came to me. I turned on his belly. My pussy was drooling from the attention he had given it, not to mention what my mind had encouraged with thoughts of being fucked by the massive bear.

“Is this comfortable for you? I have an idea of an experience you might never have enjoyed before.”

He looked at me, my elbows resting on his chest, my hands holding the sides of my head as I looked into his eyes. “I think there might be a lot you could show me that I have not experienced. I have never had a mouth on my penis before, for instance.”

I laughed. “I love to suck cock. I guess you discovered that. I must be going, but I can do this one more thing for your experiences.” He nodded. He seemed to trust me completely. I, however, remained in something of a shock that I also seemed to have full trust and confidence in him.

I pushed my body along his belly until his cock poked my butt cheeks. I raised my ass higher off him, slipped a hand underneath and moved it around my ass and pussy until I found my opening. I sat back part way with his cock sliding into my wet and ready pussy chamber. The muscles of my pussy walls were already clenching around this new bestial penetration. I sighed deeply and slowly pushed back onto his penis. I was in control of this and it was that attraction to me that led me to suggest it to him. His cock was long, very long, and large enough that the combination could be brutal if I wasn't careful.

Yet, when I looked down at my newest lover, I couldn't help but feel a pang of shock that caused my muscles inside to tighten around the object inside me. In one sense, there was almost a comforting, child-like feel of lying on an overstuff, oversized play-animal ... except for the dynamic effect of the hard spearing cock in my pussy. The massive bear was looking up at me with a look on his face that betrayed what I was doing. His face was soft, reassuring, with a gentle smile-like expression in the eyes and at the ends of his mouth. There was something about the way the lips were curled that presented the image of a smile while baring what should have been frightening teeth.

With my hands firmly against his chest, I raised my upper body to present a more vertical position while keeping my hips raised above him with his cock only partially penetrating me. I eased my hips down, slowly taking more of his cock into me. I purposely moved slowly. His length seemed long in my hands, like that of Wolf. Wolf's cock had touched the opening of my cervix with its pointy tip. If

this one was indeed only a little longer ...

I felt the cock sliding deeper and deeper into me. The size was nice but it was the length that had my attention as it went deeper. I felt it touch the top of my vaginal chamber and I stopped. I peeked underneath me and that alone told me what I was curious about. Though I could feel the tip of his cock at the end of my pussy, there was still a few inches of cock remaining, allowing a small amount of light showing between our mating bodies.

I groaned as I carefully pressed down, moving my hips side to side in the process. My head turned skyward, despite my eyes being closed tightly as I manipulated my body around the embedded shaft until I felt the pointy tip of his bony cock at my next opening. I heard a growling sound vibrating from his massive chest under my hands. I looked down, still positioned precariously with the tip of his cock at the opening of my cervix.

His eyes were rolled back and his mouth wide open and, despite the growl rumbling from within him, his breath seemed to be held. My body was shaking in anticipation and my mind was less than certain about what I wanted to do further. I closed my own eyes, my senses becoming increasingly focused on that spot inside me, his pointy tipped cock pressing at the opening to my next chamber. I moved my body with deliberation as my mind became fixed on experiencing this, the most extreme sexual experience I could now imagine after that large knot had invaded me.

I slowly relaxed my thigh muscles, my bottom sinking infinitesimally over the cock buried inside me. I gasped as the tip opened my cervix the barest amount. I was panting at the sudden sharp pain of the tight opening being forced open. For his part, Bear roared and his eyes flashed open as the tip of his cock was tightly grasped by this new opening. I relaxed a slight amount more, more of his cock opening me and sliding into my womb. It felt like I had a log jammed into my cervix but it couldn't have been more than the tip. But, not for long.

With the tip firmly penetrating my cervix, I dropped my head and gazed at the Bear's face, my eyes as penetrating to his with his cock inside me. His eyes furrowed as if he wasn't prepared to believe what I was thinking, but my eyes squinted with the smile spreading over my face ... and I let myself go, dropping the remaining inches with my ass impacting his furry body and his cock driving deeper into my womb. I shuddered, my entire body quaking as my insides attempted to catch-up with what I had just done. My pussy clamped tightly around his cock and my cervix constricted around the end of the cock like a tourniquet. My body spasmed and shook as it adjusted to the intrusion so deep inside my womb.

I wasn't the only one, though. He growled furiously and at any other time it might have and should have threatened me with violent fear. But, this wasn't any other time. His hips jerked at the constricted feeling along his cock but especially around the end of it. I thought he was going to climax his actions were so strong. Instead, like me, he eased himself calmer before thoughts of any movement were contemplated.

When it happened, it was me who initiated movement. My mouth was hanging open, my eyes still wide from the shocking feeling of the sudden complete penetration. But, as my body adjusted, my mouth closed with a turning mouth into a smile and wickedness in my eyes.

"My god, you are long." I eased up on him but not too much until I felt his tip at the opening of my cervix, then I dropped back down. I was content to fuck him with my cervix open, but I also knew that I could enhance it with the pussy muscles Hein encourage me to develop and I put them to extra good use.

My talking Totem Bear was not in a talking mood. He rumbled from deep in his chest and growling sounds rose through his throat, but no words. I had silenced my strength and power totem and had made the grounded foundation of his Spirit an anchor of his cock holding my body to his.

I rode him. Up and down. Slowly rising and slowly dropping, then rising with a sudden dropping, driving his cock along my controlling muscles and cervix. It was not a long fuck. It was completely and totally controlled and dictated by my actions. And there was never a complaint or attempt by him to take over. He was my totem of power and strength and I used that over him in controlling the situation.

When he came, it was nearly violent. Maybe, it was. I couldn't fully appreciate the level of climax he achieved because of the extraordinary orgasm I experienced. There was something chilling about having a cock deep inside my womb when it exploded, shooting spurt after spurt of cum directly into my womb. Wolf managed to get his tip there, Bear was deeply inside and the difference sent my body and mind into electrical explosions, tiny nerve endings flashing throughout my brain and sending tingling charges through my body. I felt my insides spasm, my cervix clamping down in spasms, my pussy clamping down, my clit being hit with surges of bolts of sensations. My nipples ached they were so erect and stimulated.

I was a wreck. I never wanted to get off his cock. I was afraid the emptiness would be its own kind of painful.

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## **CHAPTER NINETEEN: SPIRIT JOURNEY - CONCLUSION**

We followed the rope over more of these sand dunes, the sun remaining in the same location near the horizon as it always had, the color of the sky and sand unchanged, the temperature of both the air around my naked body and the sand under my bare feet remaining unchanged. Also unchanged was the following of the rope.

After our mutual orgasm, I lay on Bear's massive body content in the feel of him underneath me as my body and mind recovered. I didn't know how long that had taken. What I did know was that Bear patiently provided a warm and reassuring place for that recovery. I nuzzled into his massive and furry body, my arms attempting to hug him close as I felt the sensation of orgasmic bliss slowly seep from me in a most pleasant and satisfying experience. Despite my attempts at hugging him, my arms didn't encompass half of his bulk so I was content in pressing my arms against his sides to achieve an effect similar to the hug I desired.

I talked quietly and he responded as quietly as a beast so fearsome and large could manage. I felt his rumbling sound deep inside him as I lay on his chest and belly. It was as if I was experiencing a mini-quake of some kind with each of his responses. He assured me that the experiences with himself and Wolf were extraordinary in the Spirit World. They came to travelers, seekers as guides and instructors. Their role was one of enlightenment in order to show the way to understanding and self-discovery.

As we walked together, as he had offered he would, I pursued the idea of understanding and self-discovery further. I retook the rope into my hand, allowing it to slide through my fingers and thus allowing me to not have to pay attention to where we were going as long as the rope continued to slide through my fingers. He walked alongside me on all fours, of course. His head was approximately at the level of mine, which made eye contact convenient.

I had learned many insights into the representation of the Spirit Animals who came to me and

recognized the qualities in them that were dominant in me. It was reinforcing for me. He persisted that recognition wasn't only what was intended, but to also act on those strengths within me.

He bumped me with his possibly 1,500 pounds of mass through his shoulder into mine. I was forced to make a wide step to the side, planting my leg as a brace to avoid being knocked over completely. He was giving me that toothy grin of his.

"But, we believe in you. You are a truly unique traveler."

I cocked my head at him as I resume my pace alongside him. "We?"

He jerked his head to the rear. I turned and found Wolf several paces behind and Owl gliding on the air currents. Bear stopped with me and the Owl landed on the sand next to Wolf.

"Where did you guys come from?"

Owl looked at me with his piercing eyes, "We will always be with you. It is up to you to use us or not. We won't be here for you physically, like now, but we will be with you."

I looked at the three of them, a question obviously on my mind. "So, this is real. This is physical?"

Bear next me thundered out his laugh, "It didn't feel real, physical? It sure sounded like you thought it was."

I let it go, feeling silly at the question. It was a debate I have had with myself this entire time. Was this all merely a dream while securely in the confines of the tipi? Or, was this somehow a real experience? The conversations could easily have been part of a dream sequence, but the intensity of the two times with the animals couldn't have been a dream. The experience was too intense and physical.

"Okay, then maybe the question should be, why. Why have you come to join us, again? I am not complaining, I am just curious. Is it something to do with what is at the end of this rope?"

The three of them checked with each other, then nodded back to me. So, they came together to give me support for the ending. What could that be? I knew better by now that asking would only get me something like, 'you will find what you will find'. I thanked and hugged each of them, then turned with the rope sliding, again, through my fingers, my totems following behind me.

After another period of walking over and between dunes, I spotted something ahead of us. At first, all I could make out was something that resembled a dust devil with something dark at its center. The closer I got the dust devil showed as smoke, but the dark image took an appearance of a gigantic crow, its wings flapping out as it spun and pranced around the source of the smoke.

I stopped and turned to my companions, "A crow? Is it another Spirit Animal?"

"Ooooooo," Owl seemed delighted by that. "No, don't call him that. Calling him a crow would not be a wise way to begin, not if you want to find out why he is here."

"He looks like a crow." I looked at Bear. He looked at Wolf and they both shrugged their massive shoulders and nodded. They seemed to agree. Owl hooted out his warning to them. They seemed to stiffen at the reprimand and stopped their playfulness with me.

I shrugged but gave the two large animals a sly smile and rolled my eyes. They returned smiles they

attempted to hide from Owl.

The closer I got, I could see the image ahead was not a giant crow, although giant animals and birds had become the norm for me of late. I didn't really think it was an unreasonable deduction from a distance.

I could now see that it was a man with a long, black, flowing garment over his shoulders, his long black hair falling well below his shoulders. His swirling, kicking and stomping of his feet caused dust to fly up with the smoke of a fire and his cloak to fly out from his body.

"So, why would it be offensive to mention 'crow'?"

I was surprised by the answer coming from above me. Owl was gliding silently back and forth just above my head. "He is an ancient, an elder, a revered healer, and mystic. He is of The People from the Oldest of Times. The Crow are another tribe far to the North of here. They were not welcome here."

I mused, "From the Oldest of Times ... an ancient. He looks real, though."

Owl huffed and flapped his powerful wing against the back of my head. I think he was getting frustrated with my doubts. "He is as real as we are." Did that solve the issue? I have been wondering how real they were. They certainly felt real, though, especially what Wolf and Bear were able to do to me.

Suddenly, with the assurance that this image was also real, I felt conspicuous in my nakedness. Bear and Wolf were nudging me forward by butting me in the back with their heads. As I stepped closer, his swirling stopped and he stepped over the small flame producing the smoke. His legs were covered in tanned hides, his feet were in moccasins. Both had fringes and beadwork. His chest was bare except for an elaborate breastplate made of bone, leather, beads and feathers intricately combined and hanging from around his neck and fastened around his chest and waist. His cape seemed to flow from his head and extended to the ground, but upon closer inspection, I found what I presumed to be a hood was his long, black hair matching the color of the cape. His face was initially difficult to discern through the long hair fallen over his face.

I had stopped five feet from the fire, the man stopping only a few feet in front of me, while the animals gathered to our sides. Owl had indicated the man with terms like elder, ancient and he certainly now appeared that way to me. Despite the rich, shiny, blackness of his hair, his face showed the wear of years. His skin was a dark brown with wrinkles and creases deep across his face and forehead. His constantly squinting eyes were a deep, penetrating black as if they were dilated permanently from an existence in the night-time.

He appraised me without any sign of embarrassment on his part. He walked around me with a slow stride that belied the appearance of centuries of age otherwise evident on his weathered body. I felt his eyes taking in my exposed body. He mumbled in a language that I presumed to be Apache from what I had heard in the tipi at the beginning of the ceremony.

"Innaa isdzán," Owl replied with a dialog in the same language.

Wolf, who was on my left side, whispered, "He is surprised that a white woman has appeared before him. Owl is explaining that we were also surprised, but pointing out the large size of our representation. He agrees that it is a sign of great meaning and power, but he is still uncertain what this means." We listened as the dialog continued for many minutes going back and forth between them. Occasionally, the old man directed comments to Wolf and Bear who agreed with nodding and

words. It was obvious to me this old man was receiving the utmost reverence from the three Spirit Animals.

After appraising me once more, he nodded. He put his dried, withering hands on my shoulders and moved me in front of the fire. He moved to the other side of the fire pit while the Spirit Animals also took position around the pit. The old man raised his hands directly above his head, his face and eyes tilted upward to the sky, his long hair falling behind him, his black cape again forming the impression of wings when his arm moved into an arc before stopping directly above him.

Suddenly drumbeats started up, loud thuds punctuating the air. Then singers began a chant, starting soft and low before building stronger. I thought I must be imagining the sounds, influenced by the scene I was thrust into, but I saw the old man's feet begin to move in perfect beat to the drums and chants. I then noticed Bear and Wolf swaying to the same beat. The old man began praying in Apache, his voice rising over the drums and chanting.

Bear interpreted the portions of what the old man was praying. "He is saying thank you to Mother Earth who gives herself for our home, to Sun who gives himself for light and warmth, to the four-legged, the winged, and finned that share the land, air, and water with us." The old man's prayer changed to chants of his own and the mysterious chants died away. While he chanted, his feet beat the ground in time with a quickening beat of the drum sounds, dust rising from his feet and the smoke of the fire thickening and rising in the middle of our little circle.

The old man stopped his movements and his chants. He moved a satchel at his back to the front and removed a large feather. Bear, in the quiet, whispered, "An eagle feather. It is very significant." The old man reached into his satchel and dropped wood chips into the small fire. Instantly, as they were engulfed by the coals of the fire, I could smell the scent of cedar wafting up and an increasing amount of smoke. The cedar smoke crawled over the ground around us like an early morning fog, then rose and drifted around and through our little circle. "The cedar smoke is sacred and symbolizes respect for life and all living things."

My eyes drifted to the smoke swirling around us but were continually drawn back to the ancient, weathered face across from me. I watched as he moved around the pit, the others stepping back to allow him room, then forming tightly around us, again.

He held the feather over my head, dragging it down my long hair on either side of my face. He looked into my eyes, and holding mine with his, he dragged the feather down the front of my body, moving over each breast, then down my stomach to the V of the thighs. He moved around me to my right, the feather dragging over my hip to my lower back, then taking up my back to return to the top of my head. He had continued moving around my body until he was again in front of me. He moved the feather up and down in front of my body and began chanting. I was suddenly aware the drums had ceased completely.

His chanting stopped and he looked around at my companions. I followed his gaze and found each one of them nodding their heads. His eyes returned to me and for the first time, there was a smile spread across his face. He spoke to me and Bear translated, "Never before have I done this for a white. Never before has a white been brought to me as worthy."

He then spoke the Apache words, "Innaa isdzán gánii naal'eeí naki ba'itso". With a leather string from his leggings, he tied the feather into my hair at the side. He then took his staff that I had not paid much attention to and brought it to me. At the top was what appeared to be an ornament hanging from it. It was a decorative woven circle of colorful strings and beads with eagle feathers attached to it, one at the top and two at the bottom. They tended to easily blow in different

directions with the slightest breeze. He moved behind me and pressed the staff against my lower back. For a moment, there was a hot, searing sensation but no soon was my mind able to take hold of the feeling, it disappeared. I decided it must have been my imagination.

With a few more chips of cedar into the coals, the old man swirled his cape around himself and was enveloped in thick smoke rising into the air as an ever-lengthening column. Oddly, the smoke thinned at the bottom and dissipated going up into the air. The old man was gone. I looked up along the rising column of smoke to find a large eagle soaring on the rising thermal.

I returned my gaze on my Spirit Animals, "What was that about? Those words he said, what were they?"

Owl took over from Bear and hesitantly answered, "He gave you a name." He sounded astonished.

Wolf added to that, "He gave you a blessing, also." They all nodded, at first it was while filled with their own thoughts about the event, then they raised their heads to verify with each other before considering me.

Owl stammered, "Innaa isdzán gánii naal'eehí naki ba'itso." He shook his head, again. "As he said, this is never done. You are white and not known to The People. Even for an elder of the tribe to give a name to a white is rare, but the ancient ..."

I looked around, "What does that mean in English? What kind of blessing?"

Owl seemed to regain control over the event and gazed at me, "Innaa isdzán gánii naal'eehí naki ba'itso. A name is given with significance to the person. A name is not a casual thing to The People. Your name means 'White Woman Who Knows Spirit and Beast'. The blessing is a gift given to help you in ..." he looked at the others ... "interacting with beasts, or animals. And, the presentation of the eagle feather is an omen." I looked at him puzzled. "Whenever the eagle comes, it brings a blessing and the promise of harmony and peace. It brings hope. He gives the feather as a part of you now. By extension, you can bring harmony and peace to yourself and those around you."

I chuckled, "That was why he had a smile on his face? He knew about what happened before. The name has a double meaning. 'Knowing' can be an innocent meeting, or it can be an intimate coupling."

They all nodded. Wolf responded, "Of course he would know. He is the center of all that occurs in the Spirit World."

"What does this blessing or gift do for me?"

"You will find what you will find." That again.

As intriguing as getting a new name was, I saw that the rope did not end at this place. My three companions continued on with me until we came to a large lake in the middle of this endless landscape of sand dunes. The rope continued into the water where it was lost.

I asked my companions, "Do you know what this place is?"

Bear shook his head. "Didn't even know it existed. What are you going to do now? You don't know where the rope goes from here."

"I suppose I could try walking around the lake." I gazed up and down the shore and across the water

where I could see a small island that appeared to be a smooth rock with no visible vegetation of any kind. "The lake looks to be very large, though."

Wolf stepped into the water a little way but it soon became too deep to stand. "It is too deep to walk." He looked at Owl. "You can fly out to the island, though. Maybe you'll see something about the rope. Maybe the rope goes out to the island."

Owl looked at me and nodded. He was soon skimming the water surface, his wing tips occasionally touching the water, then rose up as he approached the island and spiraled over it, slowly getting lower as if to find more detail about something.

Owl reported, "The rope comes out of the water onto the island. It is peculiar, though. The rope ends on the island, which I find strange. Also, the island surface is unusually smooth and it appears to be rising and falling."

Bear looked intently out to the island, though it was far enough away to not allow us a good view. "You mean it might be floating? Rising and falling on the waves?"

Wolf stared out with the same intensity. "There are no waves."

They all turned and looked at me. I shrugged and stepped into the water. It quickly was at my hips. I turned, "Thank you. You three have been exceedingly helpful and kind to me. I truly appreciate everything you have taught me and done for me."

Bear laughed, "Well, you have done for us, too." I smiled and felt something of a blush spread across my chest and neck. "What are you going to do?"

"As you three have consistently told me ... I need to find what I will find." With that I turned and dove into the water, rising to the surface and stroking out to the island.

On the shore behind me, the three Spirit Animals looked at each other. Wolf said what was on all of their minds, "Did you see the symbol at the bottom of her back?"

The swim was as surreal as all the other efforts had been since I left the tipi. The water was the perfect temperature, as Wolf said there were no waves, and the distance didn't seem to create an undo energy depletion. I found myself treading water at the edge of the island, but it was nothing like what I might have imagined. As Owl said, the surface was very smooth and not hard like a rock. In fact, I couldn't see how I was going to get a hand and foothold to climb about three feet necessary to reach the surface. I used a side stroke to the right while inspection the side until I found what appeared to be some kind of large root lying on the surface. I climbed up onto it and shimmied to the island side, managing to scramble onto the surface. As I knelt on the surface, I distinctly felt the rising and falling. I stood carefully, concerned about the motion but also the smoothness of the surface and not wanting to slip back into the water. I moved to the center of the island and guessed that it was 15 feet long by 12 feet wide. As I carefully walked around the edge, I found that there were a number of those roots primarily on one end, though there were a few at the other end.

I turned to the shore I had left, saw the animals still there, and waved my arms to them to let them know I was okay. Okay, but far from knowing what I needed to do or learn here. I also needed to consider that the rope ended here. That presumably indicated this was the final thing I needed to do, but how was I to then return to the tipi? Swim back and follow the rope?

I sat down in the center and waited. I recognized the frustration growing in me as I waited. Who or what was it I was going to find here? And, where was he? The other encounters had me walking up

to find the Spirit I was to interact with. Finding myself alone in the middle of a lake gave me concern now.

Except for finding myself surrounded by water, the environment remained the same. The sky maintained the same hue as ever. The air had the same feel even though I was now surrounded by water instead of seemingly endless sand dunes. And, the most vexing of all, the sun was still in the same location near the horizon as if no time had passed since I left the tipi. It felt like it could have been days since I exited the tipi and began this journey. Either this place had no element of time or I was still inside the tipi. Absently, my hand went to the side of my head, fumbling with my wet hair until I found the eagle feather still securely tied into strands of my hair. Harmony. Peace. Hope.

I lay back onto the unusual surface of the island to wait. Although firm, it had a give to it with enough pressure as if it were an overfilled waterbed.

Sensing a change in the air or my surroundings, I sat up to look in the direction of where I had left the Spirits. They were no longer on the shore. Instead, in the mirrored surface of the water, I caught the reflection of a single fluffy white cloud hanging in the sky. The first cloud I had seen since being in this place, the cause of its formation was curious, but not enough so that I didn't lay back onto the surface feeling the edginess of impatience creeping over me.

I became lost in the reflection of everything that had occurred to me and happened to me since leaving the tipi. The silly venture of following a rope into unknown lands; the encounters with Owl, Wolf, and Bear considering everything I had learned about what traits within me each represented; my body reacting quickly and urgently to the memories of my physical interactions with Wolf and Bear and how undeniably real the experiences had felt; and, of course, the chanting, prayer, and blessing from the ancient, mystic elder. I pulled strands of my hair forward to consider the feather secured there when my eyes were diverted to the single cloud suddenly directly overhead.

I had felt not a single breath of air movement. The lake surface had remained as smooth as a mirror. Yet, somehow the cloud had traveled nearly halfway across the sky. I stared at it as it seemed to now become anchored in the sky directly above me. The longer I watched it, the surer I became that it was changing before my eyes. The stark white, cotton-ball appearance that had initially captured my attention was now producing elements of gray, some turning even darker. The shades slowly coalesced into an image I was very familiar with.

I uttered out loud, not the first time. "Now my eyes are showing me the image I yearn for the most." I sighed deeply, squeezed my eyes tightly shut and holding them that way so the mental game being played with my eyes could disappear. I reopened my eyes to find the image more enhanced than before. "Still you persist?"

For the life of me, I would swear the image in the cloud produced a soft smile. Then, from directly above me, but also all around me, "Sweet Laura. What is it that your soul seeks to be resolved?"

"What? Hein? It can't really be you ... No, you're a fantasy image."

The cloud image laughed. "Are you forgetting, PET? You are MY fantasy. A fantasy you made real." I closed my eyes and shook my head vigorously. The image was still above, however. "You seem to be fighting the obvious, PET. This final meeting is not like the others. The others affirmed what you knew about yourself already. Even the mystic only told you what you already knew, but the blessing he gave you will be unique and special so meeting him was special." I continued to study the cloud. The image above me didn't appear to be speaking. The words seemed to be coming from all around me. Or, maybe the words were already inside me ...

"I don't know what is supposed to happen here. Or, how I am supposed to return. Maybe I should just swim to the shore and follow the rope back to the tipi. There is nothing saying I have to complete this."

He smiled at me. Okay, now I was directly associating this image as Hein. "Of course, you know you always have the choice, but I think you should do this." He was talking to me exactly as Hein would be, reaffirming my choice to proceed or not as in anything he might challenge me with. "Your Spirit Animals affirmed what we already understood about you. You are wise and intuitive. You are strong, determined, and capable. You enjoy and seek quiet solitude but you value being with and supporting those you regard as family. You are grounded in yourself for yourself and for those around you. You have already given us so much and you have never asked for anything more. But, there is something more you want, Laura. I know it. What is it? Say the words."

Does he already know? I have been afraid of ruining our relationship, but maybe he already understands. I shake my head, again. "We have an agreement. You have lived up to everything. It wouldn't be reasonable to ask or expect for more."

"Oh, Laura. I think you need more time ..." The image in the cloud faded for an instant, the lines of Hein's face losing definition. Then, it returned as sharp and defined as before. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course! I trust you in everything."

"Then lie back and close your eyes." I looked up at the image and smiled.

Of course, I would. I closed my eyes and wiggled my body into the surface of the island, breathing in deep and exhaling, releasing tension and anxiety from my body. Of course, I trust him. It seemed silly because he couldn't be here and he couldn't even have known I would be on this Journey. But, I did as he requested. I relaxed and opened myself to whatever he planned, however strange that thought might sound.

My eyes closed, my body relaxed, it was as if there was a signal for something to happen. And, I waited. Then, I felt something wrap around my right wrist and slowly pulling it out and above my head. Four words came to me softly in Hein's voice, "Do you trust me?"

My eyes tightly shut, I felt something wrap around my left wrist, moving it the same way. "You know I do."

My ankles were next, gently but firmly wrapped, then pulled outward until I was fully exposed. With anyone else, I might have felt bound and trapped, helpless. But, not with Hein.

Whatever was binding me, kept me bound and spread open. I didn't have long to wait, though. I felt something like a mouth at my right nipple, then another at my left. Each nipple was being vigorously sucked and teased. My body responded to the stimulation. I was unsure how two mouths could be engaging both nipples, much less holding me firmly when there had been nobody else on the small island but me.

"Do you trust me?"

"Of course, I do. You know I do. Do with me what you want." I didn't know how this could be happening, but it was and I loved the sensations coursing through my body. My body needed to respond and it was. Involuntarily, my back arched and I rotated from side to side. My bindings were firm but remained gentle around my wrists and ankles.

I felt something sliding over my stomach, descending down my abdomen to my sex. It lifted and planted its mouth to my clit and I shouted out at the shocking effect of three mouths working three of my erogenous points. Then, shockingly I felt something at my pussy. I knew I wet, probably dripping in anticipation, and it moved up and down over my pussy, gently opening my lips and pressing for my opening. When it found its way and penetrated me, I cried out, again. It pulled at me and sucked at my lips before plunging back into me, slithering up into me like a snake might rather than a stiff, hard cock.

“Do you trust me?”

“GOD, YES! More, please, this is wonderful!” I shouted my response this time.

“Open your eyes, PET.”

I did as instructed and my reaction was an immediate mix of shock and awe. The member in my pussy found the deepest part of me and seemed to clamp a mouth over my cervix and suck like a starving baby. Despite my shock, I orgasmed.

Tentacles seemed to be everywhere above and around me. It was tentacles sucking at my nipples and my clit. It was another tentacle that penetrated my pussy and was currently sucking at my cervix. I raised my head and looked to my right as another one came to my side. I then watched another come to my left side. Puzzled, though my mind was quickly becoming hazy, I watched as they both licked and gently sucked (kissed?) along my entire side and under my arms, all of which was amazingly erotic and sensuous, building on the more overt sexual sensation emanating from my nipples, clit, and deep inside my pussy.

I threw my head back onto the surface as the next orgasm washed over me.

I was gasping for breath, trying for calm despite the ceaseless actions of the tentacles attached to my body. I raised my head in time to see another move between my legs and press alongside the one already in my pussy. It pressed harder and harder and I felt my pussy opening like it would for a knot. An image flashed into my mind of the huge knot I had accepted from Wolf earlier. I tried pressing back to assist, but I had no leverage. Instead, I pulled my legs apart even wider, trying anything to assist in this double vaginal penetration.

I thought I was going to pass out when I finally had two of them in my pussy. They seemed to work together. A tandem of rotating action. One sucked at my cervix as the other thrust into me. They stopped for only a moment to switch actions and they began, again.

I was nearly beside myself with stimulation after they brought me to yet another orgasm. Everything seemed to stop, but it was only a pause, a realignment of what tentacle was doing what. They seemed to rotate around my body like some orchestrated gangbang. When they started all over again, there were two different tentacles inside my pussy and I was crying out in ecstatic joy and pleasure as my body was being carried to another earth shattering high. Then, something new. The tentacles holding my ankles were pulling my ankles upward and toward my head. I watched with baited breath, bewildered by this change in my positioning. Soon, my feet were high and spread.

Then, I knew. I gazed between the tentacles already attached to me somehow to find another moving to me. When it touched me, I knew exactly what its intention was. It pressed against my ass, spreading my ass cheeks in the process. In between my panting, I gasped at the action that was about to be added to what was already happening to my body. It probed and pressed and prodded at my ass and asshole until it had finally penetrated that hole, too.

It seemed that every erogenous zone on my body was being aroused. I looked directly above me to find yet another tentacle descending to my face. It wasn't a thoughtful action. It just seemed clear to my overstimulated mind and body. I opened my mouth wide and it went inside. This time, I sucked. It seemed to capture my tongue as I did. Now, I felt completely consumed.

I orgasmed, again ... and again ... and again.

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My recovery was startling. I opened my eyes in the hopes to find something familiar, but I didn't. Not really. Then, I was afraid I dreamed it all and the experiences I could still feel within my body were imaginary. I stood up carefully, not yet trusting my balance or strength. I looked up into the sky for the cloud, but the sky was as clear of anything as I had experienced since leaving the tipi. I was beginning to question everything when my foot slipped. I looked down at my feet to find huge puddles of cum. Some of it was undoubtedly mine, but most of it was something entirely different.

I was again completely alone, but I was not dreaming. I touched the feather in my hair and smiled, running my hands over my breasts and pussy, reliving the sensations of the tentacles. But ... where were they and what happened to Hein?

A shadow passed over me, then another. I looked skyward to find two very large eagles gliding in circles around the island. I saw them slowly descending, getting closer and closer.

"Reach your hands up to them."

I turned to find the mystic elder. He wasn't on the island. He was standing on the water, or above the water. He looked up and repeated the command, "Reach your hands up to them."

I looked up to find the eagles rapidly coming toward me. I did as I was told, extending my hands and arms up into the air.

Almost before I could register what was about to occur, it happened. The two eagles each clasped their talon around a wrist and lifted me into the air with great and powerful beating of their wings. The eagles rose quickly. I looked down to yell a thank you to the old man, but he wasn't there. What I did see, though, shocked me more than the tentacles consuming my body with erotic and lusty pleasure.

"My god ...."

The island I had swum out to, where I had conversed somehow with Hein, where I was consumed sexually by tentacles ... from above I could see the island was a giant heart. The pulsing I felt was the heart beating. The tentacles lay in the water at one end primarily. They were the roots I used to climb onto the island from the water. But, the most shocking thing was what I saw on the surface of it. Hein was smiling up at me. He blew me a kiss.

The eagles continued to climb into the sky. "Hein ... what does this mean?"

He smiled at me, the heart beating harder as he watched me rise. "I told you I would always be with you."

What does this mean? "Hein!" I continued to watch as the eagles flew me away from the island and the lake. "Hein!" His heart. "After all this, after all I experienced, in the end, I was brought to him, to his heart. I was consumed with love from his heart!" I wasn't sure where I was being taken, but I

wanted to return to him ... to his heart. I wanted to understand with confidence. I shouted, "Take me back! Take me back!"

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"Laura. Laura." I opened my eyes to find Mrs. Standing Bear holding my shoulders from the side, gently shaking me. "I didn't want to bring you back too soon, but you were crying out and you sounded anxious. These can be trying experiences. I was worried about you."

I tried to get my eyes focused, but it was as if I was looking up from inside a well. I looked around to find myself once again inside the tipi. I could hear voices outside, but we were the only ones inside. I was wearing the dress and boots I had arrived in. My hand rose to my hair in search of the eagle feather that had been tied there. It was not there. I looked at the ground expecting to find lengths of rope on the ground but the rope wasn't there, either.

"How did I get back here?" I wanted to ask where my dress had been found, but asking that would depend on the answer to the question I did ask.

She moved her face in front of mine, peering into my eyes. "What do you mean, back here?"

"I was here the whole time?"

She nodded, "You took the peyote, and it was the strangest thing we'd ever seen. You looked around for a bit, and then you just froze and stayed like that for..." She paused to look at her wristwatch. "Coming up on ten hours."

I tried to divert her attention from my confusion. I didn't believe I remained in the tipi. I couldn't have, but ... if she saw me the entire time ... "My butt feels like it's been sat on for ten years."

She hugged me and laughed with relief.

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY: CARIBBEAN YACHTING**

"Hein!"

My shriek across the airport baggage area drew the attention of most of the other people and they parted a path for me as I ran across the space between us. I dropped my two small shoulder bags at his feet as my hands and arms encircled his neck and our bodies were crushed together. We kissed long and deeply in the midst of the crowd and it wasn't until we had parted a few inches to allow our eyes to search each other's that I became aware of some of the people around us. His eyes followed mine as I became aware of individuals and small groups. As I scanned the crowd of people, I found older couples suddenly taking each other's hands and smiling at each other. I found harried younger couples with tired and upset children stopping, smiling at us, then at each other before corralling their wild bunch around the carousel. A middle-aged man, a businessman with tired eyes and rumpled suit, studying us, then reaching into his pocket for his phone, punch a few buttons, pausing and "Hi, honey. No, nothing important ... well, I just thought of you and wanted to hear your voice. I love you, too."

Hein turned in a full circle, seeing those people and others seeming to somehow have responded to us. Or, so it seemed.

When he was turned back to me, "What just happened?" I shrugged, truly confused and bewildered by it. But, then he smiled, a smile that immediately lit up my face, too. It was a smile that would have been impossible not to reflect back to him.

"I love this look. You have to promise to duplicate sometime back home in Amsterdam." The smile in his eyes turned slightly with a tease, "Perhaps with some slight modifications."

The grandmothers, the women who I joined in the tipi, insisted I have an outfit appropriate with my new hair ornament. While we were standing outside the tipi drinking some freshly brewed strong coffee over the outdoor fire, the women motioned above us. An eagle had appeared far above when my shrieking had happened. It was then that Mrs. Standing Bear decided it was time to bring me back from the Journey. They had said the eagle came from nowhere and remained circling on the air currents. The eagle is always a good sign to The People. Suddenly, one of the women had pointed above and we all turned our attention to something separate from the eagle. Something was drifting down and it soon became apparent to be a large feather, presumably from the eagle itself. It fell in a tight spiral and we were transfixed by its descent directly toward our small group near the small column of smoking rising in the still desert air slowing heating with the morning sun. The feather's descent widened to encompass our small group around the fire, then narrowed directly over me. All the grandmothers, the affectionate term used for all elderly women of the tribe, alternated their gaze from the feather to me as it began to become more and more apparent the feather was dropping to me. It is the way of their beliefs that nothing like this is random and has a purpose and a meaning. When the feather hovered over my head, there was a combined gasp from the women. When a sudden, and unexplainable, wind swirled around me to cause my hair to fly, we all covered our eyes or squinted against the anticipated flying dirt and sand.

When the swirling wind died, the feather was entwined in my hair. The grandmothers fussed over it, inspecting the feather and its attachment to me, then chattering in their language about what the sign meant. My hair was so entwined around the quill that it seemed impossible to remove without damaging the feather or cutting my hair. It was decided to be a sign that must be left until it was ready to separate itself. I was warned, with all the elder women nodding agreement, that it would be a very bad omen to do otherwise.

"So, it seemed only appropriate. I hope you don't mind spending the money when you have given me so many wonderful gowns. To be walking through airports and sitting in planes with a feather in my hair seemed more explainable if I also wore the colorful native top and skirt."

He put his finger under the feather and gently lifted it. "You will explain what it means?"

"Oh, Hein ... I have so much to tell you. I know I went for a single task about other animals, but so much more happened." He looked at me curiously, but with a look of anticipation took me by the arm and led me to my carousel and my waiting bag.

At the Miami estate house, everyone was waiting in the entryway. I hugged and kissed each with the deep emotional expression I felt and received. As Raul released me, Sharon took me by the hand and led us through the house to the dogs in the back yard. They were at the back wall as we exited the house and every fiber of their being seemed to vibrate and shake when they spotted me. But, an interesting thing happened. They came crashing toward us with their normal wild enthusiasm until they nearly skidded to a stop, ten feet from me, their heads cocking from side to side, then sitting in place.

All of us were fascinated by this new behavior. They never jumped on us, but their enthusiasm for attention when they were excited usually seemed borderline uncontrollable. This was different.

Except for the wagging of their tails behind them, they sat still, as if waiting for something. Without checking with the others, I knelt on one knee in front of them and, as if we had choreographed it, our three heads moved together, our foreheads touching. When I pulled back, the dogs became their usual wildly energetic selves, combining their long tongues to cover my face, which reduced the humans behind me to laughter.

I wasn't sure how long I should heed the warning of the old women, but I was going to see what happened naturally with the feather trapped in my hair. It made cleaning my hair very difficult, though, and not the least that my hair was so long and wavy. I believed that something was going to happen soon. It had to.

I made my way down the curved stairway to the entryway. It felt good to be back in my style for our dinners together in the house. This night I was dressed in a naughty little outfit pretending to be an apron covering my front and tied at the waist and around my neck. The material was very sheer with a fitted bodice showing my breast and nipples clearly. The bottom of the outfit was three inches below my pussy and that was only when I was standing, obviously. Otherwise, I wore sheer, white thigh-high stockings and high heels. Naturally, I chose a white PET choker. As I considered myself in the mirror in the master suite, the eagle feather seemed out of place, but ...

I entered the family room where everyone was congregated for drinks before dinner. I turned heads, to say the least and it felt good. The nudity I had experienced around the ranch with Samantha and Albert was fine, but being with these people like this was the best.

Chris handed me a drink and I gave him a peck on the cheek as thanks. He knew there were plenty more of that to come later. I walked through the room to the glass wall and looked out at the yacht secured at the dock outside.

"When are we leaving?"

Hein came up alongside me. He put one arm around my shoulders and pulled me in close to him. "Just waiting on you. We can leave tomorrow morning whenever everyone is ready."

Chris let out a cheer. "With first light?"

Sharon vetoed that it be delayed just a bit and I was just as glad. I was tired. The five days away felt like weeks. I didn't know what it was about that dream journey, but it felt like it took days without rest or sleep.

Sharon changed everything. "Honey ... when did you get that tattoo?"

I half-turned to her, "What are you talking about? I didn't get a tattoo."

She was pointing at the very bottom of my lower back. Hein and Chris turned me back to the window and stared at my naked butt. Chris' fingers were exploring the region. "It's permanent for sure. Are you serious that you didn't know about this?" I shook my head. "How could you not know? Something that intricate with multiple colors would take several sessions and sting like the dickens." Chris would know, he had several service related tats on his right upper arm and the back of his left shoulder.

I walked to the large mirrors in the entryway. There was one on either side of the front doorway. The others followed me as I stood with my back to one and looked behind me. I gasped. It couldn't be ... could it? The image on my lower back just about my ass was an intricately decorated circle with an eagle feather attached to the top and two more attached closer to the bottom. The feathers were at

different angles as though they were being moved by a breeze. It was the same image that was attached to the staff the mystic had been holding. It couldn't be, though. That was supposed to have been a dream. This would mean ...

"Oh, do I have a story to tell you ..." And, at that moment, the feather that had been entangled in my hair slipped out and fluttered down. Chris, only Chris with his reflexes, managed to capture it before it hit the ground.

He handed it to me carefully. "I don't know why, but it seems to be important."

It was long after we had finished our dinner and now finishing another bottle of wine. We were still sitting around the dining table as I finished my story of the past days away. I told them everything, every detail. I left nothing out about the goat, hog, horses, or Samantha's Indian friends. I gave every detail of the peyote ceremony and the dream journey. The only details I left out was the 'island'. I was still trying to understand all that was meant in that. As far as I told it, the 'island' was the tentacles.

"Wow!" Sharon seemed flushed, "You were carried away by two eagles?"

"Well, in the dream, yes."

Chris stopped me, "No, Laura. Don't you see what happened to you?" I was surprised and I could see that Hein was, too. Chris isn't usually so deliberate and confrontational. "I've been in a lot of tribal situations around the world where I have been sent. We feel so comfortable in our belief systems and minimize the mystical beliefs of others. Tribes around the world have beliefs that go back thousands of years before Christ."

I looked at me, "What are saying, Chris? You think all that was real? The old women verified to me that I never left the tipi."

He shook his head. "I'm not saying it is easy to understand." I had the sense he was talking to all of us, not just to me. "Look ... your rational mind is going to tell you it was all a dream. How could it be otherwise? A world where the sun never moves? A world where sand dunes exist where there shouldn't be any? A talking owl, wolf, and bear? Not to mention that they mated you. It's too much to believe, right?" We were listening. None of us were arguing or nodding, just listening intently. He was seldom so insistent about something. "Too much to believe, except for ..."

Sharon looked at me, "The tattoo that was the exact image of the decoration on the mystic's staff." She looked at Hein as if she was saying something out of turn. "Didn't you say the mystic walked around you while touching you with the feather? Then, when he was behind you, again, he pressed his staff into your lower back?"

Hein, to my surprise, followed her line of thought. "Yes. Then, you said it was searing burn for barely an instant."

Chris finished the argument that my mind had been fighting, "But, before you could move your hand to touch it, the burning sensation was gone."

Hein picked it up, again. "The feather in your hair. The old women told you it would be a bad omen if you took it out. When you recognized the image on your back, the feather fell out on its own. It has to be all connected."

The table was quiet for a long while. Finally, it was Sharon. "But, what does it all mean? Having the

tattoo and all?"

I looked into the last bit of wine in my glass and mumbled the words I had been told, "It gives blessing and the promise of harmony and peace. It brings hope."

Chris lightened it up after getting us all very serious, "Yes and let's not forget her new name ... White Woman Who Knows Spirits and Animals. That says a mouthful about our girl." He raised his glass and it became a toast.

Exhausted, I indicated I wanted to quit early. Hein, ever attentive, took my hand and led us to our suite. He lay in bed, his arm stretched out to me. I knew what it was for and I was eager. I crawled in under the top sheet and moved into his arm, which closed around me as I snuggled tightly against his body. I wiggled and squirmed my naked body against his and sighed as I settled.

I raised my head to look at him. "Can I confess something?" He nodded and his body remained completely relaxed. Even my expression of wanting to confess something didn't bring tension and that was a part of my confession. I settled my head back onto his shoulder and chest, giving it a kiss. "I came here to be opened more fully to sexual opportunities and challenges and what we have done has been wonderful and I know there will be ever increasing, wonderful situations to come." I kiss his chest, again. "Thank you. But, these times ... alone quietly with you ... these are wonderful, too." His other arm came around me, that hand stroking my exposed arm, his mouth planting a kiss on the top of my head. "Thank you for giving me both experiences."

I woke to an otherwise empty bed. Through the open curtains and balcony door, I heard activity outside. I checked the bedside clock and found it to be 9:07. Chris was anxious to be out early. I was anxious and surprised I slept so late. I had never experienced anything like cruising the islands, much less on my own ship. I scrambled out of bed, dragging the top sheet awkwardly behind me, somehow being wrapped around my leg. I hopped to the balcony, shaking my leg to lose the sheet.

Chris spotted me almost immediately as he stood alongside the ship lifting suitcases up to Raul. "Sleeping Beauty has woken even without a kiss." Raul stood up and looked my way, both of them sharing the look of boys with minds intent on mischief. "We're about ready whenever you get your naked butt down here."

I smiled. A thought sprang to my mind. Just how much, or little, clothes were they intending me to have on hand?

A voice came from directly below me, "Leave her alone, you two. Give her a chance to wake up." Sharon was gazing up at me, a wide smile on her face. She was dressed in shorts and a light-weight blouse and sandals. She appeared to be ready, too. She spoke more quietly, "Honey, first get your pretty naked butt down here to the kitchen for some breakfast. They're teasing you ... big surprise ... Hein is finishing up a phone call in the office so you are not the one delaying our leaving." She waved her hand in a dismissive manner at the two by the yacht and they laughed.

I ran into the bathroom, then down the stairway barefoot and naked with an overwhelming realization of the house. When I came ... what, almost a year ago? ... the interaction of these people was efficient and pleasant. Now, it had been transformed into caring, playful, and intimate, too.

I was bent over my plate of poached egg, fruit, and muffin while reading an article in the paper someone had left at the table. I had become engrossed in the article more than I thought, I was surprised when two hands encircled my body under my arms from behind.

Hein planted a kiss on the side of my face as his hands moved to cup my breasts. "Morning, sexy

White Woman Who Know Spirits and Animals.”

I chuckled and squeezed his arms with mine. “Morning, sexy, yourself. So, is that going become my new name? Kind of long, isn’t it?”

He sat sideways on the chair next to me and considered me. Finally, “Yes, it is. I like it, though. As Chris said, it says volumes about you.”

Sharon came to take my plate to clean it at the sink and gave me a wink. I smiled at her. There was no embarrassment or shyness about my sexuality or the display of it. This group of people who hadn’t belonged anywhere else had come together and grown tighter and closer and partially due to the sexuality I brought into the group through Hein.

I partially turned in my chair to Hein, one leg rotated to the side while the other stayed at the front. My position opened my pussy to his view and, as I would have bet, his eyes dropped to enjoy the view. I smiled at him when his eyes returned to my face. Caught, again, but there was no embarrassment shown on his face. Instead, he returned the smile.

“Will you ever get tired of me flashing you my pussy or body?”

He gave me a look of mock shock, “Tired?!? If you ever get that impression, please check for a pulse. I fear I may be dead.”

I lightly swatted his arm, “You are such a tease.” I leaned over to him and partly rose from my chair to give him a kiss. “And I love your teases.” He smiled. “Okay ... I need to quickly pull my stuff together. What do I need?”

He looked up and down my body, “I think what you have will be just fine.”

“Hein, behave.” Sharon dropped into mother-role, again.

“A few summer dresses for dinners on shore. Shorts and tops for roaming the islands. No underwear. Leave the heels and stockings here, sandals will be the norm. A bikini ... no, make that that Wicked Weasel that goes transparent when wet.”

“Hein! They may be public beaches with kids.”

“Okay. A string bikini ... but also the Wicked Weasel.”

I stood up. “I get the idea. I am going to be naked, but will need some appropriate covering for the shore.” I rushed off to pull some things together. I loved my life!

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I was lying on the sun deck in the bow of the boat soaking up some sun and happily dozing. I was amazed at how tired I still was. The dogs were with me, which I found interesting to get them around the pilot house on the narrow passageway, but they did fine. I was worried about them on the boat, but they handled flying well so I allowed for Hein’s understanding of the animals and relaxed. They were now dozing on either side of me.

As yet they hadn’t moved on my body despite it being exposed to them. Under normal circumstances, I might have been concerned, but I put it off on the movement of the boat, which would also explain why they showed little interest in me on the plane.

I was lying on my stomach when the dogs raised their heads, which either meant there was something outside the yacht that attracted their attention or someone else was approaching. When their heads settled back down, I waited for someone to approach.

Sharon came from the side of the pilot house. My head was turned in that direction. My sunglasses may have hidden my eyes, but the smile crossing my mouth told her everything she needed: I was awake, and I was glad to see her.

“You need some sunscreen.”

It was all she said. She knelt on a cushion at my left hip. I wondered to myself with a smile if I really needed some sunscreen or if she just wanted to apply some to my body. Since she and Raul had made the decision to participate deliberately with Hien, Chris, and me, she has been more overt about her touch to my body. I enjoy the quiet, private moments we managed to spend together. Her experience with woman-to-woman intimacy was non-existent before. I and she were discovering how much of a sensual creature she was. From spending some intimate hours with them, I knew she and Raul were exploring more adventurous sex. That night they chose to have sex outside the window and we joined them, even if to merely encourage and assist their experience, had changed everything for the group.

She seemed to be touching the marking on my lower back. I was still surprised when I might see it in a mirror. Having a tattoo was supposed to be premeditated and be accompanied by some stinging and irritation afterward. How this had become a part of me and what it was supposed to represent and mean for me was still a mystery I was reluctant to fully accept.

As if reading my very thoughts, she asked, “Have you accepted it, yet?” She was talking about the seeming reality that my peyote ‘dream’ must have been a real, physical experience. Her question, I understood, encompassed much more than just the tattoo on my lower back. The tattoo was merely the symbol. When somebody mentioned it, I knew what they were really enquiring about. I was the one who experienced it, but they seemed to quickly accept it for a fact. They didn’t have a way to explain it, certainly not rationally, but they seemed to know in their hearts, their souls ... yes, their spirits ... that I had experienced something rare, real, and extraordinary. Maybe it was too close for me. I was having some trouble accepting something so surreal as being real. With the tattoo, however, it was hard to argue with.

She spread the lotion over my entire back, shoulders, legs, and butt. It felt good. For a while, her fingers seemed to spend a lot of time at my lower back and she confessed she was intrigued by the marking, tracing the image depicted there. Her fingers did stray, though, and that was intriguing to me. A single finger moved between my butt-cheeks, sliding over my anus to the bottom of my pussy. Back and forth her slippery finger moved until she stopped over the puckered opening and pressed. With an involuntary reaction, my hips rose off the mat, returning the pressure back to her finger. I gasped and she gasped.

She patted the side of my hip and asked to me to roll over for her to apply sunscreen to my front. I smiled and willingly complied and smiled even more when, while paying a considerable amount of attention to my breasts, she confided, “I love your body, Laura. I never thought I would say something like that to another woman. I love touching it; I love the way it responds.”

I smiled at her, my sunglasses shielding my eyes enough to watch her with the strong Caribbean sun behind her, “I like when you touch me, Sharon. But, I like even more when I touch you and see you are responding to me. For me, though, I love most to see you and Raul so fully enjoying each other. You two deserve that kind of shared love.”

She bent down and kissed each of my nipples, "Thank you, dear Laura, for all of this." She looked up at the pilothouse with its darkened windows. We both knew the three men were probably behind those windows, keeping Chris company as he piloted the boat, enjoying an afternoon cocktail, and watching us to see what might happen.

Sharon was wearing, for her, a daring swimsuit. She apparently bought it before leaving on this trip because I had not seen her in it even around our private pool, though I have gotten her into the pool naked on occasions. The suit is a skimpy two-piece, not as skimpy as my string bikini, but very skimpy for her. The single layer, large triangles of cloth at her breast cover her but do nothing for support, which means her ample and less firm breasts are well exposed on the sides and cleavage and move easily when she moves. I want to see her in it at a public beach. The bottom is constructed of ample cloth for coverage, but the sides are tied, which exposes the sides of her ample hips and thighs. Sharon had taken up walking and swimming with me. She had lost weight and firmed her body, but she would always be blockier, it was just her body type. The positive responses she received from everyone in the house, though, has encouraged her and allowed her to be more comfortable to expose her entire body around the men.

She began applying the lotion to my front, massaging my breasts and nipples, eventually moving to my pussy. My reaction was instantaneous, partly because it was Sharon who was so blatantly touching and stimulating me. She moved my legs apart, encouraging my knees to bend and splay to the sides, then aggressively began stimulating my pussy. When her slick finger roamed over my puckered asshole, again, my hips flexed up and I gasped. I opened my eyes to focus on her, my mind marveling at what she was so openly doing to me and my body was pleading with her not to stop.

Several fingers slipped into my pussy, then coming out and one pressed into my ass. She lost any indication of tentativeness about what she was doing to me and, possibly, in front of the men as she continued until she had pushed three fingers into my pussy, pulling them out after some time and working two into my ass. She continued to vary the number of fingers she worked into me. Soon, though, she had four fingers working in and out of my pussy. My head arched so far back as I screamed out in orgasm that I could see the darkened front window of the pilot-house. She must have felt my pussy release in orgasm because her entire hand plunged into my pussy. I raised my head to see what I couldn't believe. Her hand had indeed disappeared, only her forearm visible outside of me.

She kept her hand inside my pussy as my orgasm very slowly subsided, but the presence of her hand didn't allow my body to fully recover.

I gasp out to her, "My God ... what possessed you?"

Her hand inside me continued moving slowly back and forth, her fingers closed in a fist, then opening as if tickling my insides. I felt her nails on the walls of my pussy, but even that was erotic. When her finger glanced off my cervix, I was reminded of both Wolf and Bear, but mostly Bear who had fucked me right into my womb.

I was regularly shivering from this new experience, made even more erotic and stimulating because it was Sharon giving it to me. She sucked on a nipple, then looked at me, "You turn me on so much, honey. Maybe I should have asked, but you lying here, seeing your body responding to my touch ... I couldn't help but stimulate you." She smiled, "Besides, I couldn't really imagine you not wanting it."

I returned a weak smile but gasped more as she continued to move her hand inside me, "Ohhhhhh ... never worry ... hmmm ... niiiiice ... I love what you are doing, but ..."

She chuckled, "All of the sudden, I was thinking about your description of that huge Spirit Wolf and his massive cock and knot stretching you beyond what you might think your body could take. Even if you are having some latent question about how real it was, we are convinced it was all physically real, even if it defies rational thinking. I figured if you took that knot, you could take my hand."

She pulled her fist almost out of me, stretching my pussy wide, again. Then, she stared into my eyes, "What I can't wait to see ..." she glanced up at the darkened window and I saw a new part of Sharon that I loved to see as she taunted the men on the other side, "is when Chris gets his hand up inside you." I didn't know if the men inside could hear what she was proposing, but it was real enough to me that my back arched and rose up off the matt, another orgasm quickly approaching. With that, she plunged deep, again. And, I exploded in another orgasm, screaming and gasping, as my body writhed and arched, my entire body consumed and electrified.

She lay on her side alongside me, lightly stroking my breasts down my stomach to the top of my pussy, assisting me back from my orgasm, "Will you do me a favor?"

I turned my head and gasped, "God, Sharon, anything!"

"Help me with one of the dogs?" I turned onto my side to fully face her. She nodded that she was serious.

"Gladly ... anything ... absolutely. It will be so wonderful, I promise." I knelt up alongside her and pushed her onto her back. "But, first, it's your turn from me." I removed her skimpy bikini and lavished attention to her breasts and nipples, alternating to cover her mouth frequently. It wasn't long, though, before I had her legs spread and my mouth over her pussy. Her body arched with the same abandon mine had expressed. I drove my tongue into her opening pussy. I lapped at her pussy, flicking her clit while a hand was busy at her breasts and nipples, alternating between the two. My mouth sucked and chewed on her pussy lips and clit. My teeth tightening around her sensitive clit caused her to cry out and arch her back, lifting her hips into the air. My mouth followed her, maintaining contact with her delicious pussy, which was seeping her juices now. She came quickly and hard, very likely because of her belief that the three men were only feet away in the pilot-house.

The three men were indeed at the windshield of the pilot-house watching the entire thing. By the time we were done, they were in desperate need. From inside, they watched us walk naked along the side of the compartment. We entered the compartment and found the men turned to watch our entrance. Without a word, Sharon and I exchanged a knowing look and Sharon dropped the two pieces of her suit onto the floor. She walked deliberately, naked, and confidently up to Raul, put her arms around his neck and smothered his mouth in a kiss that impressed me. Breaking the kiss, she looked around at the rest of us, then took Raul by the hand and led him below to a cabin. We all watched them leave. There was no mistaking what that woman had in mind and she was unashamed and completely in control.

I moved alongside Chris while Hein shifted to my other side. We were cruising in wide open seas, nothing visible around us. I saw Chris look to Hein who must have given him some reaction in return because Chris pushed the power throttle to stop and turned off the engine, putting us in a drift. I smiled, pleased with their desires, took their hands, and led them to the ladder to the deck below. Being the first down the ladder, I dropped to my knees and waited for them. They never hesitated, such was the understanding of our relationships. They moved directly to me and stood expectantly. I reached up to each, removing their shorts, and finding the hard cocks I could feel through the material. My love of sucking cock, though, kept me where I was with each hand softly grasping a hard cock.

I looked up at each man in turn. Each duplicated the other's action nearly at the same moment. Chris' left hand and Hein's right moved to the side of my head and softly stroked my hair tied back in a long ponytail. The two leaned back against a portion of the ladder as I leaned forward to kiss each cock head, then lick the tips before taking each into my mouth in turn. I was sucking Chris' cock when I turned my head to look up at Hein through the corner of my eyes. My lips formed a smile around the cock of his friend in my mouth. He smiled back at me.

After several minutes of sucking cock, I had them past the merely hard status. Their cocks were straining and I could feel the tightness in the shafts, the increasingly ragged breathing from them. I stood up, pressing my lower abdomen against their rigid cocks as I kissed each passionately.

I moved Chris to an armless chair and he took over from there, understanding completely what my intention was from our many experiences together. He sat on the chair, extending his arms to me, and wrapping his arms around my upper back as I straddled him and the chair, grasping his cock, and sinking down over it until he was deep inside me.

We fucked like this for a minute or so, Hein patiently behind me, also knowing fully what was coming. I slowly raised myself up and off Chris' cock, put my hands on his shoulders for support, and kissed him. While Chris and I kissed, Hein lined up his cock to my pussy and pressed it in. He fucked me for another minute, then withdrew and watched me resettle my pussy around the length of Chris' cock. I then moved both hands behind me and pulled my ass cheeks apart, exposing my anus and inviting Hein's re-entry into my body. Double penetration became a favorite position of ours a long time ago and none of us got tired of it. It filled me and caused me to feel fully and wonderfully used and it made both of my chambers tight and arousing for both men.

This was proving to be a defining day. At the next quiet island stop to let the dogs run, Sharon requested Raul to take us and the dogs ashore in the inflated raft with the small motor on the back. Hein and Chris didn't think anything of it and Raul didn't, either. Sharon and I, of course, had our own plans for the time on shore with the dogs and it would be memorable for Raul, as a result.

Raul powered the raft onto the sand of the beach on a stretch of a little island along our route. Sharon and I each were hugging and soothing one of the dogs. Once the raft slid to a stop on the sand, we released the dogs who bounded over the side and onto solid ground. It seemed to do them wonders to have a surface underneath them that was not moving in some way. We watched as they trotted into the vegetation growth, sniffing and exploring before finally doing their business. They rushed out of the undergrowth and onto the sandy beach, chasing each other but seeming more interested in the running than in the catching.

I watched the dogs bounding playfully around us, burning the energy pent up by the confining spaces and unsteady nature of the boat. As we walked along the edge of the water lapping at the sand, Sharon and I both had an arm intertwined with Raul's, I saw the dogs moving along with us at our pace. They had burned through their need for release.

I looked past Raul at Sharon, "Are you still intent on doing this?"

Raul looked at me, then at Sharon. The look of confusion was plain on his face. He was about to ask what I meant when Sharon responded. "Yes." She stopped and turned in front of Raul, "There was a reason why we asked you to take us ashore and for the other two to remain on the boat." She was holding both of his hands in hers. "Laura is going to help me experience my first dog and I wanted you to be here for it." She looked down at their joined hands and there was a sense of tentativeness in her attitude. She looked up into his eyes, "That is if it is okay with you."

He beamed, "Okay?" He moved his hands to the sides of her face and kissed her. "Sharon, dear, we agreed we love each other and to be lovers and to be partners and, hopefully someday, to be married. That did not take away your independence and personal desires. I love you because you are a strong woman who knows what she wants. I am honored that I am one of those wants. I will be here to support you in whatever our journey might present as options to experience. Besides," he smiled and kissed her, "you know how stimulating it is when we see Laura with the dogs. Seeing you with one ... it will be amazing!"

She hugged him and smothered his mouth. She then turned to me and nodded her readiness.

Raul stepped back, wanting to give us space and not to crowd Sharon for her first time. I stepped up to him, "You are a wonderfully supportive man. She wants this and I am glad you want this for her." I then kissed him as Sharon looked on, a smile of appreciation spreading over her face. I think I took him by surprise, but I eliminated any further awkwardness by turning to Sharon. She just smiled. She pulled her tee shirt over her head revealing naked breasts. She then kicked off her sandals and dropped her shorts revealing her nakedness. She may have had clothes on but she did without the underwear, know full well what we were going to be doing.

I pointed to the ground as if I were directing one of the dogs. It wasn't lost on her, either. She laughed at herself as she obediently complied. I was already naked and now the dogs saw both of us naked and Sharon on her hands and knees. It didn't take any coaxing to have their full attention.

Max came to me, possibly anticipating my moving to the sand, too. But, since I didn't, it was Axel who found Sharon's open pussy. His snout was at her butt, sniffing and investigating. He knew what this was, the only question was if it was acceptable. I knelt next to them and patted her butt. Axel took this as an invitation and his tongue flicked out at her exposed pussy and ass. The first touch elicited a low gasp from Sharon and her knees in the sand spread a little further. Whether it was purposeful or a reaction to the tongue, Axel now had more room and took advantage of it. Its tongue licked from her pussy and up to her asshole. Sharon was sighing and gasping with increasing frequency as the licking continued.

I reached underneath her and grasped a hanging breast, "Are you ready to be mounted?"

"Oh, god, yes ... yes." I looked up at Raul and his eyes moved from Sharon to me. I gave him a smile and his face reflected it back to me.

I moved Axel's snout from her ass and patted her ass. As I was doing that, "You've seen me be mounted numerous times. You've seen me take the dogs and how I do it. Remember to use your hand to guide him in. It will be easier." She nodded, her body shivering in anticipation.

Axel jumped onto her back and she grunted. The weight of the dogs is significant, made more so by your attention being on the upcoming penetration, not the supporting the dog in the meantime.

I watched and saw her hand shoot between her legs. She was making a constant stream of sounds: grunts, groans, gasps, and sighs. Suddenly, it changed to a loud gasping moan and I was sure Axel had found the mark and penetration was made.

"Ohhhh, fuck! Yessssss ..." It took me by surprise that this came from Sharon. I glanced quickly up to Raul and he seemed to be stifling a laugh.

I grabbed one of her swinging breasts and nodded to Raul to join in assisting his lover. He dropped to his knees alongside her and helped himself to the other breast. He was quietly talking to her, extolling her, reinforcing how much he loved her, and how exciting it was to see her mounted. She

continued to gasp and moan.

Seeing her well on her way, I took a position at right angles to her so I could keep an eye on her. Max wasted no time upon seeing me in position. He was on my back and his already hard cock was poking at my butt before I could get my hand back to assist him. Once in, though, I joined Sharon in uttering moans and contented sighs as the dog moved from positioning himself to aggressive fucking.

Axel was a few minutes ahead of Max, but I could tell when Sharon was feeling the knot pressing against her knot-virgin pussy, her first time, and it doesn't seem to matter how old you are or how 'experienced' you are, the first time taking a large knot is a uniquely trying experience. I was sure of Sharon's reactions when I could feel Max's knot pressing against me.

"Sharon, now is the time to press back against him. Help him. You want his knot, too. Work together."

It was all coming out in gasps and her reaction was subtle; not saying anything, she leaned her body back on her knees, creating a firmer position for the dog to thrust and press into her. Her breasts were swinging wildly when they weren't being handled by Raul.

I heard her cry out, a cry that seemed a mix of sharp pain, surprise, relief, and exaltation, all mixed together. Shortly after, I felt Max's knot pass through my pussy lips, embedding itself inside me and throbbing with his need to climax. I looked up to watch Sharon and Axel as their mating came to fruition. Her body quaked and shook as her orgasm overtook her. Raul had one hand stroking the neck of the dog and the other fondling his lover's breast.

When my orgasm took hold of me, I dropped my head to my crossed forearms and released myself to the mutual climax of dog and woman. After I had partially recovered, I rose to my hands, again, finding Raul kneeling in front of Sharon. Axel had turned on her and she was greedily sucking on Raul's cock as Raul stroked her bare back and one slightly swinging breast.

When Raul brought us back to the yacht, the dogs were more docile than before, but Sharon was much more talkative. She remained naked, too ... and was beaming with delight as Chris met the raft at the stern of the boat. As he helped her, then me, over the edge at the back, our pussies had to be obviously gaping and leaking. Me, I love the teasing image that presents. I was curious how Sharon would handle it, but she looked back at me, then at the look of awareness coming into Chris' eyes. She just smiled at me.

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE: VOODOO ENLIGHTENMENT**

I was standing behind Chris as we entered the yacht harbor of Saint Maarten. Among his many talents was his ability to handle the yacht, which I found amazing given how seldom it was taken out, at least by us. I understood the corporation used it for entertaining, but they hired a pilot and full-service crew for those times. Our cruise was for our private enjoyment and that was best realized by struggling with the yacht by ourselves. That was what led to an interesting situation.

Sharon jumped up the ladder to the pilot-house. "Hein said you need to handle the bow tie-down when we come into the dock."

I had done it back at the house and had some idea of what was expected. I turned around, "Okay." She was holding out something that resembled some string and a very little triangle of flimsy cloth.

“What ...?”

She got that look on her face, “Hein said you should probably have something on when you jump onto the dock.”

“The bottoms to the Wicked Weasel?” I heard Chris laughing as he craned his head to check the various approaches to our assigned docking location.

Sharon was in shorts and a top. She was already going down the ladder, but giggled, “Oh, yeah ... he said to remind you not to get it wet.” She winked, “You know what happens then.”

Yes, I knew what happened then. But, really, what was the difference? A very small bit of flimsy material that barely covered my slit and held on me by nothing more than dental floss string. I swore, the thing wouldn't just become sheer, I was convinced it would dissolve.

I was waiting at the side of the boat with the gangway door open. As soon as we bumped the cushions, I jumped onto the dock and grabbed the rope thrown by Sharon. I knew something similar was happening at the stern with Hein and Raul. It seemed the bow was trickier and more prone to movement by the wind and wakes of other boats. Why they gave Sharon and me the bow was something of a mystery until the everything started happening.

I was running down the dock with the rope, my eyes on the largest dock cleat just past the bow of our boat. What was momentarily lost on me was my appearance. For all practical purposes, a naked woman would be seen running down the dock. The bottoms would be almost invisible from any distance and the bouncing of my breasts was reminiscent of riding the horse with Samantha.

There was a dock hand standing at the end of the dock, but he was going to be useless. The poor guy stood there agape as this naked woman came rushing down toward him. Just then I felt a gust of wind blow across the dock and felt the bow drift further from the dock. It was, of course, the reason for moving quickly, to get the lines secured before the boat had a chance to drift away. It was going to be useless for me to try to just hold the boat once it started moving so I looped the rope around the cleat to stop its movement. Then, I released the line, planted my bare feet against the raised edge of the dock and pulled using a hand-over-hand rope pull technique. Chris had drilled the maneuver into me, but it was purely for exercise, something he had seen in a CrossFit competition. I knew my back muscles were popping out when from behind me I heard, “Damn!” Whether he was talking about my muscles, my butt and my legs, my breasts jiggling, or the whole package, I wasn't sure.

I was going to have some words for Hein, though. But, after securing the line around the cleat so it locked on itself, I turned to a young dark-skinned man who was still staring, “Whew ... that was close.” I smiled and walked back to the gangplank that was now in place. I decided to give him that strut the woman in the airport talked about. By the time I was walking up the gangplank, it occurred to me this was merely another of Hein's little challenges. By the look of the number of people now watching from other yachts and the docks, he had managed to get me into public exhibitionism. I couldn't help but smile. He was always thinking about ways to put me into new situations, even if I didn't immediately realize it. How could I not love him? No sooner did that thought cross my mind and the image of the island, the heart, Hein's heart came to me as I saw it as the two eagles carried me away. Why do I keep fighting it? Wasn't that what the message was? I accepted his love with my own.

I walked in a daze onto the deck and wound my way toward the stairs leading to the lower deck and the cabins. Love. What do I want from it? Can I ask for it in return? Was I right in the interpretation

of that last Journey experience?

I just walked past someone saying something ... to me? "Laura, did you hear me?"

I turned. Hein. Even that question was not fully penetrating my consciousness. Love. But, he was there ... in front of me. He was dressed in nice shorts, shirt, and sandals. I was almost naked. Normal. I look into his face, which showed concern or confusion. I took the two steps between us, put both hands on the sides of his head and crushed his mouth with mine. One hand slid behind his head, the other down to his upper back, pulling him even tighter against my body as I continued to kiss him, my tongue slipping out to touch his lips, his teeth, and probe inside his mouth. I shifted to suck on his lower lip, then kissing around his face before, again, attacking his mouth. My left knee had partially risen up his right leg, hooking it to press my body tighter against his.

I separated. I took a step back and scanned his face. He looked bewildered but intent on my eyes. Love. My mind searched my reaction, what I had just done. What I felt, I realized, wasn't lust, wasn't the consuming heat of sexual intent. This was different ... this was soft ... this was vulnerable ...

"Laura!" I turned, startled. It was Sharon. "Did you hear what he said? Are you okay?" I looked at her, then at Hein standing behind her. My mouth opened but closed. She looked at him confused and uncertain. She came to me and turned me by the shoulders to the lower cabin area. "He has the case you packed, but you need to put clothes on for us to go to the resort."

I stopped and looked at her. "Sorry, I ..." I looked past her to him, embarrassed and blushing profusely and I knew my entire body reflected it.

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The resort was a unique pet-friendly set up for adults. Instead of rooms or a continuous line of cottages along the beach, they had clusters of three cottages; each cluster separated by dense foliage, which created privacy. Hein had reserved three cottages together for our own cluster. There was a pathway leading out to the beach and ocean. The resort was clothing optional around the cottages and on the beach, but clothing required for the other areas of the resort.

The others smiled when we gathered outside the cottages and they saw what I was wearing. Hein had selected my outfit for dinner and the club afterward. It was the same dress I wore for the couples. While it hung loosely around me, the light satin material showed each curve it contacted, especially my nipples. It was the dress that allowed Hein to identify to the other couples my arousal meter ... my clearly identified nipples. Under it, I wore light colored stockings and high heels. As always in that dress, I was feeling very sexy, especially since I knew the others were dressed nicely but not blatantly sexy. Sharon was wearing a very nice sundress with spaghetti straps and, for her, a short hem that dropped to about six inches above her knees. I loved how she was gaining confidence in her own skin and body. It couldn't have hurt that Raul was much more attentive and touchy, as he was now, his hand lightly stroking her bare back and shoulder.

Our dinner was perfect. We sat at a round table, three men and two women. Sharon was between Raul and Chris while I was between Hein and Chris. It would have been interesting to be an observer like the other people in the dining room as we interacted at our table. It might have been difficult for anyone else to determine with certainty if there were any real couples involved among us. The talking, laughing, teasing, and touching among us was casual, comfortable, and intimate. I don't think there could have been any signs of anything but five people openly and intimately sharing their evening.

Hein leaned into my left shoulder, "I love this. I love the way everyone has become more at ease and

intimate." His hand stroked down my bare back exposed by the loose, backless gown. I was a little surprised that in the dining room his hand continued down under the material to the very lowest part of my back just above my ass. His fingers moved in a circle there and with a voice low enough for us but not to carry too much further, "Harmony, peace, and hope."

I turned my head to him, it takes a moment for the motion of his fingers and the words to connect. Before I could say anything to deflect the implication, though, Chris leaned into my right shoulder, "White Woman Who Knows Spirits and Animals." I looked back and forth between the two of them and they were smiling. Raul and Sharon must have picked up on what was happening because they were smiling at me, too. Chris continued a little louder to make sure Raul and Sharon were included. "Don't try to tell us you haven't noticed how much closer we all seem to be since you've returned from Arizona." He scanned around the table for affirmation and received it with nods, "Because we have. None of what happened out there may seem rational. Spirituality, in whatever form, can only be experienced, not explained."

"Laura," Sharon called out to me. She was holding Chris and Raul's hands on top of the table. "We are all very excited and intrigued to see and share with you where your experience may lead you." She giggled and looked at the others, "Heck, where it may lead us." They all laughed and nodded. Hein squeezed my hand.

There was no question how deeply they believed in my experience. Perhaps it was time for me to fully embrace my own experience. And, that would include the last part of the Journey ... the part I was having the most trouble taking in.

The wonderful evening didn't diminish after dinner. We moved to the club next to the dining room where our evening continued. Three men and two women, but I doubted that anyone sitting at the tables watching the dancers could easily discern who was dancing with whom. Even the slower dances had Sharon and me spinning and being handed off to the men. It may have seemed that we were never without a partner, but the partner didn't remain constant for very long.

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As I approached the cottage Hein and I were using, I found it dark. It was completely dark and quiet. I was about to step onto the two steps up to the porch that stretched across the beach side when I caught some movement out of the corner of my eye. I jumped three feet backward, caught my heel in the sand, and fell onto my butt.

"Sorry, I didn't intend to scare you."

I shook my head and laughed, then took his hand offered me after he hurried to me. With his help, I stood and brushed the sand off my bare butt. I gave him a playful slap on the shoulder.

"You did, though." I giggled at the silliness of my fall. "I saw the cottage dark, and I know it is late, so I figured I might have to wake you up."

He pulled me into his arms. I hadn't noticed in the darkness, but he was naked, too. I didn't need eyes to know that. He led me safely up the two steps and into the cottage to our bed. I snuggled up to him, my left leg draped over him, my hand playing with his chest. We kissed.

He stroked my hair, then, "When you suggested you wanted to thank each of us in your unique way, I knew it would be late before you came to me. When I know you are going to be with me, every time, it is always with great anticipation." We kissed. "But, it is not just the sex ... the sex is great ... but I miss you when you aren't here. I want you with me."

"Hein ... I want to talk to you about something that has been on my mind ..."

He put a finger to my lips to stop me. "Nothing heavy tonight, okay? I have a surprise for you tomorrow afternoon. It is supposed to be highly sexual. No animals, but it will be a surprise. You trust me." It wasn't really a question. It was more of a statement of our understanding.

"Of course."

"So ..." He kissed my forehead. "What do you have in store for me, tonight?"

I giggled, then kissed his chest. "Whatever you want, I suppose. But, if I had my way ..." and he raised my chin to look into my eyes, "... you'd use every one of my holes and I wouldn't let you cum until you had."

"Hmmm ... you think you can do that, huh?"

I turned onto his body and raised myself slightly to see him well. I smiled lustily, "I know I can. And, so do you."

He chuckled, "But, Chris came over earlier and took the tube of lubrication."

"I know. Trust me, you won't be needing it."

He laughed and kissed me. "So, Chris has prepared your ass. What did you do with Sharon and Raul?"

I kissed him and rubbed my still wet pussy along his firming cock. When we were alone and taking our time, teasing and the talk was as much foreplay as our lips, tongues, and fingers. "Sharon sat over my mouth and I used my lips and tongue to assist as Raul fucked her."

He put his index finger gently on the tip of my nose, then traced it over my lips. He looked into my eyes, then kissed me. When we broke, there was something in his eyes, a question or concern, but he gave me a smile. "You've been busy, again." He paused, watching me. "Do you ever ... wonder ... think ... this might all ..."

I looked at him hard, "Not if it is up to me. Only if you get tired of me. I love what has happened, the idea of what might happen. I love being with the boys, with Sharon and Raul, with Chris, and I love being here ... especially here, alone with you. But, it has to be mutual ..." He put his finger back on my lips, then covered them with his mouth.

"It's mutual."

I slid down his body until my mouth captured his now hard cock. I was good to my word. I used my fingers, mouth, lips, tongue, ass, and pussy to stimulate and arouse him. I stayed acutely aware of his body's reaction to my action. Despite my orgasmic body cumming, I restricted him from climaxing until I was ready. I didn't know how long I had prolonged his torture, but when I gave in he was pleading for his climax, attempting to drive himself into one of my orifices with enough force to carry him into climax. He complained about the tightness of his cock and balls, that they were aching in his need.

I had sucked him, taken him anally and vaginally. I moved into a sixty-nine to continue to taunt his poor cock with my mouth and tongue. He forced four fingers into my pussy, ramming them into me, his thumb bouncing off my clit. I came for the second time and that frustrated him even more

because he was in no position to alleviate his own desperate need.

I turned around and saw the anguish in his face and eyes. "Which hole do you want to cum in?"

I wasn't sure his eyes could focus properly anymore. But the words came from his mouth between moans and sighs, "Your ... pussy ... milk me ... like ... you do ..."

I crawled over him, took his cock in my hand, and placed it at my opening. As I began lowering my pussy over his throbbing cock, his mouth gaped open and his eyes shut tight. He was throbbing so hard I wasn't sure I was going to reach the bottom before he came. I stopped and moved an inch at a time, maybe less than an inch. His body arched high as it attempted to seek its own penetration, but I was in control still. I raised up with my thighs to control his penetration. In exasperation, he flopped his hips back to the bed, his eyes pleading with me. I leaned forward, his cock slipping a little out of me causing a groan of frustration from him. I kissed him hard and long, teasing him a little more by pulling up along his cock.

I sat up, watching his face. His mouth was open, his eyes shut tight, his breathing ragged. His body was still as though he had given up with the idea of forcing, somehow, his climax. I gave a wicked smile he couldn't see through his shut eyes. I squeezed with my pussy on the head of his cock, then dropped quickly and without warning down the length of his cock. His unfocused eyes shot open, his mouth opened wider in a silent cry ... and he came in huge spurts like I have never felt from him before.

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The taxi stopped in front of a quaint looking little bungalow on a small, quiet street. It seemed like an odd place for an appointment. I was expecting a small shop on a busy street or a strip mall type location. The house matched the address, however, so Hein paid the driver and we stood at the curb surveying the house and surroundings.

Just then, the front door opened and an old woman appeared on the porch, a man about the same age then appearing behind her. He waved to us and indicated we should come.

Hein leaned next to me, his hand on my elbow to guide me toward the cracked concrete walkway leading to the house. He had explained to me on the drive over that after I had described the Spirit Journey and the insights I had, he had wanted to find something for me to experience from another culture that might add to that experience. He had to pull some contacts, but this was presented to him as the only thing remotely close.

I stopped after a couple steps, still looking up at the house and the old couple waiting. "Caribbean voodoo. What you came up with was Caribbean voodoo sex? Is it more drugs, Hein? You know I am not a person into playing with drugs."

"I know." He chuckled, turned and held my shoulders. "You don't need drugs, or even alcohol, to drop inhibitions."

I laughed, "I have inhibitions?"

"Exactly."

We continued up to the little porch and were led into the house. Sitting with the couple in their little living room, I was able to see them much better and slowly decided they weren't nearly as old as I had originally assumed from a distance. In fact, their appearance reminded me a lot of the people in

the tribe in that regard. The struggles of life had etched into their faces and skin more years than they probably had lived. I now guessed they were about 60 years old but showed signs of much more.

They described in a heavily accented English the service they provided. They did this only after quizzing Hein about how he had heard about them and found them. The 'service' they provided might not be considered completely legal by some with the use of the drug and the focus on providing sexual pleasure. The drug was explained to be another non-addictive substance that is more similar to marijuana in effect. Its use is to allow the person to relax and be relieved of inhibitions so they can experience sexual release the way the body naturally intended for it to feel. They assured me that it would be safe, that Hein would be beside me the entire time, but that they have evolved the process to include a blindfold and noise-cancelling headphones to focus the remaining senses on the experience.

They looked at me, then Hein for our understanding and approval. I nodded and Hein indicated we were ready.

They stood and signaled the door off the living room. The man led the way in with Hein behind him. The woman lightly held my arm and with a gentle squeeze assured me, "This isn't going to be like anything you've experienced before. This is part of the practices my grandmother used many years ago before the government began stopping rituals they considered pagan."

"If you can't be open about this, how do people find you?"

"Word of mouth? They just come. People who need help find a way. Do you have difficulties, my dear? Is that why you are here?" I just smiled at her and patted her arm. I decided to let her draw her own conclusion from that action. It was all I could do to avoid laughing.

The room I was shown into was darkened and filled with figurines and images providing a strong impression of the occult. Along several walls were tables and cabinets. They used this room for more than what I was going to experience. They still practiced other voodoo rituals ranging from finding a mate to alleviating a variety of illnesses. In the center of the room was a padded table very similar to a gynecologist's examination table complete with stirrups. The table had straps. I was reassured that Hein would always be nearby and the straps were used to enhance the experience.

The woman, again, patted my arm, "Most people's experience is more intense than they have ever anticipated. They have a tendency to what to curl into a ball and resist anymore. We will rely on your man to indicate when enough is enough." I nodded. I looked at Hein and he was looking at me. He shrugged his shoulders and I had to agree. With me, was he going to be able to know when enough was enough? As we had previously laughed, I don't normally have a problem releasing my inhibitions so what will this experience release from me?

The man brought a pipe to me that was already smoking. He instructed me to draw in breaths and to hold the breath for five seconds each time until he had me stop. While this was happening, I watched the woman retrieve a wide variety of toys from the cabinets above the table on the side. A variety of vibrators and dildos were accumulating on the table. I refocused on the pipe as I began to wonder when and how I might start feeling anything new from smoking it. He took the pipe from me and I was still feeling fine. He then gave me a shot glass filled to the top with a bluish liquid. He instructed to take it all at once, which I did, just like taking shots at a party.

I looked at Hein and his smile seemed funny. No, his entire image seemed funny. I saw his eyes dropping to my body and it was only then that I realized the woman was removing my sundress from

me. I was naked underneath, of course. Her hands slid over my body and my eyes followed her hands. It was as though I was watching her touching someone else, but the feeling from my body was very real.

I was assisted onto the table and gently strapped in place, my ankles and thighs strapped to the table sections supporting them. The blindfold was put into place and it became completely dark, not a bit of light or shadow. Then my ears were covered by the noise-cancelling headphones and I was inside my own world. I could see or hear nothing but the soft hum of white noise coming from the device. Instantly, every other sense searched for something to identify and I realized the great benefit of isolating the senses we normally rely on so much for our input.

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Hein watched from the end as the man and woman carefully and gently strapped his naked lover onto the table, then spread the leg attachments and raised the knees and feet. She was completely exposed and vulnerable, but she was quiet and trusting in her composure. He knew deep in his heart and bones she would entrust her body and safety to him and allow anything to happen to her for this experience because he was there. He also felt in his heart that if anything went wrong, she might never forgive him, he might lose everything they had forged in the time they were together. So, nothing could go wrong. In his own, non-religious way, he prayed this would be an experience she would find something new from. He knew from her explanations of her recent experience in Arizona that something was being held back, there something she had some reluctance in divulging. He hoped this might break through whatever that was.

He watched the man and woman begin by taking positions on either side of her, softly caressing her naked and exposed body. They slid their fingers over her arms, sides, and breasts like feathers. He watched as she arched her back, her mouth opening into a sigh, a soft expulsion of air pushed out with the sound of a gasp. The man and woman worked in tandem on her body. Their fingers shifting to her calves and thighs, moving gently and slowly up to her abdomen and stomach, purposely avoiding her pussy for now.

All the while they talked to Hein, indicating what they were doing just before they did it. That effort on their part reassured him even more about this. The woman talked softly about trust and intention.

“We are able to get a sense of a person and what it might take to give the person the release and experience they desire from us. Some need to be more forced and intentional. Others need softness so they are not intimidated and scared. The intention is to achieve a sexual release, an orgasm, that lays the foundation in the body’s memory of what is possible. Many people are then able to enjoy increased sexual release without tricking the body.”

Hein saw her raise one finger and the man stopped, lifting his hands at the same time as hers. She turned to Hein. “Your woman is different.” She checked with her husband and he nodded. This old woman was clearly the main practitioner. “See how her body responded to simple touches. She is not one who has problems with orgasms is she?”

He smiled at her. She said it as a pronouncement more than a question. “No, she is quite orgasmic. I think she always orgasms when engaged in sex ... at least once.”

“Then, why have you brought her to us?”

He smiled, looking down at his naked and exposed lover. He could see her pussy pulsing as if winking at him, as if enticing them to give her more. He could imagine her mind working out the sensations she just received and was anticipating what might be coming.

“She recently had an experience that opened her to more fully understand herself. It also incorporated sexual experiences. But, I sensed there is something she is still holding back. I hoped this might release that part and allow it to be recognized.”

She looked at her husband and spoke to him. “It is an understanding of herself, then. It is not a sexual experience, then?” She had turned back to Hein.

He smiled, taking in the image of the woman he cherished spread out in front of him. “She is a very complex woman.”

The woman nodded as if she was agreeing with him. Hein didn’t pretend to understand the beliefs of the various cultures around the world, but his discussion with Chris had led him to accept that those beliefs, even if they might be thought of as primitive, had a foundation in life and experience that couldn’t be easily discounted.

Whatever they had silently concluded from that exchange, they began, again. They began with applying lubrication to various dildos and vibrators of different sizes and shapes in preparation. The woman’s caressing became more focused on breasts and lower abdomen as the man prepared the toys. Hein watched intently both at the toys in anticipation and at the fingers working over the body spread in front of him. When the woman allowed her fingers to slip between the thighs and play over the clit and pussy lips, he watched as the hips rose, the back arched slightly, all in recognition of the stimulation.

The toys were used by both the man and woman. A small vibrator eased onto nipples and clit as larger dildos and vibrators eased inside the pussy. The toys and application were changed and rotated frequently, sometimes the man and others times the woman would work her pussy or stimulate other erogenous zones. He watched as her breathing quickened, her body tensing, and her moans became more frequent and loud.

It was curious to him that she spoke few words. Her mouth was uninhibited normally, but the loss of her hearing and sight might have created a sense of not using her words. It did nothing, though, to minimize the groans, moans, and gasps flowing from her.

When they finally brought her to orgasm, her body arched off the table, kept in place only by the bindings. Hein saw her toes curl, her fingers clench, her arms and legs strain against the restraints. When the dildo was removed from her pussy, it remained gaped open and leaked what could only be her own juices. Her breath was ragged, but she slowly showed signs of recovery as the man and woman considered what they had achieved and considered what they might follow with.

His attention was torn between the naked vision before him and the man and woman quietly conversing between themselves. The woman turned to him, her hands on her hips as if a determination of will was required.

“She responded beautifully. Yet, I sense from your reaction to it that it might not have been beyond what you have seen and experienced before.”

Hein nodded and returned his gaze on the pussy opening and closing, the stomach rising and falling with her breathing, the nipples on her breasts still hard and erect, and her mouth as it opened to lick her lips.

“No, not a surprising response. As I said, she is very orgasmic.” He looked between them. Then, “She seems to be attempting to wet her lips, may I?”

The woman smiled and poured some cold water into a container with a long straw attached. Hein took it, fed the straw to her lips, and watched her take several deep sips, then wetting her lips, again. After, her mouth moved into a smile, then formed the words for 'thank you', as if the inability to hear eliminated the facility to vocalize.

Hein remained at her side as the man and woman prepared to continue. Absently, Hein lightly stroked her arm and shoulder. Almost immediately, her body reacted, her back arching and a loud moan escaping her mouth. Only when Hein removed his fingers from her skin did her body collapse back to the table surface.

"My God! What did you do?" The woman only looked at the heavily breathing woman before her, but her words of recrimination were directed at Hein.

"All I did was stroke my fingers over her arm and shoulder in a gesture of reassurance."

The woman and man sought to reassure themselves the blindfold and headphones were adequately functioning. They watched me stroke her arm, again. Then, they each performed the same action. Their touches produced almost no reaction, but each time Hein did it, she reacted strongly.

The woman expressed her perplexity, "I don't understand. She can't hear us or see us. Why would her reaction to one touch be so different from the other two?"

She took command by devising processes of experimentation involving all three of them, all for the purpose of proving, or disproving, what seemed to be an irrational response. After several series of touches by them, all with the same result, "It seems impossible on the surface of it." She looked at her husband who leaned to her and whispered something to her. That led to a whispered exchange. It ended with the woman shaking her head vigorously.

"There can be no other explanation. But, first, a more dramatic experiment." His eyes twinkled. Perhaps, part of the reason was he was taking charge over the woman. Hein was to stand by and watch as the man and woman used their toys and techniques to create another orgasm. Hein would record the time, then Hein would attempt to induce an orgasm through indirect stimulation. The times would be compared. He insisted this would determine if his theory was correct.

The woman shook her head, again. "Silly man. You are my helper in this. This is my realm, not yours. But, we will humor you. And, in the process, she will have more orgasms."

Hein didn't know what they were referring to, but the woman was correct that the intent was to give her powerful orgasms.

The woman was intent on proving the man wrong and her deliberateness in providing stimulation was clearly evident. The two seemed to apply every trick and gimmick they had at their disposal. Hein watched as a large vibrating dildo was pressed into her pussy, feathers used along her sides and the insides of her thighs, then a thin, long vibrator was pressed into her ass. He watched intently as she began to writhe within the confines of the bindings. Her breathing quickened and became ragged. The sounds coming out of her mouth became a steady stream of moans and groans and gasps. Then, he gasped, which drew the attention of the woman who merely smiled, a wickedly devious smile. Using thread, she tightly wrapped it around one nipple until it was protruding obscenely above the thread. The other nipple was bound the same way. It was clear to Hein that this was uncomfortable. Then, he saw what the woman had in mind. She went to the table and retrieved a thin, small headed pencil vibrator and applied the head onto the constricted nipple. He watched as her body arched and a loud gasp came after the vibrator made contact. The woman moved the vibrator from one nipple to the other. He saw the woman motion to the man who moved to the table

for another vibrator. Hein gasped again as this was placed on her clit. Within ten and a half minutes, her body erupted in another powerful orgasm.

After the removal of the vibrators and releasing the nipples from their bindings, more water was given. The woman wanted to wait just a few minutes. Hein, absently, again applied reassuring strokes to her thigh. They were all taken aback when this light touch elicited cries and deep moans.

The woman told him he may as well continue and she set her watch to time it.

"I should cause her orgasm? That's what you want?"

"Yes, and you are wasting time."

He approached the spread-out body in front of him. He was fully dressed like the other two. He looked at the toys but made the decision immediately that if there was something happening here, it was between him and Laura ... not the toys.

He stepped between her legs, his hands lightly moving up the inside of her thighs. He watched his hands more than her reaction. He purposefully skipped over her pussy, but even he couldn't miss that her hips rose off the table seeking his contact. He leaned over her, stretching his hands out to her face, sliding his hands along her cheeks, to her neck and down her arms before returning back and circling her breasts, attempting to minimize actual contact with the breast tissue. Her back arched as if seeking the contact not given. With only a few minutes passing, he made deliberate contact with both nipples at the same time, a simple pressing down onto them with his index fingers. Her mouth flew open and a guttural sound escaped. He continued to press down onto the nipples, a simple pressing motion, and the sounds changed to moans. He looked up at the woman and this time it was his turn to smile. He took each nipple between thumb and finger, squeezed, and twisted.

Hein's eyes were wide when he saw her explode before his eyes. She screamed until she gasped for air. Any part of her body not firmly bound to the table shook and twitched. He was standing directly between her legs when suddenly his slacks became wet. He, and the other two, looked down in disbelief ... she was squirting. No penetration, no contact with her pussy or clit. Only momentarily intense stimulation of her nipples ... but, by him.

The woman looked at the man with a look of resignation.

While Hein carefully watched as Laura seemed to begin recovering, he asked the question, "What happened? What just happened?"

The woman yielded to the man, whose theory it had been. "This ritual is said to be as old as people have been on the islands. It was intended to be a way to liberate a person to truly experience the fullness of sexual release when the mind and body are opened to it. However, it has also been said, only believed to be tales, that in rare conditions far more can be revealed, but only to those who are truly open. I think that is what happened here. You and she are connected and meant to be connected." Hein looked at each of them. He was trying to fully comprehend what was being told to him. "I sense something more, but she is fighting it. The old woman has sensed it, too. She is just reluctant to admit we have stumbled into something like this." He made eye contact with Hein, "Your woman, she has experienced something very powerful recently."

"Yes, with the Apache ... a Spirit Journey she called it."

He looked at his wife, then, "And, have you sensed that she is holding something back from you about that experience?" Hein nodded. "This is it. You are connected and I think she discovered that

during her Journey. The Native People's Spirit Journeys are very powerful. I have one more thing I want you to do with her."

Hein heard it all, but his attention couldn't be taken away from the woman in front of him. Her orgasmic response had just been greater than he had ever seen from her. He knew her as freely and easily orgasmic, but what he had just witnessed was well beyond all of that. Unconsciously, in response to the admiration and feelings he felt for her and his own boiling desire, his hands were smoothly and gently sliding over the exposed body before him. Only moments after erupting in a squirting orgasm from his touch, her body was again shivering and arching under his gentle touch. There were so many feelings and thoughts flashing through his body, soul, and mind that he almost missed the next words.

"I want you to penetrate her." When the words fully sank into him, he looked up sharply and curiously as if he didn't think he heard the man correctly. "I know ... you were told you would be a witness for her sake. There is something else happening here, however, something we cannot explain, something that needs to be followed to its conclusion."

Hein looked back down. Her chest was rising and falling with heavy, ragged, gasping breaths; her skin seemed to ripple at his touch as her muscles underneath twitched; her pussy was gaping and closing, wet with her own fluids.

His mind made up, he was instantly lost to anything around him but her. His fingers moved to his belt as he leaned over her, pressing against her groin as he kissed a breast and she gasped. He raised his lips to transfer to the other breast, uttering the emotion inside him, unaware it was verbal not a thought, "I love you, Laura."

The old man and woman each gasped as they watched her shake on the table before them, her breath sucked in and held as her limbs shook. They looked at each other in wonder and bewilderment. Before their eyes, they saw her orgasm by his words. Words she shouldn't even be able to hear.

Hein recognized the same thing, despite the burning, bubbling desire rising inside him, he gasped at the recognition of what had just transpired between them. Without putting conscious, rational thought to it, he was almost nervous to penetrate her, if her response has been so dramatic to his touch. He had never intended for this to happen. He stood before her naked, his cock more rigid than it had ever been, even with her past ministrations. Her wet pussy continued to open and close, an action that for the life of him seemed to be a calling, a begging, for him to make them one. They said she had discovered that the two of them were somehow connected in a deeper, more meaningful way than either of them intended and now he was discovering it, too.

He pushed his cock down and brought it in front of her gaping, winking opening. He looked up her body, unaware now of the other two alongside them, only watching her body and face and pressed into her.

Her body instantly arched, straining against the restraints, her mouth opening wide and crying out in a deep, guttural, animalistic sound that seemed to come from a place much deeper inside her than her vocal cords. His eyes were wide at her reaction. In one smooth penetration, he remained still and watched as her body quaked and shivered. He pulled back slowly and pressed back into her slowly, almost afraid to thrust too hard, unsure of the impact of her reaction. With each slow movement, she spasmed, her back arching and her legs straining, the muscles of her legs and stomach taunt and flexing.

After only a few strokes, he felt through his cock a heat and tightness from her pussy he has never before experienced. The result was a loss of normal control as he felt a powerful climax building and ready to erupt inside him. The heat from her was felt even in his balls and he knew he will not be able to control or deny his body. He pulled out until he felt only the head of his cock inside her lips, then thrusts deeply into her, their pelvic bones colliding ... and they both climaxed.

In front of him, she cried out with sounds that would cause him fear if he were able to consider anything beyond the overwhelming physical and emotional reactions of his climax.

He felt more, though. At first, his delirious mind was unable to distinguish what he was feeling, unable to separate the orgasmic from the pain emanating from his cock inside her. He feels an intensely hot jolt like a strong electrical shock or stabbing, searing heat starting at the head of his cock and traveling down and into his balls.

He pulled out from her, his climax not yet finished and his last spurt of cum landing on her immediately above her pussy and clit. Immediately, the sensation of searing hot and shock disappeared. He stared down at his cock head and her gaping, gasping pussy while wondering what had just happened. The heat and jolt on his cock had been so intense that the pain was real, but at the same time intensified his own climax and, apparently, hers.

His cum above her clitoris hood attracted his attention, but what he saw underneath was staggering. And only then did he hear the comments from the man and woman.

"What happened?" "You looked pained." "Are you okay?" Then, their comments match his wonder as he stared at her lower abdomen. "What is that?" "What's happening to her?" "Oh my God!" "Look!"

Hein leans down for a closer look and wiped his cum from her skin with a finger. Underneath, he saw forming on her skin, just above her pussy, the exact image from her back only at a 50% scale. It took only a minute or less for the entire image to develop in all the detail and color of the other side. It was an exact miniature replica of the circle and feathers.

He looked up at the man and woman who stood on each side with mouths and eyes gaping open.

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I woke in darkness, alone in bed. Light, I presumed to be from the moon, was filtered into the room by the sheer curtains gently blowing into the room by a breeze through the open veranda door. My arms probed across the bed in search of Hein, but the bed was indeed empty except for me. I dropped my head back onto the pillow and considered how I found myself in this place.

I certainly remembered Hein's planned adventure for me. It had seemed like a strange event, but after my experience recently in the Apache tipi, how could anything be considered too strange of a suggestion?

After my senses were isolated by the removal of my hearing and sight, I recalled tremendous orgasmic responses, increasing in strength to the point where my recollection of specific details and sensations were melded into a continuous and mind-numbing experience.

I only vaguely was aware of myself being moved afterward, but not conscious of how or when. The swaying curtains seemed almost ghostly in the filtered light from the partial moon outside. My mind focused on the movement curiously as if remembering or sensing a similar feeling in my body of crashing and ebbing arousal and climaxes. I swung my legs over the side of the bed and carefully tested my legs for stability, wary of the impact the experience of the previous day may have had on

me.

I parted the curtains and stepped into the open doorway to find Hein sitting in a lounge chair on the open veranda, the moonlight shining on his naked body. He turned his head and put his arm out to me. He guided me to his lap, my feet off one side, and folded me into his arms. The instantaneous feeling was one of complete lovingly secure intimacy. I think I might have purred as my head rested on his shoulder.

"I need to tell you something from yesterday." He was stroking my hair with one hand and my hip to thigh with the other, but his voice indicated something of importance.

I fingered the hair on his chest, "First, I need to confess something to you ... something I have been holding back from my experience in Arizona." I didn't see it, but he smiled, a knowing, understanding smile, a smile that only he knew the source of ... the old man and woman predicted this.

He pulled my head tighter into him, kissing the top of my head and hugging my shoulder reassuringly. "You need to tell me only what you want. It was your experience."

I kissed his chest, my fingers still playing nervously with the hairs. "Thank you." I gave him another kiss. "But, I want to. I think it has meaning for us and I want you to know it." I went on to tell him everything about the 'tentacles', that the island was a beating heart, the tentacles actually the veins and arteries of the heart. Most importantly, I told him about the image in the heart as I was pulled into the sky by the pair of eagles ... the image of him. I told him of my perception of it, the expression of love, of giving me his heart, of my desperation to return to it and accept it knowingly and gratefully.

He encouraged me to a sitting position. At first, I imagined that he was rejecting my perception of the island and the heart and what it meant. I raised my eyes to his eyes, though, finding a broad smile encompassing his entire face and eyes. His hands took my head in them, pulling me to his mouth. He kissed me with passion, but at the same time with delicacy and emotion.

"Let me tell you a story, now." I swung my leg over his body and sat on his lap facing him. His fingers touched my lips, my neck, my nipples, and down my chest, stomach, and abdomen. His finger seemed to linger there, but my eyes were on his, watching and waiting as he seemed to gather his thoughts. He brought each of my hands to his lips and kissed the palms, putting them on his chest. "What do you remember of the session yesterday?"

I searched his eyes and face, finding only acceptance and gentleness. "Incredible sensations. I remember being brought to a powerful orgasm, then many more in quick succession. It seemed as if suddenly my body reacted to every touch. Then, there was another period of increasing stimulation until another orgasm. After that, though, my mind couldn't fathom what was happening. Violent orgasms racked my body. It was as if they were agonizing pleasure rolling over me, each one delicious but increasingly mind-numbing."

"Did you feel anything peculiar, supremely intense?"

"Yes ... heat. Shocking jolts of ... like electricity ... then searing heat like a branding iron ... it was inside me, not outside." He was smiling. "What?"

"That's when this happened." He touched my lower abdomen.

I was about to ask 'what?' when I looked down to his finger. My mouth opened without any sound

coming out. He described what happened and what he and the man and woman witnessed. He described the pain in the head of his cock and how it shot through him to his balls.

I shifted back to see this new image on my body and in doing so saw, and felt, that his cock had become quite hard. I leaned forward to kiss him, sliding my pussy over the length of his hard cock. My fingers played over the head. "You were burned here?" He nodded. "I'm sorry I did that to you." He started to object, but I shushed him with my mouth on his. I raised my hips and raised his cock. Looking into his eyes, I sank down over his cock until it was deeply embedded inside me. My eyes twinkling, "Does that feel better?"

He smiled, "That always feels better." We kissed. The passion rose and his cock became more rigid inside me. I slowly shifted on him feeling the deliciousness of us joined. He broke the kiss, his finger tracing my lips. "Laura ..." I waited. If he didn't say it, I was going to. "Laura ... I didn't intend this to happen. Our relationship was intended to be different, adventurous and playful." I kissed him. I returned my gaze into his eyes and waited ... hoped. "I love you." He kissed me, then smiled and shouted it, "I LOVE YOU!"

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### **PART III: FULFILLMENT**

#### **CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO: ENERGIZED**

Even though our discussion was building to the inevitability of those words when Hein pronounced them, 'I love you', it was as if fireworks had been set off inside my heart. Ever since the final part of my peyote journey, the meaning behind it scared me. I firmly believed it meant Hein was giving me his heart. But, how could I even bring that up for discussion? How could I make him see and believe in a vision created from an Apache peyote ceremony? Our voodoo experience changed everything, though. He was able to see and believe through his own experience. He was able to experience me, my body, responding to him and specifically him in ways that would be unexplainable.

He was firmly inside me when he pronounced his love and as we kissed and shared our immediate reactions my body moved up and down his cock. When we finally broke from the long series of kisses, my eyes focused on his eyes and face. But, if my gaze was focused, so was my intention around his cock. I put to work all that Kegel training he encouraged me to perform, squeezing his cock within my pussy, milking it gently. My heart was exploding, but I wanted ... desperately ... for his cock to explode inside me.

We woke late that morning for breakfast. We were scheduled to depart on the yacht back to Miami, then grab the jet back to Amsterdam right away. But, when I heard some noise at the cottage next door, I jumped out of bed after giving Hein a kiss and rushed out into the commons area in front of the three cottages. I found Sharon and Raul, already dressed and sipping coffee on their veranda. I rushed across the space separating the cottages, naked as ever and jumped the steps to position myself in front of them.

"Look! Look what happened. Isn't it amazing!"

Their faces initially reflected the real surprise of a naked woman, even if they were very familiar with this particular naked woman, nearly jumping into their faces as they made the effort to fully be awake. It took a moment for them to recognize what my excitement and insistence was trying to get them to look at.

From the next cottage came the remaining voice, "Well, now that is an interesting sight. I come out

for breakfast to find the two of you intently studying her pussy.”

Sharon, without looking up, “No, not that ...”

Raul chuckled, but also without looking up, “Well, yes, we are, but ...”

Sharon interrupted, “Get over here, Chris. Did you see this when Hein brought her back last night?”

When Hein sauntered out of the cottage wearing shorts, he laughed. “Well, now that is an interesting sight, the three of you intently studying her pussy. Not that I would ever blame you, understand.”

Sharon looked up, finally, with a look of exasperation at his teasing, “Seriously, Hein, when did this happen? I mean, when did you get this done? Well, I guess last night, but ...”

I was giggling. The three of them kneeling on the floorboards touching me just above my pussy, studying the image there, as Hein came up behind me and took me in his arms, pulling me back against his bare chest. His hands moved up to my breasts and fondling them as if it was the most natural thing to do in front of others. With them, though, it was the most natural thing for them and me.

I was forced out of Hein’s arms as they turned me to the side so they could easily study the image on my back, then the one on my front.

Chris made the comparison comment, “It’s exactly the same, only smaller ...”

I had struggled to explain how the one on my back might have been given to me. This time, I let Hein try to explain the one in front. Only with those we were very intimate with, could he attempt to give an explanation of the events leading up to the appearance of the image. Of course, given its location, only those we were very intimate with would ever see it.

During the cruise back to Miami and the following flight back to Amsterdam, we had multiple opportunities for bits of time for discussion about what our proclamations to each other meant. Well ... we knew what they meant, they meant we were fully “in love”, which was beyond the type of relationship we had earlier proposed and intended for us. The question to be determined was, would that change anything for us? Are we different? Does this mean we have to change our relationship from what we had originally intended? He didn’t want us to decide, commit anything at the moment. He wanted us to critically, unemotionally (if that was possible) consider those questions. In Amsterdam would be soon enough. Soon enough? I didn’t protest, but to me, this felt energizing, not limiting. To me, it felt going to a higher level of desire to fulfill all of our desires for each other, our ‘family’, and in every way we originally intended. I felt I understood myself more than I ever had before. I felt the strength and foundation of my character and being like I never accepted before. I was ready for anything ... everything, as long as he was my support and anchor. I didn’t say any of that. I would wait ...

The group couldn’t resist talking about details of voodoo experience, though, as we cruised back. Sharon asked how it felt while it was happening.

“To be honest, I wasn’t sure I was going to survive. It was something I wanted to cry out and get reassurance of, but when you can’t see or hear anything there is a sense that any attempt at communication is pointless. Even if I managed to vocalize my feelings, I wouldn’t be able to hear the response. The first massive orgasm took quite a while and plenty of manipulation. Hein explained it was when the couple was doing their thing for my orgasm. It was massive, just as they were used to

providing with the drug. But, it was after that, when I felt just touching and light stroking over my body that the sensations intensified. I couldn't believe what I was feeling! It was like a jolt of electricity shooting through my body, each touch providing more and more. I don't know if I was articulating anything, but in my mind, it was, 'Fuck, fuck, fuck! Oh god, oh god, FUCK!!!' I'd never be able to cum just from having my nipples touched, but there I was, cumming all over the place. When he finally fucked me, I felt delirious with the need to be fucked and filled. I didn't know it was Hein ... but I think I did. I think in my mind or heart or soul I KNEW it was Hein. He was inside me, then crashed into me over and over, as my back arched and hips rolled to meet him even though I was constrained. The orgasm that started from my nipples, turned into the orgasm that wouldn't end. I clawed at his arms, writhed on the table, and bucked beneath him, all in a vain attempt to somehow manage the impossible pleasure splitting through me. Afterward, I lay on the table, not sure if I would ever fully recover. I must have been somewhat conscious to return to the cottage, but I don't remember it."

Sharon was leaning so far forward I was afraid she might fall off the edge of the seat. "My god! It sounds ..." She looked at Hein, then back to me, "Would you do it, again?"

Hein jumped in, "That was a one-shot deal, Pet." I made a face and he laughed. "No, I don't mean that." He smiled and added quietly, "I meant, it'll never be that devastating. It'll never be like that, again."

I managed to eke out, "Good."

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The first full day back from Miami and I was getting myself ready for dinner. Hein was still dressed in his business suit, except for his jacket which was lying on the bed. He was sitting in a chair in our bedroom watching as I got dressed ... such as it was when it was just the five of us at home.

I was seated at the vanity finishing my hair and makeup. I snuck peeks at Hein through the mirror as I did and tried to hold back smiles. I pushed my hair over my shoulders, then attached my white PET choker, then stood up and faced the full-length mirror. I assessed my appearance and gave myself a smile with a slight nod of approval. Curious, even to me, that I stood naked except for the choker in front of the mirror to assess how I looked for the others. My nudity was what I was for them; the choker was a symbol of my relationship with them. All of them, now. I allowed my right hand to rise to the silver plate engraved with P.E.T. I smiled, then caught Hein's image in the mirror. He was smiling, too.

I walked to him, bent over him, and kissed him on the lips. His hand rose to my hanging breast and he uninhibitedly squeezed it. I stood up and turned my back to him. He liked my body from every angle. He often rambled on in quiet times alone about how he like my body and the problem he would have if pushed to identify just one part that was his favorite. Despite all this time together, me naked or nearly so more often than not, he still studied me, watched me, enjoyed me like this. And, I liked that very much.

I gathered up a new package of sheer white, stay-up stocking from the bed. I sat at the vanity chair, purposely facing Hein. I rolled up each stocking to put them over my feet, then smooth them up my legs, finally pulling the elastic tops high up my thighs while standing. All the while, I turned this way and that, opened and closed my legs, then opening my legs to pull the tops up high. All the while I knew he was enjoying the glimpses of my body and pussy. Just one of our little games he never seemed to tire of.

I slipped into a pair of white strap high heels and returned in front of the mirror.

“You know how much I love your body anytime, but those heels just pop out your calf muscles. Amazing, just beautiful.”

I smiled into the mirror at him, then turned slightly toward him, pushed out my ass with unbent knees ... his reaction was what any woman would desire. I selected earrings and a necklace that hung low between my breasts. It was a double loop and hung below my breasts. I moved one loop under one breast, then did the same to the other.

“I like that.” I looked at him, not sure. He continued, “Maybe we should look into some body chains.” I returned my eyes to my image in the mirror and he continued, “You could wear that instead of a negligee sometimes.” I smiled. What a delicious thought and idea. I removed them from under my breasts, though. The necklace was not intended for that look.

His eyes followed me as I went to the walk-in closet and selected a floor-length, white sheer gown that closed only with a single clasp between the breasts. He met me at the mirror and took the gown from my hands and held it for me to slip on. He stood behind me, admiring my image as he deftly clasps it together. His hands briefly gliding over my breasts, then came to rest on my shoulders as he peered at me through the mirror.

“What are you thinking?”

I smiled, “That covers a lot of potential. I’m thinking I feel hotter than hell the way you have been watching me.”

He smiled. He stroked my upper arms, then turned me to face him. “I always watch you like that.”

“I know. It’s why I always feel so hot and wet.” I kissed him. “But, that’s not what you were asking about, was it?” He shook his head. “I do love you, Hein, with all my heart and ... obviously ... all my body.” I giggled at that and put my arms around his neck, kissing him deeply. Then, I looked into his face, “I want to explore this new part of our relationship. I want it very much.” I kissed him, again. This time I looked deeply into his eyes. “But, besides how we consider our relationship and consider how we want it to grow, I don’t want anything else to change. Not with the others downstairs, not with the couples, not with other challenges, adventures, and crazy ideas that might come up going forward. They are the reason I am here to begin with. They are what brought us together. I don’t want to abandon what we are.”

He smiled and pulled me into his arms and spoke softly into my ear, “Perfectly stated.” He put out his arm, I slid mine inside it, and he led me down to the dining room where we found the others patiently waiting.

After dinner, Hein tapped his empty wine glass with his knife to get everyone’s attention, and stood up at the head of the table. Looking down at me, he smiled. I blushed. The sequence of the actions was not missed by any of the others and their curious eyes moved from him to me, back and forth. He made the announcement of how our feelings for each other could no longer be denied. He even went on to explain how the two experiences, Arizona and Caribbean, convinced us. If I was worried about how it might be received by them, I needn’t have. They all rushed us, kissing, hugging, shaking hands, slapping backs, and exclaiming excited congratulations.

Chris, fittingly, put the exclamation point on the response by raising his glass after refilling our glasses. “It’s about time!” He looked around at us, then, “Maybe a double wedding ...”

Sharon slapped his arm playfully, "Don't push this too fast ..." They were all laughing.

I nervously glanced out the corner of my eyes to Hein who I found looking unabashedly at me and smiling.

He put his hand out to me, I took it and pushed my chair back to stand alongside him. "I will go with Sharon's wisdom and Chris' enthusiasm." He stepped behind me, encircling my waist in his arms. "Laura and I are very excited to follow this path with deliberateness and open hearts and minds. I, and I think Laura, are beyond pleased that you seem to share our excitement."

I nodded and smiled at each of them, then added, "Make no mistake, though, I am still PET. Without me being PET, I wouldn't have met and loved this man. Without me being PET, I wouldn't have met and come to love you three." I leaned back and looked sideways at him and he smiled down at me.

He continued on the same thought, "We agreed, though this does create a form of change in our personal relationship, we don't want anything else to change." His hands moved up my body and cupped my breasts under the sheer gown's bodice. His fingers worked at the clasp between my breasts, opened it, and slipped the negligee off my shoulders. He laid the gown on the back of his chair and it immediately slid off the curved back and onto the floor. I giggled. He continued after recupping my now naked breasts, "Laura is still PET, as she said. Nothing changes with you, the dogs, the couples, or any odd stimulating adventure or challenge someone might come up with for her." He kissed my neck. I turned my face to him and we kissed. "Any thoughts?"

Chris smiled his devilish look, "Yes, as a matter of fact. I suggest we celebrate this wonderful news in the way this sexy woman knows best."

Hein squeezed my breasts, "Excellent idea."

I put my hand behind me and patted Hein's already hard cock through his trousers. I then walked with oozing sexiness in my steps to Chris. I put my arms around his neck and kissed him deeply, pressing my naked body against him. I removed my arms, but not my lips, unbuttoning his shirt after pushing his jacket off his shoulders. I pulled his shirttails from his pants and pushed it off soon after. I ended our kissing with my fingers working at his belt and trousers front. I kissed down his chest and stomach as I loosened his belt and pants, opening them and letting them drop to his feet. I looked up, smiling at him, then looking to Sharon and Raul, also watching me. I nodded at Sharon and watched her turn to Raul and take him into her arms. I glanced behind me to the left where Hein had been, but not finding him. I glanced to the right and found him back in his chair, a refilled glass of wine in his hand and an approving look on his face.

I turned back to Chris and gulped his cock head into my mouth. I heard him groan. Around his cock, I smiled.

The rest of the evening proceeded casually and comfortably. Everyone climaxed twice, except for me who orgasmed quite a bit more than that. It was an unhurried evening with breaks, talking, and loving spread over hours. I fucked Chris and Hein twice, Raul once, and brought Sharon to orgasm with my mouth and fingers after Raul fucked her. I greedily sucked Raul's semen out of her pussy.

During one of our rest times, we sat around the living room naked with the topic of conversation leaving our time in the Caribbean and shifting to a next gathering with the three couples. Everyone looked to me. We hadn't heard anything further from any of the couples, except to check that we were back home in Amsterdam and sending out feelers of a next possible meeting. We took that to mean they had not found other animals with sufficient safety or had other ideas, so it came back to me for a suggestion. I was thinking a recreation of the double penetration I experienced at

Samantha's while smiling seductively at Hein and Chris who sat on either side of me, Chris with fingers caressing my used pussy and Hein idly playing with a nipple. They checked with each other across from me and returned their nods of interest. This would be a first when the exhibition in front of the couples included members of the group beyond me.

Then, Sharon's voice drew our attention. She was sitting across Raul's lap, an arm around his neck, and one of his hands casually fondling one of her breasts. What a change from when we had started together. "I would like to suggest something I have been thinking about ..." She explained it to us. I looked from Hein to Chris, then to Raul who was nodding his approval.

I smiled at her, "Wow. I love it. Let's talk about how we want to present this to the couples. This might be the very thing that pushes them into participation, too."

That discussion pushed us all back into sharing our bodies. It was a great night.

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When Hein and I met the couples at the door on our next Social gathering, I was dressed in a special outfit to create the image that we were taking the evening to another level. My outfit was much more revealing than even the sheer outfits before. Except for my stockings and heels, my outfit was entirely thin silver chains.

It was actually two separate pieces, which were custom modified by a jeweler. The top was a halter-style imitation over my neck and hanging over my breasts and around to my back. The portion of my breasts was a cascade of sixteen strands of chain sagging over my breasts. The bottoms were a belly chain with a stylized butterfly hanging just over my pussy and three strands of chaining hanging below it. These two pieces were the basis for the customization performed by a jeweler ... a very discreet jeweler.

Hein and I made several evening trips to the jeweler's shop after hours. For the modifications to be precise, they needed to be performed on my naked body. Modifications that he added were strands from a central ring at a point a third of the way from my breasts to my pussy with a strand woven into the hanging strands over my breasts and separate strands from the ring to each nipple. At the ends of these were non-piercing clips that tightly clamped onto my nipples. Another strand hung down to attach to the butterfly, then another from the bottom of the butterfly to my clit where another non-piercing clip was affixed to clamp to my clitoral hood.

He spent several hours with the fine chain on my body so it all hung perfectly to my satisfaction, which required numerous adjustments of one strand or fitting or another. I found the repeated attachment and removal of the nipple and clitoral clips to be very painful and erotic. It was a combination of sensations that I was finding arousing and intriguing.

His final tasks were attaching silver rings from a short chain length of an inch to each nipple clip and the clitoral clip. The other thing was silver ball weights with hooks to hang from the rings. Each ball weighed 8 ounces and applied additional pressure to the already tight clips. By the time the poor jeweler was finished with all the adjustments and fittings, he insisted that there would be no charge. I insisted, however, and the man was shocked when instead of removing the outrageous outfit the final time, Hein merely slipped a thigh-length coat over my shoulders. I held the front closed as he opened the front door to his shop and saw us on our way. I had to admit to the exhibitionistic thrill of walking the half block in the outfit, covered only by the coat held at my waist.

As the couples arrived, then, I hugged each of them while their mouths were still gaping. Smiles quickly replaced their surprise. I handed each couple a small jewelry-sized box very precisely

wrapped. It was interesting to both Hein and me that none of the couples even recognized the tattoo over my pussy covered by the silver butterfly.

It wasn't until I was serving drinks before dinner in the living room, bending over to hand Anna Bakker her drink when the butterfly fell away from my skin and her husband spied the image underneath. I turned around to also display the larger one on my back. Hein interrupted the series of questions.

"Obviously, PET's experiences while in America were interesting. All will be detailed during dinner." I stood next to him, his hand going around my waist naturally and comfortably.

I pointed to the small packages each couple had been given and suggested they now open them. They were all confused, but upon closer inspection one of them noticed that each ball was inscribed with "PET". Someone else fingered the small hooks and made the connection. I put a finger under one of the short chains with the ring at the end. The final connection was made.

Hein added, "Feel free to add and remove weights during the course of the evening. Each weight is only eight ounces, but the effect will be significant. I know." Everyone smiled. I shivered. What I had learned from the fittings to create this outfit, the tight clippings pinched and adding weight to them significantly added to it. But, removing the clips, allowing the blood to rush back into these very sensitive nubs was painful.

I regaled the couples with the stories of my time with Samantha and Albert, then about the peyote journey, which included the image located on my back.

Stephan Hendriksen asked what the others were also wondering, "On your back, but where did the one on your front come from?"

I looked to Hein who chuckled, "I think I should tell this part of the story. PET's recollection of the actual events is more than a little fussy ..."

They all agreed. Our trip back to the States seemed to be a huge success.

At that time of the evening when we gathered for the exhibition, the couples knew the way down to the pool/recreation level of the house from their previous visits. Hein had only told them that there was yet more to witness with the dogs while they awaited the events to come.

They arranged themselves around the mats already placed on the floor while fully expecting me to arrive from the outside with the two dogs and completely naked as I had on previous occasions. Although I had been essentially naked the entire evening, as I enter the room with the dogs, I was still covered in my body chain outfit. The confusion was heightened as the dogs seemed to be more interested in something to my left than they were in me, which was certainly not normal.

Several followed the gaze of the dogs and simultaneously gasped in recognition. That drew the attention of the others and the excitement grew. Sharon was walking toward the group and it was the dog's anticipation that initiated the reactions. Sharon was completely naked, even her stockings and heels were gone. She walked with purpose, confidence, and intention, but I could detect the nervousness in my friend in the little things. She only made eye contact with me, purposely avoiding the other couples. She even avoided looking to Raul, Hein, or Chris, all of whom would have given her smiles and nods of reassurance, but that would have been too close for her eyes to be distracted to the couples. Everyone in the room was well aware of the big step being taken by her appearance as she approached the dogs. Up until that moment, all the exhibitions had been expected to be performed by me. Suddenly, with Sharon's involvement, those boundaries, those restrictions, were

torn away.

The couples fell into a deep hush, despite them sharing glances between partners and the other couples. The significance of this addition couldn't have been lost on them and from the couples, I felt a sudden nervousness in the anticipation, a nervousness that expectations of these gatherings might be changing. Indeed, Sharon's idea of participation was only for her own experience based on what I had previously undergone many times. But, I saw it as a way to push the couples, to stimulate their consideration of where our gatherings might go, not only for me but for them as well.

Sharon's steady progression in involvement with Raul was culminated by the sexual sharing she and I performed on the yacht in front of the pilot house window. She and I both knew very well that at least one male, if not all three, was in a perfect position to watch our activities. It turned her on so much that she rightly recognized the power of the exhibitionistic display can create. She wanted to go another step along that path ... and here she was.

"Sharon!" The exclamation came from a couple voices, but it was obvious by the looks on the six faces that they were all reacting the same way even if they hadn't vocalized it.

She didn't respond to them except to offer a confident smile that belied the nerves inside her. It might very well have been that speaking was not an option for her under the circumstance.

She put her hand on the top of Axel's head, which was only because he was the closest one to her. She moved to the center of the mat and dropped to her knees, then patted her thigh to call Axel. He responded immediately to her. We had duplicated the sequencing of tonight several times so the dogs would be familiar and comfortable with what was to happen tonight. Each time, Sharon and I performed in front of the men to give the sense of an audience, though a very intimate one. Within the group, the family, Sharon had progressed to a level of openness that would have seemed impossible before the yacht cruise.

Axel dropped to the mat and rolled onto his side and partially onto his back, his sheath exposed and several inches of his reddish cock already poking out from it. These are very smart dogs, only a little training and they are able to anticipate what is expected of them. She was far too excited to suck his cock too long, but she was determined to follow our routine, achieving five or six inches of exposed cock in a matter of moments. She looked up at me as she rose to her knees. I smiled at her, glancing at Raul who was beaming at his lover. He seemed as excited for her as she was to be doing this in front of others for the first time. I was very proud of both of them. I was also getting very turned on.

As she assumed the position on her hands and knees, she stole a look at the men of our group. They all smiled and nodded to her, encouraging and supporting. She still avoided looking directly at the other couples, but I knew that would change after she was finished. Then, after she had entertained them, she would be glowing, both from orgasmic reward and from her erotic contribution to our gatherings. If the couples didn't respond in kind tonight, I at least knew I had company in her.

After patting her shapely ass, which was still showing the all-over tan of being naked on the boat, Axel reacted quickly. He came to her ass, sniffing and licking her several times. She spread her knees wider to allow him better access to her dripping pussy and he licked with a relish that she and I have experienced many times lately.

She reached back and touched the side of his face, then commanded, "Mount me, Axel."

He leaped onto her back, his hips immediately probing. Her hand flew between her legs, finding his thrusting cock and assisting it to her needy pussy opening. She gasped and groaned as the cock initially penetrated her, then drove deeper inside on the next thrust. I watched as Axel hesitated,

regripped and positioned himself, then thrust into her with a powerful pounding that he repeated at an astounding pace. I marveled, as I always do when I have the chance to see it with my own eyes instead of being the one experiencing it. It feels so fast as the dogs fuck me, but watching it ... it seems like a blur.

The couples' exposure to bestiality had been limited to me. As good and erotic as I knew that had been each time, they seemed to be relishing with a higher degree of interest and experience by seeing someone new performing it. Although I knew what I had planned would be of huge interest to them, Sharon was correct in suggesting her involvement as something new.

They had watched me being mounted by the dogs often enough to recognize the critical moments of canine mating and they reacted appropriately when they occurred with Sharon. When the knot pushed into her pussy, she orgasmed ... loudly! I was sure a portion of that reaction was the exhibitionism she was experiencing.

She groaned long, sighing with deep satisfaction and I knew Axel was filling her pussy with his seed.

When Axel turned, stepping over her to be ass-to-ass, she did something that surprised us, but she had apparently worked this out with Raul, just not with the rest of us. I turned her upper body and gazed directly at Raul, then nodded. He smiled, looking at Hein, Chris, and me. His smile grew larger as he slid to the edge of the chair and stood up. He quickly unfastened his belt and trousers waist until they were open. He moved in front of his lover, letting his pants drop to his ankles, then kneeling in front of her. She glanced up at me with a smile that seemed to say, 'I keep surprising you, don't I?' And, indeed she does.

He shuffled forward on his knees until she was able to capture his slightly hard cock in her mouth. In a moment, his cock was firming more until it was hard, her mouth sliding smoothly up and down the length of his cock, now glistening with her saliva. My own hands were playing with the clips of my outfit on my nipples and clit hood. I swung the little balls and pulled the clips outward. I discovered that if I pulled on the central ring, I could apply tension on all three clips at the same time.

When Axel pulled his knot from Sharon's pussy, releasing a long stream of cum and leaving her pussy gaping, she continued to suck on Raul's cock until he finally exclaimed his release. Before she knelt up to kiss him, she made sure his cock was completely cleaned of his cum and there was no wayward drop on her lips.

While the couples rose from their seats and rushed Sharon in thanks, I began untangling myself from the chain outfit and clips. With each clip removal, I gritted my teeth and gasped at the sudden rush of blood into the sensitive nubs which had been constricted for hours. When I unclipped the one on my clit, my gasp and groan must have been more pronounced. I suddenly realized I had the attention of everyone.

Hein stood, leading Sharon and Raul to the chair Raul had been using. This time Sharon sat across his lap, not bothering to cover herself. Hein turned to the group, "I would like to add that this was fully Sharon's idea. I can see it was nearly as enjoyable for you as it certainly was for her." They laughed, then clapped their recognition to her. Despite all she had just done before them, she blushed at the attention. "Now, we told you we had a surprise for you, something that Laura experienced on our trip back to the States. Yes, I know Sharon was a surprise and that was intentionally not communicated to you." He glanced down at Sharon and winked. "Just in case she might have decided against it at the last minute. I, for one, am very glad she didn't." The couples agreed. He moved over to me and Max. "My PET has another little surprise in store for us. I just ask

that you be patient to the end.”

He patted my butt and started back to his chair. Half way back, though, he put his finger into the air as if he just remembered something. He came back to me (this was rehearsed, too), turned me around, and applied pressure between my shoulder blades to lean me forward. There peeking out to everyone was a clear, jeweled butt plug. He worked his thumb and index finger around the exposed jeweled end and pulled it out, bringing another gasp from me. Bringing gasps from the females of the couples, too.

After vigorously rubbing my nipples and clit for a minute to relieve the throbbing, I quickly duplicated the routine Sharon had just used and we found so effective. After Max' cock was showing about the same five to six inches of reddish dog meat, I assumed the same hands and knees position and called him to mount me. The couples had seen this part of canine mating a number of times and I wanted to get past it as quickly as possible so their interest would not wane.

Max was his usual powerful lover and I climaxed just after his knot passed into my pussy and just before this cock twitched and exploded, filling me with his seed. The surprise for the couples was going to be after Max turned. I was going to be double penetrated, a dog's knot in my pussy and a human cock in my ass. What I didn't know was which human cock. We had performed this twice with the dogs so they wouldn't be quite as nervous as they would be if surprised. Hein and Chris each tried it and I told them to work it out. They didn't tell me who was going to be inside me this time, though.

My head was down on the mat, still recovering from my orgasm and the effects of feeling Max cumming inside me. The dog climax always had a sensual charge to it that peaked my body's reaction. I heard surprised gasps and low voices and knew that one of the men was now naked and approaching me. I felt the hands on my ass and knew immediately that it was Hein. His hands were naturally a bit softer and gentler than Chris. I twisted back to see him and smiled. I was proud of him. He could well have offered this to Chris and he would have gladly done it. That would have saved Hein from being naked and a participant in front of his peers. His being willing to do this with me proved to me a lot about him and our relationship. If he could have me doing these things in front of others, he was willing to do them, as well.

I felt the slimy, runny gel dripped onto my anus. I knew from past times when we did anal that he was also applying it to his cock. Then, I felt the pressure of his fingers pushing into me and expanding my sphincter, reminding it that it had been filled just moments before by the butt plug. After sawing two fingers into me, he pressed his cock head against the tight opening. Even with the butt plug preparing me, the increased tightness of having the knot inside my pussy made the initial penetration difficult. And painful. After that, though, that was the exciting part.

I cried out as his cock head pressed through my tight sphincter. Without having to move a hand, he stopped, pausing to allow my body to adjust to this new intrusion. It was only a moment, though, until I started a gentle, slow rocking of my hips, the movement causing not only my anus to move on his cock but my pussy to move around the knot inside it. As the knot inevitably bumped my g-spot and sending tremors through my body, my anus relaxed with the distraction and Hein pressed deeper into me. After a few more movements back and forth, he was fully into me, his thighs pressed against my butt.

Even with our earlier trials of this, Max still stirred with some anxiety, pulling and flinching more than normal. Of course, he was going to be tied to me much longer than normal and I didn't know if that was something he, or Axel, would really become fully comfortable with. Hein pressed on, though, offering the dog some soft words and relying on his full trust in both him and me.

As soon as he started fucking into my anus, the memory of the sensation came rushing back. The tightness, definitely, but also the pulling of the knot into my g-spot on his pull of his cock, then thrusting it back into me with the knot moving somewhat with it.

I orgasmed, again, and it was loud, not aware enough to know what was coming from my mouth. I collapsed to the mat, at least my upper body and shoulders did. I was still tied to Max and further anchored by Hein's cock in my ass. I noticed a change near my head and focused on a new pair of bare knees on either side of my head. I pushed up to find Chris naked, holding his hard cock out to me. I smiled up at him and knew in that moment they had this worked out, just like Raul moved to Sharon earlier. I opened my mouth and he guided his cock into it. I sucked voraciously in a desperate need to make him cum, also.

It wasn't long, though, before Hein erupted in his own orgasm. I felt him twitching inside me, then slam his cock as deep as he could manage. With his seed deposited in my ass, he eased his cock out by standing up and stepping over me rather than over Max. Almost immediately I felt Max pull hard on the tie and his knot came out with a rush of cum. I still had one more cock to make cum.

I rotated my head to look up at Chris with my mouth full of his cock. He was looking down at me. I pulled my mouth from his cock and asked, "My mouth, pussy, or ass?"

He smiled and for a moment thought about the choice I was giving him. I think the plan was for him to present himself to me and be sucked off and here I was offering him his preference. He didn't say anything. He moved me by my shoulders and hips until I was pointing in the opposite direction and he smoothly and effortlessly slid his nice cock into my asshole, which I was sure was still gaping and very well lubricated.

In my new position, though, I was surprised, if not shocked by the scene that had begun out of my sight. The three couples were in various stages of undress and all engaged in sexual activity. One woman was still dressed except for her pantyhose and panties being removed as her husband pressed his cock into her. Another was naked from the waist up with the top of her dress hanging there and her bra removed while she sucked her husband. The other couple was blocked from my view for the most part, but they appeared to entirely naked and involved in the missionary position.

When Chris did cum and slip his cock out of me, I rolled onto my back with my legs spread, quite tired, but very excited by how the evening had progressed. I heard the words, 'Go to her', and looked up to see Sharon pointing the dogs to me. They both came and began licking at my pussy. I looked at Hein with a look that he knew meant something was about to happen, he just didn't know what. He didn't hesitate, however, and nodded for me to do whatever it was I was thinking.

I pulled my knees toward my chest, grabbed them and pulled them alongside my head. This fully exposed both my ass and pussy. Each dog picked a hole and began licking. I was back on my way to heaven, at least sexual heaven.

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### **CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE: THE WEDDING NIGHT GIFT**

Amid all our talking over each other about what we had just experienced together, yet again, someone heard a raw vibration from the coffee table glass surface. It froze our attentions on the several cell phones discarded there before the evening's activities began.

After sorting through them, Hein determined it was his. He put it to his ear and listened quietly for a moment, then, "Celine! Hi, wonderful to hear you. Wait just a moment, the whole group is here. Let

me put you on speaker.” He pressed another button, then put the phone back on the table in front of us. Those at the edges of the room moved closer.

“The whole group together in one spot at this time of night? Was any drinking involved?”

Chris laughed, “Of course. But not too much. We like to keep ourselves ... fully aware of our senses.” It caused Sharon and me to giggle. So, there might have been a little more alcohol involved.

She hesitated on the other end, then came back, “So I understand ... you are all together, alcohol being consumed ... are clothes involved?”

I laughed and leaned in closer, “Oh, Celine, you should know better than that!” We all laughed, including her.

“I love it. You guys are wonderful. And, that is kind of the reason for my call. Ruben and I have a proposition for you to consider. Interested in hearing about it?”

Hein and I got closer to the phone. He answered after I gave him the cursory nod, “Always. We’ve been hoping one of you would come up with something soon.”

She laughed, “I know, we have probably been taking advantage of you guys. We are working on something, I assure you. This, though, is personal, not the group thing ...”

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It was that phone call that had me standing in a luxurious room near the top of the Rotterdam Hotel on the 38th floor. I was standing at the wall of windows overlooking the Nieuwe Maas channel with the major downtown area of Rotterdam on the other side. Below and to my left was the Holland America cruise line terminal. Both the sitting area and bedroom of the suite had full floor to ceiling windows overlooking the water and city beyond. I was dressed in the outfit Celine had provided for me. I was waiting.

While I did wait, I continued to marvel at the structure and location. This is the hotel that, if you have ever seen a picture of it, shifts to the side halfway up. Architecturally and structurally it is a magnificent building. And the outside is glass, as testified by the suite I am occupying.

Of course, I also had to marvel at what I was doing in this suite ... waiting. The outfit Celine had for me was black and very intentionally it was black. Black lace bra so low cut it barely covered my nipples with thin straps and only one clasp in back. On me, it wasn’t intended to provide much support. Below I was wearing a black lace thong, also with thin strips around my waist and between my cheeks in back. Black sheer stockings held up with a black lace garter belt completed the outfit, except for the black pearl necklace and earrings. My black high heels were by the door ... in case.

Celine didn’t go into all the gory details of the situation, just enough for all of us to understand the reasons behind what was happening. Her nephew, Gerrit, was marrying the young woman he had grown up with at the same the church, Mari. They were both from conservative, religious families that were very involved in the same church. When they went to college, they were put into same-sex colleges close to home so they continued to live with their parents. They continued to see each other through college and, in fact, the families encouraged their relationship. Both families saw in them ‘a good Christian couple’. When their relationship in their senior years became serious to the point that they wanted to announce their desire to marry after graduation, they also recognized in themselves a curiosity about the wider world of adulthood and independence that had been kept away from them. When their engagement was set and they planned for the wedding and thought about their

lives together as adults away from the confines of their family, new thoughts and questions increasingly came into their minds. That was when Celine came into their relationship more fully.

Gerrit had always been fond of Celine and Ruben. They were considered the 'wild ones' of the family, the black sheep. First Gerrit, then both of them together, came to Celine with their new thoughts and questions about being couples and adults in the larger world. Celine respected the families' beliefs, she just didn't agree with them. The beliefs included very restrictive ideas about the woman's role in the relationship and in the participation of sex. Women were basically for raising and caring for the family. Sex was for creating babies and certainly not simply for pleasure. Obviously, Celine did not live by those thoughts and delicately presented alternative views to that of their church, including a thoughtful application of the Bible. It wasn't that Celine didn't have faith, she simply had a wider, far more tolerant view of it in the secular world.

As the wedding day approached, both Gerrit and Mari separately expressed their fears about the wedding night and their intimate relationship beyond it. Their questions came from an increasing desire to experience life and love fully within the privacy of their marriage. Through Celine, they came to understand the power that a healthy acceptance of the pleasures and intimacy their bodies can experience and share with the one you love. But, their complete and utter ignorance and isolation from any such experience left them with feelings of intimidation, awkwardness, and apprehension. Celine counseled them to relax and experiment together; to freely and openly give themselves to each other; and, to focus their love on the other person. That whatever they did, with whatever awkwardness and fumbling, if they did it with a focus on the other person's experience and pleasure, they would grow as a couple.

She had another thought, however. It was radical and daring, but she thought the young couple might have convinced themselves to be open to and trusting of her ideas and suggestions. Their discussions and sharing of concerns and recommendations had become that open and honest. She came up with the idea of me.

After my agreement, she created an elaborately embossed card that offered a daring alternative to the first-time wedding night experience. For the benefit of the families, she and Ruben gave the couple a traditional wedding gift piled on the table with all the others. But, during the reception happening well below in this same hotel, she would privately hand them the card while referring to their many private conversations and suggest they open it to consider what it offers.

The front of the card boldly stated, "A WEDDING NIGHT GIFT". Inside it expressed her hopes for a loving and pleasurable life together, the start of which could begin through an erotic and loving evening of discovery and experience together. Their suite was next door to mine with an adjoining door capable of expanding either suite into a shared enlarged suite. She explained my presence on the other side of that door, assuring them of my caring and gentle manner, but also of my experience with matters of sexual pleasure. She presented me not as someone who would physically participate, but as someone who could effectively guide and encourage their first-time. She said, the offer was open until midnight, at which time I would leave if they chose not to accept. That was stated at my request to provide them with a sense that I would not be on the other side of the door during the night if they chose not to.

And so, I waited. The reception was scheduled to end at 10:00 PM. They were leaving by train the next afternoon for the south of France for their honeymoon. I checked the clock on the desk of the sitting room to find it already 10:21. There would be people and family to thank and say goodbye to. Then, their decision. It was still early. So, I waited. I stood at the window in the lingerie and sipped champagne provided by Celine. Another bottle awaited them in the next suite. While gazing out over the channel to the city lights beyond, I caught my reflection in the window. I appraised what I saw. I

was obviously very familiar and comfortable with the image of myself in only lingerie or nearly naked. So, I found my focus moving to my face and eyes. What was going to happen? What was I going to do when, if, they accepted? So many experiences with others, but virtually none of it with virgins. Was I ready to be responsible for their first experience?

In the midst of those unfamiliar self-doubts, came a knock at the adjoining door.

I stepped across the room to the door joining the two suites. There were two doors, each needing to be opened from each suite to allow passage between them. I slipped into my high heels, took a final sip from the glass and placed it on the counter nearby, took a final deep breath and opened the door.

“Oh, my God!”

It was an inevitable reaction. I stood just inside my suite nearly naked, dressed only in black lingerie. The young newlyweds stood just inside their suite still dressed in their wedding outfits. Her wedding gown was beautiful and it appeared the only thing she removed was the veil. His tuxedo was excellently tailored, the jacket unbuttoned, but his tie still securely at his throat. Both were in white, a striking contrast to me.

I stepped over the threshold and took the bride into my arms. I hugged her and kissed her cheek, “Mari, you are a stunningly beautiful bride. Congratulations.”

Her face continued to reflect shock as I stepped past her to also take Garrit into my arms, “And such a handsome groom you make, Garrit.”

When I released Garrit, they both seemed to retreat a few steps further in their suite as if to find some safety further inside. I didn't pursue them any further, however. I stood at the doorway in my underwear and gave them a moment. They had followed through on Celine's invitation but the reality was perhaps more of a surprise than what they were expecting. Perhaps they were expecting a matronly woman to provide descriptions of what they might expect from this singularly significant night. I certainly was not that.

It took more than just a moment for them to gather their collective wits about them for a conversation. I suppose, in retrospect, it might have been better for me to be more fully dressed at first, but I was following Celine's instructions. They got over their initial shock of seeing me dressed like I was and we did move into the discussion that was required. I was to learn that neither of them had ever seen such an outfit. But, after getting a grip on their surprise, they quickly agreed that they knocked on the door because they wanted to explore what a healthy sex life had to offer them now that they were married.

I looked past Garrit and saw on the desk clock that it was nearly 11:00 PM. It hadn't taken them long to make up their minds to pursue Celine's offer.

I took both of their hands in mine, “I was following your Aunt Celine's instructions. I am sorry if it was something of a shock. I think, though, given what will be happening that this attire is quite appropriate, don't you?”

Garrit managed a laugh and that released Mari to join him. She looked at me intently, appraising my body and attire. “You are beautiful and sexy, Laura. And you seem so comfortable dressed like that. Celine said you enjoyed sex. It seems to ooze from your body.”

She then blushed profusely and her white wedding dress highlighted it that much more. I smiled, “I do ... I do enjoy sex and I am very comfortable like this. To be honest, at home I don't usually wear

this much." Her mouth dropped open, again. But, she recovered much faster this time and giggled.

I asked if they were ready and if they were going to be able to trust in what I had them do. Mari turned to Garrit, holding his hands in hers. She looked up at him and nodded her head. He leaned into her and kissed her tentatively on the lips. I wondered how much bodily contact they had up to this time. I was beginning to think there hadn't been very much. But, he squeezed her hands, looked past Mari to me and nodded his head. "We will trust you, Laura. Aunt Celine said we should and we wouldn't be sorry. I trust her."

I smiled. I put my hands on Mari's shoulders and turned her away from Garrit. I led her into my suite, but turned at the door, just before closing it, to tell him to open the champagne and pour three glasses. I then closed the door.

I retrieved my glass and poured another glass for Mari. She confessed that she hasn't had much alcohol, some beer only. I held the glass out to her and she finally took it, raising it to her mouth and giggling as the bubbles rose to the surface, tickling her nose as they broke. I smiled at her, allowing her to slowly sip the drink while we moved to the windows and gazed out over the city.

She undoubtedly saw my nearly naked reflection in the glass, "Don't you feel ... funny standing in front of the window?"

I smiled at her reflection, "We are a long way up in the air and a long way from those buildings. But, even if we weren't ... no. I find exhibitionism thrilling." She smiled back at me.

It was time to begin. I took her glass from her and placed it on the little table near the window. She watched me, her face showing something of being anxious and nervous. I smiled at her, putting my hands on shoulders and turning her around. I released the clasp at the back of her dress, then lowered the zipper. I turned her back to face me as I slid the dress off her shoulders and down her arms. At first, she clamped her arms tightly to her body, effectively stopping the dress from falling any further. I smiled and she relented, relaxing her arms and allowing the dress to fall in a puddle at her feet. I glanced at her with some surprise. She was a young woman, but her underwear was ... very conservative. On all the nights to be dressed like she didn't want to be sexy for her new husband. I was getting the feeling about what it was I was going to be working with.

She was standing in front of the window in her conservative bra and panties and I could see by her frequent glances to the window how uncomfortable she was. I took her hand and led her to my bedroom after refilling our glasses. When she walked into the bedroom, she saw laying on the bed the same lingerie I was wearing but in white. She looked at me and I nodded.

"He will love it on you." I held up my glass to her and she accepted the offer, touching my glass and taking a rather large mouthful.

She walked to the items spread out on the bed, then turned to me, "Really? You want me to wear the same things you are? And ... that will be all?" I nodded. She looked back and forth several times before apparently making up her mind when she reached behind her back and unhooked her substantial bra, then pushed down her panties and stockings in quick succession. Her pubic hair appeared to be naturally sparse and close to her pussy. Her breasts were firm, requiring little more support than the wispy bra before her, the nipples about the size of quarters.

I stood back to watch while sipping from my glass. The simple transformation was startling. The buildup of nerves was very apparent, however, so I reinforced her with appraising comments about her body and how she looked in the outfit, reassuring her how much he was going to like what he saw, and how right it was for her, and him, to be able to express the love physically for and with

each other in the privacy of their home and lives.

When she was finished, I walked her over to the full-length mirror for her to see the full effect. The air seemed to be almost sucked out of her when she saw her image, the gasp from her was so strong. I didn't give her too much time to wonder and question, though. I sat her down at the vanity and applied a little light makeup: liner, shadow, and lipstick. I then applied a dab of my perfume in strategic places on her body: the inner wrists, the base of her throat, the ear lobes, cleavage, behind her knees, and inner elbows. I stood her up, again. This time she just smiled and looked at me in the reflection of the mirror. She turned around and took me into her arms, "Thank you for this." She pulled her face back and looked at me and I could see the blush spreading over her. "I'm so nervous. I want this to be good for him. What if I don't ..."

I put my finger to her lips, "He'll be just as nervous ... maybe more so. Ready?" She nodded and took a deep breath.

She slipped into her low heels and stood before the adjoining door, took another deep breath, and pulled it open.

Garrit had been standing by windows, undoubtedly nervously waiting without the benefit knowing what was happening with his new wife. When the adjoining door opened, he turned to look. Mari stepped into the room first, followed a few steps behind by me. She stopped halfway into the room. I stepped up behind her and whispered, "I told you."

Garrit was frozen in place by the appearance of his bride. His eyes couldn't help but travel over her body from head to toe and back up, frequently hesitating along her sensually displayed body. The attention caused her to blush even more profusely, but a shy smile appeared on her face as their eyes came into contact. She took the steps between them with a little nudging encouragement from my hand at her lower back. She stopped immediately in front of him. There couldn't have been but inches between their bodies and their eyes remained locked.

"Is this okay, my husband?"

The smile on his face spread a little and his hands rose to slide up her arms to her shoulders. "Okay? Mari, you are so beautiful and ... sexy." His face changed to concern, "Are you okay? This is so different for us ... with Aunt Celine I thought ... you don't have to do anything you don't want to."

She reached up on her toes and gave him a little kiss on the lips. "Thank you, Garrit, but I want to explore this, I want to make you happy." She kissed him a little harder, "I want this for us, Garrit. I have a confession ... for a long time I have wanted to hold you, to touch you, to kiss you, to feel your body against mine, and to feel you ..."

He took her into his arms, crushing her against his chest, kissing her powerfully, passionately, and allowed his arms to roam over the bare skin of her back. He broke the kiss and looked deeply into her eyes. "I have wanted that, too. But, I thought it wasn't appropriate, I didn't ..."

She kissed him, again. After, she turned so they were both facing me. "Laura," she glanced up at her new husband, "we want to do this bad ... I mean to do this good, but we want it badly." They both laughed.

I smiled. They were relaxing with the idea. I ventured forward with an important concept for them to remember. "Why do we have sex?"

They looked confused by the question and it felt like a question they had already received through

the church. Garrit ventured the answer they had been taught, "For babies, that's the purpose of having sex, married people to make babies."

"If that was the only reason, why is it so pleasurable?" I pressed on, "Think about that. Yes, babies can be a result of the sex, but it can't be denied that it is pleasurable ... very pleasurable, exciting, thrilling. And, it is more so when you are sharing it with someone you care deeply about." Their hands were squeezing each other's and the little smiles returned to their faces. "Not that long ago, I expressed to an older friend who was concerned about sex something very similar. Sex is best, healthiest, and most real when it is given in a relaxed, comfortable, and loving way. The best sex, the most enjoyable sex, is when your efforts, your interest, and focus, is not on your own pleasure but on your partner's pleasure." They looked at each other. I smiled at them teasingly, "So, if you are only focused on your partner's enjoyment, what happens to your enjoyment?"

They glance at each other and simultaneously, "It's wonderful." Mari continues it, "If we are each intent on our partner, the pleasure we give is returned with more dedication and effect."

I pulled Mari from Garrit and whispered into her ear what I wanted her to do. She looked up at me with some shock, questioned if she shouldn't just go to the bed, and I shook my head. She glanced back at a puzzled Garrit, then back to me, and shrugged her shoulders before turning back to her new husband with determination. Innocence can be so sexy to watch.

I watched as she moved to her about-to-be lover standing at the window. Dressed in the same scanty outfit of the small bra, thong, garter belt and stockings, her steps showed the nerves and lingering question still hanging on in her mind. But this was what they both agreed they wanted to do. They wanted to learn how to do something both their families had spent their entire life keeping from them. Now they were married. Now they were independent adults striking off on their own. Now they were going to learn, discover, and explore, with each other and on each other.

With what confidence she could muster, she took his glass from him and set it on the end table. She stepped to his back and slid his jacket off his shoulders and down his arms, folding it over a chair. She moved around to stand in front of him, her hand sliding over his shoulder to his chest. She removed the fake bow tie, tossing it to the jacket. She stepped into him, her mouth rising to his lips and they kissed, his arms going around her, again touching bare skin that was new to him. Her hands continued their work, however, unbuttoning his shirt, pushing it off him, then pulling his undershirt up his body and over his head. She kissed him, again, then moving her lips to his cheek, chin, throat, and down onto his bare chest.

His breathing was becoming obviously ragged as she worked over his chest. He looked from the top of her head as it sank down his body to me. I smiled and nodded. He gasped when her fingers began working at his belt, then the clasp to his trousers and the zipper. She dropped down to her knees, assisting him in removing his shoes and socks. I saw his hand rest on her head as he raised one foot, then the other for her.

She looked up at his face. I had to assume there was a smile on it since his face seemed to reflect it back to her. But, when she abruptly tugged his trousers and underpants down his legs in one motion, he gasped. There were two gasps, though. On seeing her first erect penis, this one immediately in front of her face, she too gasped out. She stood, wrapping her arms around his neck and took his mouth with her own as if she were going to consume him. He struggled out of the tangle at his feet as she pressed her body into his, feeling his erect penis pressing into her barely covered body. Feeling it all for the first time.

They were whispering to each other. I didn't catch it and didn't need to. They shared another kiss

before she began sinking down his body, again. She kissed down his chest and stomach. She sank to her knees and she seemed to be just looking. Her head turned to me. "Now?"

I nodded with a smile, "Yes, now, just like I talked to you."

She didn't look up at him. From our talk, I suspected this next thing was something she never conceived of every doing. She put her lips to the head of his erect cock ... and kiss it.

Garrit shuddered, his breath held when he began anticipating what might, just might, be about to happen. His breath didn't release, though, until it actually did happen. Then, with disbelief, but pure admiration and love, his body shook. I smiled at the response. This was only the beginning.

Soon, she had the head of his cock in her mouth. The moan coming from her, partially smothered by her mouth filled, rivaled the moan coming from him. I stepped forward and touched her shoulder. She looked up at me, remembered the signal, and stood to once again devour his mouth.

I had silently moved to the bedroom and prepared the bed by pulling the cover and top sheet to the foot of the bed and moving the champagne and glasses to the dresser surface.

After kissing him, again, she took him by the hand and led him into the bedroom. They stopped at the foot of the bed and stared at it. Their bed. Their bed together.

I came up behind them, my head between theirs. I whispered into Garrit ear, but I knew Mari would also hear, just from the proximity of our heads. "Now it is your turn, Garrit." Mari looked at him, then me and smiled. She turned to him. I stepped behind him and as quietly as I could, "Only removed her bra and panties. Leave everything else on." He smiled. He moved to her this time. He kissed her and fumbled with the hooks at the back of her bra. It was a bit clumsy, but he finally was successful and I just felt he would be gaining experience on a regular basis from now on.

After kissing her breasts and nipples, hearing her groan and gasp at the first such touches ever by another person, he kissed his way down her body, slowly moving the thong down her thighs. They kissed, then she moved back onto to bed, watching him constantly as she moved to the center of the bed and lay on her back, her legs self-consciously closed.

He turned to me questioningly with a look of beseeching. I nodded, "Just like she did for you."

When he turned back to her and knelt on the edge of the bed, her eyes moved from his face to his hard cock sticking out in front of him. He bent to kiss her thigh, then her other one. He continued back and forth, slowly moving up her thighs to her hip. I was pleased and happy for them. He was showing his own initiative in how to do this, thinking of the action and her response. Soon, he had moved her legs apart, simple touches to the insides, which produced action from her in response. Then, his lips finding her pussy lips, his tongue investigating her body there, the moans and groans and gasps coming from her in a continuous flow.

I saw in her eyes the need to consummate this now. Her eyes seemed to plead with me for the next and final step to take place. I merely nodded to her and using my head to indicate to Garrit that she should tell him. Her eyes closed, then opened. Her hands went to the sides of his head and she applied slight pressure up to her. He looked up at her.

"Now, Garrit. Now ... I want you ... please, now."

He moved up between her legs. There was more fumbling, but penetration was achieved, penetration without pain because of her horseback riding lessons as a teenager before going to

college. The deep penetration that seemed to take the breath out of both of them. I wanted to tell them to breathe, but sooner or later they would ... out of necessity, if for no other reason.

The gasping, groans, moans, and exclamations seemed to be mutual and equally shared. I say seemed because I had moved out to the sitting room.

After a period of quiet, I heard some soft murmuring and decided to venture a peek around the doorway. They were lying in each other's arms, sharing soft words and kisses. When I was spotted, they smiled ... shyly and with some embarrassment, but they avoided covering up and avoiding me. I moved inside and poured new glasses of champagne, delivering the glasses to them as they sat up against the headboard, still not bothering with hiding their nudity from me or each other. I knew they were going to be okay with a life of sexual curiosity.

I sat in a chair near the foot of the bed. Garrit whispered something to Mari and she giggled, then shyly turned to me. "How did we do?" She blushed profusely after saying it.

I smiled, "You tell me. I wasn't here, but it sounded like it was wonderful. Was it?"

Garrit kissed her free hand. "It was more wonderful than I could have dreamed it could be."

"Why?"

"I love her so much, it was coursing through my body. I thought I might explode before she ever touched me out in the other room. It was like you said, Laura, when you focus on the other person ..." Mari was nodding, her hand moving on his thigh. I watched and saw his limp penis begin moving in response. Ahhh ... the benefits of youth.

I poured more champagne for them, marveling at the ease of their action now even in front of me. I stood alongside them watching their hands moving over naked skin, watching them arousing each other with touches, words, and kisses.

"I feel like I should leave you now. But, I am curious, was this helpful?"

Mari put her glass down on the side table and swung her legs over the side, came to me and pressed herself into me. She kissed my cheek and hugged me tightly. I felt my body being turned and Garrit did the same. I could feel his cock stiffening against the thin material of my thong.

He pulled back, his hands on my upper arms. Mari came up alongside him, hugging her arm around his middle. He answered, "YES! A definite, yes. We would have somehow managed, but you made it so much better for this first time."

I took her hand and placed it on his cock, it stiffened some immediately. She giggled. I suggested a new position for their second time, cowgirl, and described it. The looks were intriguing and I knew they would. I kissed them and turned to leave them, closing the door separating the suites. Then, I saw it. I grabbed the present and returned to the bedroom just in time to see Mari sinking down over his hard cock. I surprised them, but Mari stayed on him, gently moving her body and sighing. I apologized for the intrusion but handed her the wrapped gift.

She looked at me, "We thought you were our gift."

I laughed, "I was your gift from Celine." She opened the package, a smile of understanding covering her face and she turned it around for Garrit to see. A hardcover copy of *The Joy of Sex*. "Take it along on your honeymoon." I turned to leave, then turned back to tease them, "But, promise me

you'll leave the bedroom at least enough to see something outside ..." They laughed. I paused long enough to see Mari rise up on him and drop back down, bringing deep groans from them both.

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR: A FLEMISH PASTORAL FARM - THE BEGINNING**

Back in my own suite, I sipped more of the champagne and remembered that Celine wanted me to call. I looked for the time, finding it to be 1:33 in the morning. I called as she requested. They were also in the hotel. She picked up on the third ring. She asked a lot of questions, which I answered.

"I know it is late, but we know you. Spending all that time with them and receiving nothing. You must be all wound up. Will you come to our room?" She gave me the room number. It was on the floor below mine and a couple rooms to the side. "Are you still in the same outfit?" I assured her I was. I expected her to say she wanted me to come down dressed like this. She surprised me, "Take off the bra and thong. There is a stairway at the end of the hall. We'll be waiting."

That wasn't just a request or suggestion. She really wanted me to do this. At this point, I was willing to do something outrageous. I unclip the bra and let it drop, then shimmied out of the thong and walked to the door, grabbing the keycard and slipping it into the top of my stocking. I barely glanced to the sides as the door closed behind me and I located the stairway. I walked deliberately and decisively to the end of the hallway and the sign indicating the stairs. I opened the door, checking that the door would open from the stairwell before closing it, then descended one floor. I entered that hallway and found both Celine and Ruben standing outside an open door in the hotel robes. They beamed as I approached with all the confidence in my walk and attitude they were expecting of me from my many exhibitionistic displays during our gatherings.

We kissed out in the hallway, both of them feeling my body as they did. Celine pressed me against the wall, her hand moving between my legs, a finger slipping into my wet pussy. She stared into my eyes, but spoke to Ruben, "She's sopping wet. The kids must have really turned her on. You need to feel this." This was a new thing for them, for us. The last time we had been together the couples had joined in having sex with us, but they didn't share with us except for being in the same room. This was open sharing and initiated by them.

Ruben stepped up to me as Celine stepped to the side. He kissed me with passion, his hand moving to the same location where his wife's had just been. I groaned as his index finger slipped effortlessly into my pussy. This was outrageous. We were in the hallway and they were fingering me. But, I parted my legs further, encouraging them to continue.

When he broke the kiss, I gasped out, "Fuck me. Fuck me right here in the hall. Just a few thrusts, then we can finish in the room if you want."

He looked to his wife. I watched their eyes. Nothing was said. She moved a hand between us and untied the belt at his waist. The robe fell open and he was naked underneath, as I expected. I raised my left leg and wrapped it around his waist under the robe and pulled him to me. My pussy was open and exposed and he easily worked his cock into me. He thrust immediately and buried his cock deep inside, both of us moaning at the same time.

Down the hallway the elevator dinged, causing us all to laugh and scramble for the open door. Inside, we could hear voices outside and a door opening nearby. We shared another laugh at nearly being caught, then I stripped off both of their robes, pressed my body against their naked bodies, kissing them deeply and aggressively. I looked around me at the room to find it to be the same style room as the one I had been in upstairs. I walked backwards to the bedroom door wiggling my index

finger at them to follow me. They shared a look of excitement and came at me quickly. I kicked off my heels and leaped for the bed from a couple feet away, landing in the center and bouncing onto my back.

I giggled, "You said you would do something to relieve my pent-up need. You do that and I will take care of you both after."

Ruben knelt onto the foot of the bed and crawled between my legs, his lips kissing up the insides of my thighs until his mouth was on my pussy. He pushed my knees up and out, spreading my pussy before his eyes and mouth. At the same time, Celine crawled to my side, one hand fondling a breast and nipple as her mouth found mine. She kissed me with passion and without hesitancy. I would find out later that it was purely the eroticism of the moment. She had never kissed a woman like that before.

Celine added some fingers to my clit as Ruben sucked and tongue my pussy. Her mouth moved from my mouth to my nipples, kisses and sucking interchanged with nipping and chewing of my nipples. They brought me to a wonderful orgasm.

After, with more champagne, I detailed what had happened with the young bride and groom. Celine was pleased and thanked me profusely. I insisted they seemed to be very willing participants and her discussions with them were apparently very good primers for the big moment. Then, I fulfilled my own promise to them. I had Celine get onto her hands and knees over my body with her straddling my head. As Ruben fucked her from behind, I licked and sucked both of them as his cock slid in and out of her. At the same time, I tortured her nipples with my fingers, twisting and pinching them. She tried to focus on licking my pussy, but the combination of the two of us working over her body was too much. She exploded in orgasm first, which was the final stimulus for Ruben's climax.

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The activity with Celine and Ruben that night was a catalyst for change for the entire group. It was a game changer catapulting the group to another level. If any of us had any idea how or when the group might move from voyeuristic/exhibitionistic roles, none of us would have predicted it to happen so spontaneously.

The partial details of my time with Celine and Ruben, combined with my efforts with the new bride and groom, flashed through the rest of the group as if everyone was connected to an old-fashioned telephone party line that everyone was eavesdropping on. Not to be left out, Meike and Stefan Hendriksen called everyone with an invitation to dinner on them. Of course, everyone accepted.

Reservations were at a very nice restaurant in Amsterdam downtown. When we arrived, we were led to a private room where we found the other couples waiting and enjoying cocktails. They appeared to have purposely arrived early for last minute discussion. Everyone shared heartfelt hugs and cheek kisses. Concerns that I one time harbored about the acceptance of Sharon, Raul and Chris had been dispelled long ago as they were as much a part of the group as I was ... well, maybe not quite.

Dinner was excellent and the service extraordinary. The room was private and once the main courses were delivered, that privacy allowed the topic of conversation to easily shift from everyday pleasantries to the true purpose of the evening. The discussion's focus became a proposed redirection of activities for the group. Meike and Stefan tag teamed the proposal and went back to the early premise of the separation of this group from the larger one. They had all agreed that the other group had evolved into too much kink and abusive behavior, thereby relegating them to voyeuristic roles they were quickly becoming uncomfortable in. The idea of our group as presented

by Hein was for a smaller group that could develop and present new and different scenarios to heighten our erotic enjoyment. The group quickly settled into the exhibitionistic displays provided by me, which have been very stimulating, but the last gathering had shown that the group had been stimulated to the point of participation in front of other members, something never before experienced or considered.

I felt puzzled and confused by what they were saying and my face must have reflected it. They made the point that it wasn't that they didn't enjoy the gatherings, they did. They wanted to continue to meet as a group with ideas for group enjoyment, but one of the premises of the group was finding increasingly erotic activities for me. They announced that the idea of my mating with other animals had stimulated and intrigued them. In fact, they found an opportunity for such an encounter, but they also came to understand that the more involved and unique the situation might be, the harder it would be for the group to be involved in. Uniquely erotic encounters for me may often only allow a small group, maybe only me, to experience.

This was a clear deviation from what we had anticipated in our discussions and expectations. I reached for Hein's hand and held it in my lap. I glanced at him, then around the table. I saw concern in Sharon's eyes.

"You are proposing encounters that might leave me alone?"

Hein immediately reacted, "No, out of the question. Laura's security must be paramount."

The discussion went on, but it was quickly apparent that nobody presumed anything different. I would always be overseen protectively. The issue was that it might not be a group activity. Hein stood and led me to a corner. We talked about it privately, but his concerns were stronger than my own. I reminded him that he, then I, had control of the approval and details of each proposal.

He kissed me and turned us back to the group. "We agree. The gatherings continue, but any new challenging situation you can come up with should be presented to me. If I feel secure in Laura's safety, I will present it to her." Smiles went around the table. It was interesting to me that the three other faces from home still bore some concern in their faces. That pleased me. Between the five us, any idea would be more than thoroughly vetted.

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We expected to hear more about the opportunity to be with other animals, but it didn't come, leaving us with the impression that Hein's admonition for complete security and safety caused them to vet the situation more fully. What did come soon after the dinner, though, was a series of invitation for me to spending a night with each of the couples. I assumed this was from what had happened with Celine and Ruben. Over the next several weeks, I spent the entire night with one of the couples. They were always on the weekends so the evening and the following morning could be the most relaxing.

Anna and Niels Bakker surprised me the most. The others engaged in a nice, predictable evening of sexual sharing producing multiple climaxes for everyone. Anna and Niels, however, had an evening of role playing in mind and it was quite exciting. A package arrived at the house prior to the weekend with them. Inside was a wickedly enticing little maid outfit. The full skirt barely covered my ass and the bodice dipped so far that my nipples were almost constantly exposed. My role was to playfully serve them during dinner and after. Without underwear with the outfit, my charms were readily exposed and available. Both took opportunities and liberties. As Niels was fucking me doggy style, I was surprised by the appearance of a large black cock in my face. Focusing on it, however, I

saw it was a flexible dildo strap-on worn by Anna. Immediately after Niels was finished, she moved behind me and continued fucking me. She moved me into several positions including cowgirl, bringing me to numerous orgasms in the process. By that time Niels was sufficiently recovered to start, again.

I returned home from each evening, but especially after Niels and Anna, telling the gang we need to find more ways to incorporate that, perhaps each couple spending a night or weekend with us as a group and focusing on their pleasure. My eyes lit up at the thought of possibly bringing the dogs into play and introducing the women to canine sex in the process.

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Meike and Stefan came through with their proposal and it did, in fact, change our approach to the challenges for me. But, Hein was ultimately satisfied with my safety in the situation.

“Okay, tell me, again, what their names are.”

Meike was driving while I was sitting next to her. We were alone in the car traveling from Amsterdam to the farm in the Flemish region of Belgium. We had traveled south out of Amsterdam, crossing into Belgium and into Antwerp. As we passed through Antwerp, she pointed out the side of the car where the zoo was, saying how wonderful it was and it should be seen some time. In Antwerp, we headed East toward Hasselt on E313, but the farm in question was somewhere between the two.

“Frans is the father. His three sons are Jager, Rhett, and Arend, oldest to youngest.”

I repeated the names over and over to myself. These European names were still unfamiliar to me and took more effort at developing ways to remember them. I hoped once I met them it would become easier. Meike told us the history of the farm and it was the reason Hein had ultimately relinquished his worry and gave the decision up to me. I had accepted quickly.

Frans had been her sister’s husband. They had the three boys and their marriage and family seemed almost idyllic. But, when the youngest, Arend, was five, she was killed during some random act of violence on the streets of Amsterdam. The random part was her presence. The violence part was what sometimes happens anywhere in the world when drugs and desperate people come together. The innocent can be the ones who are hurt. Frans had worked successfully for an investment firm in Amsterdam and for a year he tried to deal with the loss and how his world had so suddenly changed. Ultimately, he couldn’t deal with it.

After a dreadful period of soul-searching and internal anguish, he began liquidating much of his assets and searched for what he needed. He found it in the form of this farm deep in the Flemish farm country. The farm was a going concern at the time and he was lucky to find it as an older couple were looking to end the long hours and the long distance away from the grandchildren who now all lived in the larger cities. Although Frans had no experience with farming, he took to it with an energy and dedication that consumed his life. The farm and his boys. It was all he had and all he wanted or cared about. That was 15 years ago. In the meantime, Jager and Rhett had taken work away from the farm in nearby towns. Part of their salaries always went back to their father and the farm. They had small apartments away from home and spent every weekend and as much other time as possible at the farm. All four of them seemed to agree that life on the farm together was where life really was.

The farm is primarily dairy cows, some cattle, and hog production. Although some of the land is used for vegetable and fruit growth, it is mostly for their own consumption while the surplus is sold

during the harvest season locally. The majority of the rest of the land is used for the support of the animals. In addition to the animals they have for raising, they have several horses and donkeys. During regional festivals and celebrations, they have used these for the entertainment of the regional children. Despite the isolation of the farm, they have become a part of the region.

I studied Meike as she repeated all this for me for the umpteenth time so it would be fresh, but mostly so I might not trip up with a question or reference that seemed to be still too sensitive.

“After these 15 years, even now, he still isolates himself? He has never opened himself for the possibility of another woman in his life?”

She glanced at me as she studied the farm country landmarks, “No, never. Stefan and I come out here several times a year to maintain contact with him and the boys. He is always warm and welcoming and generous. I believe he truly appreciates and enjoys our visits, but ... no, he can't seem to leave my sister behind.” She glanced at me, again, as if anticipating my questions, “I know and I have tried. I have sat with him for long, long conversations. I have told him that my sister wouldn't want him to be alone, to be lonely. And, I think he is lonely.” She glanced at me, “Laura, you wouldn't believe that kind of love they had.” She looked at me fully, too long maybe for her attention away from the road. Then, “Maybe you would understand that kind of love. Stefan and I have seen you and Hein together ... maybe you would understand what it would be like.”

I blushed. Our family knew, of course. Now, it appeared we were leaking hints to others, as well.

She turned her attention back to the two-lane blacktop road and slammed on the brakes. She looked embarrassed, “That was our turn. Lucky these roads don't see much traffic.”

From there we took a narrow road to a gravel road that was field, pasture, and farms in view everywhere. She pulled into a dirt driveway that led to a small rise and stopped.

“Just over that rise. Are you sure about this? Are you ready?” I nodded to both questions.

We were arriving late afternoon on a Friday and planning to stay the weekend, leaving by about mid-morning on Sunday for the return trip home. As expected by us, Friday night was awkward for everyone. We shared a nice country dinner with Frans and Arend, the other two boys arriving for their weekend visit later in the evening. Much of the conversation during the evening was polite and safe, but there was that elephant in the room that was being ignored and the longer it was, the larger its presence became among us.

Finally, Jager, the oldest, bluntly addressed it. He wanted to be sure he understood what I was there for this weekend. As he clearly indicated, what he was led to believe could certainly be “categorized into the unbelievable”. His father started to admonish him, but I stopped him. I assure him I completely understood and I sometimes had the same sense of what I did, especially when I did them in front of others. I explained that I was introduced to bestiality without much time to worry about it by way of a dog. After that, it had recently expanded to a few other animals and I had always found the animalistic nature of the coupling to be supremely erotic and thrilling.

We discussed my expectations for the weekend with much more openness and honesty while enjoying a few locally brewed beers. It was getting late and Meike kept reminding me that the day starts early on the farm. I could tell the boys still had an issue in their minds so I pushed it. Their issues turned out to be that there was always work to be done on the farm, so how should ‘my activities’ be scheduled? I asked if they could put up with me ‘helping’ them in their chores with the animals, I was sure they would find opportunities for us to experiment with the animals.

Frans seemed to shake his head a lot during the discussion and I had the very real sense that my opportunities would be coming from the boys. He did, however, stress the need for caution and awareness of my position of vulnerability.

I nodded. From my experiences with Samantha and Albert, I was very sensitive about that, also. "But, with my safety in mind, I am hopeful we can all have some fun and enjoyment with this." The boys were certainly on board; Frans, I wasn't so sure. I had a sense that he was granting this weekend because of Meike's request and as a deviant treat for the boys. I had no doubt this was going to something they might never experience, again.

Morning broke with a sharp rap on the door, startling me awake from a sleep fueled by an exhaustion from the long travel in a car and just a bit too much beer. Getting my bearings took a moment. Then, the mournful groans next to me reminded me that Meike and I were sharing a bed in the farmhouse.

Another sharp rap on the door, "Time to get up ladies." It was Frans and he sounded more involved in the day than he had seemed last night. "Nobody sleeps late on a farm. Breakfast and coffee are ready. And, the work is waiting."

Now I moaned. I swung my legs over the side of the bed and stood, pulling the curtains open to see out the window. I mumbled to myself or to Meike, it didn't matter, "Damn, there is hardly any light out there. These guys aren't human."

Meike swung out of bed on my side, taking me into her arms from behind. She was naked as I was. Although we didn't make an effort of satisfying each other last night, we did enjoy the feel of each other. Her hands rose up to my breasts, giving both a good squeeze.

"Cheer up. Just imagine what might be in store for you today ..." With that, she gave my butt a good smack.

I turned quickly but she had tumbled and rolled to the other side of the bed. She was a decade older than me, but I was seeing a playfulness I was definitely going to explore more when we returned home.

We joined the men in the kitchen for the promised coffee and breakfast. The breakfast was bountiful and I reminded myself that they really worked physically here so I loaded up on protein and carbs, too. I was dressed in jeans, tee shirt, and old running shoes. As I followed the boys out of the house, "Wait right there, young lady!"

I wondered what was coming now. I was hoping for a time of familiarity before exposing myself to these men and getting into the sexual activity. I turned to find Frans standing at the door. He was rummaging through a pile of things on the floor of the mud room off the back of the house. He threw a pair of boots to me. "Your shoes will never work out there. These are old boots from when one of the boys was younger."

I pried off my shoes and hopped around getting my feet into the rubber boots. They were little more than old style galoshes, but I had no doubt they were much better suited for the barn and pens. I smiled at Meike who was standing with Frans and showed no sign of following me into the morning work routine. I turned and jogged after the guys. They all stopped to watch me. For a moment, I forgot why that might be, but I wasn't about to ruin one of my nice bras while working in the barn. With only a tee shirt on top, I was very aware of my breasts dancing for them. I could immediately see that enticing them was going to be no problem.

We worked for several hours and the morning steadily heated up. It did occur to me, though, that the rising temperature could have also been a factor of being in the barn where the primary effort was milking the cows. There was a lot of heavy pushing and encouraging of the animals as they were rotated through the cycle of milking. I was a mess by the end of it and thoroughly understood the need for the rubber boots. By the time the cows were all cycled through and back out of the building with fresh feed and we had cleaned up the floor and new hay spread, I was both tired, sweaty, and dirty feeling.

The guys led the way out of the barn to the shade of a large tree with grass underneath. A cooler with cold water was waiting and I collapsed to the ground. The guys were very complimentary of my efforts, saying they didn't think I would last an hour much less completing the effort with them. I smiled. Then, I pried the boots off and wiggled my toes into the long grass. We talked about their lives, then they began asking more detailed questions about my life, which quickly went to my 'interest in animals' which was not a very veiled code of my interest in mating with animals.

Then it all changed.

I was on my back as we talked when I heard Rhett whistle. I rose to an elbow and followed their gaze near the side of the barn. There sniffing along the ground was a mutt of a dog. Though I am by no means an expert on dog breeds, I have paid enough attention to them that this one was clearly the result of mixed breeds for several generations.

They laughed as the dog continued to meander around the barn and yard, much more intent on smelling his way than paying any attention to the call from Rhett. It was evident that calls from them were considered by the dog to be requests rather than commands he felt needed to be taken seriously. I watched, saw the dog was about 60 pounds and was a male. I asked about the dog and was told he was a stray that seemed to have adopted them so they have been feeding it. Arend laughed that their father just shook his head about having a dog around that was in charge of the relationship, never knowing when the animal might decide it was time to leave, possibly for good.

While they were laughing, I sat up and walked down toward the dog. I heard one of the guys call after me that he didn't respond to being given attention. The others at home had been giving me a bad time about not fully accepting what had happened to me during the Spirit Journey, especially Chris who seemed to have become an advocate of indigenous spiritual matters when it related to me. This felt like a chance to test those matters. Maybe, what happened between me and our dogs since I returned was more significant than I had given credit.

I moved part of the way that separated me from the dog, then I stopped. I heard the calls from behind me pick up, again. They were telling me it was useless; the dog didn't care for human contact unless it was to be fed. I glanced behind me. Even though they had been quite vocal about the dog being too independent, they were also paying very close attention to my effort and the comments were steadily diminishing as I got closer to the dog.

I stopped and squatted down to be closer to his level. The dog watched me. The mystic as much as told me I would have gifts with animals and I knew he meant beyond my willingness to mate with them. It was one of the comments from the mystic that had captured Chris' imagination to the point of being convinced. I was the one who experienced being with the mystic, but it was Chris who kept pushing me to believe and take the words to heart. This was as perfect an opportunity to test the concept as there was likely to be. Not only a dog unfamiliar to me but a dog that was distrustful of humans in general.

The dog stood and watched me. The guys were now quiet. They had expected the dog to move away

as I drew closer. It didn't. It remained. That made me wonder. That gave me encouragement. That gave me the strength to test Chris' unwavering belief in what I had been given. I rose slowly and moved comfortably even closer to the dog until I was about 20 feet from him. I could see from his demeanor that he was thinking about running, maybe that he wanted to run, but he didn't. I began to feel there was something holding him still in front of me.

I stopped and slowly sank to my knees in the lush grass, my eyes staying fixed on him, my face and attitude remaining easy, as unthreatening as I could muster. At first, he only sat onto his haunches and looked at me intently. But, by the comments coming from behind me, this was significant by itself.

I closed half the distance between us on my hands and knees. I stopped, remaining on my hands and knees, then slowly sat back on my heels, matching his position. I watched him and he watched me. Then, surprisingly because of the gasps coming from behind me, he closed the remaining distance between us until he was immediately in front of me. I stretched my neck forward and was rewarded by him duplicating my action. With the two of us leaning forward, our faces came within inches of each other. I made an elaborate show of sniffing, then cocking my head to the side. Again, he duplicated the actions I made.

I smiled, as much to myself as at him. Maybe I needed to start believing with as much certainty as Chris was professing. I moved my knees a few more inches toward him, leaning my face to him, then turning my face down to present my forehead to him. He moved slightly to place his own head against mine. We made contact, physical contact of our heads ... but there was more, something more than physical. Something moved, transferred, or connected between us. There would never be a way for me to properly or meaningfully describe it, but it was unmistakable in the moment.

It was hushed behind me and even more so when I patted the ground and the dog lay onto its side. I nuzzled his face, stroking down his neck and side. I moved slowly with my stroking until I was petting his belly at which point he partially rolled to his back enough to expose his belly to me. I moved my fingers to his sheath, the first tentative touch to test him. He flinched, a low growl came from deep in his chest, his head rose and turned to me. His eyes watched my fingers, then moved to my face. I gave him soothing, reassuring sounds, not words, not even pretending that he would understand my words. The sounds would serve as the same effect, though. He lowered his head, but I saw him look behind me before settling back to the grassy surface of the ground.

I glanced quickly behind me to find the three sons walking slowly, carefully closer to where we were. I smiled at them and nodded that it was okay.

Rhett expressed their amazement, "Nobody has been able to be this close to him. He never allows anyone to touch him." I could hear the awe in his voice.

I smiled, then lowered my face to the dog's snout and gave him a kiss. His tongue came out and swiped at my face from the side. "Then wait until you see what else he and I are going to do ..."

They shifted to the sides for better angles of viewing as I stroked down his side and belly, my fingers ending on his sheath. This time, the reddish tip of his cock was poking out. I smiled to myself. When I dropped my mouth to the tip and licked at it with the end of my tongue, taking the drop of pre-cum that had formed there, I felt him tense and his head rise to peer at me. But, despite the low grumble that rose from inside his throat, he remained on his side. Soon, predictably, his hips began moving in a reflexive manner as his cock grew and immersed from his sheath.

I wasn't about to push my luck ... or gift ... too far, though. This was a dog that wasn't comfortable

with human contact much less a human sucking on his cock. The guys gathering around us must have also added some tension to his situation. So, with four inches of dog cock exposed, I knelt beside him, nuzzled his neck, then rotated to a sitting position.

I looked at the guys, "Help me get undressed quickly." I raised one foot while my hands grasped the bottom of my tee shirt. I pulled the shirt over my head exposing my breasts. I unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans, then leaned back with my head resting on the dog as the guys tugged my jeans off my hips and down my long legs. I think they were surprised I wasn't wearing panties, but I knew what I was going to be doing at some point and decided there was no point.

I turned over onto my knees and nuzzled the dog, again. As I did, I slipped my hand back down his chest and belly until I was stroking his sheath and exposed cock. I then turned quickly to my hands and knees with my ass pointing to the dog. I smacked my ass and called for him. I only assumed that a stray wondering the region had at least occasionally been a lucky boy with some bitch in heat at some point. Whether he did or not, he seemed to know what to do. He rose from the ground and sniffed my asshole and pussy. His tongue came out with exploratory licks, which turned into intense efforts of licking at my pussy. I knew I was already wet and the licking increased that condition and that increased his interest in licking me. All that was fine, but I wanted to be fucked by the dog. It was going to be my introduction for the group to other bestial mating, not to mention that at some point I hoped to also be taken care of by the guys, including their father. I still wasn't sure how Meike was intending to fit into the activities.

I pushed his snout away but continued to smack my ass, too. He finally got the message and jumped onto my back. I guess I was used to the behavior of trained dogs because this one took me by surprise with his excessively frantic approach to fucking. I didn't even have time for my hand to assist him before my ass had been thrust into several times. I tried to find his cock, finally did, and finally assisted him into my pussy. I gasped loudly at the animalistic effort he put into his initial thrusts to bury his cock deep into me.

Like all dogs, though, he hesitated long enough to loosen his grip around my waist and reposition himself, at the same time driving his cock deeper. I groaned as he began his thrusting and I could feel his cock inside my pussy growing and swelling as his fucking quickly stimulated his cock into full size.

I was moaning louder as I approached my orgasm, stimulated by the guys watching intently in close proximity. I could hear their murmuring, but not the words. I was lost in the experience of this dog wildly thrusting at me. I found the experience to be thrilling, but also somewhat disconcerting, reminding me of how special my relationship with Max and Axel really was.

He was pressing at me with his knot, pounding it at me seemingly with an impatience and desire to complete this mating, to dump his seed and move on with his day. But, I couldn't deny the impact his actions were having on me, though. I was ready to climax, but I wanted him inside me when I did. All of him inside me. When his knot passed through my constricted lips with a sudden rush of his cock into my pussy, my body released. I cried out, gasping as my orgasm washed over me. And, as it did, I felt my pussy clench around his cock and knot, which were already engorged and overly stimulated. It was all that was needed and he stiffened on top of me, pressing his body hard against me, his cock pressed as deep as he could manage it, and he came in wild and powerful spurts of dog cum.

After the larger knots of my dogs and recent experiences, I was sure the tie wouldn't be as long as I was used to. I prepared myself for the quick release of our mating, not bothering with an attempt to bring myself to a second orgasm as I was often tempted with the larger dogs. I stayed rigid as the dog pulled against the tie of our bodies, but it was strong enough not to come out immediately. But,

after only several minutes, I gasped as the knot stretched my opening, the knot pulled out in a rush and volumes of dog cum streamed out until only a thin string of cum hung from my gaping pussy.

The reaction of the guys was immediate and predictable. If the very act of bestial mating between a woman and dog wasn't sufficient wonder for their minds to accept, the shape and size of the cock and knot, the volume of cum escaping, and the gaping opening left behind left them in awe and speechless.

I sat down on the grass in front of them, glancing down between my raised knees at my still open pussy and the liquid showing on the lips. I looked up at the guys and smiled somewhat sheepishly, but not ashamed. "Surprised by that?"

The three looked at each other, affirming their mutual reactions. It was Rhett who put it into words, though. "Yes, surprising, but amazing!"

I smiled and stood. I kissed each one on the cheek and thanked them for allowing me on the farm. I felt wicked. I really had no idea what to expect by their reaction, but it seemed to be going well, I thought, so why stop.

I turned and looked around, getting my bearings. I moved deliberately in my chosen direction. As I started walking, I could feel more dog cum leaking from my pussy. As I walked naked toward the pen on the other side of the barn, I heard Jager, the oldest, react to the others.

"Oh my God ... Arend, quick, get dad and Aunt Meike." I glanced behind me with a devious smile on my face. He and his brothers were still in a bit of awe at what they had witnessed, but my next intention was dawning on all of them. "She going to the hog pen. I think she's going to take on the boars next. Hurry ..."

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE: A FLEMISH PASTORAL FARM - THE FULFILLMENT**

Meike and Frans were talking, catching up, in the small living room when Arend crashed through the back door, the screen door banging loudly against the wood frame. They both looked in the direction of the kitchen as the youngest son nearly slid to a stop in front of them.

Frans reacted with indignation, "Arend! What has gotten into you?"

"I'm sorry, father, Aunt Meike. But, Laura ... we just ... and ..." He was gulping for air, the words not coming out in any kind of sense.

His father rose and put a hand on his son's shoulder. "Calm down. Did something happen to her? Is she hurt?"

Meike had become nervous, too. The young man calmed himself. "No, she's fine ... not hurt. But, we just watched her ..." he looked at Meike as if unsure how he should say what he needed to. "She ... she just was mounted by the dog and now she is walking to the hog pens."

His father was shaking his head, "No, not that dog." He looked at Meike, "It's a stray that comes here for food. We can't get close to it."

"Father, come, please." He looked at them and began backing out the way he had entered. "I'm not going to miss this."

Meike was already following the young man. Frans followed after her. After catching up with his sister-in-law, they saw the other two young men approaching the hog pen with the dog still nearby and Arend, who must have been running, coming up from behind his brothers. He touched her arm and they hurried a bit faster.

Meike knew what Laura was capable of with dogs, but she had never seen her with another animal and she was just as interested in that as the boys seemed to be. By the time she and Frans reached the fence of the hogs, the boys were gathered along the fence, their arms draped over the top boards. Inside were two boars and five sows milling around the pen, which had a muddy section covering about 25% of the area in one corner. Laura had moved to the center of the pen and was standing naked as she took in the milling animals around her. She seemed to have no fear of the animals themselves.

Meike asked nobody in particular as she watched, "What is she doing?"

Jager responded, "Don't know for sure, but she did something weird with the dog, too. I can only guess that she is trying to single out one of the boars without the sows."

Then, she moved slowly to a boar that was by itself, the other hogs having moved to the other side of the pen. She dropped to her knees and slowly closed the remaining space between them on her hands and knees.

Jager offer, "Watch now ... she did something like this with the dog, too."

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I heard Jager's exclamation behind me and wondered who he was talking to since his brothers had also witnessed me with the dog. When I turned to glance over my shoulder, I found Meike and Frans standing along the fence with the boys. I focused on Meike and gave her a smile. I then refocused on the boar in front of me. My new focus was to try to duplicate whatever had happened between me and the dog. If that interaction could be repeated, I might be able to accomplish this, too.

The boar was very skittish and nervous as I slowly approached him. Whatever my intentions were for him, my actions were not at all what he was used to from humans who entered the pens. But, the closer I got to him, I sensed a focus developing between us. I kept my eyes and attention only on him and his eyes. It was a very strange situation to be concentrating so hard on looking into the eyes of a large boar who must have been close to 300 pounds. I couldn't really remember paying any attention to the boar itself when I was at Samantha's. Then it was a matter of being in position for Albert to get the boar onto my back. This was feeling very different. This was feeling like I was flirting, enticing the boar to act like a male and take me as if I was one of his sows. That thought sent an uncontrolled shiver through my body.

When the boar and I were inches apart from each other, our foreheads nearly touching, I sensed a peace and calm surround the two of us as if nothing else around us mattered, nothing else was of any consequence. It was only him and me. I raised my eyes to look into his at inches of separation and I saw the same in him. The eyes were a very dark brown and the pupils were somewhat dilated, producing an impression of solid dark eyes staring back at me.

I remembered the experience at Samantha's. The hog was not treated the same as other animals when it came to foreplay. There was very little foreplay. The thought burst into my brain, though. What would that strange cock of theirs feel like in my mouth? I pushed that thought out, though. For a variety of possible reasons, I felt feverish to continue being mounted and mated. I felt an itch that only being mounted would adequately satisfy. This day was appearing to be a culmination of my

mind's anticipation combined with the experiences of the recent past.

I did nothing in terms of foreplay, though. Just like at Samantha's, I turned around while on my hands and knees and dropped my front to the ground. Whatever had passed between us in that moment, he wasted no more time with past hog and human relationships. Before, I had the benefit of assistance from Albert. Now, I looked at the fence and saw the four males who had the familiarity of raising and tending the hogs but were not moving to provide any assistance. This was new ground for them in dealing with the hogs. This was something they had never anticipated or considered. This was something they could only stand with slack-jawed wonder and curiosity and watch.

The hog rooted his snout into my ass and the sounds of his sniffing at me came to my ears. It wasn't much longer than he bounced onto my back and walked his cock into contact with my ass. His unique penis was coming out immediately, bumping my ass, probing for my opening. I reached and spread my ass cheeks and thighs to prove a better target for the animal. With a few more probing thrusts, the hog's penis was inside my messy pussy. Immediately, the feeling of a thin cock was replaced by the feeling of a thick, whirling, whisk inside my pussy. It bumped against my walls and moved my lips in wild directions as he pressed more of his cock into me. The deeper he went, the more his cock bumped and probed by pussy walls until I felt it at the end of my pussy. There I felt that sensation, again, of it focusing, narrowing its movement. It was as if the end of the cock knew to find the opening of my cervix. And, just as before, when it found my cervix, it probed more intently, pressing and working at the tight opening.

My eyes were unfocused and my ears were not picking up any sounds except for the grunts of the hog on top of me and the groans, moans, and gasps coming from my own throat. I was in a zone of sexual frenzy of my own and I wasn't aware that my waiting in anticipation had caused me to hold my breath until I felt the thin cock press through my cervix. At that moment, my gasp released built up air in my lungs and the gasp morphed into a low, guttural groan as my entire body began shaking.

My upper body was pressed into the loose dirt of the pen, my breasts flattened into the dirt with my ass in the air, the hog riding me and his hindquarters still pumping, thrusting his cock to complete our mating. My mouth was open, puffs of dirt and dust blowing from me with each sharp, grunted breath. The constricted, but still whirling, cock in my womb was different than anything else. Unlike the cervix fucking I received from the Spirit Bear, this was more of a teasing feeling inside my womb, the tip touching my deep insides, not brutally consumed by the fucking like the bear.

When the hog came and deposited his semen, then the gel substance inside my womb, I collapsed completely to the ground, my entire body prone in the loose dirt, the cock pulling of my womb and pussy as I dropped.

The boar moved away from me quickly and I sensed an increase in activity inside the pen. It was later that I would learn that Arend leaped into the pen to stand between me and the sows who had begun milling around close to me in a way that concerned Frans. I was subconsciously aware of that activity but became very aware of a new presence between my splayed-out thighs. At first, I felt the puffs of air from the sniffing animal. I turned my head to find the second boar now investigating this most unusual sow the other boar had just mounted. This one, I had been told, was the younger of the two. He sniffed me and I smiled. I moved to my hands and knees and heard the gasps from the others standing along the fence, which drew the attention of Arend.

He took a step closer to me and uttered only one word, "Again?"

I didn't bother responding, my next actions would be response enough. I wiggled my butt at the

animal and he took the indication. He jumped onto my back, moving his hind quarter forward as his cock bumped and probed by my opening. This time, I stayed up on my arms, supporting his weight. He felt slightly lighter than the first boar. He was having more trouble with penetration or the first one was just lucky in making his penetration. I shifted my weight onto my right, stronger, arm and moved my left between my legs in search of the thin, spiraled cock. It was a surprising feeling when my hand came into contact with it and I flinched despite it having been my intention. I guided it into my pussy and sighed as it drove further into me.

I adjusted my position under the boar, spreading my knees and moving my hands for stability when I felt his whipping penis pull out of my pussy. I groaned my frustration and swore softly. He was thrusting wildly to regain my pussy and I shifted slightly left and right, up and down in attempts to assist him. I was about to move my hand back when he suddenly found a hole and drove forward in a single lightning-fast movement. Only ... it was the wrong hole.

“OHHHHHH ... NNNOOOOOOO!” I cried out and moaned between gasps. “OOOOOHHHH ... the wrong ... wrong ... hole ...” I heard Meike gasp behind me. My reaction was mostly in surprise and shock. It had happened so quickly that I had little chance to recognize that there wasn't the usual sharp pain or discomfort associated with larger, thicker cocks.

I pressed back against the boar and he against me. “Hmmmmmmm ... yyyeesssssss! Ohhhhhh, this ... is ... wicked ...”

The sensation was completely different. The thin cock drove in and out but the cock also did its whipping action. My ass was so much tighter, though, that the whipping sensation was restricted, but it was still there. The cock seemed to search for something it wasn't going to find. As far as it thrust up into my ass, it was only going to continue up the passageway it was in. There was no womb to penetrate and seed ... just my ass.

I readjusted my position, again. I had to free up a hand. I moved my left hand back between my legs and strummed my clit and pussy. I felt the boar becoming wilder and frantic in his action, action I took to mean he was getting close to making his deposit in me. I strummed and pinched my clit, raising my stimulation level quickly. When I felt the hog seed spurt into my ass, I climaxed with him. I shuddered and shook in my response and I knew part of it was the depravity of not only being mounted by a hog but a hog in my ass.

I collapsed into the loose dirt of the hog pen, the sows moving around me after the boars are finished. Suddenly, Frans seems more concerned, the sows may be feeling threatened and protective. He and his other two sons rush in, two taking me by my arms while the other two stood between me and the sows, flapping their arms and shouting to distract them. Outside the pen, they settle me onto the grass. I am covered in dirt, a mixture of dog and boar semen leaking from pussy and boar semen from my ass.

I start laughing at what just happened. “You think I made the sows jealous?” They looked at each other. I heard Meike, first. Then, they all joined her in laughing.

One of the boys blurted out, “Can't imagine why, you would be a terribly skinny sow.” Then he got embarrassed, but we all joined together in more laughter.

Frans and Meike were insisting that I be taken inside for water and lunch. I protested. I recalled from Samantha's how the gel plug might let go at any time, then cum would be leaking out of me more than it already was. They settled on a picnic lunch under the trees. While they got that assembled, I collapsed under the trees in the grass. I looked up at the blue sky dotted with puffy

white clouds. I smiled. A dog and two boars. The day was only half done.

I was sitting on the grass relaxing with the others after the lunch and resting in the shade. I was, of course, the only one naked. Even the boys had become somewhat accustomed to my appearance before them as we laughed at the retelling of the episode with the hogs.

When they took up the lunch items and took them back to the kitchen, Meike moved to sit next to me. "Laura, Frans has become as curious about all this as his sons. Now, he regrets not being outside with you and his sons to see you with the dog. The boars were amazing and something tells him that you have more in mind for the afternoon, but ..."

"But, he feels like he has missed something ..." She nodded.

When I spotted the men returning from the house, I called for the dog and whistled. It came running from the other side of the barn. I glanced at the men and found them shaking their heads in unison. The moments I had with the animal had established something of a bond that their prolonged interaction had not. I smiled.

With the men assembled around me and the dog, I patted the grass in front of me. It looked at the others around us but soon settled down on its side. I nuzzled it at the face and neck, letting my hand slide down its side and belly at the same time. He appeared to be even more compliant this time.

After a repeat with the dog, I turn to Frans. Now that he was fully involved, I went directly to him with my next idea. He shook his head, though. He checked with his sons, especially Arend who was the most active on the farm and received similar reactions.

"No, not the bull. The bulls are too unpredictable, potentially ornery, and much too powerful in case they do become aggressive." My face must have reflected some disappointment. I was intent on experiencing something beyond what I had at Samantha's. Then, I saw something in his face. His face went from reflecting the appearance of a thought to a sly consideration of that thought.

"What? What are you thinking?"

He smiled, looked at his sons, but answered my question as I got to my feet. "Since she is interested in being a cow, we could put her on the milking machine." The faces of his sons reflected the consideration of the option that their father seemed to have. They all ended in smiles and turned to me.

I protested, "I'm not going to produce any milk no matter how hard it pumps."

He smiled, "No, you won't, but do you like your nipples sucked?" I nodded, of course, every woman does. He smiled wider, took my hand, and led me to the barn where we had earlier milked the cows. I was a step behind him, being pulled along. I turned to look behind me to find Meike who was several steps behind me. Her shoulders shrugged to indicate her uncertainty of what was happening.

Inside the milking shed, I was led to the first stall. I remembered the layout from early in the morning. There was a railing at the head of the stall. The cow was led into it, its head passing through the end, then the railing was closed around the animal's neck. A trough was on the other side so the cow could eat while being milked. The boys had told me it was good for calming the cow while it went through the milking process. Frans led me into the first stall and stopped me several feet from the open railing. I couldn't believe he intended to have my head trapped inside it like the cows and was relieved when he closed the rail. He took my hands and put them on the top of the railing, then pressed his hand into my stomach, asking me to bend over and place my forehead on

top of my hands. He nudged my feet back with his until my upper body was bent at nearly a 90-degree angle with my straight legs.

He stood at the side and considered my position. The others were assembled around me. He nodded, mostly to himself since he didn't seem to be taking anyone else's reaction into consideration.

"Yes, good ... I think that is good. Yes ... I like the way your breasts hang in that position." I turned my head to look at him. "No, seriously. The suction tubes should hang straight down to work properly." I opened my mouth and he laughed. "I know, I know ... no milk is coming out regardless. You want this to be comfortable, though?" I nodded. I felt ridiculous. How did I end up being in the position of being milked by their milking machine?

Then, they went about the process of beginning the milking only this time they all seemed to want to be involved. Normally, it was a one-person job. Not this time. One brought a disinfectant solution and a wet towel to clean my breasts and nipples just as if they were the teats hanging from a cow's udder. Another pulled on my nipples as they went to length the teat and prepare it for the suction tube. Another brought the tubes and fastened one to each nipple with the first bit of suction clamping it around my nipple and onto my breast tissue.

When the machine started, I felt the pulsing rhythm of the unit. It was immediately arousing and I moaned soon after it started. I was losing myself in the feelings, but belatedly heard the discussion around me. They were teasing that no milk was coming and discussing options for a solution as if any of them was real. I heard one of the boys venture a comment about old-timers stimulating the cow to assist production.

Frans laughed. "I've heard those things, too. I don't know if it was real or an excuse to feel up a ..." He got embarrassed that he was going where he was going in his explanation with Meike and me in the group. But Meike picked up on it and she certainly had an idea of what I might be capable of tolerating.

Her voice was clear and I was sure it was for my benefit as well as the men. If I wanted to object, I would have the chance. "Perhaps she just needs some of that stimulation you were talking about. After all, look at the position she is in." I looked at her by only rotating my head on my hands. She winked at me. "It's as if she is ready for it."

Frans looked up at her, then my ass, seeing how I was bent over at the waist. He stepped behind me, nudging my feet with his boot, indicating for me to open my stance further. He did it several times until my feet were spread out widely. I was sure, as sure as I was about anything, that he was seeing my wet, messy pussy, slightly gapped by my stance. I couldn't see him, but I did hear him.

"I think your Aunt might be right, boys. It is certainly worth a good try."

Instantly, I saw three pairs of feet shuffling to me and three pairs of hands touching me. Hands were on my ass, pussy, thighs, and back. Soon, fingers were finding their way into my pussy, stroking my clit, and sliding over my asshole. This continued for minutes and my arousal increased steadily. It wasn't just the fingers and hands on my body but the milking machine rhythmically sucking at my nipples.

Then, Meike's voice broke through once more. "Still nothing coming out, guys." She expressed it as if she was disappointed by their efforts. This was a game she was playing and by her playing the game she was enticing the others further into the game, a game authorized by their Aunt and my friend. "You guys need to ramp up your efforts somehow. But how?"

Oh, right. How? Like that was going to hang out there for debate for long ...

I didn't know if it was just Jager taking the situation over on his own, or if he had gotten some kind of indication and approval from either Frans or Meike. But, what I did know was him announcing for the others to move to the sides and distinctly hearing the sound of a heavy-duty zipper ... like that of work jeans, the kind worn by all four of them.

What I felt moving along my pussy lips next was not a finger. And, it didn't stayed outside sliding on my lips for very long. It was placed along my slit until he felt my opening. Then, his cock was pressed firmly into my pussy. My moans and grunts erupting from my mouth in response to his thrusts became deeper and longer as he pounded into me. I was nearing another orgasm and I clamped my pussy around his cock, clenching and relaxing ... clenching and relaxing ... not so different than the machine sucking at my nipples.

"Oh ... my ... godddddd! Her pussy! It's milking me!" He cried out, again, this time in a low growl coming from deep inside him. I felt his cock twitch inside me and drive hard against my ass to get his cock as deep as possible and he went rigid. His cock jerked and the first spray of cum shot into me. It was followed by numerous other spurts. Sometime during his spurts into me, I orgasmed as well. My legs shook and I cried out, our sounds mixing together in our shared moment.

I heard the shuffling of feet as Jager pulled out of me, then, "Ooooo ... nice job, son." I was positive the four of them were watching as cum dripped out of my open pussy. I felt a presence in front of me and found Meike staring at me from the other side of the rail. Frans asked nobody and everybody, "How long do we keep her on the machine?"

Meike was still watching me, eyes focused on each other. She smiled and I smiled back. I wasn't sure what she was thinking, but I had a sense it might be good. She didn't take her eyes from mine, but she responded to the others. "If she hasn't started producing by the time all of you have filled her pussy with your seed, you can take her off."

My smile grew even larger. She was effectively taking over and stepping it up. I was going to have to reward her, personally, when we got home.

Frans went next, which surprised me a little, but I was happy that he was also stepping it up. That was going to make it easier for his sons to become more aggressive. After Frans climaxed, then pulled out, and another son stepped up and plunged his cock into me, I heard soft discussion I couldn't make out until I heard Frans encouraging Jager to follow him. Then, Meike shouted after them, "Where should we meet you?" Whatever that was about we were going to the main barn next.

After the last son fucked me, they disconnected the milking suction tubes and replaced all the equipment. I stood up straight, then stretched my back after being bent over for so long. Meike came up to me and asked if I was alright.

"It was amazing. The combination of the milking sucking, the fucking, and the open exhibitions ... amazing." I smiled at her and noticed the two remaining watching us. I kissed her on the lips, partly for the guys, and partly to embarrass her. Then, I said, "It really was amazing. Maybe you'd like ..." She put her hands up in a defensive position while shaking her head. The guys laughed.

I was led to the barn. I asked along the way what was awaiting me there. They smiled that I was anticipating something more, but I was told I would find out soon enough. I knew it wasn't a bull, that was how I ended up being hooked up to a milking machine.

Fans and Jager appeared at the open barn door and waved us on. It wasn't lost on me that all the

guys had pulled their pants back up leaving me still the only one naked. Whatever was planned for me next, it apparently wasn't going to involve any of the guys. And, it was big enough to need to be contained in the barn.

My eyes took a few moments to adjust to the relative darkness after the time in the direct sunlight. They didn't hesitate or wait for my eyes to adjust, however. I was escorted into the barn and turned toward a stall. Someone pushed open the large door on the opposite end of the barn, which cast more light throughout the interior. In front of me was a small horse. Its head was tied to each side of the stall and the hind legs were tethered loosely together. Frans came up alongside me, his hand moving over my butt and back to my shoulder. He explained that it was a real horse, but something of an anomaly of nature. It was born of normal sized horses but turned out to be about three-quarter size. They kept it because it was a perfect size for children to ride so they bring it to the regional fairs and festivals to entertain the children.

He squeezed my shoulder, "He is very friendly and easy-going. I also thought he might be an excellent challenge for you to try." I turned to look at him and he was all smiles. "He is still very large, though."

He was proposing that I fuck the horse! If he was small, but a real horse, his cock would have to be proportional and that should still be a very big cock. The idea of it created an immediate thrill through my body, not that I could tell from the condition of my pussy, as messy as it was now, or my nipples which might remain very rigid for a while. I smiled to myself and my hand slid down my body and ended up at my wet and messy pussy lips. I was definitely lubricated enough to try anything ... so why not.

I explained what I wanted to do, remembering the brief conversation I had with Samantha about horses and her description of the donkey. While the guys moved about to get what I wanted, I eased alongside the small horse, stroking his side to his head. I repeated the action I had used on the other animals, touching my forehead to him and thinking softly about him and me. Whatever had happened before was worth a try with him, too.

He seemed calm, at ease with my presence and touch. I moved slowly along his side to his hind quarters, all the while stroking my hand along his side and underneath. As I reached his hind quarters, I glanced down at his hind hoofs to reassure myself they were well tethered. My biggest fear at the moment, as Samantha warned me, was being kicked.

I eased to my knees and couldn't keep a smile from spreading over my face. There before me was seven or eight inches of relaxed horse cock that was already extending from its sheath. Whatever I was doing was having the desired effect on him. The appearance of the cock size was having the unmistakable effect on me. The mushroom-shaped end was reminiscent of the other horses. The cock shaft was a good two or two and a half inches in diameter. And, it wasn't hard.

I felt a tap on my shoulder and looked back to find Rhett with a squeeze bottle held out to me. "We use this when we need to massage the teats of the cows when they become irritated." I smiled and held out my palm to him. He squeezed a generous amount into my palm and I spread it over both hands and held both palms out to him for more. He squeezed even more this time, and I transferred it to the cock, spreading it over the length. The more I stroked the lotion onto the cock, the more cock came out from the sheath. In minutes, I had 16 to 18 inches of hard cock in front of me.

At that time, I felt another nudge at my hip this time. The guys were maneuvering a bale of hay under the horse. I had indicated my desire to attempt taking the horse on my back so I could use my feet to resist the horse's thrusting too deep. The bale of hay had a horse blanket spread over it. I

moved to the side, still crouch down to assist in aligning it. I wiggle into position between the horse's belly and the top of the hay bale. I wasn't quite touching the horse when in position, which seemed to be perfect. It seemed perfect when not having any other experience, anyway.

I glanced to the side and found Meike. I motioned to her. I was going to need some assistance in getting the cock aligned to my pussy and folding the mushroom head into me. Once inside me, I trusted nature and instinct to effectively take over. Besides, I wanted Meike to handle the horse's cock.

She looked at me as she kneeled alongside me, her eyes wide. "God, Laura, I can't believe what you have already done. Now, this!" She reached out and fondled my nearest breast. I told her what I wanted her to do and she looked down at the cock with some disbelief and uncertainty. My look back to her didn't leave any room for refusal, however. She shifted down to the end and very tentatively took hold of the cock. When she touched it, it jerked in her hands and she dropped it. I gave her a look that expressed my feelings, 'Seriously? I am about to fuck to it and you can't hold it?'

She seemed to blush, though it was difficult to see in the defused light in the barn. She regrouped and held the cock straight out to my pussy. I shifted down the bale and I felt the bale slide on the rough floor as the someone assisted me. I felt the horse cock hit my pussy and I took a deep breath. I used my hands to spread my pussy as far as I could while Meike worked at folding the head into my pussy. I gasped as I felt it entering and I squirmed and rotated my hips to force more of it inside.

I put a hand out to hold Meike's actions as the head fully entered me. I wanted to wait, to allow my pussy to adjust to the size as if it were a cock in my ass, but the horse had other thoughts ... or at least instincts. He thrust forward and moved enough to drive more of his length into me. I cried out with a gasping moan, sob, exclamation that expressed the sharp pain, surprise, and thrill I was experiencing all at the same time. I shifted my feet quickly to his flanks and pushed to establish some control in case he jerked forward, again.

His next thrust caught me by surprise even though I thought I was prepared for it. The tension in my legs helped, but he still bottomed out inside. The combination of my legs and his pressure moved my body on the blanket. This happened several times, each time the impact had shocking results in my body. There was an element of pain but the arousal was far more powerful and I orgasmed on the huge cock inside me. My legs slacked as my orgasm rushed through my body as my legs shook and quaked. The horse, however, wasn't a gentleman to hesitate and allow my body to even partially recover. He continued to thrust. I had another orgasm on top of the previous one.

My mind was slow in catching up with the situation as my body and brain was overcome with sexual fireworks flashing and exploding inside most parts of my body. When I did gain some recognition of feeling besides the flashes of my orgasms, I felt his cock was supremely hard and pressing deep into me. When I felt the cock violently jerk inside my body, with the feeling that my stomach must have been pressed outward as a result, I knew he was about to wash my pussy with his cum. Another small orgasm crashed through me as I felt my pussy lips spread and my pussy expand with the swelling cock inside it.

My mind flashed to the image of Samantha and me being hosed with horse cum. My god! Where was all that cum going to go inside me? My pussy couldn't hold all that cum.

There wasn't anything to be done but to hold on. My legs involuntarily rose and grasped the horse as my hips rose off the bale in an attempt to take as much of this cock inside me as possible as it began spraying his cum. Little did I know that much of my experiences had been captured by cell phones today, but the video of this showed how little my pussy was able to hold. The first spurt of cum

leaked out around the cock tightly encased by my pussy. Each subsequent fire-hose spray, though, squirted out in a forced spray around the cock. I came, again.

When they backed the horse away, my pussy was a gaping hole with a steady stream of cum running out of it and pooling between me and the horse blanket.

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Meike laughed, "Sounds like they have started, already."

She and Frans were in the kitchen sitting on opposite side of the old Formica table. They were nursing their second whiskey. Meike had managed to finally get Frans to open up and talk about her sister, his dead wife. It had been a possible side benefit she had hoped would come out of this weekend visit to the farm. The most obvious was the sexual encounters with the animals, but she had hoped that the outrageous activity might also allow Frans the opportunity to finally express his loss and the future.

It had worked far more effectively than she could have hoped. She made a simple dinner and the boys ate in the family room in front of the TV watching a soccer match between Belgium and Holland. They were frequently torn as to who they should be rooting for in these matches. Laura was sleeping off the activities of the morning and afternoon, which left she and Frans to share privately.

It had turned dark and with it, the evening turned cooler. Laura came out from the bedroom wrapped in an old robe. She took a few pieces of chicken, saw the depth of the discussion going on between them and wander off to the raucous sounds of the three younger men.

He shared her laugh and stood up. He put his arms out to her and she stood into a warm embrace. He kissed her cheek. "Thank you, Meike. For so long I have felt it might be somehow dishonest to her if my life moved on. I am glad we had this talk. I think I can move on now. I didn't even think when things started this afternoon with Laura, I just reacted to the situation. Tonight, I could have easily fallen into recrimination for 'cheating' on her. That's silly, of course, but ..."

She hugged him tighter, pressing herself into him. She wasn't consciously thinking about what actions she intended to be next, but she was willing to let it flow in whatever direction it took her ... and him. Laura had shown her that much, at least.

She didn't respond to him in any way other than to take his hand and pull him toward the sounds in the other room, sounds that were now quite different than the boys and the game.

She stopped in the doorway to the room, Frans stepping up alongside her. She didn't release his hand, instead, she grasped it a little tighter. Laura was again naked and on her knees in front of the couch where three naked young men sat as she moved her body and mouth from one hard cock to the next, back and forth along the line.

Her attention still on the group at the couch, "I am sure they can make room for you, but ..."

He turned his body to face her. "But, what?"

She turned to look directly at him. "But, I would prefer the two of us go to your room."

He studied her and she didn't flinch or avert her eyes. "What about Ruben?"

She smiled and kissed him lightly on the lips, "Frans, don't be silly. I would never do anything

behind Ruben!”

“He knows you would do this?”

She took both of his hands and lifted them to her lips, kissing the palms of each. “No, even I didn’t KNOW. But, we did talk about the opportunity and he understands, and is even happy if it happened. Frans, it has been such a long time for you. What happened this afternoon was just lust. This can be very different. I would hope it might lead you to seek someone out to share your life with. A new life.”

It was a simple nod, but it carried huge significance. She took his hand, “They’ll be busy with her for a long, long time.” She kissed him hard and passionately. Then, she led him down the hallway to his room. “Let’s take our time and enjoy each other. I want you to remember what ‘making love’ feels like, again.”

Meike had a feeling she and Laura would both be very tired in the morning when they were scheduled to make the return drive.

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## **CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX: HAMBURG LIVE SEX SHOW**

The scenes Meike and I shared from the Flemish farm with her brother-in-law and his sons provided enough stimulation for several of our gathering. We found it enticing for Meike and me to tell of the events from our own perspectives, which were different, naturally. My telling of my time with the three sons on the final night was something only I could share since Meike was occupied with Frans. She told of that, however, with the encouragement of Ruben.

The cell phone videos were shared at gatherings and were also effective in getting the group ready for whatever someone suggested. Those sessions of telling, retelling, and watching videos were the tipping point for the group. That was when the entire group not only participated sexually together but shared with others. From that moment on, the group mixed sexually and since Chris made an extra male in the group, there was always one female receiving double attention by either spit-roasting or double penetration.

There were nights when Hein and I sat naked after making love somewhere in the house, cuddled together talking, and the gathering group might come up, but it was always in a marvel of how well and far the group had grown and come together. And that was the opposite of how the original group had been moving. Hein gave me the credit for being so open, sharing, and unabashed in my sexual enjoyment to inspire the group. I gave the credit to him for seeing an opportunity and option, then having the courage to pursue it with others.

Our group gatherings became a regular monthly event and they did move from home to home. In between, though, I was still requested by the other couples to spend a night or an occasional weekend to further their play and exploration. Several couples played with some bondage, but it was never just me. When it was performed it was rotated and switched, even the man getting a chance to experience the feeling of losing control and being at the whim of others. It was erotic and stimulating and we all agreed it was completely based on trust and respect, only something we played with gently and safely.

As the larger more elaborate events came to our attention, they always came to us through Hein as was our original and cardinal rule. Then, if he accepted it, I would decide if it was something I felt I could do. There was a time early in our group relationship when they had a hard time not thinking of

me as a submissive under the control of Hein. The way I dressed and my willingness, eagerness, to participate in things sexual presented an image. It wasn't long, however, that they understood my strength in personality, but also my enjoyment of a sexual life.

Another opportunity did come. Hein was nervous immediately and I knew there was a lot of discussion going back and forth. Finally, after weeks of knowing about something being discussed, I brought it up at dinner with our family.

Dinner had quieted, all of us sipped the last of the wine after a palette freshening bit of ice cream. Hein was lost in thought, which was not like him when he was at home. It had become another benefit of our life together. The five of us had created a place that was an oasis of sorts from other concerns and worries.

"Hein." It took a moment for his name to break through his thinking. "Hein." The table was watching me and Hein. It was unusual for him not to quickly respond to me speaking his name. They were all watching with a bit of concern as he looked up, a bit stunned that something had happened that everyone was watching him, but he was unaware of what it was.

"Hein ..." He looked to me and I could see in his eyes that mentally he was shaking his head to clear the cobwebs away. "One of the couples had proposed something you are concerned about, haven't they? We all know the signs. You're not sure if you should be concerned or not, are you?"

He chuckled and looked around the table. Chris sitting next to me, Raul and Sharon on the other side. Then his eyes returning to me. "Yes. It feels like I should be very concerned, but ... maybe I shouldn't be, that it can be managed as they say."

To my surprise, it was Sharon's voice that broke in. "Hein ... Laura ... maybe it is time for these considerations to be evaluated by all of us." She reached for Raul's hand for support and he squeezed it. Chris looked at her and nodded for her to continue. "Hein, we all know you two are neck deep in a relationship we all support and cheer for. But, maybe, this stuff is getting too hard for you alone. Maybe, you are now too close, too involved. You both know the five of us are one in our devotion and love." She smiled because she and Raul had just finished a marathon of every version of the Three Musketeers they could find. "Like the Musketeers ... one for all ..."

Hein muttered, "All for one." He looked up and saw the commitment in the faces of everyone. He turned to me. Our initial agreement was that he considered it before bringing it to me. A change like this affected me, too. I nodded my agreement. "Okay ..."

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Our entire group walked down a side street in Hamburg with only a vague idea of what we were looking for. It might have been nerve wracking if not for the dominant presence of Chris, ever watchful. The club we were looking for was popular but difficult to get identify. It was one of those places, like some very good restaurants, you had to know where it was to enjoy what they had to offer. This club did not cater to the normal tourist and sightseeing crowd that swarmed many European cities for the elicit pleasure not so easily enjoyed in other parts of the world.

Amsterdam and other parts of The Netherlands had similar clubs, but it was felt, given the high profile of this group, another country might be safer from prying eyes. The club was famous to those in the know about such things, but unlike other bars and clubs intending to attract those wandering the street in search of such things with gaudy neon signs and brightly lit entrances, this club was in a basement, the access to it was by stairs from the sidewalk to the lower level and had the appearance of a maintenance or service entrance. The only thing that distinguished it from others

we had passed was a simple bronze plaque above the doorframe but was below the sidewalk level. It simply read in German, "Verspieltes Tier" or Playful Beast.

We stopped along the railing of the concrete steps that descended to that door. We undoubtedly looked like a group of tourists as we wandered the street, peering at doorways and basements. Now that we were there, everyone looked at each other for someone to make the final determination of proceeding or not. Such a scene may never have happened at this door in its entire existence. Eleven people, mostly middle-aged or older clustered in a tight group above a nondescript basement doorway. Eventually, ten pairs of eyes turned to me. We had gotten this far by mutual agreement. The final steps and what happened now and inside was mostly going to be my decision.

I put my hand on the railing and stepped down the first step. The decision made, Hein and Chris followed close behind me.

If the outside gave the appearance of the wrong location and, at best, not somewhere we should be, the inside was entirely different. I pushed the door open, stepping into an alcove with another door ten feet away. The alcove was in subdued lighting, but I could immediately tell it was clean and well decorated. The printing on the door translated, "Adult Entertainment. Cover Charge Required." I stepped to the side to allow Chris to take the lead. Inside that door was a larger alcove. The walls were decorated with tasteful paintings and sketches of nude women, couples, couples making love, and women standing with a dog or donkey. From another door came an attractive woman. She eyed us carefully, then spoke in German. Several of the couples were fluent in German and a dialog commenced.

I noticed Meike tilt her head toward me as she said something. The woman turned her head to me and took me under her gaze. After a moment of looking me over, including my body wrapped in a tight dress, she asked a few more questions, but her eyes never left me. She finally nodded. One of the men paid our cover charge, but the woman pointed at me and shook her head. I had the impression I wasn't going to be allowed inside, but then I understood. She wasn't charging me for some reason.

She escorted us inside like a hostess leading guests into a restaurant. Inside the actual establishment, I saw why. It was like an intimate theater in the round. Four tiers of tables around a center stage bathed in bright lights where a woman was doing a strip-tease. Each tier had enough room for a table and four chairs and an aisle behind it. Someone had put a lot of thought into the layout. Nobody would have a bad view of the stage.

The eleven of us were seated at three tables next to each other on the second tier, which filled up that tier. As we were led to our tables, I took stock of the room. The bottom tier and top tier were full. It seemed that clientele was either wanting to be close to the action or at a distance, perhaps for some effect of anonymity.

Meike and Ruben shared the table with Hein and me. Chris was with Sharon and Raul. The other two couples had the next table. After we ordered our drinks, I leaned into the table toward Meike. "What did you tell her? It seemed she was considering me for some reason."

Meike laughed. "She was convinced we had wandered into the wrong establishment. I told her we knew exactly where we were and what we wanted to see. She didn't seem to believe me until I mentioned you were a bestial participant."

I sat back and thought about that for a moment. "Did she not charge for my cover charge?"

Meike shook her head with an embarrassed smile. "No, she didn't. She said she might seek you out

later.”

Hein nudged my elbow, “You’re the one who approved this adventure.” I nodded, wondering what exactly this evening might bring.

We watched another stripper, this one picked up a dildo from the side of the stage. After becoming naked, she sprawled on the stage floor and slowly started moving it into her pussy. It was then that the stage started to rotate. It was interesting, but not yet what we were hoping to see.

When she left the stage through an opening in the first tier that I hadn’t noticed before, the lights in the seating area dimmed to near dark. At the same time, little lights along a wall at the back of the table that created the next tier level behind us lit the aisleway, like the little lights on airplanes.

Apparently, the main attractions for the evening were about to begin. A strikingly beautiful woman came onto the stage dressed in a filmy negligee type outfit that swirled from the movement of the air, possibly fans located near the floor. When she looked our way, I saw it was the same woman we met in the alcove. The lighting was stark against the darkness of the rest of the theater. Her features were evident underneath the filmy gown and she was definitely naked underneath. She spoke in German, but Hein moved his chair closer and translated.

She expressed her hopes that we enjoy our evening. There was a button in the center of the table to summon a waitress. The first act would be a solo. The first woman came onto the stage in bra, panties, garter belt, stockings, and high heels. I guessed the teasing of stripping was over. She danced, or gyrated, onto the stage with two objects in her hands, a large dildo, and a vibrator. She gyrated around the stage, which was again rotating slowly. She slipped the dildo into her mouth, the vibrator clamped between her legs as her hands went behind her back. With a sudden motion, her bra was gone. In another instant, her panties were gone, which must have been some kind of quick release fastening. She continued to suck on the dildo as she sank to the floor, the vibrator now pressed to her pussy and clit. She arched her back, a hand moving to her breast, pinching the nipple as the dildo protruded from her mouth.

Then, a flat screen located near the ceiling came to life. Cameras were located in several locations capturing the action on the center of the stage and from directly above. The screen scenes seemed to rotate along with the stage giving multiple options for viewing what was happening.

When the woman’s pussy was pointed at me, that was what I watched. When the stage rotated, my eyes moved to screens to find the images I wanted. The dildo was taken from her mouth and jammed, literally jammed, into her pussy. She moved the vibrator to press against her clit. She moved both vigorously, her back arching high so her head and butt were only on the floor. Just as suddenly, she rolled onto her knees, her chest pressed into the floor. She pulled the dildo out of her pussy and I could see the surface glistening with her pussy juices before she plunged it into her asshole after only a moment of effort to work her way past her sphincter.

I heard Meike gasp and I had to agree, this woman was putting on a wonderful show. I knew Hein was enjoying, too. Sitting closer to me, his hand moved to my lap and was stroking my thigh through my dress. I moved my hand to his thigh, quickly moving it up and bumping into his hard cock in his pants. I turned to him and blew him a kiss.

After the woman went limp on the floor after an obvious orgasm, the lights dimmed on the stage but didn’t completely go out. From the side, another figure entered the stage. The lights came back up and it was the woman, again. This time, however, she wasn’t there to introduce an act to follow. She unfastened two catches at her shoulders and the filmy gown fluttered to the floor. She stepped out of

it, dressed only in high heels. She walked to the woman still prone on the floor and stood above her, her heels on either side of the woman's head. She shifted her position and knelt over the woman's face, her own dropping down between the thighs. From the screen overhead, I could see her tongue moving over the other woman's glistening pussy.

The announcer stood on shaky legs after a joint orgasm and announced the first animal act. A naked black woman, quite skinny came out leading a smallish dog. The announcer had some words that appeared to be sharp and unpleasant with the new woman, then left the stage. The black woman with the dog moved to her hands and knees, but the dog roamed around the stage. The woman called it, smacked her butt, but the dog continued to roam around the stage looking very confused. Soon, a large man came out onto the stage, took the dog and put it on the woman's back. The man held the dog in place and it finally got the message and began fucking the woman. At the end, even the knotting was a disappointment, at least for us. Compared to the canine sex I had demonstrated in our gatherings, this was a disappointment. The crowd, however, may not have had the same experiences to judge this one, as appreciative clapping rewarded the woman as she left the stage after the dog.

There seemed to be a delay in the activity and we took the break to order more drinks, as other tables seemed to have the same idea. We began to think the break was intended and we entered into conversation. Hein asked if I was disappointed. Meike and Ruben apologized. The other time they were here it was significantly better. Even they laughed, though, at the thought that maybe they were now spoiled by my exhibitions.

The lights dimmed, again, and we refocused on the stage. A different woman came onto the stage with a different dog, this one a German Shepherd. The woman assumed the position and this dog knew what to do as it pounced on the woman's back and started humping into her butt. The woman cried out as the dog continued seeking her hole, but her flinching was making it difficult and painful for her. Finally, the dog hit home and humped her with a vengeance. I could tell from the reaction of the others in the theater this was much more to their liking, as it was to mine except she seemed to be just a target for the dog. It got the result, though. The dog came and knotted her. The woman was also skinny and small, the dog actually pulled the woman about a foot or so with his knot buried in her pussy.

Once the woman was released by the dog, the announcer came back out onto the stage, again wearing her filmy gown that flowed around her in the moving air but did little to hide her body underneath. Again, Hein leaned in to translate for me.

She announced that this night was their traditional night for female volunteers for the next act. I was prepared to listen for any sign of someone volunteering, but just then the lights brightened around tiers, not bright but enough to see. I heard and saw nobody volunteering. The woman on the stage turned slowly as she scanned the crowd. She put her hand over her eyes and peered more intently once more around. When she was again facing in our direction, she stopped and her gaze became more focused. She pointed directly at me and it was then that the earlier comment came back to me. Even Meike seemed to come to the same conclusion.

She leaned over the table, "She wants you, Laura." I nodded. I understood that, also.

The announcer was now speaking to the crowd, suggesting that my hand had gone up but that I needed encouragement from the crowd. Almost before her final words left her mouth, the crowd was clapping, cheering, whistling, and calling for me to go down to the stage. I suspected they might have volunteer night, but they never get volunteers unless they were ringers seeded into the crowd.

I looked to Hein, then to Chris. The look Chris returned indicated he would have me covered if I wanted to do it. The look on Hein's face was more deliberate and considered. He studied me, then the stage, then the others in our group. The others were expectant, maybe hopeful. Sharon was concerned and showed it. Hein put his face right in front of mine.

"Do you want to do this? The look on your face says you are seriously considering it." I nodded. "We don't even know what the next act even is or if it will end with just the next act. For all we know, once you are down there, you will be used in the show until you run away, especially after the crowd sees you perform." He stared at me. "It is your decision, Pet. Chris and I will watch over you if you decide to."

I smiled, kissed him, then stood up. The crowd erupted, but I walked first over to Chris. "I know you will watch over me. I'd feel even better, though, if you found a spot down next to the stage." He nodded and stood up with me, following me around the tier to the stairway leading down to the stage level.

The announcer was still speaking, but nobody could hear anything she was saying over the noise from the audience. It wasn't until I stepped onto the stage that the noise dropped down to almost a hush. The atmosphere was charged with excitement, which convinced me further that this doesn't happen very often.

The woman said something to me, but I shrugged my shoulders, indicating I didn't understand. "You're an English speaker?" I nodded, also indicating that I spoke a little Dutch. "That's okay." She explained to the crowd. The crowd cheered, again. Maybe a tourist was even more of a thrill for a volunteer. She spoke quietly to me, "This has never happened to me, before. Both of my animal girls are ill. These others I found and were willing to try, but ..."

I shook my head, "They look like they are on drugs and they are not very interested."

The woman smiled at me, "Have you done this before? Shows?" I shook my head. She continued to size me up, then smiled. "I see you brought your own protection down here." I nodded. "You won't need him, but he is welcome to be there. You will have the freedom to say 'yes' or 'no'." I nodded. She told me what she was thinking and I nodded. She clapped herself, then addressed the rest of the audience that the show would continue. I looked down at Chris at the side of the stage, smiled, and gave him a thumbs-up. He seemed to relax slightly.

I was wearing a form-fitting, backless dress that ended at mid-thigh. Underneath, though, all I wore was the stay-up stocking and heels that could be seen below the dress. I was very commando tonight, which was intended to be a tease for our group at strategic moments, several of which had already occurred. So, I knew once this got started, there was not going to be any 'partially nude' phase.

The announcer walked off the stage to sit next to where Chris was observing. My eyes, for anything else to do, scanned the room from this perspective. With the intense lighting, there wasn't much to be seen except for the first tier that captured some of the stage lightings. When my eyes returned to Chris, he was pointing behind me. I turned to find two well-built, naked young men pushing a couch into the center of the stage. Each sported a huge erection as they moved around the couch to stand at my side. They escorted me, one on each of my arms, to the couch where they lowered me, one sitting closely on either side of me. First, they began by kissing my neck, moving to my lips, getting more daring all the time with their wandering hands.

I found myself coming out of my surprise and being turned on by the spectacle of being fondled by

these two strangers. I began returning the kisses to both men with increasing enthusiasm as the situation took hold of me.

The man on my left (I had no names for these men who were about to fuck me on a stage in front of other strangers) leaned me forward and unzipped my dress on the side. Soon they moved the shoulder straps off in unison, as if they had done this exact scene before. And, I had no doubt that they had and I wondered with how many other women and had any of them been tourist volunteers? They had my breasts out and their exposure seem even more so in the glare of the stage lighting. Both men fell on them like hungry wolves. They teased, kneaded, kissed, bit and tortured them while the crowd went wild.

I was gasping in ecstasy and I wondered how this was playing out with Hein and the others in the group. But, then, this was just beginning.

One stood, put out his hand to me, which I accepted. He helped me up, then stripped me of my dress leaving me virtually naked except for stockings and heels. He twirled me around so the audience could view my body from every angle around the theater. While the crowd applauded their approval, whistled, and cheered, I noticed what the other man had been doing. The couch we had just been using was now turned into a bed in the center of the stage.

They each took one of my hands, held them up about shoulder height and walked me around the edge of the stage. When everyone had had a good look, they laid me on the bed.

I started moaning audibly and writhing as one young man began licking my pussy, while the other one pulled my breasts upwards by the nipples, showing the audience their size and elasticity. The one who had been teasing my clitoris mounted me and thrust his rather large cock straight into my pussy, burying it so deep that our pubic bones crashed together. The fucking, which followed, wasn't subtle. It was straight and to the point. He made no effort to play to the audience by shifting around, but he kept his dominant position, thrusting his cock in and out of my wet cunt with a relentless, staccato rhythm. He was tireless, too.

Meanwhile, his partner moved to the head of the couch and the head of his cock went into my open mouth and he proceeded to fuck my mouth as I sucked it until he was cuming. His cum splashed all over my face and I went into a frenzy, jerking beneath the man in my pussy until he came deep inside. My body began to jerk as I lost control of myself and screamed when a massive orgasm rushed me. It may have been the situation I found myself in, being fucked center stage by two strangers in front of a room full of strangers, or maybe it was their particular skill. Hein and Chris would remain my favorite lovers, though.

It took a moment for the three of us to gather ourselves with enough surety to attempt standing on shaky legs. When we did, the bed was quickly transformed back into a couch and pulled off the stage. The naked men left and the announcer returned. She stood alongside me, one arm around my waist and said something to the audience, which brought a thundering noise of appreciation from every part of the theater.

"How are you feeling?" I indicated I was okay. She smiled and hugged me tightly. "Have you been with a dog?" I nodded. "Large or small? We have both."

I pulled her to me in my lusty state and kissed her on the mouth, my cum streaked face contacting hers. "The largest you have will provide impact for your audience." She chuckled and thanked me.

She called out a name and the theater went quiet after moments of a hushed whisper of explanation or speculation moved around the theater. Some people knew what the name meant and before long

the entire audience was hushed in anticipation. I wondered what 'the largest you have' was going to bring me.

From the side came the skinny white woman with a beast. I thought my dogs were large, but this was a giant, a Mastiff that had to be close to 200 pounds. The audience gasped at the sight of the beast. The announcer watched me closely as the animal approached, but I never flinched from him, it still wasn't larger than The Wolf. I turned and stepped toward him, taking the leash from the other woman without a thank you. She turned quickly and left, obviously not wanting anything further to do with the animal.

I put my hand on the side of its head, bent down to nuzzle his head, then straightened and led him to the center of the stage. I went to my knees and patted the floor of the stage. It seemed a little confused. I looked around and the announcer was already sitting alongside the stage. I smiled at the giant dog. I wouldn't doubt it was used to simply arriving on stage and mounting some woman, fucking her voraciously, then leaving again to surrounding noise. If they were looking for an experience, though, I wanted to give them one the way I do it.

The dog finally relented to my insistence and lay on its side on the floor. It was quite pliable in regards to my touch and it soon rolled partially on its back to raise its hind leg as my hand stroked its belly and grazed his sheath, at first with simple touches along the side, then with more direct contact, stroking along the outer surface. The red tip of his cock was already showing just from being brought out to the stage, indicating his anticipation of what was going to happen. I presented a change to the norm, but it didn't take long for his cock to begin escaping from the sheath, again.

I noticed the dog's head move and followed his gaze to find the announcer had changed her position to sitting directly on the edge of the stage so she could maintain a good viewing position as the stage was again rotating. She looked from the dog's cock to me with obvious curiosity. I lowered my head, my tongue out to lick the tip of the exposed cock, then taking the tip into my mouth and sucking out the precum that had formed there. Within moments I was aggressively sucking on inches of hard cock, all the while precum slipping down my throat.

When I had a mouthful dog cock, I rose to my hands and knees, pointing my ass to the dog. The audience surrounding the stage was quiet, not even the sound of glasses being set on tables as the entire theater seemed focused on us. I looked up to find the announcer again sitting near Chris. I smiled at each as the stage rotated past them. The dog, for his part, showed no further confusion and knew exactly what he needed to do with a female in this position. He stepped over my back, his long cock butting into my ass as my hand sought it out to guide it securely into my pussy.

I gasped as the dog lunged forward, his cock surging deeply into my vagina, and a satisfied, still expectant, a smile spread over my face. The cock was large, the largest since the pony on the farm and I wondered with excited expectation if the knot on this cock might challenge the girth of even the pony.

My body steadily increased in arousal and stimulation as the dog settled into its frantic humping and I felt its cock growing and expanding in all dimensions inside me as my pussy clamped down around the invasion. I questioned how long it might have been since this dog was used for mounting when I soon felt the knot forming and bumping into my outer lips. I pressed back against him, my throaty sounds of moans, groans, and gasps mixing into the grunting and panting from the dog. He thrust against me with more force, pushing me forward despite my intent to be rigid for him. My head sank on my shoulders and I caught a magnificent sight of my breasts swinging wildly beneath me as the dog banged against my ass.

I felt my lips and opening stretch wider and wider. I pressed back against his onslaught until we were jointly in constant effort to force the knot through the constricted opening of my pussy. When it popped into me, I screamed my relief and pleasure as my body shook and my back arched upward into his belly. I wasn't strong enough to lift him but pressed my bare back firmly into his furry belly and chest as he drove his cock deep into me, his own body jerking at the moment of his climax.

My body shook in full orgasm as I felt the first of his massive spurts sending dog cum into my vagina, soaking me, filling me, with his cum. My head and chest dropped to the floor as the dog continued to jerk against me and inside me. The volume of cum was impressive and I could already feel some trickling down the insides of my thighs despite the blockage of the knot.

I anticipated being knotted to the dog for some period so I deliberately began moving for a second orgasm with the dog. The dog had turned on me. I glanced up and waited until the stage put me in front of Chris and I gave him a big smile. He knew immediately what I intended and he stood up to motion in the direction of Hein and our group. I looked up in that direction, but could not discern anything in the blackness outside the lights of the stage.

I began rotating my ass, turning it, pulling, raising it and lowering it against the knot firmly embedded inside me. The dog seemed to take this as a desire to separate and he added his own efforts and that increased what I was working towards. The more I moved had him pulling, the more the knot moved inside me, bumping my g-spot and putting pressure on my opening. At the same time, my pussy clenched around the cock and knot inside, partly by intention and partly by reflex against the movement inside it.

When my head dropped to the floor of the stage, again, my moans and groans steadily growing, the audience sensed what was happening and a buzz of whispers and soft comments flowed down onto the stage as my body erupted into a second orgasm from the dog, my chest firmly planted on the floor, my legs visibly shaking.

When the dog was able to pull his cock from my pussy, releasing us, a flood of dog cum poured from my gaping pussy which was somehow caught by a camera that maintained focus even as the stage turned. I later found a camera being held by one of the men as he walked on the outside of the stage in time with its movement.

As the dog was led off the stage, someone brought me a large beer, which I drained in a steady series of gulps. I was nearly done with the beer when I heard the distinctive 'clip, clop' sound of an equine of some kind. I turned to the side to find one of the still naked men leading a donkey onto the stage followed by the other one with a padded wooden bench. Needless to say, the buzz of conversation around the theater that had begun as I sat on the stage by myself with the beer suddenly went quiet in tense anticipation and expectation if I would continue or stop.

I didn't even look over to Chris this time. I got up off the floor, handed the nearly empty beer glass to one of the men and walked up to the donkey until its muzzle was pressed into my chest. The animal was very docile and under the circumstances, it would be hard for an animal even sometimes involved in this theater atmosphere to be anything but docile.

I moved the padded bench so it was slightly off-center on the stage, then stood before the two men and told them what I needed them to do. They didn't speak English or Dutch so I needed the announcer to join us, again. She tried to argue that others had laid on their stomachs for the donkey, but I insisted. Using my feet to restrain the small horse at the farm had worked very well and I saw no reason to alter a method that had proven results.

I again seemed to thrill the audience just by crouching underneath the donkey to manipulate his cock. Once it was out, I wasted no time. I moved to the bench and motioned for the men to lead the animal to me. This had been done before because the bench was at a good height for the donkey. There was enough room for me to put both arms between myself and the animal, getting my hands between my thighs where I grasped the cock and moved it to my pussy. It seemed to be a little smaller than the small horse I fucked at the farm. With a little effort, I got the odd end of the cock between my pussy lips and motioned for the men to move the donkey forward slightly.

That was my mistake. There was no 'slightly' in the movement. The animal stepped forward and in an effort to achieve better penetration thrust himself too far forward. This cock rammed into my pussy, butting into the top of me, and moving me several inches on the padded surface of the bench. I cried out, but the pain was short-lived. I glanced to the side, then to the other side before finding Chris. I smiled at him and gave him a thumbs-up signal to let him know I was okay despite the way I may have sounded.

I realized I was still wearing my heels so I kicked them off before placing my stocking covered feet against the flanks of the donkey. As he thrust forward, I was now better able to control his depth. He continued to bottom-out, but I could control the amount of impact as it happened.

The huge cock forced into my pussy and the long, abrupt strokes of the animal quickly produced another impending orgasm and moments before mine crashed over me, the donkey sprayed my insides with a fire hose amount of cum that even the tightly encased cock couldn't keep inside me. It squirted from the sides of the cock as he spurting time and again. But, when he quickly pulled out of me, the camera caught the gaping hole of my pussy and the steady stream of donkey cum flowing out of it.

I was part limp rag and part not quite done with the eroticism of what I had just done in front of my friends and these strangers. So, as the donkey was led away, his long cock swinging beneath him, bringing new comments and exclamations from the audience, the announcer came to me still on the bench and slid her hand over my body and down into my messy pussy, talking to me quietly about her next idea and my excitement ramped up anew.

I sat up on the bench and motioned to Chris. I described what was being proposed. He nodded his understanding but looked concerned. He verified that I wanted Hein to be okay with it. I nodded. He started away, then returned.

"Can I be one of them?"

I laughed, "You can, sure. But, you know we'll be together later and then I won't be so messy." He nodded and laughed, giving me a lusty look that had to be the remnants of having watched me tonight.

He returned quickly as I sat sipping cold water while the announcer waited hopefully. Chris gave the other woman a furtive glance and focused on me. "Hein says you are on a roll and would hate to get in your way if this is what you really want to try."

I smiled and turned to the woman and gave her a modification to what she had proposed. She looked at me with shock reflected in her eyes and questioned me. I nodded, trying to reflect more confidence than I really felt. She stood and addressed the audience. Gasps went through the theater followed by cheers and about a dozen men standing to work their way down to the stage. I smiled wickedly as they assembled along the edge of the stage, each dropping their pants and began stroking their cocks. It was a perverse pleasure to have turned the tables of some of them, making

them a spectacle in front of the rest of the audience watching intently at the goings-on before them.

I counted eleven men, all stroking their cocks hard. Once completed, I walked along the line from above and point out four of them. They climbed onto the stage and the others pulled up their pants and returned dejectedly back to their tables and friends. The four I had picked were now stripping. They had not been told what they would be doing, only that I requested four volunteers from the audience. The four I selected were specific for their cock size.

The announcer had approached me for a final act with me being fucked by three men filling all my holes. I countered with four men filling the same three holes with a double vaginal penetration thrown in. That was what gave her the shocked expression. The cock sizes I chose were to try to facilitate that action.

I put one man with a long, thin cock on the bench. I straddled him with my back to him and penetrated my asshole slowly. Once I had him firmly and deeply in me, I leaned back onto his front. I pointed to another and, with the help of the announcer who was now using the public-address system to translate so everyone in the room could understand what was happening, I had him straddle my stomach but just stand there for the moment. Next, I had another go between my thighs and penetrate my sloppy pussy. I then encouraged the man standing over my stomach back and I lifted my hips as far as I could against the resistance of the men in my ass and pussy. He caught on immediately at seeing the gap I created above the cock already in my pussy. He forced his cock into the gap, stretching me more. I finally leaned my head back and to the side, opening my mouth to the last man who filled it quickly.

I was told later the roving camera had caught each of the steps perfectly and broadcast it onto the screens above. When the audience came to the realization, it erupted in clapping and cheers, settling only as the action intensified and they watched the stage and the screens in expectant anticipation of the climax to come.

When the climax did happen, I was a mess ... physically, emotionally, and psychologically. It was an extreme experience. My first orgasm came before any of the men, but it seemed I recognized each cock inside me explode, my orgasm cresting anew, bringing an ever-increasing orgasmic experience to me.

At the end, I was limp and exhausted. The men all pulled out of me, the cameras all catching the streaming cum escaping all my holes, including my mouth. The man there had cum so hard I couldn't swallow it all. Or, my system was so overloaded that I couldn't concentrate on that particular muscle action to swallow often enough. At any rate, I found myself back on the bench with my legs and arms draped to the sides, totally and completely spent. The noise in the theater was deafening, but I was hardly aware of it, my mind struggling to catch up with what I had done in one night.

My mind started clearing, however, with the aid of new sensations between my legs which were still splayed wide. My pussy was feeling something pleasant, gentle, caring ... I lifted my head, requiring considerable effort, to find the announcer once again stripped out of her filmy gown and gently lapping at my messy and gaping pussy. Her mouth never left my pussy, but her eyes smiled at me from above my pubic bone. Her tongue slipped into my gaping pussy with ease, licking and sucking the cum mixture from my holes. I allowed my head to fall back to the padded bench and closed my eyes.

I didn't know if I had another orgasm inside me or not. That wasn't the point for my submission to her efforts, though. It felt good. It felt soothing. This beautiful woman between my open legs was

loving my abused pussy, sucking the cum of these animals and strangers.

I found out later nobody left the theater until the stage lights went out. She was still busy between my legs, but that was the signal for everyone to leave. People stopped and watched the gently moving shadows on the stage, quietly commenting to each other. The sense wasn't that dissimilar to how people talk inside a church when looking at the statues and artwork. It was a completely weird sensation.

That night in Hamburg took over as the single event that captured the imagination of the Social group. As each mega experience took on the mantle of the event to better, Hamburg was the new event. There was open speculation that Hamburg might not be topped.

That only spurred the group to imagine what might be tried next. Hein had promised me exposure to increasing experiences. It was the basis for our relationship. I was never sure either of us might have expected some of these experiences, but neither of us regretted any of them. Even as our open thoughts turned to our pending wedding, we weren't looking back, we weren't closing one chapter for another, we continued to look to the future and what new experiences would come to mark a new high tide line in our relationship.

**THE END**