

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## PROLOGUE

This is the story of a young woman who struggles through one part of her life, the personal and intimate part, while thriving through other parts, academics, sports and professional. After meeting someone who literally saves her from harm and recommends a source of help, she discovers a possible relationship beyond her comprehension and expectation. Through that source of professional help, she discovers she is a woman with a submissive personality previously trapped by manipulative and abusive intimate partners but who now finds the way to happiness and fulfillment of life that a true submissive can have through the acts of pleasing and serving someone who respects and honors her for who and what she is.

This is a love story of sorts like many of my others. This one, however, will not revolve around a strong-willed independent woman. This love story centers on a woman who's expression of that love is through pleasing and serving the man she devotes herself to, a man who understands the vulnerability such an act requires. I hope you follow this story of discovery, enlightenment, and evolution as she sets out on her journey of a new beginning.

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## CHAPTER ONE

I woke up slowly and peacefully. My eyes fluttered open to the defused light of the early morning coming through the sheer curtains of my bedroom. The bigger realization of the start of the day was I was still in the arms of a man. Well, maybe it was more like my arm was draped over his lower rib cage as I lay on my side, which is why my eyes took in the filtered light of the window on the other side of the room. I kissed his upper chest/shoulder where my head was resting and I wiggled my naked body up tighter to his naked form and sighed deeply ... my god, what a man.

I raised my head and sought out the bedside alarm clock. It read 6:20. I knew he had set the alarm for 6:30. That allowed him time to shower, shave, and dress with enough time to safely make the drive to his assignment. He allowed an hour, though it was probably a 40 to 45-minute drive during rush hour. But, I knew he would never be late for an assignment. It was one of his rules. He lived by his rules, but somehow, he still managed to be spontaneous and unpredictable, especially when he was relaxed. He confided that he had a problem with 'relaxed' but it was one of the things he found happened easier around me. Little things make you feel good. That was one of them for me.

That 10 minutes wasn't much time, not enough time, but it was sufficient to remind him. So, I snaked my way under the top sheet we slept under, sliding down along his muscular body, giving that body a kiss periodically along the way until I came to his snake. More like an anaconda as far as I was concerned. I might have run away the first time I saw it but the relationship we anticipated then seemed worth the trial of this monster. Flaccid, as it was now, his cock is 6-½ inches long. Fully erect, it is 11-½ inches long and 3 inches wide. After a few times together, when it seemed like we might have something real between us, I wanted to measure it. He resisted, feeling embarrassed and sensitive about it, but I persisted until he gave in. Half his size would be about normal in the world.

As I gently picked it up from where it was draped between his legs and brought it to lay on his left thigh, I still found it amazing. I was sure our earliest attempts at sex were as frustrating for him as it was for me. But, as I would no sooner reject a relationship with a guy with a small penis, I wasn't going to reject one because he had a penis that seemed too big. It deserved a good patient effort and patient effort is what it took, patience on his part and effort on mine.

My fingertips lightly stroked his limp cock as it lay in front of me. I liked tracing the thick veins that

came out along the surface and even that little touch caused it to react slightly as if it really were a snake coming to life. But, with limited time available to me, I moved my face to the head, kissing it, licking it, and finally taking the head inside my lips and mouth where my tongue swirled around helmet and slit while my lips clamped around it and sucked. I started moving my head to take more of his cock into my mouth, pushing it in and pulling it back as it got slicker and smoother with my saliva.

I like the feel of my mouth being full of growing, hard flesh. My efforts were quickly rewarded as the snake grew in my fingers and mouth. Sucking cock was always something I didn't mind, but this experience was so different and intriguing. I could wrap both hands around his erect cock and still engulf the head of it in my mouth. Attentive and loving kissing and licking of the length was like a journey from the head to the base and equally large ball sack. As a result, I enjoyed spending time just doing that: licking, kissing and sucking this cock.

I felt a disturbance in my meditation of everything cock as Jake patted around trying to find my head. When he did, he stroked my head from over the sheet and mumbled, "Mmmmmmm ... soooooooooo much better than an alarm ..." I smiled around a mouth full of cock despite my mouth being stretched by the size of it. "Would you consider doing this on a regular basis?"

I giggled but was still around his cock and had no idea what that might have sounded like to him. I pull my mouth off with a slurping suction sound, kissing the head at the end. From under the sheet, I suggested to him, "You might want to turn the alarm off before ..." But, it was too late. The buzzer sounded and he rolled to reached for the alarm but my mouth had reattached to his cock causing him to rotate his shoulders and upper body. He threw the sheet off us and I looked up at him with another distorted smile around his cock.

He was looking down at me and flatly said, "You know I have to get moving."

I slipped my mouth off his cock and pouted up to him, "But I want to play."

He grabbing me by the arms and effortlessly pulled me up to him. "I can see that, but ..."

"You're no fun." He stared into my eyes pouting and I broke, giving him a big smile and kiss. "Yes, you are fun." I started to swing my left leg over his midsection and he rolled off the bed.

He wagged a finger at me. "Good try, dear." We both laughed. I love this playfulness and he saw it for what it was. He knew I respected his desire and need to be on time for these appointments and he appreciated my pretending to try to mount him. I told him I would get the coffee ready and a light breakfast as he got ready. My office was much closer so I could get ready after he left.

I gave him a hug and kiss at the door, he was stroking my bare back and bending over to fondle my ass. "We're still on for dinner tonight? You'll let me know what you think of my idea?" I nodded at him and I know I blushed. His idea seemed outrageous. His idea was the most exciting thing I had ever considered.

He smiled at me like he was thinking about taking me into the hall and fucking me right there. I hoped fucking me would come after dinner. Not in the hall, though, I hoped.

"I will pick you up here at 6:30. Wear THAT dress." My eyes opened wide and he nodded. Then he left. I stepped back into the apartment and closed the door, leaning against it and suddenly realized I had been standing in the open doorway naked as I saw him off. God, I have never felt the way I do with him. And that dress! He had taken me out in search of a special dress. We ventured to many of the exquisite dress shops in Atlanta until he saw this one. When I tried it on, I initially wouldn't come

out of the dressing room to show him. It took me five minutes to work up the nerve, but, as in most things with me, he was exceptionally patient. The dress was a thin satin. It was loose about my body and attached by halter ties behind the neck. The back and sides were bare and it hung down the front, wrapping around to barely covering my ass crack, and ending at mid-thigh. There was no way to wear a bra and the garment had no built-in cups. As I tried it on, I could see that I couldn't wear a panty or thong as either would show under the material and ruin the smooth shape of it on my body. Depending on how the dress gapped by my position it was possible to see the sides of my breasts either on the sides or down the low V-neckline in front. And, if that didn't make me feel exhibited enough, the material without a bra clung to my nipples. When they became erect, it showed clearly. And, I had a very real tendency to be excited when I was with him. At the same time, he bought me 4-inch strap heels to match the silver colored dress.

His assignment was finishing today and he would again be leaving to return to his home in Florida the next day. Our relationship had progressed in ways neither of us might have expected initially and the dinner tonight was to address his idea for our relationship going to the next level. If I could agree. If I could commit. If I had the courage.

I tried to do the work I had spread out in front of me on the desk and loaded to the dual monitors of my computer. My mind, though, continued to wander over the months preceding tonight's dinner and everything that had led the two of us to this point in time and place. All the things that led us to the understandings, decisions, and commitments that would be a part of this dinner. Was I ready for this? Forget the emotional reaction, did calm reason and analysis make this the right thing? How do I leave emotion out of the consideration, though? Was it even possible for me to ignore emotion?

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It was almost a year ago that my life fell into a wretched spiral of emotional, psychological, and physical misery. No, that wasn't even right. A year ago was just another episode of the spiral. The truth was that despite my many accomplishments in high school academics and athletics, college academics and athletics, and my work, I was a mess when it came to my personal life and intimacy.

The very weird part of it, though, was that by all appearances, it would seem that I should have had the world by the tail. I was an attractive white woman of 27 years, 5' 4" tall and 120 pounds on a mostly fit and trained body. My hair was long, to the middle of my back, and was a wavy auburn that shined with color in the sun. I lettered in swimming and soccer in high school, made the soccer team in college on a scholarship but never did crack the starting lineup. Although I didn't make the swimming team, it continued to be an integral form of exercise along with running and resistance training. I felt good and I looked good.

I graduated from the University of Georgia with a BS in Accounting and an MBA in Financial Analysis. I was immediately recruited and hired by Innovative Financial Management where I have been for the past 3 years working as an Account Analyst and reporting to an Account Manager. Little did I know that one of the accounts I worked on with the Account Manager would turn out to be that of the man I would eventually be having a very life-changing dinner with.

Innovative Financial Management is one of the most successful and creative (innovative) financial management firms in the US. We are headquartered locally in suburban Atlanta, GA, with regional offices located around the country where significant groups of clients are congregated. Currently, offices are located in 14 states covering approximately 76% of our clients. We don't work with just anyone, however. Clients are accepted with the satisfaction of having the necessary available assets and goals for financial wealth growth and management. The minimum consideration is a million dollars of manageable assets and a very expensive home or such wealth doesn't count. There have to

be sufficient assets available to manage with those of other clients with similar wealth growth goals to leverage the marketplace. That is what is unique about the company.

Innovative Financial Management is at the vanguard of a profound shift in finance: the move away from brokers and mutual fund companies who sell products for a fee and toward firms offering truly independent, low-cost investment advice. These new firms are a registered investment advisor and Innovative Financial Management is one of the largest, responsible for the assets of clients totaling nearly \$41 billion. As the independent advisory industry has grown, Innovative Financial Management has grown faster, with assets exploding from \$50 million in 2004 to their current \$41 billion. A quote in a prominent national financial publication had our president saying, "It's horrible, people don't even know that they are paying someone to sell them something. Here is the bottom line: Compensation drives behavior. If someone is going to be paid to sell their own product, guess what product is going to be recommended to the investor?" We don't sell financial products; we don't get commission for the products we recommend and the trades suggested. The size of the combined client worth allows a unique ability to hold down the cost of financial dealing, which increases the return for the client.

And, within the firm, I was a rising star. My client account analysis and recommendations to my Account Manager were always spot on, which allows him to focus more on the client's needs and struggles. Even I believed my life should have been really good. Until there was another spiral.

My spirals? Guys. Always guys. Since high school, it has been guys. There was always something about myself that I never understood or maybe accepted. But, so many relationships ended in that downward spiral. I excelled at so many things like education, athletics, and work. Why couldn't I do the same with guys?

Then, one day, early morning at the coffee shop in the strip mall close to the office, I was confronted with my latest very angry and demanding ex-boyfriend. In that very public space, he shouted, threatened, and finally pushed me. Out of nowhere, a hand clamped around my forearm to keep me from falling to the ground. He stepped in front of me, standing between me and the ex. This man blocked out the view of the ex like the sun does to the moon during a lunar eclipse. Only this sun was a massive black guy. The ex was stupid enough in his rage to charge, but the effect was lost on this man. With a hand on the throat, he turned the ex and escorted him out the door. There was a commotion outside that I didn't see so it might not have ended so peacefully as it seemed to me.

I was still standing stunned in the shop as people came to me, other regulars who didn't know each other but knew each other. My rescuer never returned, however. At least not that day.

Over a week later, it happened, again. This time the ex was even more enraged and quite possibly drunk, even so early in the day. He seemed to have stoked the shame of the earlier episode on top of what he felt about me and exploded into something more outrageous than I had ever witnessed from him before. This time I saw the man coming through the door. The ex didn't.

When it was over, he led me outside to a bench by a sidewalk green space nearby. We talked. Out of this very large and intimidating man came gentleness and security that I simply opened up to. We talked and talked. My coffee became cold without drinking it. Then, it occurred to me to check the time and I was going to be late to work. I thanked him. I didn't know what else to say to the man who had saved me twice. In the office, I couldn't even remember what we talked about, but it seemed that I did most of the talking. In a weird sort of way, it felt cleansing to confess my troubles and faults to someone. And, who better than someone you may never see, again.

Several weeks later, a friend of a friend of a friend that had some contact between us made it known

that the ex had been in the hospital. There seemed to be a lot of confusion about what had happened. Some said he fell down some stairs, others that he was beaten up in a bar brawl, others that he was mugged. Regardless of what happened, when he got out of the hospital, he moved out of town without telling anyone where he was going. It was the last time I ever heard about the ex.

Several weeks after that bit of news I was again sitting in the coffee shop, feeling comfortable and safe in my routine, again. I was sitting next to the window sipping my coffee, watching the movement of the morning outside.

"It's rather crowded here today; would you mind if I shared your table?"

I looked up absently, then surprise took over my reaction. It was him. The black guy, my rescuer, the sun that blocked out the moon guy. The guy. I smiled embarrassedly at the delay in responding as he waited for my mind to process all those thoughts. "Please, yes, please."

"Thank you." He put out his hand, "My name is Jake, Lara."

I shook the offered hand, but cocked my head to the side and peered at him. "How did you know my name was Lara?"

He smiled and pointed down to my cardboard cup. They put your name on the cup to know who to call when it is ready. Nice move, Lara, smooth.

This time our talk wasn't rushed or mixed with tears and looking over my shoulder. But, I still had to get to the office. He asked if he could take me to an early dinner, someplace close to the office, very public and casual. He wanted to talk some more. He expressed his concern and hoped I was doing well. How could I refuse?

Again, he managed to get me to talk and when I started it was like a floodgate finally opening to release all the pent-up frustrations and feelings of hopelessness. It was then that he gave me a card after he wrote a name and phone number. He slid it across the table to me and assured me this woman could help me. It was on the back of his business card, Jake Baylor, Personal Protection & Security. On the back he had written, Jenna Albertson, PsyD, and a phone number.

"Call her, Lara. Please. She did wonders for me."

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"How is it that you know Jake Baylor?" I was sitting across the desk from Dr. Jenna Albertson in her office, which was cloaked in subdued lighting. When I called Dr. Jenna Albertson's office to inquire about a preliminary appointment, I was shocked that I could get in to see her almost immediately. It had never occurred to me this man I scarcely knew not only would recommend the doctor but also call ahead to smooth my path with her. I gave her the history, then she naturally and comfortably pulled more of my history from me over the next half hour of mostly me talking.

After I stopped talking, it was as if I needed to catch my breath. I realized how liberating it was to confess all this to someone. And, another stranger. It was as if I was internally ready to move forward. All I needed was to be shown how.

She recommended a battery of tests and more discussion. I assured her I was ready to try anything that would help me understand and adapt my life. I told her my goal, what I hoped for at the end, was for a personal life that felt as good as the other parts of my life. She expressed confidence, which surprised me. There was something Jake had picked up on and the doctor seemed to share

some insight, also.

We met twice a week for a couple months and the discussion and revelations along the way inspired me to put deep thought and consideration into each session. I didn't see Jake at all during this time and I wasn't sure what to make of that. At first, it was just a recognition that we didn't really know each other or have anything of a connection except that he had helped me and he might only be a bright spot along my road of life. But, that wasn't enough. Even if that was all we were going to be, I wanted, needed, to thank him.

When I finally worked up the courage to call him, he sounded as excited to hear my voice as I had been in hoping to see him. He explained that he was unsure about bothering me as I was working with Jenna, as he called her. I thanked him, again, for his consideration and thoughtfulness, then laughed that I seemed to be thanking him a lot. He laughed in response. It was an easy, comfortable laugh and it made me feel warm. He asked about the sessions and I offered my excitement about the doctor's confidence. He seemed genuinely pleased.

He called me a few days later. I was sitting in the coffee shop, as usual, when my phone chimed. "Hello?"

"It's crowded and I was hoping I could share your table."

"Jake!" We talked until I had to leave for the office. I did much of the talking and we laughed. But, he shared some, too. I learned that he didn't live in Atlanta, not even in Georgia. He had been a professional football player with the Falcons, but after retiring he found a dream piece of property in Florida. He comes to Atlanta for assignments and other meetings. When we disconnected, I was smiling. It wasn't that he was avoiding me, he wasn't even here!

After a few weeks, we were talking by phone every other day or so. Sometimes I called him, other times he called me. Near the end of my planned sessions with the doctor, it was 10:30 PM and I was just dozing off when the phone chimed. I mumbled a greeting of some kind.

"Is this too late?"

I shifted to leaning my back against the headboard. "Never."

"It sounds like you were asleep, but you're awake now." He chuckled and I mumbled some confirmation. "I'm stuck in Denver, a big snow storm has canceled everything and it has been some long, irritating days. I knew what would make me feel better, though."

"Thank you, Jake. Can I ask why you were out there?"

"Of course. I was babysitting some musician in Aspen for the past three days. I never heard of him, but he could afford me. I will tell you, though, after three days with this guy, I will never look for his music."

I laughed, then, "I won't ask then. I just hope he isn't on my playlist." He laughed.

"I should let you get back to sleep. Like I said, I thought it would help to hear your voice ... I was right, it did."

It was quiet for a moment or more. I wasn't sure what to say or expect. But, Dr. Jenna had been pushing me to be more aware of what was happening, to understand more what was happening. "Jake, can I ask you something?" Another, 'of course' came back. "Are we having a long-distance

relationship?"

"I sure hope so ..." I smiled. It didn't make it easier to fall back to sleep, though.

The next morning, he called, again. He had rescheduled his flights home from Denver. He created a four-hour layover in Atlanta and wanted to meet for lunch at an Applebee's by the airport. He said he had something he wanted to give me.

At the restaurant, I got a table and settled in, understanding the uncertainty of airline schedules. When I spotted him entering, I stood up and waved. When he got to the table, he took my arm before I could slide back into the booth, pulled me to him, raised my chin, and kissed me on the lips. Our first kiss. What he wanted to give me was our first kiss. It hadn't sunk into me until I was pulled into his chest and turning my head up to kiss him just how tall he was. I am 5' 4", which is a little shorter than average, but he was 6' 3" and 220 pounds of muscle which is bigger than average. I might need to wear taller heels from now on.

My final meeting with Dr. Jenna summarized all we had a discussion, resolved, and learned. It was clear to her from the beginning (and probably Jake, as well) that I had a submissive personality. She had explained that a healthy submissive has often walked through the fire of trial and error and arrived at a level of awareness that can serve as a guide in relationships. I hadn't managed to come out of the trial and error part with a healthy understanding of my personal, intimate relationships.

She reviewed the key points of submissiveness:

- \* A healthy submissive feels no threat to his or her value or standing as a person. Both parties are worthy, individual human beings with needs.
- \* Submissive people, however, are keenly aware of what others need. They find much of their happiness in meeting those needs and being of service.
- \* Healthy submissive people are anything but lazy. They're up to the task and can be depended upon to get things done. This is because they actually care about genuinely pleasing those in authority over them.
- \* A healthy submissive person avoids conflict and misunderstanding by entering relationships with boundaries and expectations established.
- \* Healthy submissive people find causes and people to serve. And they find joy in such service.
- \* Healthy submissive people is someone with high self-esteem. Someone with deep self-awareness, who does not give trust away lightly, who is aware of needs, works hard, maintains clear boundaries, and enjoys peace of mind.

As Dr. Jenna reinforced, it was then easy to see why I excelled in school, athletics, and the work place. I was with authority figures I respected and trusted and who gave explicit goals, expectations, and clearly understood boundaries of what to expect and the roles of each. I was able to focus completely on those goals and expectations and performed them to a high standard. The opposite was true of my personal life, however. I took the same strong desire and need to please, but it was directed at someone who didn't or couldn't provide clear and respectful goals and expectations. When my trust broke down, the reaction from boyfriends deteriorated until abuse became the driver to get results from me. The relationship was perverted from a free and joyful desire to please and serve into forcing compliance from me.

Before I left that last meeting, I paused at the door, "My personal relationships have been my problem areas. How will I know for sure?"

"There is no way to know 100%. But, now you understand much more about what you are and what makes you tick. I think you knew before, you just didn't understand. You were confused by your need



to please and the negative person you were trying to please. I think now you know the difference. Your need to please and serve must be directed at someone you can trust and who respects you. Remember your coaches and your manager.”

Several weeks later, he is coming to Atlanta on Friday for a meeting at the company. My company. It turns out the Account Manager I report to has been managing Jake’s account. I never realized it because I had the unique habit of not looking at client names, only the account goals and numbers. I always thought it would provide me with the best dispassionate analysis. My manager agreed, failing to ever find fault with my analysis or recommendations for modifications for asset distribution to stay on track with the stated financial goals. Jake warned me that he was requesting the Account Analyst to be present because he had some thoughts about modifications that could affect his account status.

As the meeting began, I held a pleasant expression while being introduced to Jake. After a review of his account, I asked about the changes he was thinking about. I had our analysis program loaded with his numbers inserted to make it easier to simulate modifications.

“I’m thinking about reducing my travel, which could affect my income. At least temporarily until I find other sources to compensate locally.”

I deadpanned my reaction, “Really, what’s driving that, if I can ask?”

“A personal situation. I’m thinking about wanting to spend more time at home.” I glanced up at him and found him watching me. “Let’s cut it in half and see what it looks like.”

I modified his current income coming from the side of his work that required the most travel. I also stole a look at his bottom-line. Wow. I suppose it might be obscene to fully retire at 35 years old. We played with various scenarios and he thanked us, promising to let us know what he decides to do if anything.

At dinner that night, I probed, “What was that all about? The travel thing?”

“You.” I looked at him from across the table covered with plates and wine glasses. He smiled. “Passion.” I furrowed my eyebrows at him. He laughed. “When I left football because of that concussion, I lost the one thing I had a passion for. I walked away for my long-term health, which was the right thing. But, it was depressing to wake up the next day and understand with certainty that I would never have that feeling of teammates, common goal and effort, and passion for what I was doing. It was very depressing. That’s how Jenna helped me.” He smiled at something. “It took me a lot longer than it did you.” He gazed at me. “She convinced me to find something I could pour my energy into. The work I do is good. I’ve built a successful business while still keeping it small, just for me.” He looked away, then brought his gaze back to my eyes. “But you ... you’ve given me a feeling of something very different. Something I can feel excited about. I want to spend more time with you. I don’t want to screw this up.”

My eyes twinkled and I leaned forward, speaking in a very low voice. “Did I hear you right? You DON’T want to screw me?”

His face became more serious, “Lara, I am serious.” Then he smiled, “By the way, just so there is no misunderstanding, yes, I want to screw you.”

He shared more than I had ever heard. It was as if he was laying his cards out for me to see and know what I had in front of me. Right after high school, where he had been a standout football player, he enlisted into the Army seeing two tours of combat while serving his six years. He used the

GI Bill to go to college where he, again, was a standout defensive end. Without finishing college, he was drafted by the Atlanta Falcons while in his junior year, hence his connection to Atlanta. He played six years for the Falcons, going to the Pro Bowl the last two full seasons. A significant concussion made him start thinking about his future and, unlike many other players faced with similar situations, he chose to retire based on his personal doctor's recommendation. That's when the depression set in and when Dr. Jenna came into the picture. After working through his issues with her, he looked at options, not having a college degree, and settled on protection and security. He got professional training and worked solely on special assignments and request, preferring to be on his own.

He was an anomaly in pro sports and was one of the exceptions that saved and invested the mountains of money successful athletes get thrown at them. Shortly after retiring, he was introduced to Innovative Financial Management.

I looked at the man across from me with new appreciation and wonder. All that he has experienced and only 35 years old. At 6' 3" and 220 pounds, he was a giant next to me, but he said he "slimmed down" from his playing weight of 240. A giant black man and a tanned white woman, we must present quite an image.

He walked me into the foyer of my apartment building. I stopped and pressed myself into him, looking up at him despite my 2-½ inch heels. I think I might need to try 4 inches. "I want you to come up. I want you to spend the night."

"Are you sure? You've come off a bad thing, Lara. I can be patient."

"We've been patient. Besides, that was months ago." I tried giving him a coquettish look, but the smile that broke over my face ruined it. "Please ..." He became thoughtful and the quiet was deafening. I gave him a kiss and began stepping back. "Sorry, I shouldn't have pushed ..."

He reached out, took my hand and stopped me. "No, I was just thinking ... I have a hotel room for two nights."

"Two nights? You're not leaving until Sunday?"

He nodded. "I hoped if tonight went well I could see you again Saturday night, too. This might be forward of me, but ... well, the hotel has a restaurant, bar, pool, a pond with a walking path and benches, and ..."

I raised up and put my arms around his neck to kiss him. Pulling back slightly, "So, the option to my apartment is going to your hotel room tonight ..."

"and not having to leave it until Sunday." I smiled, turned and moved to the elevator. "Where are you going?"

As the door began to close, "Wait right there. I'm just going to throw some things into a bag."

It was an Embassy Suites with a sitting room and separate bedroom. Jake dropped my bag just inside the door where he stopped. I looked at him, at the bedroom, at him, again. He stood there. I remembered, 'I don't want to screw this up'. And, I remembered the other clarification, too.

I took his hand and pulled him into motion, taking him into the bedroom. I kicked off my heels and pushed him to sit on the edge of the bed. I leaned into him, kissing him as my fingers worked on the buttons of his shirt, pulling the bottom from his slacks, and slipping it off his shoulders and down his

arms. I pulled back and looked. My god! Naked from the waist up, his body was muscle. Thick, full shoulders, wide slabs of muscle on his chest, his stomach flat even sitting. I licked my lips, which seemed obscene in reflection, but I was afraid I might be drooling.

I pushed him back to lie on the bed and as I kissed down his stomach, my fingers working his belt and slacks. My hand slid over the front of his slacks and I felt him underneath. My thought was, 'he's already hard'. I worked the clasp, then the zipper, feeling him tense slightly but ignoring it. My kissing stopped at the top of his underwear. I moved to my knees to remove his shoes and socks, stood and put out my hands to him to stand up. He took my hands but stood up on his own, thankfully. He was almost twice my weight and despite my intentions, I wasn't sure I could pull him up.

I stood in front of him, kissing him, and working my lips with kisses down his body, only quicker this time. My fingers at the tops of his slacks and underwear, I dropped to my knees and pulled them down his thighs. My face was at the height of his cock, but what I saw when his slacks dropped was not the hard cock I thought I felt. I gasped and my mouth stayed open in surprise, if not shock. His cock was soft ... limp ... flaccid ... pick the word, it wasn't yet hard. It was still about the largest cock I had seen, even ones hard. I would learn that his cock was 6-½ inches long when soft. I would learn that because I would eventually be measuring it.

I looked up at his face and found him looking down at me. His face was full of concern, uncertainty, fear even. I gave him a smile, then continued to assist him out of his slacks. I pushed him back onto the bed, "Crawl up onto the bed."

I stood at the end of the bed, reached my hands behind me and unzipped my dress, shrugging it off my shoulders and letting it drop to the floor. In a lace bra and thong with sheer stay-up stockings, I crawled up alongside him, pressing my body against his nakedness. My left hand slid up his body to the side of his face as I took his lips and mouth with mine. I didn't stay there long, though. My fingers and lips quickly moved down his body until I came into contact with his cock, again. My lips kiss and licked the head as my fingers slide down the length of it to cup and fondle his balls. I stroked his cock as I licked, then slipped my mouth over the large head. All the while, his cock grew under the attention provided to it. By the time I felt I had it fully hard, my mouth was stretched to have the head inside. I held it up with my two hands wrapped around the shaft, one above the other, and I could still lower my mouth over the head. I would later measure it at 11-½ inches when hard with a width of 3 inches. It was massive.

I mumbled, "My god! It's huge, I don't think I can ..." I wasn't aware of even verbalizing it.

But, Jake must have heard me. He rolled to the side and off the bed, moving to the large window and pulling the curtains back to stare outside.

"Jake? What?" I followed him to the window, standing behind him, my arms around him, my hands on his chest. "Talk to me, Jake. What's wrong?"

"It's okay, Lara. It's happened before. Some women have almost run away."

I grabbed him and turned him. "Look at me! I am not them. I am right here. I happen to think this relationship can change my life. Sex is important to a healthy relationship. Yes, I believe that. But, I am NOT letting a little thing ... okay, a big thing ... like this get in the way."

"You're a small woman ... you think ..."

"I know. What am I, Jake? What am I really? All my life in school, sports, and work I have excelled at

challenges. Given a task, a problem, a goal, an expectation and I work it until I found the solution. I excel at that.” He looked at me, but a smile slowly formed. I smiled back. Trust was showing through in both directions. “Now, get back on that bed. I have an idea.”

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## CHAPTER TWO

“Now, get back on that bed. I have an idea.”

It seemed absurd on the face of it. I was a small woman and he was a big man. But more significant was that I was used to men with cocks about six or seven inches long when erect and Jake’s was that long soft and limp. Fully erect, as it was now, it was twice that size and as wide as my forearm. My reaction to it, though, proved not to be irrational based on his reaction to my reaction. He had encountered that reaction from other women. I didn’t know his history with women, but the immediacy of his emotional response indicated a sensitivity that belied the whole ‘big black cock’ image and persona depicted by the porn industry. Everything I knew about this man from the first rescue and leaving without recognition to the comments from Dr. Jenna to the very difficult choice to leave football for his long-term health indicated a complex, involved and considerate man.

His response was interesting to me on a deeper level, too. My mumbled reaction, ‘My god! It’s huge, I don’t think I can ...’ wasn’t an expression of defeat or intimidation. My reaction was a recognition that I couldn’t approach making love to this man casually in the same way I might with any man I had previously been with. His cock, the size of my forearm in so many ways, required some deliberate attention to the HOW. After all, women give birth and even that pain is said to have a short life of consciousness.

My intention and question was only on the HOW. This was a man with whom I firmly believed a significant life relationship might be possible, especially after all I had been through and then learned from Dr. Jenna. I was going to make love to this man. In keeping with my personality traits, my emotional and psychological being was focused on how my physical being was going to please and satisfy him.

All this was coursing through my consciousness as I kissed and licked my way up his legs to his upper body, purposely avoiding his cock, but noting it re-growing after the interruption. After sucking aggressively on his nipples and kissing my way up to his lips, my leg swung over his midsection as we probed each other’s mouths with our lips and tongues. His hands roamed over my back and ass as my hands encased his face. I moved my hips on him until my pussy was on his still lengthening, hardening cock. As we kissed, I slid my wet pussy over his cock. My juices covered his cock in short order and sliding along it became smoother. I knew his cock was glistening with my moisture.

I paused with my pussy lips spread over the head of his cock. I used my hands and arms to support my upper body over him and gazed into his eyes. His eyes wandered down to my breasts encased in the lace bra. I smiled, reached behind me to release the clasps and removed the covering. Now my breasts hung above his chest and his fingers reached out to take the nipples prominently erect on each breast.

His eyes returned to mine and I smiled. “Do you like them, Jake? Do my breasts and nipples please you?”

His gaze was penetrating. The expression on his face was a mixture of serious intention and ... maybe wonder. “Everything about you pleases me.” There was a thoughtful hesitation before

expressing it as if there was a deeper consideration combined in the response. I wondered if that deeper consideration might not have been how my personality might be playing into those words I used. 'Pleasing' is a tenant of the submissive.

He asked, "Still confident?" I nodded with a smile. "How?"

My pussy started rubbing along his cock, again. "Sports training methods." He furrowed his eyebrows. "Given a new big milestone goal, how do you achieve it?"

"You break it down into manageable, but challenging mini-goals or steps." I nodded. He smiled.

"You'll cum inside me, Jake. Then, we'll work on getting you deep inside me after you cum. Steps." He smiled and kissed me. And, I reacted with a growing smile. "Oooooooo ... I guess I was wrong." He questioned me with his eyes. "I thought you were already hard." He pulled me down and kissed me hard.

This time, as I worked my way down his body licking and kissing his skin, sucking and nibbling at his nipples, his moans and gasps were more pronounced and vocal. This time, as I did what I was, his imagination and anticipation were pushing him into a higher gear. By the time my face and mouth reached his cock, again, it was straining, rising off his abdomen in anticipation of contact from my mouth. I didn't disappoint him. My mouth encircled the head of his cock and even that seemed like a mouth full. I wrapped both hands around the shaft while working my mouth and tongue over the head, sucking the precum as it seeped out. I moved one hand to his balls, massaging and fondling them as the other hand began stroking up and down the length of his shaft, my mouth and tongue never stopping.

I tilted my head to take a peek at him and found his chest rising sharply, his head occasionally rising to look down his body to me, then dropping back down on the bed. One of his hands found my head and gently stroked my long hair from my head to my shoulders. I bit down at the base of the head and he moaned loudly, a sound rising from deep inside that massive chest and rumbling through his throat to escape into the room.

I felt the bed shake and glanced over his hips. He was striking the surface of the bed with his fist, pressing down into the mattress. His head raised and I tilted my head to see him. His eyes were shut but his mouth was opening and closing with no sounds coming out.

Then, as though an eruption from his voice, "Oooooohhhhhh ... Lara ... Lara ... OH GOD, LARA!" His breathing was labored and ragged, "Lara ... I ... oh god ... yessssssssss ... ohhhhhh ... I can't ... I can't hold ... ohhhhhh, oooooooooo ... I have to cummmmmmm!"

True to my word to him earlier, I released his cock, stripped off my panties, and jump on top of his hips. I reached between my legs and held his cock straight up. I had to raise myself higher and shuffled back on my knees, praying I wasn't taking too long. I felt the head of his cock hit my butt and I raised up higher until it was under my pussy. I wiggled my ass and his cock until I felt it at my hole. I lowered my body, only inches, but enough for the head to part my lips and hole, enough for the head to press inside me. I gasped at the feeling. I bit my lip and pressed down an inch further and gasped anew. This was only a few inches past the head of his cock and I was feeling stretched and full, even if my entire pussy wasn't filled I had the same sensation. I opened my eyes and found him watching me, his eyes intent on mine. With our eyes locked, I clenched my pussy muscles.

He gasped and I felt the first spurt of his cum shoot into my pussy. I watched him, his mouth opening, his eyes closing tightly, then opening again to lock onto me. He came and came. I lost track of the spurts of cum he sent into me. And, amazingly, he controlled his body's impulsive reactions.

He remained where I had put him, just inside me. He refrained from thrusting deeper inside. Could there be a stronger show of caring and respect?

I carefully and slowly leaned forward to lie on top of him so we would remain intact. For moments, my body rose and lowered to the movement of his ragged breathing. I felt small leakage from his cock continuing inside me. I wiggled my butt and clenched my pussy walls occasionally just to let him know I knew he was there.

I lifted my head and arms onto his chest, my chin resting on my folded arms. He pulled some pillows behind his head so he could see me. I smiled at him and he smiled back. For another moment we were both quiet, not awkwardly, just peacefully.

"Was it good for you?"

He chuckled as if to signify the question didn't need responding to. "Yes, Lara. Very good. But ... did you ...?"

I shook my head and kept the smile. "It felt really, really good, though." He started to say something, but I put a finger to his lips. "No. You are not to concern yourself about my orgasms. Not tonight, okay? Tonight, it is all about you. In the process, don't worry, I will also find my release. Allow me control for this night, then I will relinquish control to you if you wish." He cocked his head slightly to consider me. As he did, it dawned on me what had slipped out of my mouth. It felt so natural and honest coming out, I leaned toward him, careful to keep his cock head inside me, and kissed him.

I squirmed back a little to reset myself onto him. I looked back at him and saw he was about to say something. I raised my eyebrow, "If you are in control, what am I supposed to do?"

I smiled, "Just lie there, don't move." I felt his cock flex inside me and he smiled. "Okay, that felt good. But don't move anything else." He flexed, again.

A few minutes later, he stroked my hair. I had put the side of my head on his chest. "Are we just lying here? Are you going to get off?"

"Am I so heavy?" I raised my head to look at him. He got nervous. Smart man.

"No, no. Just wondering. It feels good, I'm not complaining."

I sat up, my hips rising to control the depth of his cock inside me. I lowered my hips, taking a bit more of his length, then rose up and descend a little more. I continued this, each time taking a little more of his cock. He reached up, his fingers clamping onto my nipples while his eyes watched me, shifting from my eyes to the shaft of his cock visible between his body and my pussy. I opened my eyes and watched him watching my progress. I smiled and continued to rise and slowly, carefully descend.

"Clever girl." I smiled down at him. "You were waiting for me to shrink a little."

"Honestly, you stud. Your cock soft is what I have experienced before. But, I figured if you were smaller after cumming that I could work you inside me, maybe as deep as I can. Then ..."

"You'll fuck me until I get hard, again?"

I nodded. "You are smaller, Jake, but I am so full. I have to slowly work you deeper and you aren't hard. Jake, I am going to orgasm before you get hard. Then ... god ... then, to feel you harden inside

me, to grow, lengthen, expand ... god, I can't wait!" I leaned forward, some of his cock slipping back as I did it. I kissed him with all the passion I had in my being. I looked into his eyes. My mind and heart were screaming, 'I LOVE YOU!', but I knew it was too soon. There was another scream wanting to come out, 'I'M YOURS, COMPLETELY, TOTALLY', but could I? Men have taken it from me. Could I freely give it?

I felt his cock flex and I squeezed in response. "Do you like that, Sir? Do you feel that?"

He hesitated. I wasn't sure why. Then he recovered, "I like your muscle control, Lara."

I smiled, pleased. "I can practice more if you like." He only smiled.

I sat up and pushed myself down his length, bottoming out finally. I grasped my breasts and squeezed. I moved my hands to his chest and used them to assist me in rising and dropping down. He was not hard, but he had never become fully soft, either. I started fucking him with a vengeance and his not-hard, not-soft cock felt wondrous sliding inside my pussy. Ooohhhhh ... it felt like the biggest cock I had ever fucked because it was. I knew it was going to become something more, something bigger, something monstrous and I couldn't wait.

My arousal was at a fever level when I felt his fingers on my clit, trying to keep up with my bouncing and he was doing a wonderful job of it. I dropped down, mashing his fingers between my clit and his hard body. My body shook and my eyes flared open, my mouth open and soundless for a moment. Then, I cried out and when I did, my body shook in orgasm.

He pulled my body onto his, encasing me in his strong arms, giving me security to ride out my orgasm. I kissed his chest between gasping for air, my body easing the shuddering of my body. He was stroking my head and hair with one hand and down my back with the other. I took a deep breath and slowly rose to about 45 degrees above him, feeling his cock sliding back deeper into me. My mouth opened wide, a gasp escaping as I realized the cock I was now sitting on, now impaling me, we harder, longer, and fuller than before my orgasm.

He smiled up at me, "Your orgasm had an effect on me, too."

I giggled, "I can tell that and it feels wonderful." It twitched inside me and I responded with squeezing. I smiled teasingly at him, "Since you have just cum, I was thinking I will be able to fuck you now for a lot longer."

He looked up at me, twisting my nipples between his fingers. "What will we have to do the rest of the weekend, then?"

"Hmmm ... practice?"

I raised up on his cock, feeling more inside me than I had realized before. I gasped and sighed as I slowly lowered my body over his cock. I moved up and down, slowly in both directions, savoring the new feeling of being impaled by this monster ... and it was still growing. I bit my lower lip, a habit during concentration, pressing down a little further on each down stroke. Ignoring his face as he watched me, I pressed down harder and harder, sure now that his cock was fully erect. I pulled up to the top, then completely off it. I looked down, swung my leg to the side and grasped his cock with both hands and smiled. Yes, it was fully erect, both my hands wrapped around it and still the head was showing. I repositioned myself and sank back down before my pussy could close. I continued to press, rising, and press down. I slipped fingers underneath me to feel how much was still to go. I found only a few inches of cock not inside me and I smiled. I had never felt so full, so utterly, completely full of cock.

I looked at him and he was watching me intently. He smiled up at me, "I can't believe you almost have it all. You're proof that the capacity of a woman's vagina is not dictated by her physical size."

I smiled, then grunted. I was determined to finish this, not late tonight or sometime tomorrow. This was going to happen now. I was bumping against the top of his cock, but that had happened earlier, too. Our bodies were certainly resilient with our ability to expand with a child and return to shape later. I pressed on. I rose a few more inches, holding myself at mid-height on his cock. I looked down into his eyes, then dropped. I bottomed out and then some. But, I did it! I had his entire monstrous cock buried inside me.

I opened my eyes and his smile was huge. I fucked him more aggressively, my arousal and stimulation rising steadily. My legs were getting tired from the effort and maybe he anticipated that because he pulled me to his body and rolled us over so he was now on top. I wrapped my legs around his waist and he used long, even strokes in and out of my pussy. I raised my head, looking down at his long cock coming out from inside me, then pushing back in. His cock was slick and glistening with our juices, my cum and his. We fucked this way for a long time until he grabbed my ankles and raised them over his shoulders, continuing his even thrusts into me. My mouth gaped and my breathing was ragged as a new orgasm built up inside me, spreading over my body, electrifying my nipples and clit and every fiber of my pussy in contact with his marvelous cock. When I orgasmed, I reached up to pull him to me, in the process nearly doubling up my body as his chest came down to my breasts, my knees pressed into my shoulders.

He released my knees from over his shoulders as I came down from this orgasm. Then, he pulled out of me, a long slow movement of his cock leaving my spasming pussy. He turned me over and lifted my hips putting me on my knees. I spread my knees wide, knowing what he was going to do now, but my head and upper body remained on the bed, too tired to fully support my entire weight, any longer.

From behind me I heard his voice with a feeling of wonder and marvel, "You're gaping open, but your hole is pulsing as if it is seeking something to clamp around."

Without turning my head, but mumbling into the bedding, "Then give it something to clamp around ... and not your finger." He chuckled and I relished this feeling of being so comfortable and accepting that I could still be joking with him.

He aligned his cock to my opening and pressed into me. Its smooth entry was a testament to how well my body had already adjusted and accepted his massive cock. As it slowly and steadily pressed into my vagina, my breath held as it went in and in and in, finally bumping me deep inside before he pressed harder and I felt his hips against my ass. I had him completely, again! He fucked me doggy for a long time, then encouraged me to lay flat and he covered my body with his. He rolled us again, this time encouraging me to sit up, still on his cock, tucking my knees underneath me. Now in reverse-cowgirl, I took over, again. I bounced more aggressively now.

He groaned and mumbled something, but I wasn't catching it. Then, "Lara, I'm ... I'm going ... to cum. How ... do you want ...?"

I looked back at him and smiling wickedly to myself. I braced my hands on his body and my feet into the bed and slowly turned on his cock until I was facing him. He groaned deeply and I could see that his climax was close, and that knowledge brought mine that much closer, too.

I lay on top of him, my legs stretched out along his. "Roll us, again." I wanted missionary for this joint climax deep inside me, but I didn't want to lose having him in me. He did as he was



commanded, adjusted his position, then thrust strongly into me. My hands on his arms, I felt him tense, his hips pressing tightly against me. I reached up, my arms around his neck and hugged him tightly to me as I felt the first of many spurts of his cum filling me, this time with his cock fully inside me. I was shocked by the apparent volume of his cumming since he had so recently already cum, but I ground my groin up into his seeking to take every drop he had to offer me.

I had teased him about practicing the rest of the weekend and for much of it, we did, although, it is hard to think of it as practice when you find yourself desiring it so much. We spent the weekend together. If we weren't mated in some part of the hotel suite, we were together in the shower, in the restaurant or bar or walking the sidewalk for a well-deserved break. But, it always led back to the suite. We were like a newly wedded couple who hadn't ever experienced sex before. I couldn't get enough of him and he seemed to be reciprocating in the feeling.

Monday morning and I was in my usual location before going to the office. My mind was on obvious things, remembering in detail many of the things we had done, positions we had tried, and which ones needed more "practice".

My phone chimed and I dug it out of my purse. "I already miss you." I smiled at his voice. "How's your day looking?"

"Hmmmmmm ... for some reason I've had this really, really empty feeling since you left ..." He laughed. We both did.

A few days later, the mail clerk dropped a small box onto my desk. She looked at me and shrugged, "No return address. It is an odd shape, though."

She moves on and I sit inspecting the box. It was smallish, about 3" square by 4" long. She was correct, of course, it was void of any indication of who it was from. The post office stamp indicates a town in Florida, though. I ripped open the wrapping, cut the taped edges and pulled the box flaps open only to discover another box. The outside of the box read, "Erotic Pleasures". I looked up from the box and surveyed my surroundings to avoid any prying eyes. Finding none, I opened the box. Inside I found two jade colored glass Ben Wa Balls and a note in Jake's handwriting. All it said was, "You said you would practice more."

I sat back and stared into space absently. With a cock like his filling me, Kegel exercises and holding Ben Wal balls inside me to strength my pussy will be interesting.

I had decided long-distance relationships really suck. In the three weeks after that weekend at Embassy Suites, we had been together only a couple nights at my little apartment. I was desperate for some real quality time with him. He must have been feeling the same way.

My phone rang at home. I checked the caller ID as I picked it up and smiled. "Hi, handsome."

He chuckled, "Hi, beautiful." Before I could say anything more, he plowed ahead. "Do you guys have Good Friday off?" I told him we did. "Can you take the following Monday off?" I told him I was sure I could, why? "I'll have tickets on Delta for you Thursday night. It's a non-stop. We could have almost four days together here. You can see my place, I think you'll like it."

"Seriously? Of course!"

"Really? Just like that? I thought I might have to convince you, sell it a little."

"Jake, honey, you know who you are talking to, right? I'm the one who needs to please and serve,

remember?"

"How could I forget."

Thursday night, after picking me up from the airport and the 40-minute drive as the sun lost its brilliance until it was early dark, he pulled into a gated community with palm trees lining the wide streets and subdued lighting along the streets. The street lighting was short poles with the lights reflected down on the road surface but not defused into the sky. I guess in a gated community it was safe enough without obtrusive lighting everywhere.

He pulled into a circular drive and stopped at the front entrance. He got my bag from the trunk and carried it inside. He told me to roam while he put the car in the garage. The entryway was three steps down and emptied directly into a semi-formal sitting area with a wrap-around leather couch and two chairs across a large coffee table with double glass door leading to the backyard. Hallways went off to the right and left into other parts of the house that I could tell from the outside were large and sprawling. A big man has a big house, I guess.

An open entryway to the right was a game room complete with poker table and I was sure there would be a bar behind one of the cabinet doors. Another open entryway to the left was a formal dining room with an elaborate chandelier hanging over the table. I peeked into the dining room and found a door to a wine closet with a wrought iron grilled door covering it.

Jake found me peeking into the wine room. I apologized but he assured me he meant it to feel free to roam. He remembered I like a merlot for just drinking and he came out with a bottle, poured two glasses and began a tour. "I know, it seems obscene for a single guy to have so much room, but when I was shown it, it was a steal. The guy who built it must have been an idiot and certainly needed the good advice of Innovative Financial Management. The guy went bankrupt almost immediately and was desperate. I had just been in the right place at the right time."

The house, 6500 square feet, was on an unbelievable 1.8 acres of land. There was a public lake with walking trails around it only a quarter mile away to the front of the house. At the back is a golf course, leaving few neighbors in close proximity. A huge office space was down one arm of the first floor with a theater room beyond it. He said it was a great spot to actually watch movies, but also used it to watch sports with a few guys.

Down the opposite side of the house, was an elaborate kitchen that included a grilling unit set into the center island. Just off the kitchen was a dinette that sat six and opened into an outdoor room with sliding doors, which in turn opened to the very large patio and pool. He said the pool was 25 yards long so it was great for exercise. From the dinette area was the family room with a massive amount of black leather couch seating and a couple black leather easy chairs and ottomans. This room also opened to the patio and was equipped with a wall mounted TV that was between four and five feet. He admitted this was the favorite room when his guy friends were over to watch a game.

He grabbed my bag from the entryway and led me further down the side past the office area where the master bedroom was located. The other side, he explained, was larger and contained another three bedrooms, each with their own full baths.

I heard a bark from outside. He looked at me, still holding my bag. I smiled. He still wasn't making any assumptions. Respect and trust were oozing from him in my estimation. I smiled and pressed the bag to the floor. He smiled and led me back through the house, leaving our wine glasses in the kitchen. We stepped outside, walking past the patioed pool area and into the grass. It wasn't until then that I saw a quaint building to the side with muted light over a doorway.

"I want to introduce someone very special. He's been in here since I left to pick you up. It isn't that I can't leave him out, the yard is fully fenced and very private, but he'll be excited and I wanted you to be ready. He's a big boy and very friendly." He was rambling on and it occurred to me that he might be nervous because he never mentioned having a dog before. A good thing I like dogs.

I stood still where Jake indicated, a good ten feet from the building I now knew was a kennel, the fenced in run off the back of it. I heard him inside talking, but nothing prepared me for what came out. Sure, he said it was a big dog, but ...

Jake stepped out through the kennel door holding the leash of a Great Dane. When the dog spotted me, it pulled hard against Jake's hold, his feet sliding on the ground from the pull of the dog. A dog that can move that man is powerful. This dog was a charcoal colored beast standing 35 inches tall at the shoulders and weighing 165 pounds. His name was King and I knew that as Jake repeated it trying to calm the animal. Finally, he commanded it forcefully to sit. And he did. His tail was still whipping back and forth but he stayed where he was. Apparently, that was on top of Jake's foot because he made a big show of getting it out from under the animal, although laughing as he did.

The weekend was wonderful. It was everything I had hoped for us. His house and property were magnificent and King and I got along immediately. We enjoyed the home, property, and neighborhood. I used the pool, his training room, and walks with him and King at the lake and the neighborhood, being introduced to several couples and families. Jake was very popular in the area. There was lots of teasing about the Dolphins and Falcons meeting later in the year. I met the teenager and his parents who take care of King when Jake is gone. I waved to them as we walked down the street with King, obediently at my side.

I commented to him, "They seem like good people."

"They are. Very good. They've instilled in Bobby very good values. He is still thrilled anytime I have him, his dad and a few of his friends over to watch a game on the large screen."

I hugged his arm, King's leash loosely hanging from my wrist. I look up at him from the side, "It shows you are a good man, too." He smiled and kissed the top of my head.

I was in the midst of another swim. I am addicted to swimming outside in a regulation length pool and naked. The feeling is very sensuous and it fits with Jake's hinting. The thoughts course through my mind as I go back and forth. He has been dropping his preferences for me as subtle comments, ideas, or suggestions for the moment. Although I had both a bikini and a swimming single-piece, he teased me to use the pool naked. As I left the pool or stood at the doors early in morning, he was quick to point out the yard and pool area were very private. It was obvious he was encouraging me to be and remain naked around the pool, the backyard, and in the house.

After spending most of the first day walking, investigating the neighborhood, and swimming, he elected to grill fish for dinner. He prepared it all and told me to get ready for dinner. I turned to the house, then turned back to ask what that meant. I wanted to please and 'get ready' could mean almost anything, but his comments so far about me around the house seemed to indicate he might have something in mind. He did. He suggested something very sexy, lingerie, lots of exposed skin. I returned to him, hugging him and looking up into his face.

"Specifically, you have something in mind."

He smiled and kissed me, "Sexy lingerie, heels, and no dress." A small shiver of excitement flowed through me as I was understanding where all this would be headed in the relationship. He had been very careful not to assume or anticipate too much as we moved closer to acceptance, but we both

understood what my submissiveness meant and where it could take us.

I returned with my hair done and dressed based on his suggestion and what I had available. He had apparently changed while I was busy in the shower and bathroom. He was in tan Dockers, a buttoned short-sleeve shirt, and loafers without socks. I had on a bra, panties, and 3" heels. He complimented me and made me feel like the sexiest woman he ever knew throughout dinner and the evening, making love to me in the family room later.

The next day, though, he took me shopping. He clearly had something more in mind. He selected a couple thin, lacy bra/thong sets in white and black and similar sets only very sheer. He added matching stockings, both stay-up and garter belt. He then added 4" heels. The final stop was nightgowns, selecting a baby-doll and floor-length, both with matching thongs. It was now very clear what this man's idea of sexy entailed. And, I loved the idea of giving him the very image of eroticism he envisioned.

The next day, our sexuality moved in a direction I never expected. He found me catching a few rays by the pool. I was naked, of course, and he took the obvious opportunity to make love to me under the sun on the patio. I could hear light traffic on the street in front and a speedboat on the lake in the distance. As he ate my pussy, I caught the sight of a passing airliner. Outdoor sex was so stimulating. It was clear to me his attention to my pussy was not a passing effort to tease me but we were moving in the direction of a full out fuck.

I swung my leg over his head, extracting my pussy from his mouth. Regardless of how good his licking and munching had been, I was more intent on getting him hard. I enjoyed his attention, but I had discovered my being near him was enough to start me juicing. I always seemed ready for sex around him. I even expressed some concern about that to him and, at first, he laughed about how that could possibly be a negative. Then seeing I had some concern, that perhaps I was just a slutty nymphomaniac or something, he held me tightly and apologized for his callousness. He went on to explain in some detail what it meant to him, that it was my body's natural preparation for pleasing the man I had chosen to guide me. Two things came from that explanation for me: I accepted it fully since I did desire to please and serve him; and, he was thinking steps ahead, beyond the relationship we had formally discussed and that pleased me, too.

I changed places with him, having him recline on the lounge I had been occupying. After I stripped off his shorts, that is. Every time I sucked his cock, I attempted to take more of his cock into my mouth. I had never been one to deepthroat cocks, but I had never been involved with a man like Jake that it had ever seemed important to try. I was consciously trying, though I had a long way to go in that effort.

I fucked him cowgirl with him staying on the lounge. That actually worked really well since it gave me the ability to use my legs like squat workouts. Just imagine, fucking and enhancing my butt at the same time. It was easier and easier for me to take his cock completely into me, taking less effort to pass the point of overcoming my body's natural inclination to resist. It was complete pleasure now from initial penetration and definitely through orgasm.

Jake moved another lounge next to the one we had been using and we lay naked holding hands. I had dosed when I felt licking between my legs. I was about to absently reach down to touch his head when I realized I was still holding his hand to the side. Whoever was licking me, it wasn't Jake. With a start, I scooted up the lounge and stared into the massive snout of King between my legs, his wide, long tongue licking his lips, which immediately seemed very obscene to me.

Jake squeezed my hand and I tore my eyes from King to look at him. He had a gentle smile on his

face, "Did it feel good?" My look, I was sure, registered some shock, but I nodded. It really did, it was seeing the dog that created my reaction. He smiled and gestured with his head to King who was still watching me, "Go with it, then. See what happens."

I was still dubious, but I had, of course, heard stories of what some women have been able to do with animals sexually. It had just never occurred to me that I might be one to experiment with one myself. Jake's gentle encouragement tipped the scales, though. This was something he was curious about. Please and serve, it was who I was for the right man.

I leaned back into the lounge and slid back into position, spreading my legs and allowing them to fall off the sides of the lounge. There was a hesitation from King as if he was determining what was allowed due to my previous reaction. I glanced at Jake and he shrugged. I looked back at King, sat up without moving the position of my legs, and patted his head reassuringly. I then patted my abdomen just about my pussy. He watched my hands, looked up at me, again, then moved his snout to the spot between my thighs. I rested back but supported myself on my elbows so I could watch what happened. He sniffed at my pussy and it occurred to me that Jake's cum and my scent would naturally be strong at the moment and that most likely was what had attracted him initially.

When his tongue came out, swiping along my slit and flicking over my clit, I gasped. The sensation I had felt in my half-awake state was nothing like what I just felt. His long, thick, wide tongue pulled over my lips and clit hood. He seemed to stop and consider me as if weighing the effectiveness of his effort. I dropped my upper body back onto the lounge and spread my legs further. I felt my hand being taken by Jake, again, though my only thoughts were on the next lick coming from that tongue. Within only a few licks, my sighs turned into gasps that turned into low, guttural moans that seemed to roll from my mouth like thunder from a distant storm. In minutes, my hips were raised off the lounge surface as I sought his tongue more firmly on my sex. When the tip parted my lips and opened my pussy, I cried out, my legs and stomach tight in anticipation of the next contact.

My orgasm on the tongue of King was amazing, possibly because I had never expected such a feeling coming from the efforts of a dog. I was collapsed on the lounge with a satisfied smile on my face, if not reflected on my entire body. I blew a large lungful of air out and sighed contentedly. I glanced down my body and found King sitting at the end of the lounge watching me. I had the strangest feeling he was watching me with a sense of expectation. I cocked my head in curiosity at him and he duplicated the movement with his own head. I chuckled at that.

I felt Jake squeeze my hand and I looked over at him. He asked me how that felt and I confirmed to him what he could already guess from the moaning and obvious orgasm. He smiled and looked to King. I did as he did, then quizzically looked back at Jake. I only saw the dog still watching me. His free hand pointed down to the ground by King. I sat up to look down where Jake was indicating. What I saw made me speechless ... for a moment, anyway.

"My god!" I had never had a reason to think much about dog cocks and wasn't particularly versed in the variety of cocks besides human males. I had already been shocked the first time seeing Jake's, now I was reacting in a similar way at seeing the cock underneath his dog. It was a reddish color and large but oddly shaped, not at all like the shape of a human cock. It had a smaller tip at the head, the exposed shaft growing thicker before tapering down going to the sheath.

I looked over at Jake, realizing my mouth was hanging open and made a show of using a finger to push it closed. He chuckled, then his face changed and I wondered what was going through his mind. He had just talked me into letting the dog give me oral sex, could there possibly be more? Silly question.

"Look what happened to him while he was pleasuring you?" I did and immediately sensed where this was going? Was he actually going to tell me to do it or let me reach that decision on my own? What decision, I already thought of it. Now, I had to decide if sucking cock was sucking cock and what difference did it make what the cock was attached to. It seemed like a futile question to debate. I knew where Jake was headed with this and I have found that I like sucking cock and King had pleased me so well ...

I glanced at Jake. He was only watching me at this point. I caught nothing in his appearance or facial feedback that told me anything. But I really didn't have much question about what he had meant earlier. He was pushing me. Something had changed slightly, being here, opening up to him, my earnest effort to make our sex full for him, my slipping comments that continued to remind him and me what I had learned about myself from Dr. Jenna. Maybe it was all those things combined that seemed to open the door for him to push me a little further in our relationship. Maybe it was a preliminary to determining the extent of how our roles would be defined as we move forward. Whatever it was, I wasn't afraid of it. That's what I realized at that moment. I had approached him sexually to do whatever it took to please and serve him in pleasure. He tested me on my willingness to accept some level of kink and fetish. Now, he was asking if I would take another step in that same direction. As I released his hand and scooted my butt down the lounge, I wondered if there was ever any real doubt about what I would do, if there will be any doubt about what I will ever do for him.

I pulled the cushion off a nearby lounge and dropped it on the patio tile. I knelt on it and patted the ground for King to come to me. He did, his massive tongue playfully coming out to swipe my face having no idea what was about to happen to him. I purposely ignored Jake now, my attention only on King. With some effort, I convinced him I wanted him to lay down and not have playtime. I reassured him with strokes to his large body and up to his head. I moved to his head, nuzzling him and giving him soft, soothing sounds near his ear as I stroked his head, ears, neck and down his side. I looked down his body as my hand moved from his side to his belly and his reddish cock was still exposed, though it might have retreated a little back in his sheath.

I knew how to suck cock. What I didn't know was how the big guy might react as I did it. I doubted this had happened to him before and I doubted that Jake would be of any help in educating me. So, I continued to ignore him.

The first wayward touch of my fingers to his sheath resulted in a quick flinch from King, his head rising and looking down at his hind-end, then at me as if to question what I was doing. The quick bond we had developed, however, seemed to bypass any major concern or tension he might have felt. With that confidence reinforcement, I allowed the next touches to be bolder, gliding over the sheath. As I did that, more of his cock began emerging and his head returned to the ground. I wasn't sure of what the proper approach to loving dog cock should be and decided right there some internet research might be helpful if such a thing was available for dogs.

I decided to skip further finger manipulation and teasing and moved to using my mouth. This was going to be a major trust moment because I wouldn't be in a position to anticipate his actions, specifically that mouth full of teeth, if he felt threatened. Now this relationship wasn't simply a matter of trust in Jake, but also in his dog? I smiled as I smoothly moved down his body.

I blew on his cock tip to get a reaction from King, then gave it a kiss. I sensed nothing from him other than a slight flinch, which I didn't take as unexpected. I kissed the tip, again, this time allowing the tip between my lips. I felt a watery substance from the end of his cock and looked closely, my tongue licking my lips in the process. His cock seemed to be secreting frequent pre-cum. Perhaps it was to aid the female in penetration and fucking. I giggled, that won't be my problem.

I took more of his cock into my mouth, then sliding my mouth over the exposed length, noticing that the cock was penetrating my mouth deeper and deeper. I pulled away and smiled. Like master, like dog. They both had large cocks. I resumed sucking and gently fucking his cock with my mouth until I felt the tip at my throat and something forming at my lips, something that was obstructing entry past my lips. I pulled back again to find a ball at the end of his cock. It must have been the size of a baseball. I then saw his cock twitch and a whine come from his throat. I recaptured his cock in my mouth, fucking it a few more times, bumping my throat and the ball of flesh and muscle. His rear jerked and I pulled back so only a few inches was still inside my mouth. And he came. Spurt after spurt after spurt. I couldn't swallow it all, though I tried. I sat up on my knees, looked at Jake and licked my lips. His smile seemed very pleased.

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### CHAPTER THREE

"We're still on for dinner tonight? You'll let me know what you think of my idea?" I nodded at him and I know I blushed. His idea seemed outrageous. His idea was the most exciting thing I had ever considered.

"I will pick you up here at 6:30. Wear THAT dress." My eyes opened wide and he nodded. Then he left. I stepped back into the apartment and closed the door, leaning against it and suddenly realized I had been standing in the open doorway naked as I saw him off. God, I have never felt the way I do with him. And that dress! He had taken me out in search of a special dress. We ventured to many of the exquisite dress shops in Atlanta until he saw this one. When I tried it on, I initially wouldn't come out of the dressing room to show him. It took me five minutes to work up the nerve, but, as in most things with me, he was exceptionally patient. The dress was a thin satin. It was loose about my body and attached by halter ties behind the neck. The back and sides were bare and it hung down the front, wrapping around to barely covering my ass crack, and ending at mid-thigh. There was no way to wear a bra and the garment had no built-in cups. As I tried it on, I could see that I couldn't wear a panty or thong as either would show under the material and ruin the smooth shape of it on my body. Depending on how the dress gapped by my position it was possible to see the sides of my breasts either on the sides or down the low V-neckline in front. And, if that didn't make me feel exhibited enough, the material without a bra clung to my nipples. When they became erect, it showed clearly. And, I had a very real tendency to be excited when I was with him. At the same time, he bought me 4-inch strap heels to match the silver colored dress.

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I was leaning forward at the little table he had asked for in the restaurant, tucked away in the corner, windows on two sides and giant planters separating us from the nearest tables. I was fascinated by what he was recounting about his day. A part of his 'protection and security' business was simply bodyguard and some of his clients were public figures. He has been hired by musicians, actors, social media names, business people and the occasional politician, but obviously not the kind that would have Secret Service protection. The assignment ending today in Atlanta was light work for him. There was nothing dangerous, the man simply had a giant-sized ego and wanted to approach the meetings with an entourage. The descriptions Jake provided, though, were comical. Of course, I could never share any of it with anyone.

Every time the server, a young woman, approached the table I reminded myself to sit straight in my chair. This dress, I was beginning to think, was as much for the exhibitionism potential, though he insisted he just felt it was extremely sexy on me. And I believed that an exhibitionistic dress would be exactly the kind of thing he would find sexy on me. But, how could I complain, especially given

the topic of our dinner ...

We made it through the preliminary drinks, salad, and now the entrees served. I was tasting my seafood, rice, and asparagus. He had stuck with steak. I sometimes thought his ideal meal might be a large steak with two sides of meat.

He looked across the table at me and waited. I looked up with a smile. He was ready to begin. Was he going to begin or did he consider the issue known well enough for me to begin? I waited, took a sip of my wine and watched him over the rim of my glass. He cut another slice of steak, dipped it into the juices on the plate, and watched me as he put it into his mouth. I smiled.

"To the general nature of your proposal, my response is 'YES'." He glanced up at me as he cut another piece of his green beans, spearing several with his fork and feeding them into his mouth. Given the topic of our discussion, when his tongue came out and licked some sauce from his lips, I nearly creamed right there. "I agree to the point of committing my submissive nature to you, Sir. I will be your willing and eager sexual submissive."

He put his fork down and took a sip of wine, placing the glass back down, he paused in consideration of something. "Sir? What is that, Lara? Was 'Sir' something one of the past made you say? I don't want something in our relationship that might be a negative memory for you. This is supposed to be a new beginning for both of us. From the moment I first encountered you, I have never known anyone like you, not even close."

I smiled and reached across the table. His hand extended out to meet mine half way. "Jake, dear Jake. They were never that creative or imaginative. The name 'Sir' will be from deep respect, trust, and love. I am not giving myself to be enslaved, abused, manipulated, or humiliated. I am giving myself to you because I believe with my entire mind, heart, and soul that you can and will fulfill me. You understand me, you know what and who I am and I trust in you to protect that."

He squeezed my hand, his eyes deep in mine, "You don't need to use 'Sir'."

I smiled, "I might not all the time, but, frankly, thinking of you and reacting to you as 'Sir' is exciting." I looked around us to be sure of some privacy, "I am so wet right now, Jake, I can't believe it."

He chuckled, "As far as I have known, I think you are always wet."

I blushed, "Only when I am around you, Sir." He smiled.

"You seem so sure about all this, Lara. Are you?"

"Yes! I have spent a lot of my time when we have been apart thinking about us and you and me as a couple and as individuals. I have spent more time with Dr. Jenna, too. I never told you that because I had to be sure I wasn't fooling myself. She quizzed me and argued hard. In the end, she knew I was right. We ended up sharing about everything even about her. Sometime, Jake, we need to reach out to her. Maybe when we are settled." He looked at me quizzically but didn't pursue, not now. Now, he simply smiled and nodded, agreeing, accepting.

"Jake, do you remember the Aretha Franklin song, Natural Woman?" Of course, he did, even if the words weren't right on his tongue. "I always wondered why that song struck me as so telling. Now, I know." I nervously, quietly sang the lines that meant so much:

"And when I knew I had to face another day



Lord, it made me feel so tired.  
Before the day I met you, life was so unkind  
But you're the key to my peace of mind.

"When my soul was in the lost and found  
You came along to claim it.  
I didn't know just what was wrong with me  
Till your kiss helped me name it.  
Now I'm no longer doubtful of what I'm living for  
And if I make you happy, I don't need to do more."

He squeezed my hand tighter, his eyes were moist and I felt drops running down my cheeks. "Jake, that's you. All this time of singing that song to myself. I was waiting for you, Jake. So, when I call you 'Sir', that is where it comes from. 'I am no longer doubtful of what I'm living for.' My personality desires to please and serve. 'If I make you happy, I don't need to do more.'"

I looked around the table, again. He was silent. I don't think he had any idea what I might say to him next. "So, I am yours. Not as a slave, but as your submissive with respect and trust and honor and love. I will strive to do what you say, when you say it, where you say, and with whomever or whatever you say." He looked puzzled at the last part. I smiled, "I figured after what you got me to do with King ... well, there might be more of that." He laughed and seemed to enjoy the memory and possibilities. I continued, "You let me know what and how to dress." I looked down at my lap and could see my nipples as the dress gapped and smiled. He understood.

"I do have an important qualifier, though. Just to be sure, I don't want any situation that could have us be arrested or publicly embarrassing. Neither of us needs that." He nodded. "And, nothing exhibitionistic anywhere that might impact families or kids."

He looked at me with a smile that filled his face. "Wow! I expected a discussion. Maybe even a point by point negotiation. You really have thought this through. We'll work out more details as we go, but I do have a few things."

I smiled and gestured with my hand for him to continue. This time I forked some fish into my mouth.

"I have in mind something of a commitment ceremony, but we'll talk about that. Some close friends, only."

"Some close friends to see me committing myself to you? Interesting. And, who are these 'friends'?"

"We'll get to that." He smiled. I think we were entering into the 'with whomever' part. He continued, "As we talked previously, we need to put into works discussion with your company about your moving to Florida but keep your job remotely." I nodded, that will be an interesting discussion given the proprietary nature of their analysis, wealthy projection algorithms, and client information database.

When the server took the bill and credit card away for processing, Jake leaned forward. "Have you noticed how much the server has been eyeing you in that dress?"

"A woman?" He nodded.

I stood up as she returned with the credit card. As Jake signed, the server turned to me, "Ma'am, I hope you don't mind, but I love the way that dress looks on you."

I gazed at what I could see of her body, "I think you would look good in it, too. Consider taking your boyfriend to Elena's." I noticed no ring on her finger. She corrected me discretely, partner. I smiled, "Take her there and model it for her. Even if you don't buy it, your evening might improve." I winked at her, "Mine did." She smiled, thanked Jake, and watched us leave. I looked back at her, knowing what my back and ass looked like in the dress. I blew her a kiss.

Back in my apartment, I led him directly into the bedroom. With the unfastening of the halter string, my dress fell to the floor leaving me in stockings and heels. I quickly undressed Jake and gobbled up his cock until it was soon at half-mast showing there wouldn't be much more attention required for it to be a raging hard-on. I pulled back the covers of the bed and pointed to it, telling him I would be right back with some wine.

I stood in the doorway, a glass of wine in each hand. Stretched out on the white sheets of my bed was a handsome, large, very black man relaxed with his forearms crossed behind his head. His cock was still semi-hard and I wondered if he hadn't stroked it himself while I was gone or if the anticipation had kept him in that condition. He pulled his arms from behind his head and reached out to me. I placed the wine on the bedside table and crawled onto the bed and spread my body alongside his. I reached up to kiss his lips, then his chest, supporting my head on my bent arm as I looked into his face. He returned the look and I smiled. I rolled onto his body. I aligned his semi-hard cock between my legs and onto my abdomen. I slid my seemingly always wet pussy over his length. I kissed him as my pussy made his stiffening cock slick with my wetness. His cock quickly stiffened underneath me.

I sat upright on him, raised my hips above his hips, took hold of his hard-enough cock and positioned it vertically, then inserted it into me and slowly and deliciously sank down the length, allowing gravity to aid in penetrating, stretching, and expanding my hole and pussy. After bumping up and down a few times at the end, I bottomed out with his cock at the top of my vagina, but my hips on his. I was now able to take his full width and length smoothly and with only insignificant discomfort at the beginning. It crossed my mind as a curiosity how much more I might be able to work in. How elastic were my insides? Jake was the largest cock I could imagine, even larger than King's. What was I turning into that I even wondered such things?

I usually initiated fucking him in the cowgirl position and that was what I was doing. Fucking him hard and fast and easy and gentle. Random changes to vary the sensations. We had both risen in stimulation to the same level of groans, moans, and gasps, each using our hands and fingers to induce added stimulation. But, if things went the way they had been going with us, this wouldn't last long.

He pulled me down onto his chest, kissing me deeply, his eyes blazing and I knew it was happening again. I moved sharply to the side and I pulled my legs around his hips as we rolled. I groaned as the move drove his cock abruptly into the end of my vagina. I mumbled an exclamation of my joy and love. He kissed me, then shifted with his knees to drive firmly into me. I cried out, my hands leaving him and grasping the bedding, clenching it in my fists. He ground his pelvic bone into my clit, pulling his cock almost all the way out, holding it just inside my lips, gazing into my eyes. I returned the gaze but it was blurred by lust. I squeezed his cock head just inside me and he moaned. He thrust hard into me and as he did I understood the drive, the desperation. I felt his giant cock jerk against the walls of my pussy and I knew he was close, very close. I was closer, though. My body erupted. I felt my nipples and clit tingle. I felt the walls of my pussy clenching, relaxing, spasming around the cock trapped inside with my legs wrapped tightly around him.

His first spurt inside me was distinct and clear in my orgasmic clouded mind. My body, my pussy, recorded the instant, the feel of spurt after spurt of vaginal drenching cum, his seed pouring into

me.

After needed minutes of recovery, I kissed his lips and rolled to the edge of the bed. His hand reached out to pull me back into his arms. I giggled and moved away. I stood on shaky legs, my first step not more than a stumble. He reacted but I put out my hand for him to stay. I walked to the doorway, bracing myself there only a moment before venturing into the kitchen.

I poured two more glasses of wine, then used a paper towel to wipe at my pussy, gasping at the amount of cum leaking from it, now evident on the paper. I giggled, again.

We clinked glasses as if to toast the smooth collaboration of our bodies. He had moved to lean against the headboard and motion for me to join him, his arm out to the side to let me know exactly where he wanted me. I smiled and gulped some wine, put my half empty glass on the bedside table, and crawled across the side of the bed to his soft cock. I licked it from the head to his balls, then kissed and sucked any remaining evidence of our mating from it. I moved to the head, taking it into my mouth and sucking intently, with a fixed determination that brought a groan from his lips.

In due course, I had him hard. When I looked back into his face, the lust in my eyes was blazing. He wasted no time in deciding the next course of action. He turned me around and lifted my butt in the air, my knees coming under me to support the position. I felt his hands on my butt cheeks and I spread my knees in invitation. He pressed his cock head against my pussy, the lips of my opening putting up no resistance, instead, they undoubtedly presented a glistening image of welcome and enticement. We were again coupled. He drove in carefully but firmly in one smooth stroke until his hips impacted my butt. I raised my head and gave him a long, low, guttural moan that rose from some place animalistic deep inside me. He grunted as he pushed back in and I would have accepted hearing both of us sending up a mutual howl into the night air like the two rutting animals it seemed we would become.

This fuck was more forceful, more dominating, more alpha animal with his bitch. He was that kind of man. He was careful, soft, gentle, and tender one time, often the first time. Then, the alpha could come out to play, to dominate, to master his woman or bitch. But, even as the alpha there was no abuse, no intimidation. Even when he was the alpha, like now, he still made me secure, cared for, protected. But, when his animal came out, he brought out my animal, and we were joined in the ancestral instincts and needs passed down through the eons but pushed aside by modern society. He made it right and good to release my animal, to release everything inside me.

He pressed against me as he fucked me from behind, pressing and driving until I couldn't hold my position on my knees. I was flat on my front, pressed into the bed, my legs wide, him between my legs and driving his cock into me hard and fast. Unconscious of anything but the huge cock thrusting in and out of my pussy, my hands gripped the bed, gripped and pulled for something to provide a sense of anchor.

I orgasmed as he plowed into me. I went limp, a fuck hole now for him. He continued to thrust, pull out and thrust back in. My body, still not fully released from the orgasm, started reacting to another crest washing toward me like a wave out in the ocean, coming, coming, getting bigger and bigger. I tilted my hips up at him. I slipped a hand underneath and stroked my clit. I felt his cock harden to steel rod inside me, then being pressed hard and deep ... and erupt again inside me. I joined him. His spurt shot me like a powerful kick of a surfer to ride this magnificent wave to its conclusion near the shore.

I was wasted. My arms and legs seemed non-responsive, but I was being turned and I realized it was Jake who pulled me into his arms. I sighed the sigh of the weary, but satisfied.

I was dreaming of sucking his cock. The dream was very similar to what I had really performed just that morning. As my senses caught up with me, though, my dream wasn't a dream. My dream was only reflecting what I was doing. Somehow, in my sleep, I had turned down his body. I opened my eyes with his cockhead in my mouth, gently sucking on it. I didn't lift my head away. Instead, I stopped and listened. He was gently snoring, little moans interrupting the snoring on occasion. Awake now, I decided to continue in earnest. I wanted him to cum in my mouth.

My sucking eventually had the inevitable effect of waking him from his dream of having his cock sucked. His hand found my head shortly after his mind recognized the reality of his dream.

"What has gotten into you?" I mumbled around the cock in my mouth. He chuckled, "What?"

I lifted my mouth off for a moment, "You. You've gotten into me. Don't you remember?"

He sighed as my sucking took more energy. "Yes ... I very much remember that. Now, this?"

"Npmf theths." I giggled, "Now this. You don't want to cum, again?"

"Lara, dear, it isn't that I don't want to ... I don't think I have ever cum three times in this timeframe."

I went back to sucking. Finally lifting my mouth as his hips raised off the bed. "I thought you trusted me. Trust me ... you will."

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Over the next weeks, he worked and I worked. We talked on the phone sometimes morning and night. I used the Ben Wa balls religiously when I was home, walking around the apartment naked while holding the balls inside me. In time, I achieved one of the goals I set for myself, holding the balls inside while doing squats naked.

During this time, I also worked up my analysis and strategy for talking to my Account Manager about my job. Our plan was to get the company to allow me to be their first and only remote Account Analyst. The plan required my manager to be in support for it to have any chance with the levels above him. It would require me having access to the company system including their database and client files. One of the sticking points would be a secure system for connection, but Jake assured me he could cover that. The reason we thought we had a chance was some of his friends had already expressed an interest in Innovative Financial but if we could bring them in as clients after the switch it would show benefit. Jake was also sure he could arrange meetings with several of the Pro teams, especially during rookie camps and meetings where the League had an interest in trying to enlighten these kids who were suddenly millionaires.

I was the analyst, not the forceful presenter. Jake was forceful and presented an imposing impression. He couldn't be the one making the negotiation arguments, however. It was my job in my company, it had to fall to me. Jake was magical. He instilled such confidence in me that even I was beginning to believe I could handle the negotiation up against my manager who did those kinds of things every day in the face of people who had created million-dollar portfolios by their own will and effort. Remembering that, I would start weakening, again.

I had the Power Point done and revised it numerous times by Jake's suggestions. I thought we were as good as we were going to be. Jake wasn't through, though. He kept pointing me back to my athletics and the mantra of any good coach: Practice, Practice, and Practice more. He wanted me back in Florida for the weekend to go over it, again, face-to-face.

I took Friday afternoon off and took an early afternoon flight, arriving in the house well before dinner. I went out to the back before anything else to greet King. He was waiting outside the back sliding doors. How do animals do that? How can they sense something is going to happen? But, there he was as if he just knew I was coming back.

I dumped my small bag on the bed, then decided to put things away in the hopes of minimizing wrinkles. I opened the closet Jake already designated as mine even though it was essentially empty. When I opened it, though, I was surprised to find a wide variety of negligees hanging from padded hangers. On the shelves at the side, intended for shoes, were four pairs of high heels, all of them 4" heels with ankle straps.

I went to my dresser, pulled out the drawers to find lacy or sheer intimates, bras, thongs, stockings in packages, and garter belts. He apparently remembered my sizes from the earlier shopping trip. It was also clear what he felt my appropriate at-home attire should be. I tingled at the prospect of what it was signifying for my future.

I looked up at the doorway and found him watching. "I hope it wasn't too presumptuous."

I walked over and threw my arms around his neck, kissing him. "As your submissive, Sir, how can it be presumptuous?"

He studied my face intently. Then a smile formed, he reached behind me and lowered the zipper of my sundress. "In that case, you are overdressed." I smiled back and shrugged out of the dress. I took it to the closet and hung it up along with other things from my bag. I slipped on a pair of the new high heels and came to him, standing two feet from him, my hands at my side to allow him open gaze of my body.

He took my hand to lead me into the back patio. He opened a bottle of wine and we talked. He said there would be no laptop, no presentation, no discussion, analysis, or preparation of the job negotiation until Saturday. He grilled and I threw together a salad. We opened another bottle of wine.

When we sat down for dinner in the outdoor room, he slid a package to me. He nodded at it so I took it up and unwrapped it. It had some weight to it. I glanced up, finding him watching intently as he sipped his wine. Once opened, I found an 8" dildo with a suction base and what looked like a small electronic remote. He put his hand out and I placed the remote into it. He pressed a button and I could feel the dildo come alive. He pressed another button and it vibrated, pressed another button and it started rotating. My mouth dropped open, then he turned it off and looked at me. I was flushed. I understood exactly what was happening. He was taking me through progressive steps into being the submissive he desired and my body showed that it was eager to follow him on whatever journey he wanted to take. I rose from my chair, a vinyl covered seat, moistened the suction cup with some water from my glass, secured it to the seat, then lowered my pussy over the phallus while keeping eye contact with him. It was much smaller than Jake's cock but still substantial. Then the vibration started, then the rotating motion.

He tested my concentration with a discussion of our future life together. He had ideas for our relationship, our time together, and our roles in the relationship. He was very interested in exploring my submissive role and acceptance fully. He confided he had also been in contact with Dr. Jenna and she expressed both professional and personal interest in helping us in that exploration. The discussion alone would have made me tingle and become very wet. With the dildo being remotely controlled and fluctuating inside me, I was having difficulty following everything he was relating to me. All I knew was if he made me feel this way, I would do anything for him.

When I orgasmed at the table, I dropped my utensils and gripped the edge of the table, my upper body hunched forward as it washed over me starting in my pussy, traveling up through my body, my nipples sent tingling as did my clit. My arms and legs shivered and my head sank like it was a heavy weight. My eyes squeezed shut and my mouth opened, gasping, I leaned back into the chair as my orgasm ebbed and only then recognized the dildo had stopped all motion but moved with me as my body shifted back in the chair. I opened my eyes to find him sitting back, his eyes on me as they traveled over my exposed body. He sipped his wine.

"I love to watch you orgasm." I gave him a weak smile. The smile in recognition of his statement and appreciation of what he just gave me and the implications of that action.

I finished my wine in a gulp, got up and took his mouth with mine, thanking him verbally. I then took up his plate and glass. He put out a hand to stop me, but I protested.

"Please and serve, remember? It is what I want." I kissed him, feeling his hand on my naked ass. "Dr. Jenna might be a good idea. We both have some adjustments to make. I need to settle into being focused on pleasing and serving. You need to be comfortable in directing me while keeping the situation safe." His hand slipped between my thighs and I separated my feet further to give him access, which he took advantage of, his fingers finding my pussy and stroking my soaking lips and hole. I kissed him, trying to act as though his fingers on my pussy was the most appropriate thing to expect to have happen. "Thank you, Sir." He smiled.

After cleaning up the dishes and kitchen, I found him by the pool, King curled up next to him. King raised his head as I opened and closed the door, his tail whopping against the ground at my approach.

Jake cocked his head back and I leaned over his shoulder to kiss him on the mouth upside down. "He's the second male happy to see you." I kissed his forehead and bent down to scratch King's ears. He lifted his head, sniffing in the direction of my pussy. "He's caught your scent. Dogs have very good sense of smell, especially, it appears when it comes to the scent of a female. How interesting, two males and one female."

My heart started racing. My god, two big steps in the same evening. What did he have in mind for me, now? He had me suck King before, was that what he had in mind? Maybe even while being fucked by him, maybe even in the doggy position to make it more meaningful, suggestive?

"How do you suggest we take care of this situation?" Even worse, he wanted me to suggest how. I stuttered out the response that had just crossed my mind. He smiled and sat up, causing King to rise, also. He smiled, "Close, but you have it turned around."

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## CHAPTER FOUR

Since the last time here when Jake introduced me to oral sex with King, I knew this was an inevitable outcome. I knew he would sooner or later suggest that I fuck King, too. I also knew he wouldn't force me emotionally, psychologically, or physically. But, I knew, just like now, that he would want me to do it. And the way he introduced it seemed almost perfect. The three of us together was reinforcing and comforting.

Because I knew this was eventually coming up to me, I did some research between visits to Florida. It was an awkward internet search for me, though. I wasn't used to cruising porn sites in search of videos, photos, and graphic descriptions of dogs mounting human women. Much to my surprise,

though, I encountered a plethora of information and depiction of exactly that. I was immediately taken by the energy and force of dogs fucking. I was also shocked by how many of the videos showed the dog climb onto the woman's back, thrust almost uncontrollably, then seem to lose penetration, and wander around, sometimes remounting and other times not. I found videos of male partners assisting, holding the dog in place until the dog was capable of remaining penetrated in the woman. This all seemed weird to me. I had already sucked King and found his cock was substantial but he was a big dog. Dog cock seemed to be proportional to the size of the dog breed. Great Danes' were larger than the average human male. According to some sites, most medium to large dogs like German Shepherds had a cock closer to the size of a human male except for the knot which was always bigger in girth and formed the tie at the end of the mating. The tie was significant in the evolutionary process of canine breeding, but also something that many women commented was an especially enjoyable part of canine sex.

As my search honed in on process and technique, I visited forums where I could have specific questions addressed. This was most helpful and I found several women who were very encouraging and supportive. Several of them, being regular enthusiasts of canine sex, highly recommended an approach that duplicated how a loving woman would approach her human partner. They suggested getting the dog hard and out of the sheath far enough to allow good initial penetration. Then, a helpful trick was to aid the dog in penetrating by guiding the cock with the hand. Almost universally, women negatively commented about the poking and probing of the hard penis bone into butt cheeks and the tender area around the pussy before penetration. That was one of the reasons for someone to assist, but if canine sex was going to ongoing, being able to make the assistance yourself was important. I had to agree with those women.

I replayed all of that in my mind as I psychologically prepared myself for my first mounting. In my mind, an additional issue was the size of King. As I saw King standing, I was convinced that this wasn't about me being on my hands and knees. Although it might be possible, King would be out of position and uncomfortable and deep penetration might not be achieved. I wanted this to be right, not just for me, but for King and in Jake's eyes.

I smiled and nodded my understanding. I went to the foot of the sun lounger he was on. His feet moved off the sides as if not even conscious of the action. His eyes were studying my action showing an element of intrigue. My impression was he was surprised how I accepted his suggestion. I patted the ground to have King lay on his side. I saw his cock tip was just showing. I went to my knees and didn't hesitate in lowering my face to his belly and crotch. I licked the exposed tip, then put it between my lips, sucking out the precum that I knew would be there. I was rewarded with some and I sucked harder, more precum coming to me but more cock also exiting the sheath. I continued to greedily suck his cock, taking more into my mouth as I did, my tongue swirling around the tip inside my mouth. I was anxious and the level of my need to be doing this even surprised me.

When I had four to five inches of cock out of the sheath, I rose from the ground and knelt on the foot of the lounge. This added another six inches to the height of my ass and I hoped it would be sufficient for King to make a good mount and penetration. I smacked my ass several times and King rose. He was confused. He had licked me several times and I had sucked him several times, but this was something new, again. He came up behind me and I felt his snout approaching my ass, first the air expelled from his nose, then his tongue coming out. This was familiar to him and my knees shifted to the edge of the lounger, opening myself up more to him. I allowed for him to lick me for a minute, not so much to prepare me, I was ready, but because I liked it and he seemed to, also. Then I moved a hand back and moved his snout, patting my ass, again. Nothing happened for a moment, then I suddenly felt his weight on my back. When you suddenly have most of the 165 pounds of quickly humping dog on you, it takes your breath away. Despite all my preparation and intention, I was slow in getting my hand between my legs to assist him, something I decided I would get better

at with practice. The thought made me giggle through the gasping coming from my mouth.

As it happened, it took King five probes to sink into my pussy before my hand could be of any assistance. I cried out at the penetration and I felt Jake's hand on my shoulder, which felt reassuring and supportive. At the touch, I looked up at him sitting right there. I know my eyes were glazed over in lust and my mouth hung open as I gasped and grunted, but I tried to give him a smile. What it projected, I couldn't be sure. What I caught in his expression, though, was clear. I saw the look of respect and admiration. I almost came right there.

From watching the videos online, I recognized the frantic, frenetic humping of dogs. But, this was more than I had imagined it might actually feel like in reality. It was totally animalistic and primal. And, King was a careful and loving pet. A stray or semi-wild dog might be frightening to experience.

I felt pressure on the top of my head. I looked up and found Jake looking at me intently. He looked down and I followed his gaze to find his cock straining, fully erect and his hands holding it vertically before me. I smiled, not up at him but down at his cock. I opened my mouth, or rather, opened it more to accept his wonderful specimen into my mouth.

I was being pounded by King's cock into me with a fury I had never imagined. Jake's cock spread me completely, but this was so different. But, when I felt a bumping of something on the outside of my pussy, I was initially confused, so intent was I to manage the thrusts into my pussy and the cock in my mouth. When it finally occurred to me that the knot was forming, I climaxed. It was a small one, but real. The mental image of being mated by this giant dog, not only fucked but his knot going inside me, it was too much. It wasn't inside me, though. It was still bumping me.

I had seen his knot and it looked huge. I researched it to find a Great Dane's knot could be the size of a baseball. I actually went to a sports store to look. A baseball is just under three inches in diameter. Jake's cock is three in wide, not circular, but ... if I can take Jake, I can take King's knot. I think.

I pressed back at King's pounding as he pressed against me, our joint effort to get that knot inside me. That was his signal that the mating process was ready. I still felt stretched as it passed in, undoubtedly because of the more uniform shape. When it passed into me, I felt everything happen. His cock, his knot, my receding orgasm all working together. His cock and knot grew inside me, expanding more in length, but mostly in girth. His fucking stroke was constricted by the knot but it was forceful. At the moment when it happened, it happened to both of us. I felt him twitch inside me plainly, then his cumming, spurt after spurt of his cum into my pussy. I cried out, my mouth open and gasping as my body erupted into another orgasm, my head dropped, striking Jake's cock, which I had neglected with everything else happening. One hand still gripping his cock, the other firmly braced on the cushion alongside his body. I rode out the orgasm, my face pressed into Jake's abdomen, my pussy still feeling the throbbing of King's climaxing cock, and my pussy clamped tightly around the canine cock and knot, which had just provided so much pleasure.

I felt King move, pulling at his cock inside me, then he moved more dramatically, feeling one of the legs he had wrapped around me drop to the ground and my body being pressed down harder as his weight shifted and his other leg worked its way over my back, dragging his paw and claws across my back.

"What's he doing?" It was weak, the side of my face pressed into his body, my mouth, and nose into his erect cock.

"I believe it is called 'turning'. You two are now tied and turning is an instinctual defensive posture



in case of a threat or challenge coming while still tied." It was quiet for a moment, then, as if he had been thinking about it, "You said his knot is about the same as me. He may come out easier for you."

I pushed myself up into a hands and knees position, a smile spreading over my face. I reached forward, pulling at the dog behind me and I didn't quite reach his face. He moved to me and we kissed, my hand on his cock now stroking him. I looked down at the cock in my hand, then glanced behind me to find King looking back wondering what I was doing. Perhaps he thought I was also testing the knot.

"Mmmmmm ... yes ... slightly, but the shape is different and I am tied to him. But ..." I smiled, again, "but, all those Kegels and the Ben Wa balls I have been doing at your request ... I can keep us tied for a while, maybe as long as I need to be."

"Need to be?"

"I want you to cum in my mouth while I am tied to him." I stared up at him, a thought coming to my mind, "I will get better at this. Someday," I gave him a wicked smile, "I will have you both cum in me at the same time."

He smiled back and stroked my cheek. I waited for the thought I could see behind his smile. "That would be wonderful, my submissive Lara. Even better for all three of us to cum at the same time. Even better when it might be either of us in your pussy."

I shivered, my mouth dropped voraciously to engulf his cock. The image of Jake plowing into my pussy from behind as King had, my mouth on the dog's cock. But the image that made me shiver was a shift in position. King wasn't lying on the ground, he was standing and my mouth was turned up to accept his cock with my hands on the ground supporting me, his cock free to drive into my upturned mouth, his 8" cock free to plow at my mouth and throat. I shivered, again.

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King and I just turned into the yard from our run, following the circular driveway but intending to go to the side gate and the backyard when King saw a strange car stopped near the front door. Getting out of a shiny white Lexus LS was a white man I hadn't seen before. I called out to him and he turned around to the sight of me in my running outfit and King straining at the leash. My running outfit was a sports bra and modified running shorts with a high thigh cut for mobility. My shorts were modified by cutting out the built-in panty. I liked the feel of air against me as much as legally possible in the warm, humid Southern air.

"Can I help you?" I stopped ten feet from him but still held onto King's collar rather than the leash.

He stared at King. He wanted to look at me, but King managed to hold his complete attention as he strained at my hold. I didn't know this man and, from King's reaction, he didn't either. Just then, the front door opened and Jake stepped out, took in the situation, and laughed. He walked up to the man and threw an arm over his shoulder, giving him a man-hug, then stepped to King and me.

"John, this is Lara, Lara Everly. I told you about Lara. And this is King. I guess I didn't mention him." He laughed again at the man's expense.

With me in his arm now, he gestured to the man, "Honey, this is John Mason. He and I played with the Falcons during some of the same years. I wanted you to meet him professionally, but he is here today for us to plan a road trip some of us have been talking about doing. This might be the year with John's pushing." I raised my eyebrow at him. A road trip? I was within days of making the

decision to move in with him and change my entire life for him and I never heard about a road trip? He saw on my face his mistake. "Lara, it just kind of came up when John called yesterday. He was coming in to try to get the group together to finally do this thing. Actually, I was hoping you would come with, but the plans hadn't gone far enough to discuss it." I gave him a sweet, tolerant smile that told him to keep talking. "Sturgis. We want to go to Sturgis. The question is how many road miles do we put on with the bikes."

I raised my eyebrows, "You have a bike?"

The look that came over his face was one of deep pain. "It's in the garage ... behind the SUV I don't use very much ..."

I turned into his arms and put my lips to his ear, "Relax, Sir." He looked at me as I smiled. I continued in a whisper so only he could hear, "I'm the submissive, remember? But, thank you. The way you reacted means a lot to me. I love you." I kissed him on the cheek. Jake nervously laughed. He had been caught expressing just how much he felt about me.

We went inside. I learned a little more about John Mason. He was drafted by the same Atlanta Falcons after his graduation three years before Jake joined the team. He was a split end on the team and played a year longer (ten years total) until a year after a younger player took over the starting position. He felt the writing was on the wall and it was time to gracefully go. His skills were less aggressive than on the defensive side, which he always felt was a bonus for dealing with people in trying to get them to work with him. So, when he left, he accepted a position in sales and company image with a large car dealership. Like Jake, he took the position to keep himself active and involved. Also like Jake and because of Jake, he had saved and invested well before retirement, allowing him to be comfortable and secure. Jake quietly followed up on a comment in the driveway that John was one of the people he had targeted for client potential for Innovative Financial.

John was 37 years old, 6' 0" and 185 pounds. He was clearly, even in his clothes, still trim and muscular. His blondish hair was worn long, about shoulder length, but he had it in a ponytail. He lived in Tampa.

I pulled together some munchies for them and a couple of beers. I told Jake I wanted to go for my swim. He nodded. I stood there waiting for more. He looked up from the map John had spread out on the coffee table. Then, "Oh, right ... No, John isn't just a guest. No reason for our NORMAL routine to change."

That was the signal I wanted. Jake like me naked and ready for sex. That was our NORMAL. Guests changed that and I would be dressed like normal people. That our NORMAL routine would be followed with John here, though, made me tingle as I walked to the bedroom. Jake's testing of me had felt fast and furious on this visit. I knew what the end game was, he had explained it to me, his hopes, dreams, expectations, and desires and they all excited me to no end. I knew I was going to be continuously tested and challenged. And, I knew that the 'end game' wasn't the end, not even close. It was only the end of the first stage. That understanding, that knowledge, that realization was what kept me wet whenever I was with him. I never knew when he would ask for something, anything, from me. And, I would give it to him. I knew it and he knew it.

In the bedroom, I stripped off my sweaty running shorts and sports bra, tossed them into the sink in the bathroom, took my swimming goggles from the drawer, and padded barefoot and naked out of the bedroom. Normal routine. I stood in the kitchen at the entry to the family room, my goggles dangling from my fingers. The guys were huddled over the map.

"Anything I can get you before I go out?"

Jake looked up and smiled his approval and blew me a kiss. John glanced up and declined, then did a double-take, staring in disbelief. John spoke, "How about another couple beers while you're there?"

I smiled. They had barely touched the bottles they had. I turned to the kitchen refrigerator, retrieved two beers as requested then marched them in, handing one to each. I looked John in the eyes, "Are you sure there isn't anything else you would like, John?" He stammered and flushed. I winked at Jake and went out to the pool.

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"Damn, Jake!"

Jake smiled while watching her walk across the patio to the pool. "I know. Why me, right? I mean, she is like some kind of angel sent down to grant my lusty dreams."

They both watched as she dove into the pool after adjusting the goggles over her eyes, the only thing she wore. When they sat back on the couch in front of the map, it was quiet for a moment. Then, John spoke, again. "She's amazing, Jake, but ..." he glanced at Jake, "I thought this was going to be a 'guy's trip'."

Jake smiled, then chuckled. "So ... what exactly is a guy trip?"

John didn't hesitate, "We were going to let our hair down, so to speak. You know, try to hook up with some girls, certainly be able to leer at them without offending a partner, be lewd and just guys."

"Okay, but what would you rather do, leer at some girls and try to hook up, or have one along that we all will hook up with? And, I mean all of us." John looked at him in disbelief.

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I had become quite proficient with my turns, even being able to spot the clock on the wall of the storage building as I flipped to turn. As my time in the pool would end with the return lap, I glided to the side of the pool, my arms resting on the edge as I removed the goggles. Next to the pool were the guys reclining on lounge chairs with their shirts off. It made for a good sight.

"Well, hello handsome ..." Jake chuckled, inquiring if I meant him or John. "You, Sir, though John is very handsome, too." They both smiled. "What's happening? Finished with the trip planning?"

John smiled, "Enough for me to bring Jake's ideas to the others. I think they will definitely approve of his suggested change." He glanced at Jake.

Jake smiled, "We're just here to enjoy the view."

I gave him a doubtful look. "There is no view. I have been in that exact spot many times. There is nothing to view except trees, shrubs, and fence. That makes it private, but not much for a view." With that, I dropped underwater and pushed off the bottom, climbing over the edge. Water ran down my naked body, drops falling off my erect nipples.

Jake nudged John with an elbow, "There, see? I told you the view was spectacular." I might have blushed, but under the bright sun, they might not have been able to tell.

I stood before them, centered between their loungers that were separated by about three feet. I

smiled at the playfulness, but my arousal was increasing as I felt and saw the appreciative inspection from the two men, especially John. He continued to look almost nervously at Jake as if to continue verifying that his open appraisal of me really was okay. Every time he glanced over, though, he only found Jake's open appreciation of my body. John slowly relaxed.

I noticed Jake's outside hand drop to the surface of the lounge and his first two fingers spread into a 'V'. I gazed into his eyes to make sure I understood. He simply nodded. I separated my feet a foot, but his fingers duplicated the motion and I separated my feet an additional foot. Jake smiled and John gulped as I was very sure my pussy lips were now visible between my thighs. Under the increasingly intent gaze of John, my body flushed, a tingle raced through my clit and nipples, and my heart began to pound.

I collected myself to speak the words I guessed intended. "There must be something I can do for you, Sir. You and John, maybe?"

Jake smiled. He was very pleased. I could read it on his face, eyes, and smile. "Yes, there is, my dear. Are you ready to take the next step?"

I smiled, nervously perhaps, but I did. I knew this was coming. John's arrival might not have been planned prior to my coming for this visit, but once he arrived I could see it. As Jake spoke, John's eyes were riveted to my pussy. He self-consciously shifted his eyes up to mine, but they fell back to my pussy.

When I stepped forward between their chairs, he may have flinched slightly. When I knelt onto the patio surface and put my hand on his bare stomach and slid it down to the top of his slacks, he sucked in his breath so hard his stomach collapse in on itself. I loosened the belt, stopped, and looked at him. His gaze was focused on my hands at his belt until my voice broke through to him.

"I would like to do this for you, John. Is that okay?" He numbly nodded. I felt Jake's hand on my bare back press me slightly toward his friend in encouragement and support. I turned more to John, bent over and kissed his chest, each nipple, then down his stomach as my hands continued with his slacks. I had them unzipped by the time my lips descended to the region just exposed by my opening his fly. He must have breathed in there somewhere because as my hand grazed over his undershorts and his rising cock, he audibly sucking in air, again.

I lifted the waist of this underwear, pushing it down. He lifted his butt off the chair, whether consciously or by a natural reaction, and I cleared his shorts below his cock. My hands transferred from the waist band to his cock and my mouth quickly kissed the head, my tongue coming out to lick the slit at the end, another kiss, then my mouth engulfed the head of his cock. I could feel his cock growing as I gently sucked on the head, but my mouth moved down, back and further down. Pulling back with my mouth, I sucked hard, his cock being pulled, stretched by the suction as I pulled my head back.

I pulled my mouth off his cock and turned my gaze to his face, "I like your cock, John. Would you let me make you cum?" He looked at his cock enclosed in my hand, slowly stroking him, then at my face. He nodded, again numbly. "Where would you like to cum, John? In me or on me? If in me, which hole?" He just stared at me, then turned self-consciously to Jake who didn't utter a sound, but I was sure he would have nodded.

"Um, in you?" He looked at Jake, again.

I put my other hand on the side of his face and turned it to me. "Don't look at him, John. Answer me. He has already given me to you." I kissed his cock head, gently biting it this time. He was very hard,

already. It was a nice cock, too. Maybe eight or nine inches. Not close to Jake, but much bigger than average. I moved both hands to his cock, transferring some saliva to my palms to ease the pumping of my hands over his cock. Without looking at John, "I could even go into the house and get some lubrication if you wanted to ..." I said this to tease Jake. We hadn't even discussed anal with him, yet.

"I ... I would like to be ... in your pussy, please."

I smiled and looked up at him. Please. His friend had just given me to him to fuck. He says, please. I liked him. I wondered if all of Jake's friends would be like this.

I stood up and took his hand and put it between my legs. I pressed his hand onto my pussy and released it. His hand and fingers moved on their own, a finger venturing into my pussy. When he brought his finger out, I leaned forward and took it in the mouth, sucking off my own juices as my eyes locked on his. I smiled, then swung one leg over the lounge chair and straddled his midsection. I found his cock and held it vertical as I moved my pussy over the head until I found my opening. I descended a few inches, rose an inch, then descended more, up and down until I was sitting on his hips.

I leaned forward, my hands pressed into the slanted cushion behind him, my breast closer to him. He leaned forward and captured one of my bouncing breasts, the nipple firmly in his mouth. I gasped as I more actively rose and dropped on his cock. I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned to find a nearly erect monster cock inches from my face. I opened my mouth and Jake guided it inside. As I leaned forward, I had shifted my fucking motion to a downward angle. That worked well for having a cock in my mouth, it pushing in as I pulled up on the cock in my pussy.

John was moaning and groaning and grunting underneath me. I looked up at Jake as I continued with his cock in mouth. I tried to indicate John with my eyes and restricted head movement. He caught on and announced it was time for a shift. Jake pulled out of my mouth and reclined on his lounge chair. I kissed John on the lips and pulled my pussy up and off his cock. He grunted, but it may have been relief. I felt he was close to cumming but the intention was for this to indoctrinate me into sharing, but also his friend and what better way of doing both than to prolong it.

I moved over to Jake and sank down on his monster, gasping and sighing as my body took more and more of his cock until I was sitting on his hips. I looked at him with wild lust in my eyes. It was the same look I always got when I had him fully inside my body. I couldn't even envision what anal with him would be like, but I didn't question that it was in my future.

John struggled up and stood, more like leaned, against the chair we were now fucking on. I took his cock deep into my mouth and after a few strokes of my head, he started flexing his hips, gently fucking his cock into my mouth. I tried to concentrate on the action in my mouth, relaxing my throat so his cock could just enter it on his thrust, but it was difficult to concentrate on anything beyond the cock filling and stretching my pussy.

After more time, I felt a sharp bite on a nipple. I glanced down and found Jake giving me a questioning look. John was again, moaning heavily and tensing in my mouth. I nodded at Jake, then announced after pulling mouth off John's cock, "Switch".

John moved quickly back to his lounge chair and I pulled, disappointedly, off Jake and remounted John, sinking completely down in one motion. He gasped. My head was turned and my mouth opened to retake Jake's cock. I worked doubly hard, using my pussy muscles and suction in my effort to bring both men to a climax. John tensed rigid quickly and I ground my pussy onto his body, mashing our pubic bones together, which mashed my clit hard. I gasped around Jake's cock, I squeezed his

balls, pulled my lips back and attached the head with lips, sucking and swirling tongue.

Within a minute, we all orgasmed.

I went to the kennel building to feed King. He initially seemed more interested in the scent at my pussy than the food. I didn't normally do this with a pussy full of cum. After, I got him eating, though, I returned to the house and found the guys with towels wrapped around them milling around in the kitchen.

Jake turned at my entrance. "John is going to stay for dinner."

I turned to John and wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Excellent!" I turned to Jake, "There are some steaks defrosted in the frig, some potato salad, and corn-on-the-cob."

He returned the look back to me. "So ... you're saying I am cooking tonight." I smiled, leaning a naked hip into the counter. Then he got a glint in his eyes and I knew there was something else coming. Perhaps another step. "John ..." he glanced at me, his smile getting bigger, "have you ever seen a woman being fucked by a dog?"

He had just taken a good pull on his beer and nearly spurted it out. He looked at Jake, then at me. He shook his head, another numb reaction to something he never expected.

Jake smiled at me, "Lara, while John and I slave over the grill preparing dinner, how about you show John what a human bitch looks like."

John said, "You're serious? Her and that dog? He must weigh more than she does."

Jake chuckled, "OH, yes. By a fair amount, too."

I looked at Jake. Yes, another step, indeed. Now, I show my bestial side to someone besides us. I smiled at them both and turned on my heels. Arriving at the door, I called for King. I heard Jake behind me instructing John what was needed from the frig so they wouldn't miss anything.

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John couldn't believe what he was experiencing. First, this woman he only just met was told to love him and had very well. Then, he watched her be mounted and tied to his friend's Great Dane, which was a very large dog, anyway, much less compared to her. She knelt on one of the lounge chairs and the dog mounted her, his front legs wrapping around her small body as he frantically thrust into her. Her cries and deep, soulful moans told him all he needed to know about the enjoyment she was deriving from the experience. But, even after the mutual climax, the dog turned on her so they were ass-to-ass but still connected. Jake called it the knot, which held him to the female. As he watched this portion of the mating, he saw her climax, again. Jake casually explained to him as he watched the steaks and corn cooking on the grill how the process of canine mating worked. He also just as casually explained the relationship he and the woman had. With a little more excitement in his voice, he then ventured to speculate what he hoped might come of the relationship and how their experiences could be ever evolving, though he didn't venture a guess what those experiences might be. But, they both agreed, Sturgis sounded like a great one.

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The guys remained wrapped in towels while I remained naked during dinner. This evening was over for us and I found that my body lost little of the excitement and anticipation as a result. I glanced

frequently at Jake as the discussion carried on around me. He returned glances, giving me smiles and nods of recognition. Perhaps my eyes and face were sending him messages of what my mind was thinking. I was sure he recognized how my nipples remained erect throughout dinner and they would certainly recognize the cum dripping from my pussy, through the wrought iron chair seat onto to the patio surface. I was excited. I recognized in myself how good that felt and how much I relished the feeling. Jake had pushed me of late, maybe faster than he originally might have intended. Maybe. But, each one, each push, each new step challenged, accepted, and conquered was a new thrill added to my experience with him. It was like each new thrill of achievement, each time of pleasing him, each time of serving him as he directed, each time was like a higher water mark on the shore that marked what I was capable of, each was a mantle of achievement, of service, and each mark, each mantle was etched in my brain and my loins that I would forever immediately associate to something coming. Each time of anticipation had all those from the past coursing through my brain and my body. My body reacted with stimulation fired from those previous experiences like some Pavlovian training of my body. My work with Dr. Jenna had shown me what and who I was as well as recognizing what and who in terms of types of someone that I needed to be full. My time with Jake, from the first saving grace to now, had shown me what I can be by being released. That was why, around Jake, I seemed to always be wet and anxious to be asked to please or serve him. It was becoming a desire that burned in my brain and in my body. And, it couldn't be extinguished or tempered, only fed. I was his and that was all that mattered.

My hunk of steak was only half consumed and my wine glass was the same. The table was quiet. I looked up at Jake across from me. He was watching me with a sly smile on his face.

"Where were you? Someplace pleasant, I hope." I smiled my embarrassment and apologized to both. "Tell you what, John and I will clean up. You relax."

I laughed and stood up, scooping up John's plate with mine as I moved to Jake. I kissed him as I piled his on top of the others. "No, you two relax and talk. Pour me a drink of whatever you are going to be drinking and I will clean up. It won't take long." I stood between them. "I hope the evening isn't coming to an end."

Jake laughed, "That was what I was asking you, but you didn't respond." I shook my head and went into the kitchen.

When we resumed the second phase of sex, we moved it to the bedroom. There was no rush this time and I knew both men would last longer. From start to finish, it took us nearly an hour and a half. The entire time I had one or the other cock in my pussy and often the other in my mouth, but not always. There was a period of time when the men lay on the bed side by side and I moved from one to the other, fucking one for several minutes before rising up, shifting the few feet to the side and sitting down on the other cock. It was wonderfully filling and exciting for me while effectively prolonging the experience for them. I orgasmed on Jake's cock as I descended onto him after a longer time on John. The change in size and depth pushed me over the edge. Both men started stroking my body, John rising to hug me from the side. I think that simple act of loving care peaked my orgasm higher.

We used every position one of us could think of, even double penetration. We tried that and I honestly and earnestly did try, but it was impossible at that moment with Jake in my pussy to take another largish cock in my ass. When I put my hand behind me for John to stop, I looked down at Jake underneath me, "I will do this someday. I promise you. You are just so big, my wonderful man." He only smiled and kissed me before rolling us to the side to continue fucking me missionary.

At the end, both men had cum in my pussy and I orgasmed three times. Instead of exhaustion or being limp, I was tingling with an afterglow of arousal and sexual electricity that charged through

my body.

We sent John to the shower, Jake put on boxers, and we went to make the last drink for the evening before John left. When we walked John to his car in the front drive circle, it was late and dark. At his car, Jake gave him one of those shoulder bump moves athletes like, then told him to watch his mail. I stepped up to him still naked and hugged him deeply before kissing him on the mouth deeply.

"John, I am really glad I met you." He chuckled and said he was pretty glad himself. He smiled at Jake and got in the car. I stood next to Jake, his arm around my naked body, his hand sliding from the side of my breast to my hip as he pulled me into him.

"You know, you are standing in the front drive completely naked."

I turned into him and looked up, "I'd walk down that street right now if you wanted me to."

"So much for don't do anything to get arrested, huh?"

I laughed, "Okay, maybe I'd dash through the more lit sections."

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## CHAPTER FIVE

I made the decision that I was going to live with Jake. My job was in Atlanta, though. When I told Jake of my absolute decision, he was concerned. It wasn't his desire or eagerness to have me as his committed partner, that was a given. But, it was a considerable concern that I might someday resent giving up my job if it were to come to that. I didn't question his desire, his almost desperate desire, to have me with him in his life. So, when he was willing to risk that by arguing the opposite for my sake, it was just another reason in my mind why I knew I was making the right choice. Jake had changed my life and my feeling about myself. In the time since that fateful encounter in the coffee shop months and months ago, he represented a fulfillment and joy I had not experienced or considered possible in my life. As good as my job was for me, it was still a job and I could find another if I wanted that later. Besides, Jake had long ago convinced me that I held a strong negotiating position with the company to create a remote position for myself if I was able to bring in new clients and provide the same analysis and support my manager expected. It would still mean some travel to Atlanta to support my manager, but travel was a part of Jake's life, too.

With my negotiation with my manager going well, I began stretching every other weekend into three days and making the trip to Jake's by driving from Atlanta to just north of Cape Coral, Florida. It was an eight-hour drive and I was tired by the time I arrived at the end, but the worst drive was always returning to Atlanta, though Jake sometimes joined me on the drive and flew back or left for a trip from Atlanta.

On one such trip to his house, he surprised me with a challenge that I had to go back to a comment I made about walking down the street naked if he wanted me to. It wasn't the street, but it was well outside the privacy of the yard.

He caught me Friday night. I was tired from the drive, unloading the car of another load of clothes and personal items and sorting them into the closet and dresser he had ready for me. A house like this is not limited when it comes to closet space. All of my clothes would barely fill half of the closet that was now mine. I parked my five-year-old Honda Accord in front of the garage. I hadn't planned on the first challenge from him. Upon entering the house and going to the back to greet King, he stopped me as I re-entered the house. I was still dressed. We had talked about a no-clothes rule for



me, a rule I had honored but not rigidly. With my moving in, it seemed the rule was becoming a rigid rule with the caveat when there were no guests. As I found out with John, that didn't mean someone else in the house, it meant if Jake defined them as a guest or intimate friend. The intimate part I knew would be expanding.

I took off my clothes and took them to the bedroom where I dropped them on the bed, then made my way back to the garage. The lack of planning was that I had parked the car with the front pointed to the garage. That meant I had to walk to the back of the car in broad daylight to continue emptying the car. Even though much of the front yard was blocked by landscaping, the garage had a direct view out to the street. Jake followed me out but wasn't going to make this any easier for me. But, I wasn't going to give in. I was still on the property, after all; could they really arrest me?

I managed to empty the car without anyone walking by on the sidewalk and only one car driving by, but even then, I was able to scurry back to the garage with an arm load of boxes with a minimal chance of being seen. Needless to say, I was very turned on by the display potential and understood better how much a simple act of exhibitionism could affect me.

I found it interesting and a matter of curiosity that he didn't fuck me or have me suck him when I was done. I was so sexually attuned to him that it seemed a natural welcoming activity for us and he usually initiated it. When I moved on him, he gently indicated he had something in mind later. He didn't even have me be mounted by King. By the time we finished dinner, I was recognizing a very unfamiliar feeling when around Jake: sexual frustration.

After dinner, we watched a movie in the theater room. It was an amazing experience, almost like being in a theater, but very personal. When it was very dark, he made his move. By this time, my body was screaming for some satisfaction after being away from him for a couple weeks, now being held off for some reason, but I knew his reason would eventually come and it would be good.

He led me out to the center of the house and onto the patio in back. He scooped up King's leash and he came running just from seeing the leash being held. I looked at Jake for some indication of what was happening. Should I go into the house to dress or was he, for some reason, taking King out by himself? As it turned out, and I might have ventured a guess, it was neither. He clipped the leash onto King and handed it to me, then led us to the back of the property where it connected to the golf course by a wide area of rough, trees, and brush. I stopped right outside the gate, staring out into the darkened landscape.

He told me what he wanted. I was wearing sandals but otherwise still naked. He wanted me to walk King down the course. He would follow to keep me in sight whenever the moonlight allowed but at a distance. He would let me know when I had gone far enough. I wasn't that familiar with the course. I had used it for several runs early in the morning before too many golfers were out, but never in the way to become aware of terrain and landmarks, especially in the dark.

He gave me a smack on the butt and I started down the cart path, King falling in step with me as he has done on so many other walks. I was trying to decide whether it would be better to stay on the car path or to use the fairway. The cart path was closer to private property, but was more often inside trees and therefore shadow. The fairway was further from houses but more in the open.

After walking what seemed to be three holes, Jake called out from behind me. I wanted to shush him, but I saw this was a location that was quite far from any home. He came up to me all smiles and very pleased. Now to find out what else he had in mind.

He pointed across the fairway and green to a tee box on the other side. Just short of the tee box was

a wooden bench. I led King in that direction and let Jake catch up to us. Just short of the bench, he told me what he wanted me to do. I had already figured it out.

Arriving at the bench, I reached underneath King and stroked his sheath until I felt the tip of his cock peeking out. I dropped to my knees with him standing and bent my head to capture his expose cock tip between my lips. I sucked out the precum, which has proven to be a stimulation for him that he enjoyed as much as I did. In moments, I felt enough cock in my mouth to assure a good penetration that would last. I stood up and placed my hands on the seat of the bench and spread my legs. King, such a gentleman and considerate lover, moved his snout between my legs and began licking my pussy. He needn't have been concerned with my being wet and ready, however, and someday he may come to accept that, if dogs retain that kind of memory.

I slipped a hand back and nudged his snout away from my ass, then patted my butt several times, adding the work, "mount". He did, too. He jumped his front onto my back and moved in for the penetration. My hand was ready and waiting for him and his penetration was complete after two probes of his penis. I gasped at the deep penetration, then muffled a cry as his penis drove fully into my pussy on the next thrust. I didn't know if someone might come out to investigate the cries and sounds of a woman on the course at night, but it would certainly be embarrassing if they found me out here knotted to the dog.

It was harder to stifle my cry when the knot finally pushed inside. I allowed my body to shift forward, shifting my hands and arms to the back of the bench as King continued to frantically thrust at me, the knot constricting his ability, but his body continued to slam into me even though when he pulled back, he moved my body with his. He climaxed quickly and I with him or shortly after. I felt his cock and knot swell inside me, then jerk and grow rigid as his body pressed harder against me to drive his cock tip as far in as possible. When his first spurt of dog cum shot into me, I was already in my orgasm. It was delicious, made more so by the act consummating, not only outside but outside of the privacy of our property.

Jake patiently watched the entire thing, standing to the side where he could watch the coupling and its conclusion. As I recovered from my orgasm, still knotted to King, I saw a giant, black cock dangling in front of my face. I smiled, not even looking up, but stuck out my tongue and licked the length of it. I used a hand to raise it horizontally and slipped my lips around the head. It quickly became hard as I tried, vainly and unsuccessfully, to take him into my throat.

When King's knot deflated enough to pull out of my pussy, I quickly glanced under me and saw in the faint light of the moon, a steady stream of the dog's cum. I also saw bare legs come up behind me, then that wonderful cock pressed against my pussy opening. I sighed at the touch of it, then gasped as he smoothly and steadily pressed it home. After several more strokes, I felt his hips pressing against my butt and the head of his cock impacting the top of my vagina. I smiled and sighed at the memory that flooded my mind: the first time I had trouble taking much of this wonderful cock; now, I was taking the whole thing.

My pussy was very well lubricated so I settled in for a longer fucking than King gave me. And Jake didn't let me down. He kept me in the same position that King took me. Maybe it was an added element of domination. I was fucked by his dog in this position, now he was taking me in exactly the same position.

Jake joined me in Atlanta for what we hoped to be the final push to convince the company to allow me the ability to work remotely from Cape Coral, FL. My Account Manager had become convinced after my presentation to him and even commented to me how impressed he was with the presentation and argument, that it showed a side of me he hadn't seen before. He didn't want to lose

me and could see how this relationship was, in a way, building something within me.

After winning the approval of the company executives over client accounts, they would schedule IT guys to bring computer and software applications to the house in Florida. They would ensure for the company that the Wi-Fi and internet connections were secure with proper firewalls to protect all accessible client data and records. That would happen within a couple weeks so we could arrange for the packing and moving of the rest of my belongings including my bicycle, the furnishings we agreed on, and the rest of my clothes, though Jake felt I required more sexy, even ultra-sexy, dresses, negligees, and outfits for his taste. Even little aside comments like that as we worked sent tingles through my body.

I was all but moved in with Jake, a new, wonderful life about to become a reality instead of a trial, a what-if, an experiment to test our compatibility. We tested over the past many months our compatibility. He tested me, challenged me, dared me into new and different situations representing a relationship that would be built on my submissive desires and his ability, his strength, to provide for me and keep me secure. It was a fulfillment of a dream for me. It wasn't without its own challenges for Jake who was a kind, caring, protective and supporting man. The idea of taking control of another person to release that person, especially someone who he felt strongly for was something he worked on, struggled with to an extent.

But, we felt we really were ready now. Everything was in place. We had overcome all the obstacles. All but one, that is. Dr. Jenna.

Dr. Jenna requested a meeting, a final evaluation discussion. As she put it, for her benefit if not ours. That seemed a bit confusing to both Jake and me. We had each been the patient, how would it be of benefit to her?

Our appointment was set for well after normal office hours on her insistence. In fact, when we arrived, Dr. Jenna met us at her door to let us in. Even her associate/receptionist, Beth Harrelson, had left for the day. Both Jake and I had gotten to know Beth fairly well from our visits.

We met in her office after she locked the outside door. After a brief discussion explaining what she hoped for the meeting, she asked to meet with me privately. Jake let his hand slide over my shoulders as he passed behind me. I raised my left hand to touch his as it left my shoulder.

She asked how everything was going, what I thought of the relationship, his home, how Jake seemed, his friends ... as much as she could pull out of me. I assured her at every question, probe, and turn that I was good and happy.

"I'm not sure what you are probing for if you feel you have reasons for concern, but I am being honest and forthright with you. I am not only happy about the past months and how our relationship has gone and grown, but I am excited, even anxious, looking forward to what could be coming next and then next after that. Does this make sense to you, Doctor? Because it does to me. This is the physical world realization of what we talked about during all those sessions. This is putting the same elements of my athletic and professional lives into my personal and intimate life. That was what we talked about, finding that person I had the utmost respect for, who I had the highest degree of trust in, and who was strong enough to give me confidence and courage when I might be tempted to question or doubt." I leaned forward in my chair toward her. "That's what I have, that's who I found."

She asked what has happened so far. In the sense of my being submissive, what has been ventured between us? I described the things we have done, the things he has had me do. She seemed

surprised, maybe even a bit shocked all of that had happened so quickly.

"How does all of that make you feel? How does doing those things make you feel about yourself and about him?"

I chuckled. "I know what you are thinking. Isn't this just more of the same? Some man taking advantage of me for his pleasure and to be used for his and other's pleasure." I looked her steadily in the eyes for impact. "You would be right, of course, that some of the things are the same. He did share me with a friend I had never even heard of before that day. And, yes, he had me pleasure his dog." I giggled and she looked at me curiously. "What I didn't share was that the dog pleased me, first." Her mouth had turned up at the corners. "The differences are huge, though. Before, I felt forced, coerced, and threatened. I didn't have anyone's respect, I was being used. Jake ... wow, Jake ... Jake is so different. I can tell this is new territory for him. Jake is caring, sensitive, and protective. For him to take on this role ... for me ... it means so much to me. He didn't tell me, command me, about approaching his friend, John, to suck him and make love to him. It was just little things that told me that was what he wanted. It made me excited. It made me tingle and aroused that he wanted that for me. I wanted to do it. Yes, a big part of that is to please Jake, to serve him ... my natural tendencies, right? But, another part was that I wanted to do it because it excited me. Jake has tapped into that understanding about me. He understands that I have a high sexual energy and need. He knows he can help satisfy that and protect me along the way." I looked at her intently. "Do you understand what I am trying to say?"

She didn't respond at first. Then she leaned back in her chair and a smile grew on her face and she lowered her gaze onto me. "Yes ... yes, I do. You're happy, content, satisfied, but most of all you are feeling fulfilled for maybe the first time in your life." She chuckled, "Did I get that right?" I nodded, my face beaming. "And, Lara, I believe you." She leaned forward and gazed intently at me, "Can I ask you a deeply personal question?" I said, of course. "How do you feel about him? Given everything you have said, what does that translate into for you? How would you express that?"

I considered her question and if I should answer it, but this was Dr. Jenna for crying out loud. With more nervousness in my voice than I expected, "I love him. I would do anything for him."

She considered that, then looked up at me, "Have you told him that, yet?"

I shook my head, "No. Our relationship is moving really fast, but ... I think we need to settle into this, don't you?" Was I asking her or tell her? I wasn't even sure. But, she was nodding, saying she agreed.

Then, she asked for some time to speak with Jake alone. I went into the reception area and we traded places, now me killing time in the small area outside her office. I sat down, then got right back up. I was wondering what they were now talking about. Me, probably. I worried if there was something I said that she might repeat to Jake, but I pushed that out of my mind. She wouldn't do that to me.

Normally, Beth would be there and provide some relief from the waiting, but this was after hours. I wandered behind Beth's desk, feeling a little guilty like I was snooping and finally admitted that I was, but only to kill the time. I wouldn't invade the privacy of the drawers in her desk, but I did scan her desktop. People often had little things of personal meaning on their desks and Beth wasn't any different. There wasn't a lot, but there was a framed picture ... of Beth? It seemed taken of her by surprise by someone she was enjoying the time with because she was clearly very relaxed and spontaneous. It appeared to be taken at an arboretum or flower show. The picture was Beth looking back through a mass of flowers, her face radiating her delight. There was something written on the

picture. I looked at the door to the office and picked up the frame, it read, "To, my Beth. This day was an absolute joy, THANK YOU! J"

J? I looked at the office door and back to the picture of Beth and how happy she was. Jenna?

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Dr. Jenna ran through a similar series of questions and probes with Jake as she had with Lara. She asked how everything was going, what he thought of the relationship, me in his home, how I seemed in quiet moments, ... again, as much as she could pull out of him. His responses were similar, assuring her at every question, probe, and turn that he was good and happy in every way in the relationship.

She smiled, "I'm not surprised. She indicated the same. I can't, won't tell you her precise answers and comments, but I will assure you she is feeling the same way." He blew out a breath of air as if that was a relief for him to hear. She smiled. "You were worried?"

He squirmed in his chair. He had spent hours like this with her, many were decidedly uncomfortable as she dug deeper into him in her special way. "I don't know that 'worried' is the right word. Let's say, 'relieved'. Jenna, this isn't a natural role in a relationship for me. My nature is to be caring, sensitive to the woman, and protective." He noticed her face change into a smile. "What?"

"Oh, she used those exact words in describing how you would naturally be in a relationship with a woman." He chuckled.

"I guess that's the thing. I am all those things with her but in different ways. I mean, how would I even insinuate to another woman that maybe she should let the dog lick her out. Or, that maybe she should make love to my buddy? I probably couldn't. I'd be too 'sensitive' to her feelings or something to let it happen. But, Lara ... no, Lara, it's different. She's excited by it. Heck, I think she anticipates it. Sure, she was surprised with the dog licking her to orgasm, but after that, it was like she anticipated it would go further. The question must have been only, how?"

"So, you're really convinced it excites her?"

He looked at her. Was she challenging something based on what Lara said? "Yes, yes. I am convinced. Do you know how I am convinced?" She shook her head and he saw it in her eyes. It was why he was good at protecting people, he could see things in other people's eyes, even quick glimpses. "She's wet." He saw the surprise of the statement on her face. "Yes, she's wet. She's almost always wet. At least around me, she is. I've come to just accept that she is anticipating what might come next. Will I take her in the kitchen, send her out to the dog? I've asked her to be naked so she is available. Do you know what her first reaction was?" She shook her head. She was amazed at what she was hearing. This was a classic case of submissiveness to please and serve. "She stripped right in the family room. And, she won't have clothes on unless there are guests. But, she dresses sexy very often, though basically nude." He studied the doctor and she was trying to hold his gaze and not look away, which was what she desperately wanted to do, to break the gaze so he might not see how much this was affecting her. "If you had ever asked me what kind of woman would be my ideal, I would have told you the kind of woman I have always sought: strong, assertive, self-assured, and independent. They were the kind of women I seemed to attract. I would never have thought of Lara. But, we are perfect."

"Why do you say, perfect?" It was a perfect opening for her to divert her mind.

"Simple really. Understanding who and what she is and knowing who I am, it just took some

realizing see that a twist of our lines meshed perfectly. Our personalities seemed opposite, but together we mesh. She needed someone who would respect her, be strong for her, guide her, and reinforce her. With that support, she could release herself to grow and expand. Once I realized that my image of a woman was the societal 'be all you can, hear me roar' woman might be great, that woman didn't need me. A woman like Lara would, though." He took a deep breath and sighed it out as if he was about talked out from emotional fatigue. "If I guessed, I would have to say that she probably would say our relationship provides a way for her to be fulfilled. I hope so, anyway. I realized, though, the relationship is doing the same for me. I never knew it, but I was yearning for someone to take care of. Is that nuts?"

She shook her head. "No, not nuts at all and I think you are right, even about yourself. Let me ask one more thing, Jake. You've expressed in wonderful ways the mechanism of the relationship's functioning. What is your personal, emotional expression of her?"

He smiled, "You're concerned about her, of course." He hesitated and looked into the doctor's eyes, then his smile grew larger. "Simple, really. I love her. And before you ask where this might be going, my intentions long term, eventually, when the time is right for us, we'll be married."

"Have you said that to her?"

He smiled, "No. We're taking steps." She smiled, remembers the same words for me.

She went on to offer some advice, which he appreciated. She told him that I needed respect, that I was a proud person. Any reference to Dom/Sub language should only be at my initiative, not required or directed by him. He smiled, mentioning that sometimes the word 'Sir' did come out. He agreed with her.

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We were both back in the office. She stated how happy she was for us. Our building relationship seemed founded on a strong understanding of respect and trust. She even said she envied us. That seemed strange at the moment.

Jake confirmed that she was going to be at the ceremony we were planning. She said she wouldn't miss it for anything, but, "Often the invitation will say 'plus one'. This didn't." Jake told her we were wanting to make sure who was coming for obvious reasons. She smiled, but pushed, "May I bring a 'plus one'?"

I looked at Jake, then at the doctor, "Beth." It wasn't a question but a statement.

She blushed, "I'm not going to ask how you guessed that. Yes, Beth." We immediately agreed. She then told us that she would be sending us the complete files of our visits. There wouldn't be any record of us being patients. Jake asked why. She felt that her participation and support of us might be misconstrued if someone were to press the issue with the licensing board.

But, before we left, she asked me to undress. I looked with some surprise at her, then at Jake. "No. We agreed that my level of submissiveness can easily be taken advantage of, as it has in the past. As much as I trust you, Doctor, I have given that power to Jake." She smiled and congratulated me and us. Then she looked at Jake.

He laughed, "I know what this is about. Lara, please stand up and get undressed."

I looked at him in surprise, but I was already standing and my fingers working the buttons on my

blouse. I kicked off my shoes as I open my slacks and began pushing them down my legs. I unclipped my bra, then pushed my panties down, dumping all the clothes as they came off onto the desk.

Jake was still smiling and watching the Doctor. "Now, move to Jenna's side with your feet at shoulder's width. She is curious about something I said."

I did as he said and watched as her hand moved from the armrest of her chair to a point inches below my pussy between my legs. She looked up at me, then her gaze fixed on my cleaned pussy. I felt her fingers pressed into my mound, a finger slipping between my lips.

"My god! She is, she's wet!" I flushed terribly at the exclamation. "But, you've been out in the waiting room being bored silly."

With her finger still between my lips, I turned my eyes to Jake. "Not with him around. I've learned that something might happen at any time. You would think this would be a safe place from teasing, but look what happened."

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## CHAPTER SIX

There was a knock at the bedroom door.

"Yes?" The door cracked open and Jenna poked her head inside. "Are they here?"

She stepped in and closed the door. "Yes. Apparently, they were trapped on the bridge. Some kind of accident." She walked up to me, her eyes taking me in, then hugging me, careful not to mess my hair. She put me at arm's length and looked at me. I took a deep breath as she watched, studying her reaction. One of the hazards of having a psychologist as a close, confidential friend. She was no longer Dr. Jenna after our last meeting. Now she was simply Jenna to me and Jake and I had been learning a lot about her ... and Beth.

"How are you doing?"

I smiled, trying to drop the appearance of the nervousness that was coursing through me. "We've been planning this for so long. I know we are both ready." I blew out a deep breath, ending it with a smile I was trying to make relaxed and not forced. I knew once I was out there, though, I would be okay ... no, I would be joyous because I would see Jake standing there waiting for me. And, then, everything would be good. "I have to admit; this unplanned waiting has given me some nerves."

She hugged me, again. "It's natural, everyone feels some nerves just before." I gave her a cocked, questioning eyebrow. "Okay, if everyone feels nerves at a wedding, it has to be the same for this, right?" I laughed and it did help. She kissed me on the lips, her hand sliding familiarly down my bare side to my hip. "You look amazing, Lara. I almost envy you. Too bad I'm not submissive to experience this." I smiled and felt those feelings coursing through, again. Not nerves, anymore. Jake. Those feelings I get when I think about Jake and especially what is coming in the next few moments. She helped me attach the cape I was wearing, at least for a part of the ceremony. She looked at me more. I loved that. She turned and left. I would wait for a few more minutes, then I would follow.

I stood at the glass doorway from the dinette area and waited for my cue for the ceremony to begin. The guests were seated in the exact number of chairs needed. There was no question of who would be showing up. Only those Jake trusted for such an event were even considered. I surveyed the guest and smiled at what the impact of my entrance was likely to have, even on Jake. We had kept some of

the arrangements personal, like what we would be wearing and what we would say to each other. I saw Jake standing next to Jenna. She was wearing a very stylish business dress. She was officiating the ceremony, which was made up. There was nothing legal about it.

I saw Jake in a nicely tailored black tux. As he turned to say something to one of the guests, which caused a number of them to laugh, I saw that he was without a tie and his shirt was unbuttoned halfway down his front. God, he was handsome and so sexy.

I went through the invitation list in my head as I gazed over the people outside. Some I knew better than others, but Jake assured me they were all “liberated” in their thinking. There were four couples, two single men (one was John), and Beth. Twelve chairs (the extra chair for Jenna next to Beth) in an arc in front of where the ceremony would take place with a narrow opening separating them in front. That was my route to Jake and the ceremony. Just then, Jake stepped to Jenna and whisper something to her, she smiled. But, that movement allowed me to see King who had been behind Jake. This was a surprise. King was also dressed for the occasion. He had a fake white shirt collar and bow tie. He looked adorable ... and handsome. My two men all dolled up for me.

I saw Jenna signal me with her hand, then point a remote at the player and speakers near the front came to life. It was an unconventional selection, but this entire thing was unconventional, but the song spoke to what I wanted to announce. It was “Giving Myself” by Jennifer Hudson.

As the music filled the yard, I opened the sliding door and stepped out. Everyone turned and gasped as one, even Jake who involuntarily took a step toward me, a smile growing huge on his face. Not even he knew what I was going to be wearing. I was sure he was expecting something bridal-ish but very sexy. This was very sexy but said without a doubt or question my intention. As I walked deliberately, but slowly, from the house onto the patio to the music, the sheer white cape fastened at my neck billowed out behind me in the early evening breeze that seemed to drive away a portion of the constant humidity. Around my neck, I had chosen a white lace choker that I hoped presented the image of a collar. Underneath the cape, which provided only an illusion of cover even from the back, my outfit consisted of white lace garter belt and stockings, and white 4-inch strap heels, which I have become very adept at walking in.

The refrain of the song that made it meaningful surrounded everyone:

I'm giving myself over to you  
Body and soul  
I'm giving it over  
I'm giving myself over to you

You know it's the right time  
I know it's the right night  
I know it's the right life  
I know you're the right man  
I know I'm the right girl

Whether the others recognized the significance or not, I knew Jake understood and I smiled up at him. He smiled back at me.

For all intent and purpose, I was nude with only a mirage of being dressed. Everyone was standing as I approached and passed by them. Their mouths had opened in unison with the gasp at my appearance but quickly turned to smiles as I passed. Some smiles, if I were to discern between them, were lusty in new anticipation of what was to follow, others were approving with perhaps suddenly



having a better understanding of the meaning of what was happening tonight.

As I came up to face Jake, he took both of my hands in his and looked down into my eyes. "You are beautiful ... stunning, really ... and so damn sexy!"

I flushed, "You've seen me dressed nearly like this before."

He shook his head. "No. There is a glow about you, Lara." I glanced to Jenna and she nodded her head in agreement. I hugged him, then snapped my finger for King to take his position on my left as I held Jake's hand in my right.

Jenna smiled at us and whispered if we were ready. We both nodded.

She looked at us with a smile, then past us to the guests behind us. I knew the sheer cape did nothing to shield my bare butt from their gaze.

Jenna began in her role as the officiant of the ceremony. "Jake, Lara, King, and special guest, we are gathered here on this night and in this place for a very serious, very special, and very exciting purpose. We come here tonight to bear witness to the declaration Lara will give. Although both Jake and Lara understand such declaration does not hold legal weight in our greater society, your participation and witness to such declaration will provide relational weight by being freely and publicly given and witnessed by you, their trusted and respected friends who share a liberated perspective on intimate relations." She returned her gaze to us. "Jake, Lara, are you prepared to enter into this ceremony with the same intention of honoring and respecting the declarations contained in it AS IF it held the full legal weight of our greater society?" I looked up at him and we both nodded together and said yes. "Are you acting of your free will and without coercion of any kind in entering these declarations?" Again, we nodded and repeated yes.

She looked down at King and hesitated. She knew from the ceremony we prepared that I was also going to be including King. Finally, she lightheartedly continued, "I think we will just have to assume that King is ..."

Just then, King's remarkable attention to this point was broken by something his nose picked up in the air. His nose sniffed the air, his nostrils flaring as he sought the source. Predictably, his snout was moving to my crotch. After all, I WAS naked and the scent was coming from me and I was well aware of the aroused state I was in.

I placed my hand on his snout and tried to gently divert it away. Jake was more commanding, telling him firmly to have a little patience, which drew muted laughter from behind us.

Flushed, I announced to Jenna but with enough voice to be heard by everyone, "I think King's understanding of what is about to happen, his acceptance, and willingness is evident." There was even brief clapping to join the laughing.

She held up her hands to get the guests attention. "Yes, a big part of what Jake and Lara intend is to have fun, pleasure, sharing, and exploring. But, as I said earlier, this is also a very serious step. What we are invited to witness tonight is a commitment by Lara to Jake. This is a ceremony in honor of something far beyond some romantic image and feeling a couple might share. If you paid attention to some of the lyrics of the entrance song Lara chose, you would have heard the surrender, 'I'm giving myself over to you; Body and soul; I'm giving it over; I'm giving myself over to you'. Body and soul. That is the level of commitment Lara feels and is committing to Jake." She looked over the guests, then focused on Beth. "There are those whose very nature and personality makes them vulnerable in relationships whether personal, professional, or casual. These people have a driving

desire to please and serve and nothing makes them happier than to be able to fulfill that desire. Unfortunately, that desire is easily taken advantage of.” She seemed to be talking specifically to Beth. Then, she broke her gaze as if only then recognizing it herself. She went on to describe in layman’s terms what a submissive is clinically, how they behave, how they can be abused, taken advantage of, how they have become marginalized in culture. She emphasized the critical importance of these people to find that person who can release them, protect them, be strong for them in order to allow them to focus on what they desire ... to please and serve.

“In case there is any question about why we are all at this place in this time, we are here to be witnesses to Lara submitting herself to Jake, a Commitment Ceremony. Lara wishes to give herself to Jake. She sees in him the person she needs, the person who can be strong for her, protect her, guide her, respect her in every way, but at the same time to challenge and motivate her to explore things about herself she would not have the courage to explore otherwise.” The guests were eerily hushed, as the full impact of what was happening settled in on them. Jenna looked at each of us, “Are you ready Jake?” He nodded. “Lara, are you ready?” I looked at Jake with my face full of happiness and devotion and nodded.

Jenna led us through a ceremony based on weddings and research of sites purporting to depict submissive commitment. That was all for show. Then she turned to me and asked if I was ready to express my intentions to Jake. I nodded and turned to face him. I notice Jenna punching the remote and cuing up a background instrumental to “We Belong”. I begin singing a modified version of Pat Benatar’s song:

“Many times I tried to tell someone  
Many times I cried alone  
Then, you were there and I cried no more  
Always surprised at how well you cut through my pain and fear, to repair  
To clean away my fear, my pain, my regret, and my despair  
I can’t live without you, anymore

I’ve invested my energy, love, soul, and emotion  
You’ve taken those seeds and nurtured them, given them protection  
To the doubts that have complicated my mind  
We belong to the light, we belong to the thunder  
We belong to the sound of the words we’ve both fallen under  
Whatever we deny or embrace for worse or for better  
We belong ... we belong ... we belong together

Maybe it’s a sign of my weakness when I don’t know what to do or say  
Maybe I just wouldn’t know what to do with strength, anyway  
Have we become to each other a known fact?  
Now there’s only looking forward  
I have no desire for turning back  
We belong to the light, we belong to the thunder  
Whatever we deny or embrace for worse or for better  
We belong ... we belong ... we belong together

Close your eyes and try to imagine the new life I give to you now freely  
Close your eyes and try to dream what will be  
For whatever you desire by imagining or dreaming will be  
You can’t begin to know how much I really love and care  
I hear your voice inside me, I see your face everywhere

I give to you my body, heart, and desire  
For you to love, use, control, train, and shape to how you aspire  
We belong to the light, we belong to the thunder  
We belong ... we belong ... we belong together."

"Jake, Sir, I give to you the only thing I have to give that is of worth ... myself, my body, my heart, my desire to please you and to serve you. I am yours, Jake! I am yours ... I am yours to use, to control, to share, to train and shape for whatever purpose, but, especially, I am yours to love. I give you my body and soul." I gazed into his eyes, then drop them, "Will you accept my offering, Sir?"

He raised my chin with his finger to look me in the eyes, "My god, Lara! I love you so much!"

"Is that a, yes, Sir?"

He pulled me into his arms, pulling me off the ground, "Yes! That is a YES!"

Jenna was all smiles, but she pushed through. "Jake, you have accepted Lara's gift of herself, her entire self to you. What do you give her in response?"

His hands were cupping my face. "Lara, I can't or won't sing." There was chuckling from the guys in the group. He smiled in response. "Lara, I will always, ALWAYS, treasure the gift you have bestowed upon me. I will always respect, honor, and protect you. I will do whatever is necessary for you to find the fulfillment you desire."

Jenna captured our attention and we focused on the remaining part of the commitment. She looked out over the guests, "Jake and Lara have added an ... interesting ... element, addition, to her submission to Jake." She looked at King and the guest instantly went quiet, sensing what she was about to proceed with. "Lara ..."

I turned to King who was still sitting next to me. "King, you are Jake's first pet. I followed you into his house and his care." I glanced at the guest, many of whom were leaning forward, waiting for the next words, "I submit my body to you." The group was hushed. They couldn't be waiting for a verbal answer, but there wasn't a sound from them. I stood straight, separated my feet, pulled the sheer cape behind me to fully expose my naked body to King and the others. "Do you accept me, King? I will be your bitch, whenever you desire me." The group was hushed. Not a whisper or sound from them. King leaned forward as if he was giving an answer to my question, sniffed my crotch, then licked between my legs. I shivered and smiled as I held his head at my pussy.

Jenna physically reached out and turned me. I was flushed. I glanced at Jake for his reaction. His eyes were filled with lust ... lust and love. Jenna started speaking and I turned back to her.

"By the power granted to me by Jake and Lara, I now pronounce you, Lara, Jake's submissive to do with as he desires." We had established our own boundaries, but the effect of 'as he desires' was more powerful for the group.

It took a moment. I think most of the guests weren't quite sure what this 'ceremony' was all about. I know John did. He already had a real taste of what was to come. Then, after it settled in on them, they clapped enthusiastically. But, Jenna wasn't done and, of course, it was all planned.

"Jake, you may now use your submissive." The group was hushed, instantly. It was a play on the wedding 'you may now kiss the bride'. Jenna came to me, unfastened my cape at my neck and carried it away to join Beth.

I looked up at Jake and whispered, "Are you ready, my Sir? No second thoughts?"

He shook his head and responded in a similar whisper. "I will never second guess this moment. I should ask if you have?"

"My gift is for always."

I began unbuttoning the remaining buttons on his shirt. I kissed his increasingly exposed chest. I slid his jacket off and placed it on the ground. I removed his shirt, placing it on top of his jacket. I stepped into him, unbuckling his belt. I heard a gasp from some woman. I dropped to my knees to remove his shoes. He hadn't worn socks. How Floridian of him. I remained on my knees and gazed up at him, my hands moving to the clasp and zipper of his trousers. He nodded to me. I pulled the zipper of his trousers down slowly. Again, there was a hush disturbed only by the ambient sounds of residential life beyond the confines of the yard.

I don't think any of our guests anticipated that my submission to Jake would be consummated in front of them. But, what better way to demonstrate the depth of my commitment to him than to be taken publicly as I had publicly pronounced my submission.

I heard several gasps as I lowered his trousers to the ground, my lips kissing his abdomen just above the waistband of his boxers. I purposefully grazed my face and lips over his crotch as I lowered my attention to assisting him out of his trousers. I felt his cock react as my face rubbed along it on the outside of his boxers.

With him standing before us in only his boxers, I knew he presented a handsome image, but several of the men as our guests were former athletes who still took good care of themselves. My lips kissed my way up his left thigh, my tongue dragging along the skin as I moved up between kisses. When I reached the bottom of his boxers, I trapped my nose underneath and pushed the leg up his thigh, exposing more of his leg. I heard several sighs, clearly from the women. I looked up at Jake, his boxers leg dropping down his thigh. I reached for the waistband and smiled at him. My mouth returned to his abdomen, kissing and licking his skin as I slowly lowered his boxers over his hips. I was directly in front of Jake, directly between him and the guests, except for Jenna and Beth on the one side. I wanted her to see him, first. All those times in her office I spent talking about Jake but with few truly intimate details. All those times she knew I was with him, getting to know him, raising our intimacy slowly over time, finally experimenting with my submissiveness with him and giving him my verbal commitment over that dinner. All those times of her hearing about us and her mind probably wondering what that must have been like. She had to wonder about him.

I moved on my knees slightly more to the side to show her as his cock became exposed. She gasped, then, "Oh my ...". I heard Beth whisper something and Jenna respond. Her breath was heavy, labored.

I smiled as I stood up while pressing myself against his body, still covering him from the view of the others. I raised my head up to him. We kissed deeply and passionately. I raised my right leg and hooked it over his butt. I ground my crotch into him and felt his cock grow as I did it. I knew he would be aroused, to begin with. Hell, he was about to fuck me in front of his friends. I knew it would take almost nothing to get him aroused enough to become erect, at least erect enough.

I lowered my right leg, swaying against him, just in case he needed more stimulation. He didn't, but I enjoyed the feel of his huge, hard cock against my stomach. I stepped to my left, slowly, my right hand sliding behind me along his skin until I was pressed into his right side, my right hand grasping his long, hard cock. I grasped him near the base intentionally to demonstrate how small my hand

appeared wrapped around it. This time the gasp wasn't from the side from just Jenna and Beth. The other four women in the group all seemed to utter the gasp in unison, collectively turning a single muted gasp from any one of them into a pooled sound that was undeniable.

I kissed his shoulder as I looked out over the group, my pale breast pressed into his black arm, my hand slowly stroking up and down his shaft. I made eye contact with each of the women, passing by the men. I smiled and I knew my eyes were blazing with the lust that was burning inside my body.

Jake turned his head to me, "Are you ready, my submissive woman?"

I smiled up at him. "You know I am. I am and always will be wet and ready for you. How have you decided you will take me, Sir?"

He moved me in front of him. "Put your hands around my neck and jump into my arms, then wrap your legs around me."

We had done this once before. What an amazing feeling of power and control from him and utter surrender from me. I did as he said and another gasp came from someone. He pulled me up higher on his stomach, my legs wrapped tightly around him. He had both hands under my ass cheeks, then one released its hold, but I remained where I was. He slowly lowered me until I felt the head of his cock poke against my ass. He moved his cock back and forth, blindly seeking my pussy, then my opening. I raised up slightly, whispered for him to hold his cock still, and I moved the inches needed to sink over the head, my arms grabbing tighter around his neck.

It didn't seem to matter how many times I take him inside me, each time is being filled anew. Each time elicits a low, guttural gasp, which happened this time, too. And with my own gasp came another collective gasp from the women.

I covered his mouth with mine, mashing a long mouth and tongue kiss for the ages. I parted slightly, my eyes on his lips that I was just kissing before rising to his eyes. "Are you ready?"

He smiled. The head of his cock was still the only part inside me, but he understood what was coming. "Are you ready? You're the one who is going to feel it the most."

"Yes, I love how it feels." I released some of the tension in my arms and legs, knowing he still had me, but the reduction in my hold dropped my ass down, his cock driving up into my pussy until he bottomed out inside me just as I hit the base of his cock. He raised and dropped me while we stood in front of the group. The gasps weren't just from the women, at least the whispered and muted comments weren't. It was almost a brutal fucking as he dropped me down the full length of his cock each time. This went on and on and I began to wonder how he was holding out. Did he masturbate just before? Did he use some numbing cream that I couldn't taste?

He surprised me. He lifted me up and off his cock. He set me down in front of him, turned me around to face the others, then told me to jump as high as I could. I knew my breasts had to flop but I jumped as high as I could. He caught me in mid-air and held me tight to his body. "Reinsert me." I reached down, my eyes catching on several people as my hand sought his cock and moved it to my hole, which was gaping and easier to find. He lowered me down and I twisted my arms back around his neck. They all could easily see everything happening now. His massive cock exposed as he lifted me, then instantly gone up inside my body as he lowered me.

I exploded. My orgasm took hold. I tried but I couldn't hold out any longer. My body facing the group as I orgasmed, it shook. Everything shook. My legs seemed to twitch, my stomach quivered. My mouth dropped open as cry after cry, moan after groan escaped.

At first, I didn't realize when Jake came. Then, I knew. I felt his cock inside jerk violently and my pussy became filled to overflowing with his seed.

He slowly, carefully, lowered himself while somehow holding me closely and tightly until he was lying on his side, I spooned in front of him, his cock still buried inside me. It was utterly quiet until some soft, muted words could be heard, then Jake's words came to me.

"No rest my dear. There is still another male who wants to consummate your submission."

I turned in his arms and kissed him. "My god, Jake! That was wonderful. Now King. Yes, definitely. Promise me something?"

"Anything."

"Make this my life."

He kissed my nose. "Does 'be careful what you wish for' apply here?"

I smiled and touched his lips with my finger. "No. That's your job to be careful for me." I smiled and without looking back, moved to my hands and knees and crawled to where King was sitting somewhat patiently. Somewhat patiently because several inches of his reddish cock was exposed from his sheath.

I patted the ground as I came to him and his gangly body folded onto its side and his hind leg lifted in familiar anticipation. I nuzzled his head, planting several kisses, as I continued down his body to the exposed cock. He had no nervousness or uncertainty with however I wanted to touch him or what position I encouraged him into. As I knelt alongside his body, my mouth taking the inches of exposed and growing cock, his snout sniffed and searched my bottom. Jake did something unique for the guests' voyeuristic enjoyment, maybe I could manage it, too. I released his cock from my mouth and with both hands pushed his chest so he was on his back, both legs now splayed out to the sides. Quickly, I swung my leg over his chest and pulled the other along the other side. I wiggled my crotch back and lowered my mouth back to the more exposed cock. When I felt his cold, wet snout on my pussy, then his tongue lapped the length of my slit leaking Jake's cum, I moaned loudly from around the cock filling my mouth. I heard the murmurs from the guests and smiled to myself.

I didn't stay in this position very long. I didn't need to because King quickly became fully hard and exposed and I was already way past ready to be fucked. I swung my legs around while holding his cock in my mouth before getting into an awkward position for mounting. We had missed a detail in our planning. I needed something to raise my ass in the air for him to easily mount me. Instead, I rose and bent over at the waist, my arms on my knees for bracing. I had never done it this way before. Could I hold his 165 pounds like this? The position must have given him pause, too, because there was a moment before he mounted me, but he did. He landed on my back and my frame sagged from the impact, but I held. This wasn't going to be comfortable, though, but maybe all I really needed to do was be a willing bitch to the dog to cum inside of and not be concerned with my own pleasure. I heard a scraping and found a chair moving in front of me. Jake was already partially dressed and recognized my predicament and quickly found a chair for me to kneel on and brace my upper body. My gaze followed Jake to give him a thank you smile and found John standing alongside him whispering into his ear. John had reacted, too, and given up his chair.

King was deep inside me, fucking me with that relentless and frantic way of canine sex, my moans, gasps, and groans were continuous, but not so much so that I could miss the sounds coming from our witnesses. God, what a slut, what a dog bitch I must appear before these people. But, God, it felt so good!

His cock filled me and his knot was pounding at the entrance to my pussy. Each thrust of the knot to push inside shoved my body forward and swung my breasts underneath me. When the knot pressed inside, the impact was doubled and my body moved a foot, pressing my body firmly into the back of the chair I was using for a brace. I cried out like I so often did as his large knot stretched me and passed inside. Then, the fucking moved into the final stages as King's cock and knot seemed to increase in size as if his sperm was building inside for the inevitable gush of fluid to be deposited. At the first spasm of his cock, my pussy spasmed with it. My pussy walls clenched around the knot and cock permitting me to feel each twitch and pulse of his cock in the Nano-seconds before he spurted his cum. It was in those Nano-seconds between awareness and happening that my orgasm struck.

My thighs collapsed sometime during orgasming. My legs folded onto the seat of the chair, the knot stuck inside me pulling to hold my ass higher than it was. King swung a leg over me and stood looking out in the direction of the guests as I recovered enough to raise my ass to relieve the intense tension of the knot against my opening.

I felt a hand on the side of my head as it lay on my forearms on the top of the chair back. I opened my eyes in slits to find Jake, dressed and gently stroking my cheek with his finger tips and pushing my hair back behind my head. I gave him a weak, but very satisfied smile.

In a hushed voice, "Did I please you, Sir?"

He leaned down and kissed my cheek, then crouched to be at eye level with me. "You have always pleased me, Lara."

I smiled and rocked on the knot tying my pussy to King and feeling new jolts of sexual energy from bumping my g-spot. "And I intend to please you always ..."

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

After King pulled his knot out of my pussy, I stood brazenly in front of our guests with my legs apart, my pussy gaping open, and cum running. Jake took me in arms, kissing me passionately, his hands stroking over my bare back and ass. He turned me around, pulling me into his dressed body, one hand cupping my left breast, and his other sliding up and down my stomach.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you, Lara, my newly committed submissive." They stood as one and clapped. Several of the men whistled and shouted their approval. The women, all of the women, including Jenna and Beth, wore huge smiles. "Please mingle and give Lara and I a moment to lay out some refreshments."

He took me by the hand and led me through the group to the back of the house and into the kitchen. He turned me around, looked earnestly into my eyes, which greeted him with excitement. He pulled me into his arms and kissed into my hair.

"Lara, you are an amazing woman. Are you still okay with this?"

I pushed back from him but not out of his arms. I attempted to give him a stern look, how it came off I wasn't sure. "Stop asking me that, Jake. Please." I put my hands on the side of his face and gazed up at him. "I am so happy. I feel so fulfilled. And, I am so excited for what will come. Honestly, Jake, I believe you have solved me and I am so grateful. I want this with you."

"And the nudity in front of our friends?"

I hesitated. "I'd be lying if I didn't admit there was a time of embarrassment, but ... it was SO exciting! Didn't you feel it, Jake? Fucking me in front of your friends like that? God, that was exciting. And, King ... King was great, wasn't he? I loved that, too. Jake, I never knew how much of an exhibitionist I was ... do you think they liked it? They weren't offended, were they?"

He put two fingers to my lips and shushed me. "Let's get this stuff out to them and you'll see for yourself." They loved it, I knew they did. God, I was so excited and still so turned on. And still the only one naked.

After I delivered a flute of champagne to each, John stepped forward from the group. "I would like to make a toast." Everyone stopped talking and gave him their attention, sneaking peeks at Jake and me. "We all know Jake. Jake is the common thing we all have in common. Some of us know each other, but we all know Jake. To know Jake is to trust him. Jake is that rare kind of guy that if he decides to like you, you have someone who will be there for you, you have his respect, and you have his trust. I don't know what many of your individual stories are, but it is not an accident that this little group is together for this event. It was this group that he trusted with this." I watched John, but also the heads nodding in agreement and understanding. "Jake has set a bold path forward tonight. I don't mind saying my mind was blown by what I witnessed. The dedication; the commitment; the trust; and, the caring exhibited was stunning. Anyone else feel that way?" Verbal expression of agreement flowed around us and eyes turned from John to Jake and me. Then, John half turned and pointed to me. "But ... I want you to consider something. I want you to think about Lara. We know what trust and caring and respect look and feel like from Jake to us. Imagine her ... imagine the depth of trust, respect, caring ... love ... that she has for him. I had the chance to spend a little alone time with these two", there were some snickers, "yes, well, let me just tell you that what I learned then showed me that what we just witnessed is really them." He fully turned to face the two of us. "To Jake ... to Lara ... I believe you two have found your perfect relationship." Everyone cheered and saluted.

Jake led me through guest, his hands touching me as he guided me from one couple to another, from one person to the next, all the time he touched, stroked, and fondled my naked body. Jake gave me a rundown of each as we moved through the group, especially about why they were invited to witness this.

Jenna and Beth were the first to rush up to us. Beth seemed reserved and deferred to Jenna. My whole awareness of her was at the office where she seemed quite efficient and capable. In this social setting, she seemed very reserved and deferential, reminding me a lot of myself really. She was 35-years-old, about 5' 6" tall and slightly past trim, curvy maybe. I would later learn she had been divorced by her husband who had been very controlling. It wasn't until after she was divorced that she went back to work.

Mike and April Jacobson were from nearby Fort Myers, FL. He was a former receivers coach at several colleges and a pro team. He currently owns two car dealerships in Fort Myers. April is the bookkeeper for the dealerships. They are both white, about 36-years-old.

Sam and Anita Franklin also lived in Cape Coral on the other side of the city. Sam is a retired offensive lineman for the Dolphins and owns four chain restaurants/bars in the area. Anita manages the servers. They are both black and about mid-30's.

Nick and Sarah Jackson are from nearby Fort Myers Beach. Nick was drafted as a high prospect linebacker by the Buccaneers but was hurt in his third year, traded to a couple teams and finally retired after a total of six years. He owns an upscale dance club in Fort Myers Beach. Sarah is a stay-at-home mom to their young daughter. Both are black and in their early 30's.



Carl Josephs served in the Army with Jake for two tours. He went to college on the GI Bill, eventually getting his MBA. He is a manager for a manufacturer in Tampa. They have stayed in touch over the years. Carl is single and black.

And, finally, the local couple. Jim and Barb Adamley who live just down the street. Their 12-year-old son comes to take care of King when Jake traveled. Jim is an executive at a bank in Cape Coral. Sarah is also a stay-at-home mom to their son and 9-year-old daughter. They are in their upper 30's. She has magnificent reddish, wavy hair hanging below her shoulders.

Jake explained that all the couples were swingers of some sort, some much more so and others more selectively. They all asked him in the past and he declined but they all gave him the impression they were looking for situations where they were among trusted friends. Of all of them, the Adamleys' were the most careful swingers and only with very select friends. Like the Jacksons, they were more active before the kids. All are good friends with Jake, some with each other, but others new to this group. Knowing all of them, though, he was sure of the dynamics. I had no idea when we met and talked on other occasions.

There must be something about being the only one naked in a group of dressed people, maybe especially people who have just witnessed you fucking, including the dog, that opens them up.

Jenna, with Beth in tow, came up alongside me as I was refilling champagne glasses and refilling snack trays. Her voice was quiet, "I always wondered about him. He is such a large, confident, and controlled man, I couldn't help but wonder if he was indeed ... large." She blushed. "I can't imagine what that must feel like." She was flushed, but when I looked past her to Beth, she couldn't even look at me as she heard the words. I was really wondering about Beth. Her attitude here was so ... me.

I smiled, "Well, you don't need to wonder anymore, at least about his size. The other, well ..." When I met her eyes, again, they were almost expectant. I just smiled. I scanned the group to find Jake, then excused myself.

Jake was standing with John and Carl. I could hear as I approached a discussion about the motorcycle road trip being planned. I asked for a moment and led him a safe distance from other's overhearing. I shared Jenna's comment with him and he sent me back with an invitation for her. I had to scan the group again to find them. I had to wait patiently to excuse them from a conversation. Staring into her eyes, and glancing at Beth, "Jake sent me back with an invitation. We both appreciate everything you have done to help us. You've made us both more aware of who we are and how we fit together, even if you weren't intending to play match-maker. Jake wishes to offer you to be one of the first he shares me with." I wink at her, "And, you may be able to find out what IT feels like."

Her mouth gaped open, "You told him what I said?"

I smiled, "Of course, I am completely open with Jake, you should know that. He would like both of you to spend the night with us. It would be a fitting end for my commitment to share it with you." She was searching my eyes. I smiled in a way that showed my interest in the offer, also. I sensed she was still discovering some practical aspects of what submissive life was beyond the clinical. She nodded without consulting with Beth, but they needed to get some things from the hotel. "Don't be long. I'll shower for you, clean my ... self out." I gave them both a wicked grin clearly indicating the implication of the comment.

I watched them retreat into the house. I heard my name called and scanned the patio area. I found

the guys grouped together in chairs pulled into a large circle, then found the four remaining women in a tight group out in the yard. I saw an arm rise from them and immediately recognized it from Barb Adamley down the street. As I walked past the seven men, I saucily juttied my bare ass at them. I received a chorus of raucous catcalls and comments. I turned around while walking backward, squeezed my left breast and blew them a kiss. I turned giggling as I joined the women.

Barb was shaking her head, "You are such a tease."

"That really wasn't a tease. I heard Jake talking about the rules for tomorrow. I know what is happening, what I will be doing. That wasn't a tease, that was letting them know I was ready for whatever."

Anita, "And, you are? I mean, you really are ready for 'whatever'?"

I giggled, "Honestly? I don't know. Previous relationships weren't so good and several times I was used by some men. I do mean used, too. But, it was only a few men at a time. This would be different, but Jake is different and so are your men. Tomorrow is open, though." I searched the faces. There was something bothering them.

April touched my hand, "We've been talking, Lara." I searched their faces and they must have seen my concern. "No, we're fine with tomorrow. We've all been in some swinging and sharing in the past. No, we're excited that this might become an intimate group for sharing. We talked about that, too. A group of good friends is a much better situation."

"Then, what?"

Barb jumped back in, "Jake. Honestly, it is Jake." She saw the surprised look on my face and she realized her mistake and they all laughed. "No! Not Jake as Jake! We all know and love Jake. No, I mean, we mean, his ... hmmm ... size?" If the light was better, I would probably be seeing her blushing. "We want all this to work for us as a group, but ..."

Anita blurted it out, "We all agreed we are scared of his cock. I think we are afraid it will hurt and he might feel bad or it might ruin the mood."

I looked at them and laughed. "Believe me, I understand. I won't forget the first time I took his pants off. And, yes, my reaction did cause him some grief. So, what are you saying?"

"We've agreed and we'll cover it with our husbands if you can explain to Jake and establish a new rule. For tomorrow, our husbands are the only men who can take us because we know we'll get too hot watching not to be fucked. Do you think you can handle all of them for the most part?" I smiled. Jake's original thought for tomorrow was a gangbang for me but didn't know how he could leave out the wives. I assured them it was fine.

Barb broke in, again. "We were more than impressed that you could take him so easily. How?"

I chuckled, "Practice, wonderful, delicious practice. King's knot is huge, too. I get lots of practice." I thought for a moment and they could tell I was working something out and waited. "You want to be with Jake, though, right?" They all nodded very eagerly. "I have an idea, then. Each of you couples come for a night or weekend and stay here with us." I smiled devilishly, "You can see what it is like to have a submissive to take care of your needs day and night. And, it will provide plenty of time to comfortably adjust to Jake. I can show you how I did it." I asked about sitters for the kids and both mothers assured that their parents were close and loved taking them for nights.

I was a few steps away when my hand was grabbed. All four women walked up to me. Again, it was Barb who was seeming to communicate their feelings. "We agreed on something else, Lara. This was the hottest thing any of us have imagined. And to think this is the beginning of what you and Jake are going to be calling your life. It is something any of us might pretend at, play role sex, but we could never do for real. There is a part of us that will envy you and a part of us that would be terrified to give up that control." Each of them came to me, hugging me tightly, their hands not shy about touching my naked body.

"Thank you. As Dr. Jenna said, my nature is different, especially to extent. I was worried we might offend you." They just laughed. "Have you ladies ... well, do you also enjoy women?" They nodded enthusiastically and I smiled.

As I walked back to have that private word with Jake, it was sinking in how sensual and blatantly sexual my life was going to become. I was not only preparing myself to be fucked by all these men the next day but assisting the wives on how they would come to fuck my man. And, my thoughts of enjoying them sexually myself. Very interesting. Very erotic. And, I could feel my entire body tingling.

After the last of the guest left, I hustled past Jake. "I'm going to shower for Jenna and Beth." I heard him call out not to get my hair wet. He wanted me back quickly.

I didn't bother replacing the stocking or heels. I padded out of the bedroom and down the hall to the kitchen where Jake was just putting the last of the snacks in the refrigerator. I poured some wine and stepped up to him and kissed him.

"Thank you, Jake, I loved everything about tonight." I put my face against his chest, my free hand stroked outside his pants over his cock. "I get so excited when I think about how strong you are. How were you able to hold me up like that when you fucked me facing our guests?" I looked up at him. "Just thinking about it makes me hot all over again." Just then, the doorbell rang.

I opened the front door and hugged each one of them in the doorway. Jenna chuckled, "You are a hussy. Naked at the front door. Aren't you afraid someone will see you?"

I laughed, "Not really. They would have to be in the ideal spot and paying attention. And if they were going to that much trouble, well ..." Jenna shook her head.

I set their one small bag on the floor and walked them to Jake in the family room. Jake got up from the couch and handed Jenna a glass of wine, then guided her out the door and back to the patio. Beth looked bewildered. She turned to me and I was ready with a glass of wine for her. She looked at it and my naked body at the same time. I pushed the glass closer and she took it.

She sipped from the glass and eyed me over the rim of the glass. When she pulled it away, "Was that on purpose, to separate us for some reason?"

I smiled what I hoped was a reassuring smile. "He didn't tell me, Beth. Remember what I am? We talk about some things. Other things he will just tell me."

"Yes, I know. Actually ... this is nice because ..." She looked at me and I could see she was weighing something. I waited. "Can I ask you some questions?"

I smiled. "Of course, but first, my questions." She nodded nervously. "We were initially surprised that Jenna wanted to bring you, but then it seemed to make some sense. You are in a relationship, aren't you?" She nodded without looking at me. "And, you're submissive." She looked up quickly. It

looked at first as if she was going to deny it, but she didn't. Finally, she nodded. "You've talked about it and how it might affect a healthy relationship for you, and Jenna wanted you to see what one such relationship would look like to help you understand, even if it isn't exactly like ours?"

She nodded. "How could you know all that?"

"I was you, Beth. Jenna helped me to understand what and who I was. She helped me to understand the kind of man and relationship I might find fulfillment in. That is what Jake is for me. Is that what you are talking to Jenna about?"

She gushed it out now that it was in the open, "Yes, all of that. I've had bad relationships, bad marriage, and divorce. I let people walk all over me and make me do things I don't want." She looked intently at me. "Tell me, Lara, when you do these things like today, do you feel bad later? I always felt bad later, even if at the moment I might have been excited."

"No, Beth, I don't. I know what you mean, though. My other relationships were the same as yours. Jake is different, though. Even if he has me do the same things, it is different because his intention and motivation are different. There is no abuse or meanness involved. With Jake, I don't feel like I am being forced into something. It is more like I am being guided into something and it is a completely different and good feeling. Jake cares for me. He loves me. He's not going to do something that will hurt me or make me feel bad about my self-worth."

"Jenna said you would be able to explain it to me. She tried, but she is so clinical and professional. You say it in a way that expresses the feeling." She studied my face. "Tomorrow will be like a gangbang for you, right?" I nodded. "And ..."

"And, I am so excited. I suppose you are wondering if he asked me. No, he didn't. Jake told me we would have a celebration BBQ and I would be available to all the men and probably King, again. Did I feel abused and used? No." I took her hands in mine and looked in the eyes. "This is the bottom line, Beth, I have Jake's respect, honor, and caring. Our natural craving is to please and serve those in our lives. Find that person that will honor, respect and care for us and we can be fulfilled in our need to please and serve. And, we are all different as to what that pleasing and serving is. Me ... well, I have always known I was highly sexual. I love orgasms and I have lots of them. And, my pleasing side means I also love to help others to orgasm. I just love it! As a result, Jake's guiding of me will include a huge dose of sexual activity under his watchful eye and protection. I'm fulfilled in both ways. You see?"

She wrapped her arms around me, "Thank you! I feel so much better. Now I think I know how to approach the discussions with Jenna."

I put her out at arm's length, "Do you feel the same way about Jenna?" She nodded excitedly. "Beth, I am so excited for you!" I hugged her deeply, again.

"What's all this about?" Jenna and Jake were standing just inside the kitchen entrance.

I smiled at them without releasing Beth from my arms, "Just a couple of submissives having some quality talk-time."

I finally did break the hug and we turned in unison toward them. Jenna's face showed some surprise by my comment. She was looking only at Beth, though. "Really?"

Beth nodded as they went into their own hug. "Yes, she was very helpful and I think I understand better now. We have a lot to talk about, I think." They kissed, passionately, and neither seemed

embarrassed. I wasn't even sure who initiated it, though I would have bet it was Jenna.

As they separate, I stepped up to Beth and walked her further into the family room. "Are you ready to start being a submissive to Jenna? Not as far as me, at first, but a start?" She nodded while glancing at Jenna. My questions had been quiet, intended for her, but loud enough that Jenna and Jake would also be able to hear. Jenna watched expectantly as my fingers moved to the buttons of Beth's white blouse. As my fingers worked, she nervously shifted her weight from one foot to the other but I reached forward with my face to hers to kiss her on the lips softly. When I pulled the blouse tails from the waist band of her skirt, she sighed heavily. I kissed her, again, then slipped the blouse off her shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor. Her bra was white lace and attractive on her, not too supportive for her breasts.

I pulled her into a hug and whispered into her ear, "I always knew you had a lovely body, Beth. I would really like to make love to you tonight." When we separated, she was blushing and giving furtive looks to where Jenna and Jake were standing and watching. I moved to her side and loosened the fastenings of her skirt, then slipped the little zipper down. I could see lace panties underneath. I pulled the skirt down over her hips, down her legs, and assisted her to step out of it. I tossed the skirt and blouse to one of the easy chairs. I helped her off with her low heels, then slid my hands up her left leg to grasp the elastic top of the stay-up stockings. I looked up at her smiling, then glanced to the side at the other two.

"Excellent. Never wear pantyhose. If you have any left at home, throw them away. Jenna will want to have easy access to your ..." I smiled up at her, "... to you." She blushed, again, but gave Jenna another look that bore a shy smile.

When she was undressed to her bra and panties, I stepped behind her and presented her to Jenna. With my hands on Beth's shoulders, I looked at Jenna and glanced at Jake, "Ma'am, this woman believes she is coming to understand what it means to be submissive and what is required to have a sound relationship." I whispered into Beth's ear.

She nervously fidgeted and nervously looked from the floor to Jenna, back and forth. "Lara has ..." I whisper into her ear. "Jake's submissive ... has shown me what it takes for us to be fulfilled. I would like to pursue the same with you. I know I have a lot to learn and we have a lot to understand about this life, but ... will you lead me through it?"

Tears came to Jenna's eyes and she opened her arms. Beth rushed forward into the embrace.

I waited patiently until they separated without outside pressure. Then, I took Jake's hand and led him to the couch but didn't allow him to sit down. He smiled at me, guessing my intent as familiar as he was with little physical indicators between us. I began undressing him as he stood there with Jenna and Beth now standing behind me. They watched as I slipped him out of his shirt for the second time tonight, kissing, licking, and sucking at the flesh of his chest and stomach as my fingers again worked at his belt and pants. I pulled his pants and shorts down his powerfully muscled legs, then very unsubmitively pushed him onto the couch. I pulled off his shoes, pants, and underwear, then moved between his knees to begin kissing and licking his cock to life. As it began to expand, I rose from my knees, which brought a groan of frustration from Jake.

I smiled down at him but stepped to Jenna and Beth. "Ma'am, may I borrow her?", as I glanced from one to the other. A gentle push into the small of Beth's back was all she could manage to indicate her consent. I took her hand and brought her to stand in front of Jake with me. One naked and one in bra and panties.

Jake gazed unabashedly at the two of us. I smiled at him and he seemed to understand by directing his full attention to Beth. "Beth, do you know how beautiful and erotic you look right now?" She blushed deeply, her eyes sinking to the floor at her bare feet. Jake pursued her, however. "Look at me, Beth." She nervously, shyly raised her eyes to meet his. "You know how beautiful and sexy I think Lara is?" She nodded. "That is why I want her naked so I can enjoy seeing her beauty completely whenever we are near. It pleases me to be able to enjoy the view of her and if I am pleased, she is happy, right?" Beth turned her head to look at me but was already nodding her head. She understood the need to please. "Beth, you are beautiful, too. Would you let me see all of your beauty?"

That gave her a start, though she should have been able to anticipate where Jake was going with his comments, if this wasn't all so new to her. She turned her head to Jenna behind us. I didn't bother to follow her gaze, I would know the result soon enough. I heard Beth take a deep breath and saw her hands move behind her back, her bra sagging on the shoulder straps, then her arms sliding out through them as she held the cups to her breast. Jake was watching her carefully, but I could also detect his quick glances behind us. I knew Jake would be ready to stop this instantly if he felt it was becoming too much for Beth at any moment. I heard her suck in another lung full of air as she released her bra and pushed her panties down her legs, stepping out of them and standing shyly in front of Jake as he admired her, me, and back to her.

Jake smiled at her and I heard her sigh in relief as if she had just passed some major hurdle. And, maybe she had, at least to herself.

I took her hand and stepped to Jake, sinking to my knees on one side of his legs. She watched me, gazed down at his cock, which had expanded even more as this had played out, then knelt down on the other side of him. I placed the hand I had been holding onto his cock, my hand joining hers. She gasped when her hand went around it. I slid mine up to the head and waited there. She slid her hand up to where mine had stopped, then moved hers down and mine followed hers.

I moved in to press into Jake's legs and lowered my lips to his cock that continued to grow and expand. I watched her watch me as I kissed and licked the side of the cock toward me. She then repeated the actions. Soon our mouths met at the head of his cock and we came together in a kiss. I raised up and took the head into my mouth, then pulled back. Beth's eyes were riveted on his cock now and lowered her mouth over the head and pushed down, her mouth stretched wide as she tried to force more inside. She pulled up, sucking all the way, then gave a kiss to the head.

We both had a hand on his cock, but hers was above mine and she was steadily stroking him. I caught her eye, "Jenna needs to be readied, too. Then, we will assist them in their fucking." She groaned, her eyes again locked on his cock. I asked my next question with an intention of an answer. "Should I prepare Jenna while you continue with Jake?" She didn't answer with a nod, verbal 'yes', or grunt, she simply lowered her head and retook his cock into her mouth.

I was smiling at that as I approached Jenna. She hugged me, "I can't believe what you have her doing. We've talked about submissiveness and how she fit into that description, but she was nervous about it. Thank you."

"It is my very real pleasure, Ma'am." I turned her to face away from me and I unzipped her dress. It was a quick movement. She sucked in her breath and shivered. After pushing the dress off her shoulders, I unfastened her bra. Both dropped to the floor together. I pushed her panties down over her hips and down her legs, then her stocking and shoes. I turned her around with my hands on her shoulders, positioning her directly in front of Jake. I saw her glance down at Beth still sucking and licking on his hard cock and the full size of it being apparent as she watched Beth licking at the base

of it, the cock head extending well above her face. I also saw Jake watching Jenna, examining her body for the first time without the clothes that had hidden her all the other times they had been communicating. He smiled.

With Beth seeming very content to continue sucking and licking Jake's cock, I moved Jenna to the couch next to Jake. I lifted her right leg and draped the knee over Jake's left leg. Jake used his right hand to pull her face to his and they kissed. The pent-up desire that had been simmering underneath for some time now burst into passion. I pushed her left leg to the side, splaying her body out in front of me.

I kissed her pussy, licking up and down her slit, forcing my tongue between her lips, and sucking on her clit. At the same time, one hand was on her breast, fondling and tweaking her nipples. My other hand found its way probing at her pussy below my lips and tongue. One, two, then three fingers were sawing into her pussy as my mouth continued to work on her clit and outer lips.

When I judged her moans to be sufficient after a mini-orgasm, I stood and tapped Beth on the head. She almost seemed reluctant to yield. I'm not sure I have encountered someone so into oral sex and from the look on Jake's face and his cock, he was enjoying it immensely. I assisted Jenna to her feet and took her in my arms, our breasts mashing against each other, our hands roaming freely over naked skin.

I gazed into her eyes with a smile on my face. "Are you ready for a truly intense experience?" She nodded and looked down at the hard cock still being held by Beth who was looking up at Jenna with pure lust in her eyes.

I moved her in front of Jake who had closed his knees in anticipation of her mounting him. I stopped her, however, and turned her to face away from him. I nodded at Beth who held his cock up in the air, then I assisted Jenna over the cock.

I was watching below her but spoke encouragingly to her, "Take it easy. It really is that big. Use your hands on his knees for support. We'll see how much you can take, but I recommend taking just some of him the first time." She looked at me startled. "Beth and I will help him to cum while you are partially penetrated, then when you orgasm the next time you should be able to take most of this wonderful cock. Then ... then you will know you are being fucked."

She looked a little concerned, but she followed my instructions. With his cock head inside her, already stretching her more than she had been before, Beth rejoined her efforts on his cock. I massaged and sucked his balls while she licked and sucked his exposed cock. I noticed, though, that her tongue frequently strayed up higher onto Jenna's pussy and clit. Jake's hands weren't idle, either. His hands were fondling and teasing her nipples.

When they both came, Beth continued to lick and suck at the cum leaking from around the junction of cock and pussy. I knew Jake would remain hard from past experience.

"Lower yourself now. Easy does it. Inch your way down." She moaned and groaned, gasped and sighed as she took more and more of his cock until she was stopped by his cock head hitting her top inside.

"Oh ... my ... GOD!! I have ... never ... ever ... felt anything ... fill me ... so ... completely!"

I smiled and stood before her. I put my hands out to her. "On the floor, now. Now you get fucked."

She looked at me with some trepidation but raised herself up, her head bent down to watch as more

and more cock was exposed from her pussy. "My God ... all that was inside me?"

She lay on the floor, a pillow from the couch slipped under her hips. Jake followed her. With her legs spread wide and her arms out to him, he positioned himself and slid his cock along her pussy, touched her hole, and pressed forward. Her mouth opened in an "O" and it seemed that as he pressed his cock into her, he was pushing air out of her mouth. This time he lasted much longer. He fucked her strong and firm, but with care and sensitivity, too.

When she came this time, she might have awakened a neighbor if it wasn't a habit for them all to live in air-conditioning.

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## **CHAPTER EIGHT**

Jenna spent the night with Jake in the master bedroom while Beth and I shared a bed in one of the guest bedrooms. Beth was overwhelmed by everything that had happened and fell into a deep sleep in my arms, but not before chattering away excitedly like a school girl about her rapidly developing relationship with the doctor.

Over the several years of working together in the small office, Beth had opened up to divulge the trials, pain, and frustrations of past relationships and divorce while sharing quiet moments in the office and lunch. She realized the quiet comments she was receiving in return from Jenna were therapeutic and her devotion to Jenna as the result of the caring help opened her up more. In time, the quiet moments for discussion and evaluation evolved from bits at the office or lunch to early dinners of salad to nicer dinners with wine until they found themselves in the doctor's bed.

Both women had experienced difficult relationships with men, both survived divorce, though in Jenna's case it was she who divorced him. In Jenna's case, she was a strong woman who deep inside craved a man who could provide a retreat from conflicts and issues she encountered on a regular basis in her work to help others. In Beth's case, she was an indecisive woman who craved a man who could take care of her. They had both been repeatedly frustrated. Jenna understood her need to control, Beth came to understand her submissive nature only after working with the doctor.

Both women happily enjoyed sex with men but found frustration in living with them. Neither considered themselves lesbian as a result but did feel oddly comfortable in the developing personal relationship that was forming beyond the office. Bisexuality was not something either had considered before but happily embraced now. The submissive and dominant characteristics of their relationship were the impetus for Beth joining Jenna to attend my Commitment Ceremony to Jake. If their relationship were to continue in the direction it was headed, Jenna wanted her to have some idea what one such successful relationship looked like in a safe setting where it was fully visible and openly embraced. She confided to me her eagerness for her and Jenna to openly discuss their relationship in this new light.

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I was surprised when the couples arrived almost at the same time. The doorbell chimed and I looked at Jake from the kitchen. He checked his watch, then got that 'oh, shit' look on his face and apologized. Last night, Jake had asked the couples to arrive at an earlier time so they could talk and share without the single guys.

I was naked with my long hair in a ponytail. Given the agenda for the day, it had decided that stockings and heels may be ruined too quickly. Hence, I walked across the foyer barefoot and naked



to the front door. I peeked outside just to be sure it wasn't some religious group evangelizing. Wouldn't that be a shock to their system, but they shouldn't have been able to get into the neighborhood, anyway. I opened the door wide and received instant, wide smiles from all of them.

We congregated on the patio, like last night, where Jake had the patio bar ready and tubs of beer on ice. We sat in a wide circle and Jake initiated the discussion to introduce everyone a little better to each other since only a few knew others and nobody but Jake knew everybody. There was another round of congratulations and expressions of delight about the ceremony last night. They seemed comfortable with the distinction between a submissive like me and a slave the internet is prone to depict. It led us into an open, frank, and honest discussion among the couples and us. They had all been considering or already involved in sharing, swapping, group sex, and/or swinging but each had an increasing desire for a closer relationship with a group, but they had not known how or with whom to initiate it. Then, Jake, their common friend, suggested my inclusion in his life might be the catalyst. The comfort level and excitement for the potential was instant and here we were.

Per the agreement of last night, the wives would be observers and off-limits except to their husbands. The women considered all the men sharing with me as an appropriate initiation for me into the new group and the beginning of more frequent gatherings in the future. They saw it as a way for them all to explore and grow sexually and me as a group resource. Jake didn't disagree, which was interesting to me.

I greeted the two single guys at the front door just as naked. They were a little more aggressive about greeting me than the couple had been. I suppose that shouldn't be too surprising. As a result, both allowed a hand to slip down to my breast during our hug and kiss. And the initial kiss in the open door was very intense. I was about to close the door after greeting Carl when John drove up, so I went through the whole thing, again.

With everyone present, each having finished their first drink, I walked up behind Jake who had been sitting in the same circle with the couples. I draped my arms over his chest with my mouth next to his ear. "I can't take it anymore. The anticipation has me going crazy."

April, sitting next to Jake, must have overheard. She leaned to Mike and whispered something. He leaned forward and chuckled.

I had already learned that Mike is not a timid kind of guy. He stood up, "Guys, it has come to my attention there is a submissive in the group who might go crazy if she doesn't get some attention soon." Everyone turned their gaze to me in unison, each with a knowing smile. Mike moved to Jake and put his hand out to me. "Come with me, submissive. Guys, strip and sit on the edge of the pool."

I looked back at Jake. My blush was gone. In its place was a look of excitement, desire, and lust. I released Mike's hand, strode to the pool and dove into the deep end. When I came back to the surface on the other side, the guys were naked and lining up along the edge, legs spread and soft cock waiting. I surged forward and kicked underwater, coming up at the end of the line who happened to be Sam. I took his cock in my hand, licking up the length as I gazed up at him. Then, I turned my face and opened my mouth, engulfing his cock completely. I pulled back with suction, pressed forward, back and forth. With his cock hardening, I moved to Mike, next in line. I repeated the process down the line. Before I moved to the next man in line, I put the man's hand on his own cock and started pumping it up and down. I wanted hard cocks, but a line of six men wouldn't be quick before returning. By the time I had gone down the line the second time, they were ready enough.

I looked over the edge of the pool to see Anita and Sarah spreading an old comforter on the grass.

They had big grins on their faces. Even if they weren't intending to actively participate, they were being fully encouraging. Then, I was more surprised. The four women stripped out of their clothes to reveal bikinis underneath and they didn't leave the area around the comforter. I looked up at a hand being extended to me. It was Nick. He pulled me out of the pool and into his arms. My wet naked body pressed into his naked body, his hardening cock pressed between us. Soon hands from all the men were on my body from everywhere and touching me everywhere. Nick leaned into me for a kiss. Both of my breasts were being fondled, a hand was on my pussy, another finger was playing with my asshole, and hands seemed to be gliding over every bit of skin on my body.

Sudden, without warning, I was into the air. The six men held me above their heads and walked me to the comforter where I was gently placed on my back. A hard cock appeared on each side of my head. I looked back and forth, my face in full smile. I opened my mouth and engulfed one, sucking voraciously, then turning to the other one.

My legs were spread, my knees bent and pressed to the sides. I felt a weight on my pelvis an instant before I felt a cock pressing at my pussy. In the next instant, the cock was inside me, hesitated a moment, then smoothly pressed into me in short strokes, each one going further inside. I glanced to find Mike fucking me. He smiled at me. I smiled at him before returning to the cocks at my head. As I turned, I realized I was sucking the cocks of John and Carl. I quickly searched around me to find the next surprise. The other married guys were having their cocks sucked by their wives. My fluffers, apparently, keeping the guys hard while waiting their turn for me.

I felt Mike tensing. His body over me went rigid as he continued to fuck into me with jerky motions. I sensed this was getting close for him. I raised my legs over his back and pressed my groin into him, mashing our bodies together, but especially his pelvic bone into my clit. As he slammed into me and held himself deep, his body and cock quivering as he came in spurt after spurt, my own orgasm joined his. I wrapped my arms around his neck, the other cocks forgotten as my breath became ragged and my body shook.

After Mike pulled out of me, John moved deliberately between my legs, apparently happy with the missionary position, as well. One of the married men came to my mouth and so it moved in procession, one after the other. First to my mouth, then to my pussy for a fuck. Nick was third and wanted me on my knees. He slammed into me in one smooth, strong thrust. Between my own juices from the previous orgasms and the cum from the other men, his penetration of me was smooth and deep and was never in doubt.

After Nick, I looked back at Sam who came up behind my ass. "Want my ass?" I winked at him. He looked down at my asshole, then at my leaking pussy, then back to me and asked about some lubrication. "Silly man ... my pussy is full of it." I felt fingers drive into my pussy, then pressed at my asshole. I looked back on the other side to find Anita, Sam's wife transferring the mixture from my pussy to my asshole. Sam slipped his cock into my pussy and fucked me several times as Anita kept two fingers in my ass. She was giving me the most wicked smile as she watched her husband pump into me and her fingers in my asshole. Ooooo ... I am going to like this group!

Sam pulled out of my pussy and Anita's fingers came out of my asshole, followed quickly by Sam's cock head pressing at the opening. The lubrication and my excitement and encouragement had him inside in quick order. He gently pressed his cock into my ass, inching back and forth until he was pressed against my butt.

Then I felt myself being manhandled. Sam was pulling my upper body back to him and somebody was pulling my knees further apart. I saw Jim sitting in front of me and assumed he wanted me to suck, but he started shimmying under me with his wife, Barb, assisting him. He moved his legs

between mine and Sam's and it became clear, even to my sex fogged mind. I was about to be double penetrated.

I felt Barb align Jim's cock and he drove forward, forcing his cock into my constricted pussy with Sam's cock in the chamber next door. My head was raised by a hand at my chin and another cock was put into my mouth. That had to be Nick. Airtight. All three cocks were moving, awkwardly, but all were moving. Nick's cock was pressing against my throat and I struggled to relax my throat and it helped that there were so many sensations buffeting my body and holes at the same moment. Then, completely unexpectedly, both breasts were being fondled, the nipples twisted, pinched, and generally tortured.

I felt heavy breathing at my ear, followed by Barb's voice. "God, you are a sexy slut, Lara. Just to let you know ... I'm going to put some clothes on and run home to get my strap-on. Us ladies have decided that we should join in fucking you. We decided we've been on the receiving end of men fucking, we want to see what it is like fuck a cunt like you." I was shocked, but at the same time, her language turned me on so much. It jumped me to another level and with that, she was gone.

I heard a female voice shout out, "Hurry, Barb. I don't think those three are going to last very long with this cunt." Oh, God, another one! My body jolted from my three holes being pounded simultaneously and the humiliation of the language.

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Jake stopped Barb as she was turning from the group and gathered the other three women around him. "Good. That was perfect. I just wanted to see her reaction to a little humiliation."

"Did you see it, Jake? It looked like she almost exploded at that moment!"

He smiled. Yes, he had seen it, too. He had quietly encouraged the women to heap on some words of humiliation and for the men to simply use her, not look for her acceptance. Yes, he thought, she was responding beautifully to both.

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I had collapsed to the ground. Each of the three had climaxed within minutes of each other, delivering three more loads of cum into my holes and mouth. I greedily sucked Nick's sperm down my throat, then cleaned his cock completely with my mouth and tongue. I looked up at him, "You're first next time." He smiled.

Jake was at my side with a large glass of water that I nearly drained in a rapid series of gulps. As I started to move the glass back to my lips, I saw Jake turn to the side and smile. I followed his gaze and found Barb walking toward me with the other three women alongside her. Barb was back in her bikini but around her hips was her strap-on bobbing in front of her as she walked. It was big and black. Not Jake big, but still big. I was curious how this was going to go. This was new to me, I had never been fucked by a woman before. As I watched her approach with the other three, her words returned to me saying how much she wanted to fuck a cunt like me. A cunt. She also called me a slut. Why did that make me so hot?

She marched directly to the comforter and lay on her back and smiled. I caught on pretty quick. I swung a leg over her and looked down at her as she stared up at me. Her face appeared a bit tentative, a bit uncertain and it came to me that she may have been put up to that little act. But, whoever and why didn't have much bearing. I aligned the firm rubber cock to my pussy before slowly descending down over it. I gasped at the feel of it after the feel of the men. I felt hands on my

breasts and found Barb smiling up at me with a smile that seemed relieved and expectant.

"You've never done this before! You've never had a woman fuck you. Oh, ladies ... we get to be the first for her. And we get to fuck our first slut cunt." She smiled directly at Jake and I saw his knowing smile and nod to her with some understanding or meaning. She then looked around the group, her focus on the women. "Her number of fucks just increased dramatically." The guys laughed. The women just sent out a wave of intense anticipation.

When Barb was done, only after seeing me cry out in an intense orgasm, I rolled off her to my back. Through slit eyes, I saw the strap-on being passed to another of the women. I felt my legs opened and Sarah guided the phallus into my pussy and started humping me. She was intent and concentrating, "This feels so weird to be fucking another woman." She looked down into my eyes, "We all agreed we would fuck you until you came. You came for the guys and now for Barb. Is it possible to have three more orgasms in series?" My eyes went wide at the realization of their intention. I had no clue. I have accepted that I am orgasmic, but ... eight orgasms in a row? I wrapped my legs around her and pulled my hips into her.

I glared at her in my sexual frenzy, "Fuck me and let's find out!"

I did. I managed an orgasm with each of the women. My own fingers and those of the other women spurring my body. God ... if I hadn't, they made it sound like I might have been fucked for hours until I did. After the last of the women, I crawled to my knees and hands. I crawled to Jake who held another glass of water for me. He was going to make me crawl to him, though. When I reached him, everyone was standing around to watch. I drank like I had just survived the desert, all the time sitting back on my heels in front of him. I took a breath and looked up at him.

"You are such a good slut, my submissive Lara. You enjoyed it, too, didn't you?" I finished the last of the water and gasped as I lowered the glass, my eyes returning to him.

I nodded, "Yes, Sir. Very much." I lowered my eyes and looked at him through the tops of my eyes. "Were you pleased by it, Sir?" He nodded. I smiled broadly. "Then I am even happier, Sir!" He smiled.

Then he whistled and I heard the unmistakable sound of King pounding the ground toward us. "Move into position, Lara. There is still one cock you haven't made cum, yet." He reached out and lifted my chin to look into my eyes. "And, you are to orgasm for him, do you understand? You are his bitch, correct?" I nodded. "Then show him what a good fucker he is with your orgasm on his cock and knot." Good, God! Nine orgasms? The knot hitting my g-spot should help, though.

I did as Jake said. I assumed the position right where I was by raising and bracing myself with the aid of one of the chairs. I felt the cold nose of King on my ass, then his wide, long tongue on my pussy and ass. I was leaking cum from both holes and he was attracted to that smell and taste. Normally with King, I am anxious to be fucked by him, to feel and experience the uniqueness of his cock and knot inside me. This time was a bit different. I could use the soothing stimulation his tongue he brought to my well-used pussy. He didn't delay long, though. He bounced onto my back and I felt his cock probing at my ass. I was slower than normal with him but my hand did slip between my legs to assist him in finding my hole, which I knew was still gaping and very well lubricated with the cum from the men.

In his typical and predictable canine fashion, King moved from initial penetration to frantic fucking immediately. There was no issue with penetration and his actions reflected the smoothness of the penetration. He was deep inside me immediately. His cock grew and lengthened inside me and I

moaned and groaned my response to him.

The people shifted around me. I saw bare feet changing position, seeking a better viewing angle. The exhibition last night was probably stunning to them, but now King and I were right among them. The attitude and expectation coming off them were charged with new excitement, curiosity, and arousal. They had seen the knot on King last night, they seemed to want a better image of it and me now.

My breasts swung wildly below me as King pounded his cock into me. Periodically, hands would grasp them, male and female hands. My breasts would be fondled, the nipples then pinched and twisted. I felt fingers on my clit and my already open mouth released a long, guttural moan as the fingers pressed and strummed on my already throbbing and sensitive nub. For a few moments, that added stimulation distracted my mind from what was now occurring at my pussy entrance. King's knot was forming. I often wondered if I could trap the forming knot inside my pussy and have it fully formed inside me, but his fucking is always too intense and aggressive that he always pulls it out to thrust his cock back inside. Then, his stroke becomes a little shorter as the knot is restricted at the entrance. That was what was happening now. His knot was again pounding into the outside of my pussy and despite all the fucking the men and women had provided me, despite how used my pussy was from that fucking, his knot was still larger than the others.

I felt a hand stroke my shoulder and looked to the side. Jake. His smile displayed his pleasure and he blew me a kiss. The feeling that flowed through my body at that moment was new in its intensity and assuredness. From the early moments of our forming relationship, I trusted this man. That trust quickly incorporated my love and the entirety of my focus to please and serve him. When we settled on the commitment ceremony as a public recognition of our unique relationship, there was no question in my mind as to the depth and sincerity of my commitment. Yet, in this moment, that feeling of commitment somehow took on an entirely deeper and soulful determination. Seeing the look of pleasure on his face, the look of ... pride? ... it created a spike of self-worth within me. It was a crystallizing moment for me: I would likely do anything he ever asked of me.

When King's knot popped through and into my pussy, I cried out in pleasure because as soon as the knot pressed in, he pulled back to thrust back and jammed my g-spot in the process. My reaction produced numerous murmurs from the group around me. King was in the final phase of our fuck, now. His cock and knot swelled inside me and I knew his climax was very soon. But, I needed some help. The previous orgasms had worn me out. I needed some extra stimulation to satisfy Jake's demand.

Without looking at anyone in particular, "Touch me ... someone ... anywhere ... please, I need ... I have to cum!" It was a plea for help. It was a plea from a submissive in desperate need to avoid failing her dominant. Whether the others truly understood the depth and full meaning of my plea, they responded. Hands were on my breasts, fingers at my pussy and clit, my nipples twisted and pulled. At the moment I felt King's cock inside spasm and jerk against the walls of my pussy and the first of his spurts shot into me, I exploded, too.

His knot came out of me faster than it had ever done before, undoubtedly the result of the previous fucking, but it was still minutes of being tied together, including him turning over me so we were ass-to-ass. During that time, Jake made a point of encouraging the others, especially the women, to raise King's tail to inspect the tie and the obscene distension of my pussy lips around the knot as King kept constant tension to break the tie. I had been tied to King so many times and it had always been a personal experience even if Jake was nearby. Sometimes, Jake might feed me his cock while I was knotted, but he rarely otherwise intruded. Now ... I was on display during that defenseless moment. I was tied to the dog like his bitch and they could all see it. They looked at the distention of my pussy, the knot just inside pulling to come out. Then, they looked at me. I had trouble even trying

to hold their gaze. I never before felt so much like nothing more than a dog's bitch.

When the knot pulled out of me, I allowed my body to sink to the patio surface where I lay on my side. I could feel the King's cum flowing from my gaping pussy. Through my slit eyes, I could see the bare feet around me still, unmoving, watching. They were probably watching the puddle of cum collecting below my pussy. It made me feel so base ... like a slut.

I found my way to one of the lounge chairs, a towel strategically placed under my butt, a beer in my hand. It wasn't long, though, before the guys were pulling me back into action. There had been some idle discussion in the group about deep throating, most of the women indicating they had trouble relaxing their throats enough to allow it. Carl inquired of Jake how I was at it. Jake looked at me and shrugged. The women laughed nervously and the guys caught on. I had promised Jake someday I would be able to, but deep throating him and the average cock were two very different things.

The guys had put their swimming shorts back on during 'halftime' as is was joked about. I had offered to shower and clean myself, but Jake thought I looked more appropriate with cum glistening from my holes and he assured me there would be more.

All the guys but Jake stood and stripped off their shorts and turned me around on the lounge chair so my head was hanging off the foot of it. All the guys were a little different in size, but all better than the so-called average for American men. Without any comment about what was about to occur, it was obvious to me and everybody else they were each going to throat fuck me to determine what size of cock I was capable of deepthroating ... if any. Just because I liked to fuck men and dogs had nothing to do with taking a cock into my throat without gagging. I had been practicing, though, on King and my dildo so I was also interested to see what might happen.

With my head hanging over the end of the lounge, each guy, in turn, stood straddling my head, his cock at my mouth. My head hanging back was said to expose my throat and mouth into better alignment. Each one tried, pushing his hard cock into my mouth and to my throat. I was able to take most of them into the entry to my throat, but panic would set in because of breathing and the natural gag reflex. By the time the last of them had tried, I was doing much better and it was noticed and commented on.

I smiled as I sat back up, my face dripping with saliva, the byproduct of the forced cocks into my mouth. "I almost did it a couple times, though."

April confirmed my own thinking, "You were doing better than we have managed. Breathing is the hard part, right?"

I nodded as I wiped my face with a towel Jake handed me. I turned to Jake, my face beaming. "I promised I would learn and I will." I reached over and patted his crotch and I could feel his cock was semi-hard underneath. "Even for this." I stood up and looked around the group. "Okay, enough playing around. I see six naked guys with hard cocks and you've got me turned on, again." I took the hand of two and led them back to the comforter still spread on the grass.

This time the action started out with a double penetration of my pussy and ass. John and Carl started with Carl on the ground, me on top of him, and John taking my asshole. The action by these two seemed to ramp up the activity so quickly that I wondered if it may have had something to do with what just happened with the deepthroating. Both Carl and John pumped their seed into my respective holes with loud grunts and moans, joined by my own cries as yet another orgasm coursed through me.

When John pulled out of my ass and I rolled off Carl, I was greeted by Sam indicating I could stay

where I was on my back. I thought this might be simpler until Sam penetrated me and looked up over my head. I craned my head back to find a naked Anita standing just behind me. I looked up at her. "I thought you weren't going to do this?"

She laughed while eyeing her husband already fucking me, "He talked me into it." With that, she stepped over my head and lowered her pussy to my mouth. By the shift of her body, I could imagine that she and Sam were kissing.

Barb and Jim took a different tactic. Barb wanted me on my hands and knees and approached me with the strap-on, again. She entered my pussy, thrust deep into me, then stopped. I looked back to find her husband, Jim, aligning his cock to her pussy. The next instant he was fucking her as she was fucking me. That was very different. The dildo going into me was erratic and confused in its rhythm because of the effect Jim was having on her. The fucking, though, for me had a strangely erotic effect.

With Mike and April, I wasn't fucked at all. Mike had April on her hands and knees over my head. I kissed, licked, and sucked at their cock and pussy as they fucked. At the same time, I teased and fondled April's breasts and nipples.

Nick and Sarah gave me another double penetration with Sarah using the strap-on in my pussy as I sat on her and Nick behind me. Sarah and I kissed almost the entire time. I hadn't had much sexual contact with other women and this day taught me how much I enjoyed it.

After that, I called King to me. He fucked me and knotted me. While we were tied, I used my well-trained pussy muscles to hold his knot in longer than last time. This time I purposely rocked and pulled on him, working the knot around to bump and crush against my g-spot. I orgasmed an additional time while tied.

Near the end of the tie, the biggest black cock I knew of appeared before my eyes. I looked up at Jake and smiled at him. "I was really hoping you would come to me during all of this. You honor me, Sir."

"You are a sexy, enticing, and arousing submissive and bitch. I would have to be dead not to need your body after watching all that."

I sucked at his massive cock with a deliberateness that seemed to surprise him. It was clear that I was really hungry to have him fucking me after his friends had used me so thoroughly. When I had him fully hard, though, he shocked me by pulling his cock from my mouth and moving behind me, but not touching his cock to my well-used pussy, but to my used asshole.

I looked back at him and he merely glanced at me before resuming his attention to the tight opening resisting his cock head. I lowered my upper body to my elbows and braced myself, uttering a mournful, "Oh, fuck ..." But, I pressed back against his pressure. I was suddenly made aware of the others crowding around us when one of the women gasped as Jake pressed his cock head hard enough to cause my tight hole to open. I pressed back harder as he pressed harder at me. I cried out in real pain as his cock head burst through the tight ring. He held himself quiet and his hands stroked my back and hips, then sliding underneath to fondle my hanging breasts. He leaned forward and kissed my back, that small action moving his cock head an inch deeper into me. I gasped as it did but realized it lacked any increase in pain. I put my hand back on his hip indicating I wanted him to be still while I pressed back to penetrate myself with more of his cock. God ... could I really take 12 inches into my ass?

A wicked thought shot through my brain and it seemed to help me. If I am able to take Jake in my

ass, can I take being knotted by King in my ass? But, that would be a different day and effort.

When the guests had left our reception orgy/gangbang, Jake insisted I spend time soaking in the hot tub with wine. It felt like a miracle treatment on my pussy and ass after the cocks and knots I had enjoyed. And, especially my ass after the reaming Jake gave it. He sat on the edge of the in-ground tub with me, keeping my wine glass full. He shared his feelings and emotions of the past two days of my committing myself to him. He marveled at the times we have shared and confessed his own feelings of commitment he held for me, though a different form of commitment, perhaps. I rose out of the hot, soothing water and sat up on the edge next to him, water running down my body, small rivulets of water cascading from my nipples, and feeling very erotic.

"After everything that has happened, I talked to Dr. Jenna and she agreed enthusiastically, the next step in this relationship would be appropriate." He looked at me intently. I just waited for him to continue as I knew there was much more. "I know you just took a huge step publicly, but your reaction to that step seemed to make considering another appropriate. She agreed."

I muse, "She's becoming quite involved, Sir."

He smiled warmly and hugged me into his side. "She really likes you and feels connected to you, Lara. I think she feels some responsibility for you and with what is happening with Beth she might be making the connection with even more importance." He was watching me. There was more to come, so I remained patient. "More important to me, though," he said, "was the way you reacted to everything yesterday, last night, and today. You seemed to transform in front of me; what you were doing seemed to really become you. Did that exhibition feel like humiliation to you yesterday? Was that a huge turn-on for you? To be taken by me, then King in front of everyone? Then to assist in Jenna fucking me last night rather me fucking you? To service all those men, then the women joining in when it wasn't planned, and me finally taking you anally for the first time and in front of the others? When you were called names like slut and cunt, did it make you hotter? Did you discover something new about yourself, Lara? I think, and Jenna had already suspected before she left, you may have recognized more about yourself, things you might not have contemplated before. What happened, Lara? Tell me what changed."

I hung my head thinking it all through. What did happen to me? Besides the fucking, something else happened to me. I thought through the sequences and Jake was quiet, seeing I was working through it, not delaying or avoiding a response. As the memories flashed through my mind like a fast-forward video, they stopped at specific times and I gasped audibly. It happened numerous times. The gasps and flushing of my skin weren't just the physical acts that had occurred, but my reaction to physical, verbal, and emotional conditions. I hadn't understood it at the time, but Jake had seen my reactions. I was deep in the physical, buried in cocks and pussies, but he watched me so intently and carefully he saw more than my body being used by those 10 people. I looked up at him.

He smiled, "I might think your entire body is in blush right now."

I nodded. "I think it is. If my pussy wasn't so full of man and dog cum, I would have you check it. I can't believe how hot, how turned on, I feel now that I have remembered what you are talking about."

"Tell me. I want to take you to bed and hold you until long after you fall asleep and tomorrow we can talk about it more. But, tell me some now."

I looked at him shyly, tentatively, uncertain. But, I trust this man with my soul. "I ... I ... it was as if something broke open inside of me. Like a heavy door that had been closing off part of me was



suddenly kicked open so it could never be closed, again. I don't want it to be closed, Jake. That little bit of humiliation by their words ... it turned up the fire within me. There was no more consideration of what I might want or do for them, they just took it. One after the other, they just took me and used me. I don't know what happened, why they suddenly changed, but I loved it. I loved it, Jake! I heard some call me a 'slut' and that is how I felt. It turned me to want to intensely please them. I heard some call me a 'cunt' and that is what I felt. I felt like a was only a cunt to give pleasure with. God, Jake! Am I crazy? Have I gone over the edge? Was it just the stimulation and the intensity that made me feel that?"

His hand came up and pinched a nipple and I watched him do it. It was a light pinch but his fingers didn't let go. I looked up at him and he was watching me. He pinched hard, very hard, and I gritted my teeth against it. My nipple throbbed, but I stretch my face to him and kissed his mouth fiercely.

When I broke the kiss, he released the nipple. It throbbed, but it was deliciously throbbing. He asked, "Do you want your reaction to be just due to the stimulation?"

I lowered my head and peeked up at him, "No ... no, I don't. I want it to be real. Jake, I know what I am now. I know what I wholly want to be for you." He raised his eyebrows and waited for me to say it. "I want to be the most obedient and pleasing submissive any man could have. I want to be your slut and King's bitch. I'll be your cunt. I want it all, anything."

He looked at me stunned, but a smile slowly spread across his face. My face beamed in response.

**THE END**