

A Lesson in Social Justice

by Vulgus

Copyright© 2008 by Vulgus

I will admit that a lot of what happened to me is a result of my racist upbringing. If I had not been raised in a small southern town by racist parents and if all of my friends had not been racist I might not have done the things that I did. For it was my misguided actions that triggered the events that I'm writing about, events that changed the lives of both me and my husband. I'm not saying that I deserved what happened to me, or what is still happening to me. But I can't deny that I brought it on myself.

My husband and I met in college, Ole Miss of course. We met in our sophomore year and dated a few times. We dated off and on in our junior year too. It seemed that we got a little better at it each time. By half way through our senior year we were, well, maybe not engaged yet, but we had an understanding.

We got married as soon as we graduated. We had both been hired right after graduation by the same company. My new husband, Paul, is the same age as me, twenty-three. My parents loved him. He is a southern boy from a town on the other side of the state. But we had the same basic upbringing and the same values.

Paul was very smart and very good looking. He was not a jock by any means. That was okay with me. I wasn't fond of jocks. He was five foot ten, slender, not muscular but quite fit. He had a smile that could melt glass and a warm personality. Everyone loved Paul and I was proud that he was my husband.

I guess I should describe myself as well. My name is Jolie. I stand five feet tall and weigh right at a hundred pounds when my hair is wet. I have shoulder length blonde hair and I don't wish to sound vain but I'm pretty good looking myself.

I have a nice figure. My breasts are B cups. That may not sound big, but on my small frame they look just right. They are perky and very sensitive. I have what my husband describes as a "butt like a fifteen year old." I'm assuming he is referring to the way it sits up high and tight like a young girl's.

The reason that Paul and I kept getting back together every time we split up was that we both loved sex and when we made love it was magical. We were perfect together. There was never a time that he didn't ring my bells when we had sex. We were both open to just about anything that two people could do together. All the normal stuff anyway. There was none of that bondage stuff or pain or anything, and nothing involving other people of course. And certainly none of that bathroom stuff.

That left a lot of room to play though. I loved to kiss and be touched. I loved it when he ate my pussy and I loved it nearly as much when I sucked his cock. He is a very good lover too. We could, and often did fuck for hours. He has a nice seven inch cock that has never let me down yet.

The trouble started a little more than a year after we had been at work at our new jobs as research assistants for a pharmaceutical firm. We were both making very good money and had great futures. We were living a charmed life and we knew it.

Then things changed. A black man moved into the house next door to ours. Maybe if he had moved in down the block, just maybe things would have worked out differently. But our Deep South sensibilities were really offended by the idea of a black man living right next door.

We tried to ignore him at first. But just the fact that he was living next door was a constant irritant. To make matters worse, he was separated or divorced and his two teenage sons were always spending weekends and holidays with him.

A couple of times Paul or I had to chase his kids out of our yard. I suppose that we could have been a little more tactful when we did. We said some things that weren't very nice.

I yelled at his youngest son one day and called the kid a couple of names. I guess the kid told his father because he came to my door that evening and instead of the apology that he was probably looking for we were pretty rude to him as well. We didn't actually call him names. But we said some things that weren't very nice to him too.

I'm sure that you have heard the expression, "If looks could kill." That night I saw it. I had never seen such pure hatred in another person's eyes. He never said word. He just stared at me for a second. Then he turned and walked back to his house.

A chill ran up my spine as he walked away. Paul closed the door and we went back into the living room and talked about putting our dream house on the market and moving away from that man. The trouble was that we had just bought the house. We owed much more than it was worth. It would be a couple of years before we could afford to sell. We were just going to have to put up with having that man living next door until he moved or we could sell.

I noticed that the other people on our street didn't seem to have a problem with our new neighbor. They would talk to him when they saw him outside and they seemed pretty friendly. Soon he was being invited to neighborhood get-togethers on a regular basis. That made things uncomfortable for Paul and me. We had been forced to leave a couple of gatherings because he showed up.

Cathy, the woman that lived on the other side of me, came over for coffee one morning not long after he moved in and went on and on about how nice he was. I didn't understand her. She was a good southern girl just like me! I wanted to say something to her but for some reason I felt uncomfortable and I just let her go on until I could change the subject.

Paul and I thought our perfect world had been turned on its side. Our charmed life had begun to lose some of its luster. We couldn't sit around our pool out in the backyard without thinking that a black man lived next door and might even be in his back yard at that very moment. I didn't feel comfortable wearing my bikini in my own pool.

It wasn't like he was doing anything in particular that we could complain about. His yard was always perfectly manicured and he certainly didn't let his house go. He was quiet. We never heard any of that loud, obnoxious music that those people listen to. He didn't have parties.

It was just that where Paul and I were from the races didn't mix. White people didn't live next door to those people. It just wasn't done.

Several weeks after the name calling incident, a terrible thing happened. Our supervisor had a stroke. He woke up in the morning and was taking a shower when it hit him. Everyone was upset. He had been very popular and a lot of fun to work for. Unfortunately, it was a pretty major event and he would never recover enough to return to work.

There were seven of us in our department, not counting our supervisor. I was the only female in our department. Most of the guys were in their forties and fifties. The only exception was Taylor. Taylor was in his early thirties. I suppose that it was unusual for a husband and wife to work together the way we did. But when we had applied for the jobs at a job fair held on campus we had made it clear to the people that interviewed us that we were going to be married and they didn't have a problem with it.

Everyone got along great at work and we had a really laid back little group. We were all afraid of what our new supervisor was going to be like and how he or she would change the dynamics of our little group.

You may have seen this coming, but Paul and I didn't. The plant manager came in one afternoon to introduce our new supervisor. I almost screamed out loud when it turned out to be our next door neighbor, whose name was Mr. Anderson.

Everyone gathered around while the plant manager introduced him. Paul and I stood behind the others. We were the most junior anyway and it was probably appropriate for us to be the last to meet him.

I was scared to death and I am sure that Paul was too. I could just see our entire future going right down the drain. I didn't doubt for a moment that we were about to lose our jobs and I knew better than to ask what kind of a reference he would provide.

I could see our entire lives going up in smoke. We would lose our jobs and our reputations, our house and our cars. We could never work in our field again. In fact, we could probably never get another job in any related area. We were certain to lose our security clearances when he found some pretext to fire us.

I will give the man credit. There was never a hint in his face that he recognized us. He didn't give us dirty looks or gloat. Nothing! He nodded and shook our hands when we were finally introduced to him, just exactly like he greeted our co-workers.

After we were all introduced the plant manager left and Mr. Anderson smiled and said, "Gentlemen, and lady, I'm not one to stand on formality. I want you all to call me Doyal. The name is Gaelic and means 'dark stranger'. My grandmother was from Ireland. We are a small department and will be working closely with each other. I have your personnel files in my briefcase and if you can spare me a little time I would like you to join me in my office one at a time so that I can get to know a little about you."

He sounded so reasonable, so pleasant.

He turned to Karl and said, "Karl, I believe that you have the most seniority. Shall we start with you?"

Karl walked off with Doyal and they chatted pleasantly about sports as they walked away.

The rest of us went back to work. I don't think that the others noticed the look of despair on the faces of me or my husband. We glanced at each other and I knew Paul well enough to know that he was thinking the same thing that I was. Life as we knew it was over. We were about to lose everything.

We all looked up expectantly when Karl came back. He was smiling and it was obvious that he liked our new supervisor. He said, "You're up next Neal. Nothing to worry about, he's a great guy. I'm going to like working with him. He really knows his stuff too. I'm really impressed."

The rest of our co-workers filed out one at a time by seniority, Neal, Travis, Ron, and Taylor. They all came back smiling and looking forward to working with Doyal. When Taylor came out he turned to Paul and me and said, "Doyal said to send you kids in together since you are married."

I dreaded this. But I felt better that I wasn't going in there alone. I was terrified. I actually didn't think that he would fire us right away. He would keep us around for a few days or a few weeks and make our lives hell. Then he would find, or make up, some excuse to fire us.

Our co-workers finally noticed that we weren't as happy about our new supervisor as they were. We got some curious looks as we headed out into the corridor and down one door to the small office next to our lab that now belonged to Doyal Anderson.

We stopped in the corridor and looked at each other. I could see that Paul was just as scared as I was. That didn't do anything to reassure me.

There didn't seem to be anything to say, so we walked the fifty feet to his office door. I don't think I would have been any more afraid if there was a gallows in that small office.

Paul tapped on his door and he opened it and held it for us. We walked in and he waved his hand towards the two chairs in front of his desk.

We took our seats and he sat down in his chair behind his large, wooden desk. There were two stacks of personnel files on his desk. One with the five files of our co-workers in it and the smaller stack with just Paul's and mine. We hadn't been working here all that long and our files were much thinner than the others.

Doyal didn't say a word. He picked up our files, one at a time, and he flipped through them quickly. He placed them back on his desk in front of him and looked up at us. Now, in the privacy of his office, the hate was back. He nodded at the files and said, "Not much there. You two don't have much of a past and now you don't have much of a future. You both did very well in college. So I'm sure that you know what serendipity means. Karma, fate, chance, what it boils down to is suddenly I have the lives of two young racists in my hand. I have to tell you, it feels pretty damned good."

"I think back to all the insults I have suffered at the hands of people like you, all the indignities, all the challenges people like you have thrown in my way at every turn. I'm not even going to mention the names you called my son recently. I have to tell you, when I saw you two in that lab a little while ago I started looking around for someone to high five."

"I am going to destroy you. I am going to ruin your lives and I am going to enjoy it so much that it will probably give me an erection when I am doing it."

Paul just sat there stunned. I didn't speak, I couldn't. But I had tears running down my cheeks.

Doyal smiled, a cruel, vindictive smile. He said, "I am not going to fire you right away. I'm going to play with you first. I'm going to make your lives hell. I'm going to wait until you do something, or until I can make it look like you did something, so terrible that you won't be able to get a job cleaning bathrooms in a gas station."

He glared at us for a moment longer and said, "You can get back to work now. I can't stand to look at you."

Paul started to get up. I couldn't. My legs were trembling and weak. But I couldn't let it end like this. As much as it killed me to do it, I had to say something. I cleared my throat and said, "Please Doyal..."

He interrupted curtly and snapped, "Sir! You call me sir, bitch."

Bitch! I felt like I had been slapped. But still, I couldn't let my life end like this. My parents had mortgaged their home and gone into debt to put me through college. I had promised them that I would pay them back. I couldn't go home to them with my life in ruins.

I quietly said, "Sir, please don't do this to us. I'm sorry for ... I'm sorry for everything. We both are. We shouldn't have said the things that we did. We just ... it's the way we were raised. I know it's wrong. Please sir, I'm so sorry."

His expression never changed. He said, "You are only sorry that I am your supervisor and hold your lives in my hand. In your mind I am nothing but an uppity nigger who has no right living in your neighborhood and no right doing anything but janitor work and yard work for white people."

He was right of course. But I was right too. It's the way we were raised to think. I know that isn't much of an excuse. I had friends in high school that had developed friendships with black people. But of course we had unpleasant names for people like that too.

It had been even more prevalent in college, even the college that we had attended in the Deep South. It had never failed to upset Paul and me when we saw groups of kids getting on so well despite their different races. And when we saw a black boy with a white girl, well, we just never could deal with that!

The tears were flowing freely now and I don't think I was really capable of reason. But I couldn't just give up. I couldn't let it end like this.

I wiped my eyes and said, "Please sir. I'm begging you. Give us a chance. Give us a chance to change. We'll do anything, but we can't let our lives be destroyed like this."

He glared at us for a moment. I didn't think for a moment he would relent. His face never changed expression. He hated us, and I suppose he had every right.

A long silence passed before he leaned back in his chair and quietly said, "I don't believe you."

I wasn't certain what it was that I had said that he didn't believe. But it was an opening. I quickly responded, "I will sir! We will! We will change. I promise you!"

He had a strange look on his face, almost a smile and I didn't know what was going through his mind until he said, "No, bitch. I don't believe that you will."

Was that a straw? I wasn't sure if he was just toying with me or if he was actually suggesting that there was room for compromise. I grasped at it though. I had to.

"I swear it, sir! I ... we will do anything to make it up to you. We can't let our lives be destroyed like this. Please sir. I'm begging you. Give us a chance."

He actually smirked then. It wasn't reassuring. He clasped his hands behind his neck and leaned back in his chair and said, "Stand up."

We quickly got to our feet and stood quaking in fear in front of his desk.

He left us like that for a moment before he said, "I don't believe it, bitch. I don't believe you will do anything. I don't believe that you can. I doubt if you are capable of it. But I'm willing to give you a chance to prove it if you want."

I swear, I actually thought he was relenting. The pressure in my chest started to let up and I could actually breathe. I quickly responded, "I can sir! I will! We both will. Please give us a chance."

He answered quietly, "Okay. I don't think you have thought this out very well. But I'm willing to give you a chance."

He turned to my husband and said, "Paul, I want you to go over there and lock my office door. Then I want you to come back over here and undress your bitch for me."

I heard Paul make a sound like he had been punched in the gut. He grabbed my hand and started to pull me toward the door. My legs wouldn't move. I collapsed on the floor and covered my face and cried loudly. I can't even describe my thoughts. To be honest, I don't know if I was actually thinking. I was just feeling. I was feeling total despair, and total desperation.

I started to get my hysterical tears under control. I wiped my eyes on my lab coat sleeves again and I looked up to see Doyal smiling down at me, enjoying my distress.

I struggled to my feet and pleaded, "Please sir, that isn't what I meant."

He just kept smiling. He said, "I didn't think that it was you silly bitch. But it is what I meant. If you two want to keep your jobs here then you have only one option. You become my slaves. Don't you think that's fitting?"

"After all," he continued, "that's what your ancestors did with my ancestors. You made them slaves. They were humiliated and degraded. They were bought, sold and traded like a common commodity. They were whipped and abused and raped and even killed on a whim. And once my ancestors were freed, by force I might add, you continued to make their lives hell. You denied them an education. You denied them a decent place to live. You denied them good jobs and you denied them the right to vote. We had to fight your kind for every step forward that we made. And even now, you two, and those of your ilk, are still fighting against equality for my people."

I was holding onto the back of my chair now. I wasn't sure that I could stand unsupported. I looked into those cold eyes and in a quavering voice I whispered, "I don't think ... I can't ... how can I ... oh please, sir!"

His expression never changed. He smiled that cold smile and said, "Get out. I'm done with you. But if I were you I'd put that nice house of yours on the market. You won't be able to afford it in a few weeks."

Paul gently pulled at my wrist, trying to guide me to the door. I whirled around to face him and hissed, "NO! Paul I won't let it be over. I can't. If we don't do what he wants then we might as well kill ourselves. My parents will lose their home. We will lose everything we own. What kind of jobs do you think we will be able to get after we get fired and lose our clearances?! I refuse to end up living in a single-wide trailer on the edge of town and working at ... working where Paul? No one would hire us. Do you want to live on welfare the rest of your life? Do you think that there is a future in picking up aluminum cans on the side of the road?"

Paul looked like an animal caught in a trap. He couldn't look any more stunned if Doyal had popped him in the forehead with a two-by-four. I took a deep breath and said, "Paul. Go lock the door."

He shook his head and tried to grab my wrist again. I pulled away and hissed, "No god damn it! We have to do this. We don't have a choice. Go lock the damned door!"

I could see Doyal out of the corner of my eye. He hadn't moved and his expression hadn't changed. No matter what Paul and I did in the next few minutes, he was enjoying the hell out of our suffering.

Paul still hadn't moved. I grabbed the lapels of his lab coat and quietly said, "Paul, we can talk about this later. But you are a smart man. That was one of the things that attracted me to you. You know as well as I do that we don't have any other option. We have to do what he wants. Please honey. Go lock the door."

Paul stared at me for a second and then he reluctantly turned to Doyal and asked, "You just want to see her naked, right? Just this once? I take her clothes off and then she gets dressed and you have had your revenge. You will have humiliated us. If we do that we keep our jobs and we forget all about this, right?"

Doyal answered in a condescending voice one might use with an idiot, "No you dumb fuck! I told you just a few minutes ago. Weren't you listening? You become my slaves. You will be my slaves until I get reassigned or you leave here, or until I get tired of you. You will do anything I tell you to do. You will do it anywhere I tell you to do it and with anyone with whom I tell you to do it. In case there is any question in your minds, I am going to fuck your hot little bitch of a wife. She is going to suck my cock whenever I'm in the mood. And it won't be just me. I have a lot of friends that would enjoy a piece of her ass."

"As for you Paul, you don't do anything for me personally. I can't speak for some of my weirder friends. I will enjoy humiliating you though. Since I don't plan to fuck your skinny ass I'll have to find other ways to make your life a living hell. It wouldn't be fair if Jolie was the only one suffering. But it's up to you. I don't give a shit one way or the other. I'm going to enjoy it immensely no matter which route you choose. Now is the time to choose though. I am enjoying this very much. Watching you two

suffer has made my whole year. But I have a lot to do. So either do what I told you to do or go back to the lab and get to work."

Paul stared at Doyal as if in shock for a moment, then he stared at me. He finally turned and walked slowly toward the door. I watched him cross the room. His shoulders were slumped and he walked like he was going to his death. He turned the handle and the lock made a loud metallic clicking sound that seemed to seal our fate. He turned without looking up from the floor and crossed the office to stand beside me once more.

I felt sorry for Paul. I figured that our marriage would soon be over. I was about to be raped by a black man and I was certain that Paul couldn't see that and still have anything to do with me afterwards. Once Paul started to undress me he could never look at me the same again. I understood though. It was the way we were raised.

Paul gave me an apologetic look. You may find it hard to believe but I could see that this was nearly as hard for him as it was for me. When he could delay no longer he reached for my lab coat.

Doyal called to him, "Wait! Not like that. Jolie, turn and face me. Paul, stand behind her and reach around and undress her. I would like to tell you to take your time but we have already been in here as long as I kept your co-workers. They are going to wonder what is going on. So you might want to pick up the pace a little."

I turned to face Doyal and Paul moved behind me. I closed my eyes as his hands reached for my lab coat and removed it.

He dropped it on the chair where I had been sitting. I felt his arms reach around me to unbutton my blouse. He was still working on the top button with shaking fingers when Doyal said, "Jolie, open your eyes. Look at me."

I opened my eyes. That was the easy part. I had been about to lose my balance with my eyes closed anyway. The hard part was looking Doyal in the eye. I didn't want to see him looking at my body as Paul uncovered it. I didn't want to see lust in his eyes. I didn't want to see pleasure. I had to remind myself, I was a slave now. What I wanted wasn't important.

I stood as steadily as I could while Paul unbuttoned my blouse. I stared uneasily into Doyal's eyes. I had never been so embarrassed in my life, or so scared.

Paul pulled the blouse out of my skirt and unbuttoned the last button. Just before he pulled it off he whispered, "I'm sorry Jolie."

Then he slowly pulled it down off of my shoulders and slid it down my arms. He dropped it on the chair with my lab coat. Next he struggled with the button and then the zipper in the back of my skirt.

He hesitated before letting my skirt fall. I guess that it's a good thing that he was being forced to undress me. I don't think that I could have done it. The blood was pounding in my head and I was feeling dizzy. I could actually feel my heart beating wildly in my chest!

I kept my eyes focused on Doyal as my skirt pooled at my feet. Paul bent down and I held onto the back of the chair to steady myself as I stepped out of my skirt. Paul picked it up and placed it neatly on the chair. Then he started removing my pantyhose.

As he worked them down my legs, Doyal said, "I don't want you to wear those again. I hate them. I'll let you wear panties for a while, until I make up my mind about them. I kind of like to see a sexy young woman in her panties. They are a barrier between me and your cunt, but they turn me on. However, I detest pantyhose."

I whispered, "Yes sir."

When my hose were on the growing pile of clothing on the chair, Paul stood up and began to tug on the clasp that held my bra in place. It wasn't easy for him. It was harder for me.

I was not a virgin when I met Paul. I had been with several boys before him. But there had been none since Paul. And I had never been undressed in front of a black man. I was terrified. I stood before him now in a plain white bra and a pair of pink panties and I know for a fact that I had not been this nervous on the evening when I lost my virginity to Michael Gavin on a blanket beside Astor's pond in the eleventh grade.

I felt the clasp come loose and the cups began to fall away from my breasts. The arrogant look on Doyal's face was not the look I was accustomed to when a boy was about to see my breasts. Normally I was just as excited by baring my breasts to a boy, after an appropriate period spent kissing and petting, as the boy that was about to be honored by my nudity.

I was not excited now. I felt so degraded. It was almost enough to take my mind off of the despair I felt at the impending end to my marriage.

Paul was reaching for my panties when Doyal stopped him and said, "Not yet Paul. Her tits are marred by the marks that come from being imprisoned by her bra. Reach around and massage them for her. Work them a little. And get those nipples hard for me. I like to see a bitch with her nipples standing up and begging for attention."

I normally enjoy very much the touch of Paul's hands on my breasts. This time I hated it. I hated it in part because as much as my mind screamed it's defiance, when his fingers began to tease my nipples they quickly became hard and erect. I wasn't aroused of course. I was horrified by what was happening to me.

Doyal watched with an amused expression on his face for several minutes before he said, "Okay. She looks like she's starting to enjoy it. I don't want that. Finish undressing her. I want to see her cunt."

I shuddered in fear and revulsion as Paul grasped the waistband of my underwear and slid them down off of my hips and down my legs. I stepped out of them and stood, naked now, in front of my new supervisor, the black man who now lived next door to me.

He stared at me for a moment and then he sat up in his chair and crooked his finger, indicating that he wanted me to stand beside his chair.

I muttered, "Oh god. I can't do this."

But I did. I slowly circled around his desk and stood beside his chair while he stared at my body, my naked body. He smiled up at me and his large fingers began to explore my breasts. In a conversational tone he said, "I prefer bigger tits, but these look alright on your little body. I bet it's really tearing you up isn't it? A black man is touching your little tits. Just imagine how you're going to feel when my big, black cock is rammed up your tight little pink pussy. That's going to really tug at your racist, redneck sensibilities."

His hand crawled down my belly like a big black spider. His fingertips teased my pubic hair before they dipped into the tight opening between my legs. I saw him chuckle and he held his finger up to show me how wet it was.

I was more shocked than he was! How could my body possibly react like that to this prelude to rape?!

The tears were running off my cheeks in a steady stream now. They were falling onto my breasts and then dripping off of my nipples. Doyal placed his finger, still wet with my juices, against my nipple which was damp with my tears. His finger circled my nipple which quickly grew erect once more.

When my nipple was erect he squeezed it lightly. He smiled that arrogant smile and said, "I think I'm going to have to get these pierced. I have always thought that women like you would look good in a slave collar with matching nipple jewelry."

I almost fainted. I had never even had my ears pierced. I was terrified of needles. And my opinion of the type of woman who would pierce her nipples ... well, in my mind they were nothing but prostitute wanna-be's.

Doyal finally glanced at the clock and said, "The day may come when you can work dressed the way you are now. Unfortunately that day is not today. Put your blouse and skirt on."

He sat and watched me as I moved back around his desk and reached for my panties. In a stern voice he said, "You had better start paying attention, bitch. I told you to put your blouse and skirt on. I didn't say anything about underwear."

I dressed quickly. There wasn't much for me to put on. I stared at the floor as I dressed. I couldn't stand the thought of looking at Doyal or my husband. Oh god! What must Paul be thinking of me now? A black man had seen me naked. He had touched me. His finger had been inside of me!

When I was dressed, Paul and I waited for permission to leave Doyal's office. It was getting late and we didn't have time for much more than putting our work away and cleaning up our work area.

Before he let us go, Doyal said, "Roll your waistband over a few times bitch. I'll be at your house after I get off tonight. I expect to be fed. After I've fucked you we will go through your clothes and see if you have any clothes worth keeping. We are going to want your cunt to be much easier to get to from now on. Now get out. You may be a sexy young cunt but you disgust me. And don't close that lab coat, bitch."

Paul held the door for me and we stepped out into the corridor. We turned to face each other and finally I looked him in the eyes and tried to see what he was thinking. People were starting to leave now and we didn't dare speak. I simply said, "I'm sorry Paul."

He looked confused. He responded in a whisper, "You're sorry? Jolie! You don't think ... Jolie! I don't blame you. I don't hold what happened in there against you. Hell! I'm the one that took your clothes off! I should be apologizing to you!"

We couldn't say more. There were too many people around. We returned to our lab. I almost buttoned my lab coat without thinking. I doubted if anyone would notice any difference in my dress. It wasn't obvious that I was no longer wearing a bra. I didn't think anyone would notice that I was no longer wearing hose or that my skirt was two inches shorter. Still, I couldn't help feeling more vulnerable for letting Doyal control the manner of my dress.

We got strange looks from our co-workers as we re-entered our lab. They had each spent fifteen or twenty minutes in Doyal's office. Paul and I had been in with him for nearly an hour.

But that wasn't the only difference. The five men that we work with had all come back into the lab smiling and looking forward to working with Doyal. Not Paul and certainly not me. Our faces were white and drawn and neither of us was capable of smiling.

We moved to our work areas in silence and began to prepare to leave for the day. As I put my work away I felt a hand on my shoulder. I just about jumped right out of my skin. I turned to see Karl looking at me with a concerned look on his face. He asked, "Is something wrong Jolie? You and Paul look like you just got chewed out. Do you need us to speak to Doyal for you? I don't know what the problem is but we all like you and we know what good workers you are. You know we'll back you up if you need us."

I struggled to smile at him. He was a very nice man. All of our co-workers were. I thanked him and tried to assure him that everything was alright. It must have been obvious that it wasn't. But what else could I say?

We said goodnight to our co-workers and left at the usual time, 4:30 PM. Our plant had staggered hours so that everyone wasn't coming to work and leaving at the same time. But there was still a crush of people pouring out through the various exits to the building and swarming over the parking lot.

Paul and I walked in silence to our car and once we were safely inside it with the engine running and the air conditioner working at full blast to dissipate the superheated air in the car we sat staring straight ahead and giving the parking lot time to clear out a little.

It was a long time before either of us spoke. I said, "It's okay Paul. I know what you must be thinking. I won't be a problem for you."

Paul turned in his seat with that confused look on his face again and asked, "You said that before, Jolie. What is it that you think you know? What are you talking about? You don't think that I blame you for what just happened, or what is going to happen, do you?"

I stared straight ahead. I knew that he was trying to do the right thing. He was saying what he thought he needed to say. But I knew how his mind worked. I knew what I would have been thinking if I were in his place.

I quietly said, "No Paul. I know that you don't blame me. But I know what you must think of me now. I know what you would think if I tried to kiss you now. I know what would be going through your mind if we tried to make love. A black man saw me naked. A black man touched me. A black man put his finger inside of me. And tonight a black man is going to..."

For a moment I couldn't even say it. It was unthinkable. Finally I sobbed, "A black man is going to fuck me."

Paul moved closer to me and put his arms around me. I struggled to push him away but he held me in his arms and pulled me to him. I finally stopped struggling and I realized that he was crying quietly too.

I had never seen him cry and it scared the hell out of me. I whispered, "Don't cry baby. I won't..."

He interrupted to say, "Shut up Jolie! I'm not going anywhere. Or at least I'm not going anywhere without you. I love you. I loved you this morning and I love you now and I'm going to love you tomorrow morning."

"I will admit that if you had asked me this morning then I would have assumed that I would feel the things you think I must be feeling now. Much to my own surprise I don't. I don't know why. I just know that no matter what happens I love you very much and I am not going to stop loving you. I'm certainly not going to stop loving you because our next door neighbor has raped you."

"You are the best thing that ever happened to me. We are going to have to survive some hard times. I don't doubt that they are going to be harder for you than for me. But I can't imagine life without you. We will find a way to get through this. Just remember that no matter how bad it gets, I am not going to stop loving you. And I am not going to stop wanting you. I swear it."

I said, "Paul that is so sweet. I appreciate what you are saying. But I don't think you can pull it off. We are..."

That was as far as I got before he turned my face up and kissed me passionately. I lost it then. I put my arms around his neck and I began to cry hysterically. I couldn't stop. It went on and on until I finally became aware of him gently rubbing my back and lightly kissing my neck and my ears and whispering, "I love you Jolie. It kills me that I can't protect you. But I love you and I will never leave you."

I loved it that he would say it. I guess he may even have thought it. But I knew him too well. We were just alike. I said, "Paul, he is going to fuck me tonight. He is going to make me suck his cock. He is going to make me a sex slave and it is all about humiliating and degrading me ... us. You can't honestly expect me to believe that you will ever be able to make love to me again after he leaves our house tonight."

He kissed me again and asked, "Have I ever lied to you? I have given you my word. I never break my word."

He kissed me once more and then at the same time we both noticed that we were just about the only car left in the parking lot. I pushed him away gently and said, "I guess we better go home. I have to start dinner."

He slid back behind the steering wheel and as we fastened our seatbelts I wondered if he could actually keep his word. I knew that he had the best of intentions. He was a good man, a very good man. But he was only human and we were products of our environment.

In our environment a white woman did not allow anyone who was not white to have sex with her. She would rather die. In my mind I had already submitted to Doyal. I had already been naked in front of him. He had touched my body. His finger had entered the most private orifice of my body.

I knew that I would do whatever he ordered me to do tonight, because I am a practical person and because I could see no alternative. I could not imagine that Paul, no matter how nice he was, or how well intentioned, could ever get over what was going to happen to me. But then, I wasn't sure that I could deal with it either. I was terrified.

It was funny though, I didn't realize until that very moment that I was more afraid of what Paul was going to think than I was of the actual impending rape. I suppose that would change when the rape became a reality and was no longer just an abstract notion of a large black man despoiling my body at some moment in the future.

The ride home was made in total silence. It didn't take a genius to know what either one of us was thinking about. We had spent a half hour in the parking lot waiting for the traffic to clear and trying to assure ourselves that our marriage could survive the horrible things that were about to happen to us. But even with that delay it looked like we had still beaten Doyal home. We had never paid much attention to his comings and goings and we didn't know what time he normally came home.

We went inside and I tried to decide what to make for dinner. I was never much for planning our meals. More often than not I waited until we got home from work and made supper depending on what we were in the mood to eat and what we had on hand.

Neither of us was very hungry. I ended up making some home fries and getting some pork chops out and ready to cook as soon as Doyal showed up. While I was cooking I asked Paul to make me a strong drink. I was going to need it.

We sipped our drinks until Doyal showed up at seven. He didn't knock or ring the bell. He just walked right into our home. We heard him enter and Paul got up and gave me a gentle kiss and said, "Remember, I love you. I am always going to love you."

Then he went to greet Doyal. While he was doing that I started cooking the pork chops.

I heard muted conversation coming from the living room. A moment later Doyal and Paul joined me in the kitchen. Paul placed a bottle of wine on the counter and then undressed me while I stood at the stove. It was humiliating all over again. The fact that Doyal had already seen me naked and touched me didn't matter at all.

Paul opened the wine and took my clothes upstairs. When he returned he was naked too. His face was bright red but he tried to act as if this was all normal. He poured a glass of wine for Doyal who was sitting quietly at the kitchen table watching me move around the kitchen in the nude.

I heard him chuckle when he saw Paul's soft cock. He said, "I guess that what they say about you white boys is true."

I glanced over discreetly and saw that, I suppose because of the fear and humiliation, Paul's cock looked much smaller than normal. I wanted to say something in Paul's defense but I didn't dare.

I set the table and served dinner. I loved the smell of pork chops cooking and normally that smell was all I needed to work up an appetite. Not tonight though. I sat at the table, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, and picked at my food. Paul didn't eat either.

Doyal, on the other hand, ate heartily. While he ate he asked us a lot of personal questions. He asked us about where we came from and about school and even about work. Then he turned to Paul and asked, "Is she any good at sucking cock?"

Paul looked at him in shock and when he didn't respond right away Doyal said, "I realize that yours is only a practice cock and not like the real thing. But it will give me some idea of how hard she's going to be to train."

Poor Paul, he didn't know what to say. He turned an even darker shade of red, he glanced at me, and then he said, "I have always loved it when she did it to me. I think she is very good at it."

Doyal smiled and held his hand out towards me. He had been eating his pork chops with his fingers and they were very greasy. He stuck his middle finger out and said, "Show me Jolie. Demonstrate your cocksucking skills for me. That looks to be about the size of your wimpy husband's dick."

I leaned forward and took his finger into my mouth. It wasn't such a strange thing, not really. It was something I might have done playfully for Paul if we had been alone. But doing it like this, under these circumstances, for this hateful man who was only doing it to humiliate us, it was having just that effect. It was nearly as degrading as standing in front of him and being undressed by my husband for his viewing pleasure.

He watched me suck on his finger for a minute. Then he pushed his chair back and grabbed my wrist. He pulled me over into his lap and said, "You're going to have to do better than that, bitch."

He forced another of his long, black, greasy fingers into my mouth and I sucked it clean while his free hand came up and cupped my breasts and gently squeezed.

As I sucked his finger clean I could feel his cock under my ass. It felt huge. I tried not to think about that but instead concentrated on sucking his greasy fingers clean. He let me clean all four fingers and his thumb that way before he took his hand away from my mouth.

For a fraction of a second I was relieved that my little cocksucking demonstration was over. But then his hand fell to my thigh, only inches from my exposed pussy. He squeezed my thigh and then slid his hand up until his large index finger was nestled in my slit.

He was staring at my face as his finger came into contact with my sex. He saw me gasp quietly at his touch and he said, "Yeah, I knew you wanted that. I expect you have been thinking about me since you left my office. I'm going to stick my finger back in your pussy now, bitch. What do you want to bet it comes out wet again? You may not admit it, not even to yourself, but you can't wait to get my big, black cock in your hot little cunt."

I felt his finger slip between my labia and I knew by the way it entered me so easily that I was wet down there. The fact that my pussy was wet in anticipation of his touch was just as disturbing as it had been when it happened in his office. It was like my body was joining forces with Doyal to humiliate me.

He chuckled when his finger entered me easily. He worked it around inside of me for a moment and said, "Yeah, you are one hot little cunt. You may not like black people intruding on your little white world, but your body seems to be looking forward to getting some nice big black dick."

Doyal pulled his finger out of me and held it up. He shook his head and said, "Sweetheart, it is obvious to me that your mind and your body are having one hell of a conflict here. Or is there something that you are keeping a secret from your husband? You don't harbor a secret desire for black men do you Jolie?"

I didn't plan on dignifying that obviously outrageous question with an answer. But he didn't give me a chance anyway. He forced his finger, now wet with my juices, into my mouth and watched me suck it clean again. When his finger was clean he pushed me out of his lap and stood up.

He is a large man and he towered over me. He was very intimidating, and not just because he was dressed and I was naked. Nor was it because I knew that he was about to demand sex of me, and I had no choice but to submit. I had no doubt that this man would have been intimidating under any circumstances. He was large and muscular but it was the arrogant look on his face that made us feel so ill at ease. He was in charge and he knew it. He was a man who was used to being in charge and it showed.

Doyal stood up and said, "You can clean this mess up later. Let's go in the other room and get comfortable."

Paul and I followed Doyal into the living room and he stood in front of our couch. He ordered us to stand on in front of him and then he said, "I want you to undress me now. It's time that we got better acquainted."

Paul and I looked at each other. We didn't know what to do. I mean, we certainly knew what to do, but we didn't know who should do what. Paul was just as uncomfortable with the idea of undressing another man as I was.

After a short hesitation Paul began to unbutton Doyal's sport shirt and I started unbuckling his belt and then opening his pants. I finished first and I pushed his pants down to his ankles. He didn't lift his feet so I couldn't remove them. That left me with only his boxer shorts.

Paul pulled his shirt off and set it aside and then stripped him of his undershirt. The contrast between Doyal and Paul, or any other boy I had ever been with, was striking. Doyal was muscular. His chest was well defined and his abs were tight. His upper arms looked nearly as large as Paul's thighs! But he wasn't muscle bound. He was very well proportioned.

I was inching his boxers down, struggling to get them out and down over his semi-hard cock. It was obviously very large, much larger than any I had ever seen before. But even knowing in advance that it was so much larger I don't think that I was really prepared for it when I first saw it.

His cock was much longer than Paul's. But the scary part was that it was at least twice as big around. It was at least nine inches long and no less than four inches around at the base. The skin of the shaft was as black as coal. The head was a lighter brown. I stared in awe as I uncovered it. I couldn't even imagine taking something that large inside of me! I had to admit though, it was certainly impressive. It looked so ... I don't know, masculine? It was as if his cock was as arrogant as the rest of him!

When I had his shorts down around his ankles he sat on the couch. Paul joined me on the floor and we removed his shoes and socks and then his pants and shorts. When he was finally naked he spread his legs and said, "Paul, I want you to hold my cock while your bitch gets better acquainted with it. I haven't gotten fucked in a while and I'm pretty horny. I imagine my cock will be dancing all over the place. We don't want that, do we Paul?"

Paul looked like he had been struck. He expected to be humiliated. But he had not been expecting that he would actually take part in my rape. He had not expected to have to touch, to hold another man's cock.

He looked up at Doyal in shock. But Doyal just smiled at him and said, "Don't be jealous Paulie. Maybe you can suck it a little next time. I think the first time should be for your little bitch."

Paul and I both shuddered in revulsion as he reached up and gingerly held the base of Doyal's cock between his thumb and two fingers. He held it out away from that flat, hard stomach and Doyal said, "Okay bitch, lean down there and give your new god a big kiss. Then I want you to thank me for taking pity on you and your wussy husband before you start licking my balls."

I stared in dismay at his imposing cock and equally massive testicles as Paul held his cock upright for me. It was finally happening. It was no longer a threat of some horrible thing that was going to happen sometime in the future. The future was now.

I took a deep breath and tried to force myself to be strong. I leaned forward and touched my lips to the head of his huge cock. I pulled my head back quickly and muttered, "Thank you for taking pity on us sir."

It was almost as hard to say that as to do what I was about to do. I leaned down and with tears running down my cheeks I began to lick his large, hairy, wrinkled ball sack. His balls, like his cock, were nearly twice as large as Paul's. I licked them all over, stopping from time to time to spit out a kinky little black hair.

He instructed me to take his balls into my mouth one at a time and suck on them gently. I had done that for Paul and it was no big deal. It was much more difficult with Doyal. I had to force my mouth open as far as I could in order to get just one of his balls inside. Once I had managed to stuff it inside, I could do little more than gently slide my tongue around the underside. I was conscious as I struggled to obey his order that Paul's fingers were pressed against my lips, still holding that massive cock erect in my face.

After I had repeated the process with his second testicle he ordered me to lick his cock before I started to learn how to suck a real cock. The arrogant bastard!

Despite my husband's grip on the base of it, Doyal's cock throbbed quite violently as I bathed it with my tongue. The fat knob at the top of the shaft was becoming slick with the slime that was oozing from

the surprisingly large opening in the tip. I licked it clean and worked my way up and down the shaft a few times before he said, "Okay, bitch, let's see if you can suck a cock."

I placed my lips over the knob of his cock and the experience was entirely different than when I sucked on my husband's much friendlier cock. My lips were stretched painfully as I worked them down over his daunting weapon. I groaned in dismay as I looked down at how much cock was left and how black it looked in contrast to my husband's white skin. I thought, "Oh my god! I have a black man's cock in my mouth!"

Doyal ordered Paul to release his cock and instead to cup his balls. He wanted him to feel it when he shot his cum into my mouth. I had been avoiding looking at Paul. But I glanced up at him then and I saw the tears running down his cheeks. I had been concerned about our future, the future of our marriage. But at that moment I was too concerned with surviving sucking this huge cock to worry about it. Still, I hated it that Paul would forever have in his memory the image of me with that big black cock in my mouth.

I could only force half of Doyal's cock into my mouth. I could usually take nearly all of Paul's, all but the last two inches. I had actually been pretty proud of my cocksucking skills. But I was totally out of my league now. This was like trying to suck off a horse!

Once I determined my limits I began to suck as much of his cock as enthusiastically as possible. I just wanted to get it over with. He watched me struggle to please him for several minutes before he said, "Not too bad for a first time, bitch. Don't worry, you'll get better."

I didn't know what he thought that I could do to get better. The huge knob on the end of his cock was hitting the back of my throat on every thrust. But I put that out of my mind and sucked him as hard as I could.

Doyal just sat back and enjoyed it for what seemed like a very long time. I could sense that he was starting to get close to cumming. I began to get nervous as I wondered how large a load of cum a huge cock and balls like he had would produce.

Doyal groaned and said, "Okay Paulie, use your other hand now. Finish me off in your bitch's mouth."

Paul placed his hand around the base of Doyal's cock again. This time he wrapped his fingers around it as far as they would go and he began to rapidly masturbate our new supervisor's cock into my mouth.

In less than a minute I felt Doyal's large hands on my head, holding me tight to his shaft. He moaned loudly and exclaimed, "What a fucking team!"

Then he was cumming in my mouth. I moved my lips up to the knob and held them in place as my mouth filled with his hot, slimy, bitter cum. I gagged a couple of times. I had never experienced so much cum before. It was as bad as I thought that it would be. My mouth was full to overflowing when he finally let his ass fall back onto the couch cushion and he started to relax.

He reached out and held Paul's hand still and the three of us stayed like that, motionless, until Doyal started to breathe more normally and relax. He pulled Paul's hand away and said, "Okay, bitch. Swallow that nice hot cream and then give Paulie a big kiss to thank him for his help."

I struggled to swallow his immense load. It was easily twice as much as I had ever gotten from Paul. I had to swallow several times to get it all down. I noticed as I did that it tasted just like Paul's. I had expected it to be different.

Paul and I both had tears running down our cheeks as I leaned over Doyal's huge thigh and kissed Paul. It was my intention to give him a little peck on the lips but he held my head and kissed me lovingly. As we broke the kiss he whispered, "I love you Jolie."

It almost broke my heart.

Doyal laughed quietly and said, "Isn't that sweet." Then he said, "Paulie, your bitch missed a drop. Would you get that for me?"

I stuttered, "N-n-o, please sir. Let me get that."

Doyal chuckled and said, "Don't worry, bitch. One taste won't make Paulie gay. Not unless he's already gay. You aren't gay are you Paulie? It wouldn't take much to make a girl out of you. Just shave your legs and put a dress on you and I think you'd look pretty hot."

Paul just glared at him and started to bend down to lick the last drop of cum from the tip of his cock. Doyal suddenly reached out and grabbed a handful of Paul's hair and pulled and twisted.

Paul cried out in pain and reached for Doyal's wrist. Doyal yelled at him to put his hands down and he slowly complied. He turned Paul's head and looking him right in the eye and said, "Don't you ever look at me like that again you fucking faggot! I own your pansy ass now. That cock you are about to lick, that's as much your god now as it is to your cunt of a wife. Your lives revolve around pleasing that tube of flesh from now until I get tired of fucking with you. You don't feel so fucking high and mighty now do you? Just remember, if you two weren't such racist assholes you wouldn't be in this mess now. Hell! You didn't even have to be nice to me, just polite. If you had only been civil, and if you hadn't called my son those nasty names of course. That kind of pissed me off."

He finally released his grip on Paul's hair and said, "Now do what I told you to do. And if you ever look at me like that again I'll take my belt to your pansy ass!"

I watched in shock as Paul slowly leaned down and licked up that last remaining drop of cum on the head of Doyal's cock. I knew how Paul felt about gay people and I knew that it was killing him to first hold and now touch his tongue to another man's cock.

Doyal pushed Paul away and ordered him to get him a glass of wine and bring it up to the bedroom. Then he stood up and told me to lead the way.

When we got to my room he headed for my closet. I had forgotten that he was going to go through my clothes. He wasn't very happy with what he found. I had a few sexy dresses and some tops that satisfied him. But most of my clothes were much too conservative for his tastes. He separated out the few items he approved of and a couple of skirts that would be acceptable once I had them shortened. Then he asked to see my underwear.

Paul was waiting outside of my closet with a glass of wine. Doyal took the glass and then ignored Paul. I pulled my underwear out of my dresser drawers and laid everything on top. Doyal picked up all of the

pantyhose and threw them away. He said, "If you feel you have to wear hose you buy the thigh highs. And no garter belts! I watched him go through my bras and panties. He said, "Some of these bras aren't so bad, but you don't need a bra with those little titties of yours. Don't wear one anymore."

He selected a couple pairs of panties and said, "These aren't too bad. Get rid of the rest."

The two he had selected were my one thong; I hated thongs, and a lacy pair of bikini panties.

He said, "Well, at least you get to wear underwear two days a week. Don't worry too much about your wardrobe. I have an idea on how to expand it."

He went over and sat on the side of my bed and said, "I have to go in early tomorrow. There is a lot of work involved in taking over a new section. I need a good night's rest. So why don't you come over here and get my dick hard so I can fuck you before I go home?"

I moved woodenly across the floor. I dropped to my knees at his feet and took his soft cock into my mouth. Even when it was soft it was much larger than Paul's and it was very hard to suck. But it got hard quickly and once it was fully erect he pushed me away and ordered me up onto the bed.

He knelt between my widely parted knees and stared down at my pussy. His fingers explored me again and again they came away wet. He smiled and said, "You are a horny little bitch, aren't you?"

I didn't bother to answer, but it continued to horrify me that every time he touched me there his fingers came away wet.

He moved his wet finger down to my virgin anus and pressed the tip of it inside of me there. He smiled when I jumped and said, "Don't tell me! A virgin! We'll have to take care of that this weekend."

He pulled his finger out of my ass and put it in my mouth. While I sucked his finger clean he moved up over me and said, "Get over here Paulie. Get down there and put my cock into your wife's cunt."

I stared at the ceiling as I felt Paul's hand come between Doyal's body and mine. I felt the knob on that huge cock moving through my slit and then, with one sudden move it was stretching me wider than I had ever been stretched before.

I was sickened. A black man's cock was in my pussy! I felt Paul's hand move out of the way. But I didn't pay much attention to that. I was focused on the huge shaft that was slowly forcing its way into me. I didn't want to admit it, not even to myself. But it felt pretty good to be stretched like that. It felt good at first anyway. It's just that it kept coming and coming, stretching me farther and farther until I was afraid that it would never stop.

It was just starting to be painful when I felt his pubic bone come into contact with mine. That entire, enormous organ was inside of me!

He left it like that, buried to the hilt in my pussy, for a very long time. He was moaning in pleasure but I was glad for the respite. My body needed time to adjust to that huge thing.

I had just gotten used to it being there when he started pulling it out of me. I'm not sure why it felt so much longer than Paul's. It wasn't really, just two inches. But it seemed to take him forever to draw it all the way out.

He stroked in and out of me slowly for several minutes, all the while staring down at my face. He could see that I was enjoying it. I didn't want to. And I didn't want him to realize that I was. But Jesus! No woman could resist that feeling! I struggled to keep Paul from finding out. I didn't moan, as hard as it was to keep silent. I bit my bottom lip and struggled to lie still and remain quiet. But after several minutes of being overpowered, being taken by that large, masculine man and that oversized cock, I couldn't fight it any longer.

It killed me that he saw me surrender to him. It was even worse that Paul had to witness it. But my body won out in the end. I started lifting my hips to meet his violent thrusts. My arms somehow ended up around his back and I swear I don't remember locking my legs around his.

He fucked me harder and harder and I heard sounds coming from me that I had never made before. I knew that they were coming from me but I couldn't stop them. I had never been so possessed by a man in my life! It didn't matter that it was a man that I detested, a man for whom I had a perfect hate. I could not control myself.

I felt Doyal tense up and I knew that a black man, raping me in front of my husband, was cumming inside of me. But by then it didn't matter. No, I don't mean that. It mattered. It was just about the most humiliating and demeaning thing that I could imagine happening to me. But I was fighting to control my reaction to getting raped by that big cock. I knew that Paul was watching and I knew that the images being burned into his brain were probably more than a marriage could take. But to see me going crazy with lust while being raped by my black boss, there was just no way to live that down.

Doyal and I peaked at the same time and he collapsed on top of me for a moment. I became aware of the fact that I was still clasping his body to mine with my arms and legs and I quickly let him go.

He pushed himself to his knees and stared down at my sweaty body. I think that it had surprised him that I had reacted the way that I had. I know it surprised the hell out of me. I saw the conceited look on his face and I wanted to hit him. Thankfully I wasn't that stupid.

He got up and pointed out the dress that he wanted me to wear to work tomorrow. Then he went downstairs to dress and go home. Paul went down to let him out and start cleaning up the mess in the kitchen and dining room.

I didn't move until they were gone. Then I got up and rushed to the bathroom. I sat on the toilet and it took forever for the cum to drain out of me. Then I took a quick shower and brushed my teeth.

I put on my robe and steeled my nerves to face my husband. I knew what I was going to see on his face when I went downstairs. I knew that he could never love me after what I had done. It would have been bad enough if I had merely let that man rape me. But to become aroused, to achieve orgasm! That was unforgiveable.

But I couldn't hide in my room. I had to face Paul. At the very least I had to apologize to him.

By the time I got downstairs he had already cleaned off the dining room table and was loading the dishwasher. I went into the kitchen and moved up behind him. I tried to make him stop. I said, "Paul, go sit down. I'll do that."

He didn't turn around. He just said, "You have already had a rough evening. Why don't you make us a drink and sit down and I'll join you in a minute. I'm almost done here."

I didn't know what to make of his voice. He sounded calm. He sounded sad. But I didn't hear any of the things that I expected to hear in his voice. It didn't sound like he was mad at me or disgusted with me. I didn't know what to think.

I made us each a stiff drink and put them on the end of the counter. While he finished up with the dishwasher I cleaned off the stove and wiped down the counters. We finished up at about the same time and I took our drinks over and put them on the kitchen table.

He came up behind me and I turned and we looked into each other's eyes for the first time since ... since our boss raped me. Then, in unison, we said, "I'm sorry."

I looked at him in surprise. I had expected to hear something more along the lines of 'I want a divorce,' certainly not an apology!

I asked, "Paul? What are you apologizing for? I'm the one that ... oh god, I can't even say it!"

He took me into his arms and nearly crushed me. I put my arms around him and suddenly I was crying like a baby again. I had done a lot of crying today. I'm not normally a crying female. This was not a normal day.

He responded, "I have a lot to apologize for Jolie. And you have nothing to apologize for."

I rested my head on his shoulder and said, "I wish that were true Paul. I can't imagine that you will ever get those images out of your head. You must hate me now."

Paul kissed the top of my head and said, "I'm the pansy that let his wife get raped by the next door neighbor. No, it was even worse than that. I helped the son of a bitch! No real man would help some son of a bitch rape his wife. I didn't even try to fight him."

"Paul!" I exclaimed. "You couldn't fight that man! And I don't mean just because he is huge and would have killed you. He has our lives in his hand. I wouldn't let you fight him. We have to do what he says. But I don't get it. Are you telling me that you don't want a divorce now? Surely you cannot live with a woman who has done what I just did!"

Paul held me tighter and said, "You didn't do anything that he didn't make you do. You didn't have a choice. Just like I didn't when I did what he told me to do. Are you telling me that you can see the things that he made me do and that you don't hate me?"

I didn't know what he was talking about at first. Then I remembered. I had been so focused on the things I had done, and the things that were done to me, that I really hadn't paid that much attention to Paul except to despair at the idea of what he was seeing me do.

I straightened up suddenly and in a whisper, as if I hoped that he wouldn't hear me, I said, "Paul, I had an orgasm. I came when he put that huge thing of his in me and fucked me. I let him rape me and I had an orgasm right in front of you."

Paul smiled and said, "Yeah, a damned nice one too! I was pretty happy for you."

I stepped back then. I didn't know if he was teasing me or if he had just gone crazy.

I turned and picked up my drink and gulped down half of it. Then I turned back and looked at him like he had lost his mind.

He took me back into his arms and said, "Jolie, one of the things I loved about you right from the beginning was that you enjoyed sex. Your body and your mind were always responsive. Just thinking about how turned on you got used to get me excited. I love watching you, especially when I eat your sweet pussy. I love watching you lose control. I don't blame you for enjoying getting fucked by that big cock of his. And I won't hold it against you, if you promise not to get upset when I tell you that when I saw you getting turned on it gave me a hard on."

I looked at him skeptically. Surely he was just saying that to ease my guilt. I had one more question that I was afraid to ask. But now was the time.

"Paul, what about what we did downstairs? Could you even kiss me after what you saw?"

He shrugged and said, "Could you kiss me? Could you ever forget that I licked the end of that son of a bitch's cock?"

I moved back into his arms then and I said, "Paul, I was right. On our first date I thought to myself, 'this man would be the perfect husband'. And you are. I love you so much."

He responded, "I may not be a perfect husband. A perfect husband would have prevented what happened here tonight. But I have the perfect love for you."

I kissed him then, or rather we kissed each other. It was a warm, passionate, unselfconscious kiss and I started to think that maybe we would survive this after all.

We finished our drinks and I made us each another. Then we sat on the couch with Paul's arms wrapped around me and talked about what we had seen and done and how we felt about it.

Paul was still naked and I noticed that his cock kept twitching as we talked about some of the things that had happened. He knew that I was aware of it and I could tell that he was self-conscious.

I put my drink on the coffee table and said, "There is one way to take care of this in a hurry."

I dropped to my knees and pushed his legs apart. He tried to stop me. He said, "No Jolie, you don't have to do that! Not tonight. Not after what you have been through."

I smiled and held his rapidly growing cock in my hands. I said, "Sweetheart, I have never sucked your cock because I had to. I love sucking your cock and you know it. Now stop giving me a hard time here or I'll be forced to bite you."

Paul gave in and sat back. He relaxed and I spread his legs and he watched me as I leaned down and gave him the best, the most loving blowjob that I had ever given him.

I had always enjoyed doing this, especially for him. It was so much better now. After sucking on our neighbors large cock I found that sucking on Paul's nice seven inch cock was even easier and even more fun. I devoured him with even more passion than normal but still I was surprised at how quickly he had cum. I swallowed easily and then I rested my head on his stomach and held his cock in my mouth while it went soft.

Paul stroked my hair and thanked me and told me how much he loved me. I finally looked up and said, "I can't believe that we are going to get through this. All evening I was terrified of looking at you and seeing the disgust that I knew must be in your face when you saw what I was doing."

He answered with a touch of embarrassment, "If you had looked at me very often this evening you would have seen how frequently my cock got hard when I watched you. I don't understand it. I have read about men who get off on watching their wives with other men. I have never been that way. It never even occurred to me. I'm not even sure what it was about what I saw that turned me on. I only know that now that it's over I'm glad I had that reaction and not the reaction you were afraid of. To be honest, I was afraid of the same thing you were."

The smile left my face and I said, "It's not over. This was just the beginning. And it isn't going to be just him."

Paul pulled me up beside him on the couch and kissed me. He said, "Just remember one thing. No matter what happens, I am always going to love you. And I am always going to want you. I only hope that he doesn't make me do something that you can't get past. I am surprised that you didn't ask me to leave after what I did today, and after what he did today. Christ! I can't blame you for cumming on that humongous cock of his! That thing was incredible. It made my cock look like a clit!"

I laughed and said, "I love your clit, sweetheart."

We finally went up and went to bed. Paul tried to return the favor. But when I realized what he was doing I stopped him. I said, "No honey. Not tonight. Trust me. I've had enough. Besides, he came in buckets. I don't want to take a chance on you going down on me and ... well, you know."

He kissed my neck and said, "I would be surprised if I didn't end up with a mouthful of it one of these days anyway. He is doing this to humiliate us."

I said, "No Paul. He is doing this because we are racists and because we were rude to him and called his son some very ugly names."

We looked at each other strangely then. It was like for the first time we were acknowledging to ourselves that we were not innocent victims in this.

After what had happened to us tonight I expected to have a very difficult time falling asleep. I had a lot to think about. But I suppose that between the three strong drinks and the stress and the amazing orgasm I was out like a light in less than a minute. I am usually a pretty light sleeper but that night I slept so soundly that in the morning Paul had to shake me to get me to wake up.

I went down and started coffee while Paul took a shower. Then I took a shower while Paul toasted some English muffins. When I finished my shower I put on the dress that Doyal had selected for me. It was a flirty little sundress. Not really scandalous, but not appropriate for the work place either. It ended about four inches above my knees. I thought that it was inappropriate for work but I would be wearing a lab coat. I didn't see how this would have the effect of humiliating me that Doyal undoubtedly intended.

I dressed and joined Paul for breakfast. We ate quietly, both of us wondering what Doyal had in mind to make the day unpleasant.

We went in at our normal time, along with a hundred or so other employees of the company. When we got to work I put my lab coat on and went to my work area. Some of the guys commented on my dress. They liked it and suggested I dress like that more often. I had a feeling that they were going to get their wish, and then some.

There was a note on my desk telling me to report to Doyal's office as soon as I got in. I went out of the lab and down to Doyal's office. I knocked and he told me to enter.

When I stepped inside he looked up and said, "Lock the door, bitch."

I wasn't really that surprised that he had sent for me. The surprise was that he was not alone in his office.

I turned and locked the door. When I turned back around he was getting up from behind his desk. He gestured for me to stand in front of him. I crossed the space between us and by the time I was standing in front of him my face was bright red and my heart was beating loudly again, just like yesterday.

He said, "Remove the lab coat. I want to see how you look in the dress I picked out for you."

I obeyed instantly but I was very conscious of the other man in the room. He was watching us closely and smiling as Doyal ordered me around.

I dropped my lab coat on the same chair that my clothing had been piled on yesterday when Paul had undressed me in this same spot.

Doyal asked, "I suppose you are wearing underwear?"

I responded, "Yes sir."

"Which ones?" he asked.

I quietly replied, "The bikini panty."

He smiled and said, "Show me."

I reached down reluctantly and started to raise my skirt but he said, "Not like that. Take your dress off, stupid."

I unbuttoned the front of the dress and dropped it on my lab coat. I stood before Doyal and the stranger in just my panties. Doyal turned to his friend and asked, "What do you think?"

His friend had a surprisingly deep voice. He answered, "Not bad. She looks like a pretty good fuck. Yeah, she has the perfect body for some of that stuff, slender like a fashion model."

His friend got up and came over and looked me over. He asked me my sizes and then he ran his hands over my body before slapping my thigh and ordering me to spread my legs.

I obeyed nervously and soon another man had his finger inside of me. He chuckled and said, "Damn Doyal! This broad is hot to trot!"

He pulled his wet finger out of me and held it up. He chuckled again and said, "Fuck! Look at that! That's just from undressing in front of us! She must be one hot bitch!"

Doyal laughed and said, "Trust me Al, she is. Do you want to knock off a quick piece before you leave?"

Al said, "Hell yes!"

Doyal pushed me down over his desk and I heard the rustle of clothing behind me. A moment later I felt Al's cock working its way inside of my very wet pussy. I hated what was happening, but I hated even more that my body kept betraying me like this. I had gotten wet before they even touched me. Undressing in front of them had gotten my juices flowing, just like yesterday! I was not an exhibitionist. In fact, I was pretty shy. So I just didn't understand why this was happening.

I didn't have long to think about it though. Al started fucking me hard and fast while Doyal held my head down on his desk. I felt so helpless and so used. But worse than that, as Al's strokes became faster and more violent I felt myself building to another orgasm.

Doyal reached under me while his friend was fucking me and started pulling and twisting on my nipples. He was not gentle and it hurt. It hurt a lot. But still I felt my body climbing towards a climax. I came just before Al did. When the orgasm hit it hit hard and I started to call out loudly until Doyal clamped a hand over my mouth and kept me quiet.

I heard Al cry out behind me and his hands clawed at my ass during those last few violent strokes. He called out, "Jesus! What a fucking pussy!" And then he filled me with cum.

He left his cock inside of me for a minute while he and Doyal discussed my pussy. Then he slowly pulled his cock out of me. It felt nearly as long as Doyal's, though not nearly as thick.

When he pulled it free, Doyal pulled me up off of his desk and asked, "Did you have a nice rest, cunt?"

Then he pushed me to the floor and said, "Clean up that mess."

I didn't know what he meant at first. Not until Al moved forward and his soft, slimy cock was right in my face. I had just been fucked by a second black man in less than twelve hours. Now I was going to taste a second black cock. I forced myself to breathe through my mouth. His cock smelled as bad as it looked.

I opened my mouth wide and took as much of his cock into my mouth as I could before I closed my lips around it. I gagged a couple of times at first but I sucked it clean as quickly as I could. I was in a hurry to get that taste out of my mouth.

When I had sucked the top half of his cock clean I lifted my mouth off of it and I licked the base of it until it too was clean. Then I washed his balls with my tongue while he guided my head around with his hands twisted in my hair.

He finally released me and I stood up gasping for fresh air while he straightened his pants and made himself presentable. I was aware of the cum that was seeping out of me and about to start running down my thigh. I was anxious to be allowed to dress and go to the ladies room.

Doyal had something else in mind. He smiled and said, "You can't leave here like that. Everyone will know what a slut you are. Scoop that up and swallow it."

They both laughed at the look on my face when he said that. I wanted to plead with him to be reasonable but one look at the amusement on their faces as they enjoyed my consternation and I knew I would be wasting my breath.

I spread my legs and I felt the bile rising in my throat as I reached down and scooped up about two tablespoons of slimy white cum on the tips of two fingers. I stared at it for a second, trying to convince myself that it was just cum and I had swallowed a lot of it over the last four or five years.

This was different though. This was such a nasty thing to do. I looked up at their faces one last time and then I swallowed and forced myself to place my fingers in my mouth and suck them clean.

I heard the stranger exclaim under his breath, "What a fucking cunt!"

When I had swallowed the bastard's cum I pulled my fingers from my mouth and stood there naked as the men shook hands and the stranger left. I expected Doyal to take a turn but he said, "You had better get to work, cunt. I want you and your faggot husband back in here at lunch time."

I responded without thinking, "He is not a faggot!"

Doyal just smiled and said, "Sure he is. He just doesn't realize it yet."

He handed me my lab coat and ordered me to put it on. He was holding my dress and my panties in his other hand.

I groaned as I slipped the lab coat on. We were required to wear them at all times but we seldom closed them. Not unless we were actually doing something that required them, which in my section was not very often. They weren't see-through, but they were thin and when I started buttoning the front I noticed that my nipples showed quite clearly through the thin material. You couldn't actually see them. But you could see the outlines of them. You could see the bumps. It was obvious that I wasn't wearing much of anything under my lab coat.

Doyal ordered me to leave the top two buttons and the bottom two buttons unfastened. Suddenly my lab coat was a sexy garment. My cleavage was exposed to an alarming degree and the bottom button

that I was permitted to close was rubbing against my pubic hair. I would be in danger of exposing myself with every step I took.

The guys were going to love this!

Doyal dismissed me but as I started to leave he said, "I doubt if any of the guys have the balls, but if any of them should grow a pair and decide to actually put a hand on you, you just smile and act like nothing out of the ordinary is happening. I'm going to be in and out of the lab all morning and I'll be watching you."

I hurried back to the lab with my heart beating a mile a minute. The guys looked up and smiled and said good morning as I entered. Then they did a double take as they watched me cross the room to my work area.

When I got to my bench I looked down and saw that my nipples were standing straight out. I looked down and I could see the insides of both of my thighs. And that was standing still! God knows what I looked like when I was taking a step!

I got my work out and threw myself into it like never before. I wanted desperately not to think about anything else right now. I sat on my stool and struggled to at least cover my pussy with that damned lab coat, but it was a constant struggle. To make matters worse, one at a time the guys all came over, ostensibly to see if I was alright.

I knew that guys being guys they would enjoy the view. But I didn't believe that any of them would actually touch me. I guess I don't know my co-workers as well as I thought I did.

I watched them struggle to keep their eyes focused on my face as we spoke. The odd thing was that, under any other circumstances I would have been annoyed if they had treated me this way. But I couldn't blame them. They had never behaved this way until Doyal made me dress like this. So I was surprised to find myself becoming aroused at all of the attention. I was embarrassed. But the tingle I felt between my legs every time one of the men came over and stared at my nipples or my upper thighs was unmistakable.

Once more I was forced to consider what kind of a person, what kind of a woman I really was.

The men came over off and on throughout the morning to check on something I was doing or just to speak and get another look at me. Several times I looked down after they walked away and wondered if they had been able to see too much of me. The lab coat kept falling away from my breasts when I leaned forward and on more than one occasion I looked down and saw a nipple just starting to peek out. Worse than that though, I was almost positive that my slit showed from just about every angle but behind me.

There was no question of how exposed I was every time I got up or returned to my seat. In those moments I felt the cool air on my slit and I knew that my pussy was still drooling. My emotions were constantly being torn between my continuous state of arousal and my despair over the kind of woman that I was afraid that I was becoming.

Karl came over for the third or fourth time that morning to ask about the status of a project I was helping him with. I was flustered as I answered while he stared directly at my nearly exposed breasts.

When I reached for some documents I realized too late that I had exposed most of one breast, certainly all of the nipple.

He smiled and his face turned nearly as red as my own. His hand fell to my thigh and he patted it gently. He said, "My dear, I have never fully appreciated how sexy a lab coat could be before. You look fantastic. I don't know what has brought about this change in you. But I like it."

His fingertips were at most an inch from my pussy as he spoke. I was too shocked to say or do anything. And when the shock wore off I realized that this was what Doyal had in mind. As if to confirm my sudden inspiration I looked up to see Doyal smiling at me from across the room. He nodded and then went back to his conversation with Taylor. I noticed that Taylor was staring too. He didn't look like he was hearing a word that Doyal was saying.

In the next hour it became obvious that Doyal and Taylor had not been the only ones watching Karl place his hand on my thigh and get away with it. At one time or another they all came over that morning and they all placed their hands high on my thigh. I actually felt Neal's fingertip grazing my exposed pussy!

Every man in that lab was walking around with a hard on all morning because of me. Well, I suppose it would be more accurate to say that it was because of Doyal. I would never have dressed like this on my own.

Even Paul had a hard on! He didn't feel me up in public. But he came over and whispered, "Are you doing okay? I hate to admit it, but you look hotter than hell!"

I blushed and looked around to make sure that no one was close enough to hear us talk. I whispered, "Jesus Paul! I don't know what is happening with me! I have never been so humiliated in my life. But I'm sitting in a pool of my own juices! Could I have been a slut all this time and I didn't even know it?!"

He shrugged and whispered, "No. You aren't a slut. Your body is just reacting to the constant sexual stimulation. You can't help it. Just like I can't help having a hard on every time I look at you."

Paul looked around and asked, "What happened in there this morning? You were gone a long time."

I whispered to him about having to service the strange man in Doyal's office and I told him that we were both to report to his office at lunch time. I also told him about being ordered to permit my co-workers to touch me if they got up the nerve.

Before he went back to work I asked him how exposed my pussy was. I couldn't tell but I felt like I was all but naked down there.

He glanced down and responded, "It isn't too bad when you tug your lab coat together. But once you let it go it starts to fall away and it isn't long before the top half of your pussy is exposed. You might as well quit fighting it. Everyone has already seen it by now."

I asked, "Did you see him this morning? This is just what he had in mind, this and more. Remember what he said yesterday? He said he wished that I could work in the nude. I don't know where this is

going. But even if he doesn't make up something terrible about us, our reputations are going to be shot."

I suddenly realized what Doyal was doing. I hissed under my breath, "Oh my god! Paul! I just realized where this is going. He wants to turn me into the office sex toy. Not just for him, for everyone we work with!"

Paul looked so helpless when he said, "I know. But I still don't see any way out of this. Not yet anyway."

Paul went back to his work station and I tried to forget about how exposed I was and concentrate on my own work. As I worked though, I couldn't help noticing my co-workers getting together and talking quietly in twos and threes throughout the morning, all the while glancing over at me. I could just imagine what they were saying.

They kept coming back over and visiting with me at my station. Each time they became bolder and each time I was forced to bite my tongue as their hands came to rest on my upper thigh and fingers began to tease my sopping wet slit. I suppose that they were comparing notes as the morning went on and it was obvious that I wasn't objecting to anything that they did. They may not have understood the sudden change in me, but they were enjoying it. They didn't grope me openly, and they seemed to be more discreet whenever Paul was nearby. But they became bolder with each visit to my work station.

Just before lunch Karl came over and leaned against the bench where I was working. His hand went right to my thigh and the tip of his middle finger was sliding up and down through my slit, grazing my clit at the top of each tiny stroke.

I gasped as his finger teased my clit and I grasped my workbench with both hands. I fought to keep from having an orgasm as this nice, gentle, quiet man who was more than twice my age and had always treated me with respect began to finger my pussy while my husband and our four co-workers watched from around the room.

I groaned and bit my bottom lip in an effort to keep from having an orgasm. When Karl first spoke I heard the words but my brain didn't catch the meaning. He had to repeat himself. "Jolie, why are you doing this? Or more to the point, why are you letting us do this. Don't misunderstand. I love the change in you. We all do. But it seems so out of character for you. What's going on?"

I was actually grateful for the question. It distracted me from the sensations his finger was causing. I whispered, "I can't talk when you are doing that Karl! I can't think!"

He stopped moving his finger, but it remained inside me, just inside my opening. I managed to catch my breath and get my mind in gear. But I was still highly aroused and it occurred to me that at this very moment, after all of these hours of teasing, I wanted to fuck these men just as much as they wanted to fuck me. It looked like Doyal was going to get his wish!

But I didn't know how to respond to Karl's very reasonable question. I couldn't tell him the truth. Or could I? I knew that they were all wondering. Maybe the easiest thing to do would be to explain. Doyal didn't say that I couldn't tell them. Would things be better or worse if I told them the truth?

I glanced at the clock. It was still half an hour before Paul and I had to report to Doyal's office for lunch. I sighed deeply and said, "Give me a minute to talk to Paul before I answer you, okay Karl?"

He nodded and finally removed his hand from my sex organs.

When he had moved away I looked over to see Paul watching with obvious concern. I waved him over and he rushed across the room to see what I wanted. When he was standing beside me I whispered, "Paul, Karl wants to know why I'm doing this, why I'm dressing like this and why I'm letting them touch me. I was trying to think of a reasonable lie but maybe it would be better if we just told the truth. Doyal didn't say we couldn't. Maybe that would be better than this, whatever this is. Let's get it out in the open. I think I would be less embarrassed if they realized that I hadn't changed, I am doing what I have to do. And maybe they'll take it easy on me. Or not. Either way at least we can stop pussy-footing around in a cloud of secrecy. What do you think?"

Paul looked at me, and then he looked around at our five co-workers. He asked, "What will you tell them?"

"The truth," I replied.

He shrugged and said, "I don't know if that will help your cause. But I guess you're right. This silly game that everyone is playing now isn't fooling anyone. In some ways it's even more demeaning. I guess that we haven't anything to lose. You may be right, though I doubt it. I think that once they know that they have permission to do what they want things will get worse. But I guess we are going there anyway. If you would feel better having them know that you are being coerced then tell them."

I smiled wryly and said, "Paul, it's more than being coerced. We are being punished. I suspect that our friends here in the office might side with Doyal when they hear why."

Paul shrugged and said, "It's up to you. I'm not going to change how I feel about Doyal, and I'm not going to change how I feel about you. You do what you think is best."

Paul kissed me on the forehead and went back to work. I turned to Karl and waved him back over. When he was close I said, "Karl, I talked it over with Paul and I'm going to explain what is going on. I think it might be best if I explained it to everyone all at once."

Karl looked up and I looked around to see that everyone was watching us. He waved them over and soon I was surrounded by my five co-workers, all ogling my exposed flesh openly.

When they were close by I said, "Karl asked me why I'm doing this, why I'm dressing like this and why I'm letting you guys touch me. I don't know if I'm supposed to tell you or not. But I wasn't told that I couldn't. I think it best to get this out in the open."

I took a deep breath, which they all seemed to appreciate, and I started from the beginning. "As you guys all know, Paul and I are both from small southern towns in Mississippi. We grew up in an environment of prejudice and intolerance. We never questioned our beliefs and that is why this is happening to me, to us I mean."

I saw the confused looks on their faces. Travis and Taylor were both from southern states too. I think they had a better understanding of what I was saying about my background. It only just then occurred

to me though that neither of them seemed to harbor the prejudice that Paul and I did. I couldn't help but wonder. But now was not the time for deep thoughts on the way of the world.

I continued, "When Paul and I got married after we graduated and got these jobs we thought we were living in a fairy tale. We could afford a nice house in a great neighborhood and nice cars and our life seemed perfect. We never once had cause to re-examine our values."

"Things started to change when a black man bought the house next door to us. He was a nice enough neighbor, but it bothered us that a black man lived next door to us. He quickly fit right in and was welcome in the homes of our neighbors. But Paul and I were not so accepting. We left more than one party because he showed up."

"One day his two teenage sons were playing in the front yard and one of them chased a ball into our yard. I yelled at him and called him some ... some terrible names that I am too embarrassed to repeat. He was just a kid, thirteen or fourteen I guess."

"That evening our neighbor came over and I was nearly as rude to him. I told him off and slammed the door in his face. That man was Doyal Anderson. I didn't even realize that he worked here, not that it would have made a difference."

"Yesterday, the reason that we spent so much longer in his office when he was interviewing everyone is that he is punishing my husband and me. He is teaching us a lesson."

Now for the hard part! I felt myself turning even redder as I said, "In order to keep Doyal from ruining our lives, Paul and I had to agree to do everything that he says until he sets us free. We are, in effect, his slaves. The reason that I am dressed like this, and the reason that I have allowed all of you to touch me this morning, is that Doyal ordered me to. Paul and I could lose everything if we didn't agree to his demands. Maybe Doyal is right. Maybe we have this coming. But I had to beg him not to fire us and I promised to do anything to keep these jobs. I intend to keep that promise."

There was a stunned silence for a long moment. Then Karl asked, "So you are a slave now? A sex slave? He has sex with you?"

I nodded.

Taylor chimed in, "He ordered you to let us touch you?"

I nodded again. I saw their minds working. They were not at all concerned that I was now a sex slave. Their only concern was just how far they could go. It was obvious on all of their faces.

Then, almost as one they all turned to Paul. Paul was staring down at his work but his face and neck were red and I knew he had heard everything.

Karl asked, "What about Paul?"

I shrugged. "I don't know Karl. This all just started yesterday when Doyal was made our supervisor."

With a smirk in his voice Travis asked, "How do you like getting fucked by a big black stud?"

The others seemed as shocked by his question as I was.

Travis saw their looks and said, "Don't give me that shit! I grew up in a small southern town too. And I had to put up with people like Jolie and Paul calling me a nigger lover and kicking my ass because I had black friends. I like you Jolie. You seem like a nice kid. But I have to be honest. I feel more sympathy for Doyal's kid than I do for you. I think you are a nice couple but I hate the way your minds work. I know that you believe the things that you believe because you were raised that way. But I was raised that way too and I knew it was wrong. You are both intelligent people. You had the same opportunity that I did to form your own opinions. You know right from wrong. Maybe this will do you both some good. I sure as hell don't have a problem with it. Hell! I think it's pretty fucking hot!"

I glanced at the clock and saw that it was time for lunch. I slid off of my stool as the men watched carefully. I looked over at Paul and then I said, "No matter what you choose to believe of my husband and me, you now know why we are doing the things that we do. You are free to form your opinions, but at least now they will be based on the facts. I am embarrassed by some of the things that I have done. But I am a product of my environment despite what you believe Travis. You can hate the way that my mind works and apparently you can feel free to grope me at will. But I wanted it to be clear that I was permitting these liberties because I am being coerced. I did not become a slut overnight."

Paul came over and got me. We left them to think about, and undoubtedly discuss what I had just told them. I would have liked to listen in on that discussion. But I didn't think that it would be very long before I found out how it turned out.

We went to Doyal's office and knocked. He called out, "Enter."

We went in and Paul asked if he wanted the door locked. Doyal looked up and said, "Not yet." Then he asked about our morning.

I gave him a quick overview of how it had gone and I told him that I had told our co-workers why I was dressed like a slut and permitting them to grope me at will.

He smiled and asked, "Great! How did they respond?"

I shrugged and said, "I don't know yet sir. I just finished explaining it before we had to come to your office."

He said, "It will be interesting to see how that plays out. They seem like a good group of men. But I suspect that the opportunity to take advantage of a beautiful young woman like you will overcome any moral compunction they might feel when it comes to taking advantage of you against your will and in front of your loving husband. They may be moral men and they may like you, but you are a sexy little bitch and when a man's dick gets hard he tends to let the morality of an issue fade into the background, at least until after his orgasm. They may feel pangs of guilt later. But I'm sure they can rationalize them away."

There was a light tap at the door and it opened to admit the two janitors that worked on our floor of the building. They were both tall, thin, older black men with gray hair. One of them had a scraggly beard.

They stood just inside the door and Doyal said, "Paul, Jolie, you have worked here for more than a year with these men cleaning up after you and I am willing to bet that you have never spoken to them. I

doubt if you know the names of either man. So allow me to introduce you. The gentleman on your left is Oscar, and the man on your right is John. I had a talk with them earlier and explained my little psychology experiment to them. They were more than willing to help out. Oscar, would you mind locking the door?"

My knees almost gave out as I realized what was about to happen. Janitors for Christ's sake! But there was never any question that I was going to obey. I didn't even stop to ponder how easily I had given in to Doyal. I had, after all, begged him to give me a chance and promised to do anything he demanded of me. And I was constantly aware of the possible repercussions if I should rebel. Always in the back of my mind was the picture of my parents losing their home. I would do anything to avoid that ever happening.

Once the door was locked Doyal said, "Take off the lab coat, Jolie. Then go over and apologize to Oscar and John for being a redneck."

I unbuttoned my lab coat and draped it over the back of a chair. I crossed the room and stood in front of the two janitors. They glanced over at Doyal. I didn't see what he did but they both smiled and in an instant they each had one of my breasts in their hands.

I started to speak but my voice broke. I cleared my throat and said, "I'm sorry for being a redneck." But I couldn't leave it at that. I said, "I didn't mean to be hateful, to hurt anyone. I didn't know any better. I'm truly sorry. I'm trying to change."

Oscar smiled down at me and asked, "Do you know why me and John are here?"

I sighed and shook my head. I answered, "I imagine that I do."

He smiled and said, "I have watched you since you started working here. You weren't really rude to me. It was more like I didn't even exist. You would walk right past me in the corridor and not even see me. I always wanted to turn around after you passed and kick you right in your redneck ass. So if you were hoping that me or John was going to feel sorry for you then you are just shit out of luck girl."

I shook my head and said, "No, I don't expect any sympathy from you. But I am sorry for my behavior. And not just because of what Mr. Anderson is making me do. I guess I never really thought about ... things. I never saw any reason to question the way that I was raised. I'm sorry."

Oscar grinned and said, "Well, I guess I know how you can make it up to me. Come here girl."

He pulled me into his arms and leaned down and started kissing me hard. His arms held me tight but I didn't fight him. John moved around behind me and I felt his hands exploring my ass while he watched Oscar kissing me.

I felt Oscar's tongue forcing my lips open. I was disgusted by the idea of French kissing a sixty-odd year old black janitor but I tried not to let it show. I returned his kiss until he pushed me away. He turned me around and gently pushed me into John's arms.

John took over where Oscar had left off and as we kissed I heard Oscar getting undressed behind me.

I thought that I was just about as humiliated as I could get. It turns out I was wrong. I heard a sudden noise and saw a bright light through my closed eyelids. I opened my eyes suddenly to see Doyal taking pictures of me and the janitors.

I started to pull away, to demand that he put the camera away. But John held me tight and I realized I couldn't win. Once more I surrendered. I knew that I was always going to lose. It was just that sometimes I started to resist without thinking. I had never permitted Paul to take pictures of me in the nude. I was always afraid that someone would find them. I trusted him not to put them on the internet or show them to friends. But I had always been afraid that someone would find them someday and I would be humiliated.

Now it was all out of my control and the whole purpose was to humiliate and humble me.

John finally broke off the kiss and turned me around to face Oscar again. Only this time Oscar was naked. I looked down and was relieved to see that at least his cock was normal, not like that huge weapon between Doyal's legs.

Oscar pulled me closer and as he pushed me to my knees I heard the sounds of John undressing behind me. When I was kneeling in front of him he inched closer and held his cock in his hand. He traced my face with the head of his cock as he smiled down at me. He chuckled and said, "I do believe that is the prettiest sight I ever saw."

Doyal apparently liked it too. He took enough pictures of it.

Oscar held his cock up against his belly and ordered me to lick his balls. Once I started he let his cock fall and come to rest on my face. I had closed my eyes but Doyal ordered me to keep them open and he took a dozen more pictures from different angles.

A few moments later, John stood beside me. He leaned his pelvis forward and started rubbing his cock over my face while I sucked on Oscar's balls. There were more pictures and then my mouth was passed back and forth between the men.

First I licked and sucked on their hairy nuts and then their hard cocks. John's was slightly fatter than Oscar's. Neither cock was anything like Doyal's, thankfully.

After a few minutes they started taking turns fucking my mouth. It wasn't so bad at first but they started getting more violent and after about ten minutes I was struggling with them. They were banging their cocks into the back of my throat painfully. I was just about to yell at them when suddenly Oscar's cock head forced its way into my throat.

I'm not sure who was more shocked. I started to struggle but Doyal yelled at me to behave. At first it didn't sink in. Not until I felt a sudden, sharp pain on my butt. He had slapped the hell out of me.

I stopped struggling and Oscar pulled back and then forced his cock right back down into my throat. I heard him exclaim, "Fuck me!"

Then he was cumming with his cock buried in my throat. I was kind of dazed. I was kneeling there with the head of an old black man's cock in my throat, throbbing and ejaculating sperm. By that point in the festivities my mind had gone blank.

It wasn't until he pulled his cock out of my mouth that I realized that at least there had been no foul tasting cum in my mouth. But my throat was kind of sore and I wasn't anxious to repeat it.

Unfortunately it wasn't up to me. John had watched in amazement and he wanted his turn. He wanted to experience having his cock in the throat of a young white woman. As soon as Oscar moved away he did.

John grasped the sides of my head and held on tight as he worked his cock back into my mouth. He began pumping it in and out of me, harder and faster and deeper with each stroke. His cock was fatter than Oscar's but not significantly. On the fourth or fifth attempt the head of his cock slipped into my throat and he held it there with my face pressed against his hairy belly and I heard him exclaim, "Son of a bitch! Jesus that feels fantastic! This girl is the best cocksucker I ever saw!"

I heard the mirth in Doyal's voice as he said, "Well, technically John, she isn't sucking your cock, you are fucking her face. But I guess the end result is the same. She is still going to end up with cum in her belly when you're done."

John started fucking my face then. Slowly at first, but then more forcefully, and with each stroke the head of his cock and perhaps an inch of the fat shaft entered my throat. At first it was painful. But I guess I started getting numb after a minute or two. I just held onto his hips and let him fuck my face until he tensed up and I felt his cock throbbing in my throat.

He pulled it out after a moment and stepped back. I gasped for breath now that my mouth and throat were clear. I noticed with more than a little relief that Oscar had dressed.

John started to get dressed but Doyal stopped him. He said, "Hold on a minute John. There is one more picture that I want to get before you leave. He invited John to bend over his desk and then he instructed me to kneel behind him.

I obeyed. I didn't know what he had in mind but I was getting used to doing what I was told. I went along placidly until Doyal said, "Okay Jolie. I want you to spread his cheeks apart and eat his ass just like it was a pussy."

My head swung around to look at Doyal so fast that I hurt my neck. I had never even heard of such a thing! I wasn't refusing exactly. I just couldn't believe that I really understood what he was demanding of me.

He saw the look on my face and he said, "That's right, cunt. Eat that nice man's big black ass."

I hesitated still, until he said, "Don't make me take my belt off, bitch."

I turned to look at the big black ass in front of my face and I felt the nausea building as I contemplated the task in front of me. I heard Doyal start to unbuckle his belt and I started moving finally. I reached up and gently spread the cheeks of John's ass, exposing his dark, crinkled ass hole. It occurred to me that I had never actually seen one before. It was particularly unattractive.

I moved my face closer. John smelled clean but this was without a doubt the most disgusting thing that I had yet been forced to do.

I became aware of the camera in my face as I slowly leaned forward and pressed my lips against his asshole. There was not yet any taste and the smell was not unpleasant, sweaty, a little musky maybe, but clean. Still, I couldn't help gagging at the idea of what I was doing.

I tentatively stuck my tongue out and touched it to his wrinkled hole and as soon as I touched him he groaned in pleasure and his entire body twitched. He gasped and said, "Son of a bitch! I never felt anything like that before! Shit! I like that!"

I wasn't as excited about it myself.

I licked all around it for a moment and then stiffened my tongue and forced it inside of him. He continued to groan and gasp in pleasure and I began to fear that he was going to get another hard on. I was getting tired.

Doyal took a dozen pictures and finally he said, "Okay. Gentlemen, I appreciate your help. Now I am horny as hell and I'm going to have to fuck this bitch before she has to go back to work."

Oscar asked, "Do you mind if we watch?"

Doyal smiled and said, "Not at all. Do you mind taking some pictures for me?"

Oscar took the camera from Doyal and stood back while Doyal dropped his pants and shorts to his knees. I was forced down roughly over his desk and he used his feet to force my legs farther apart. A few seconds later he was ramming his fat cock into me and there it was again, that full feeling that had driven me crazy last night.

I hated that he could turn me on like this. I had always had a very hard time reaching orgasm from fucking. Paul could usually make me cum that way. But he had a neat little thing he did on his down stroke when he fucked me. He would press his pubic bone against me and kind of push and twist at the same time, applying pressure over my clit as he did. It was a delicious feeling and it usually did the trick.

Doyal wasn't even touching my clit though. His cock was stretching me to the limit and he was overpowering me, taking me. It was both mentally and physically stimulating and it was irresistible. I was soon grunting and groaning and I knew that I was going to cum again. I ignored Oscar and the camera. He was going back and forth between my face and the huge cock pounding into me. I hardly noticed.

I suspect that Doyal was very aroused. He enjoyed tormenting me. He had just made me do some very nasty shit and he had the pictures to prove it. He wouldn't take long to cum. But I came twice before he finally redoubled his efforts and attacked me brutally with his oversized cock.

I felt him behind me, tensing up and then stopping suddenly as his cock throbbed inside of me and deposited another of his large loads in my pussy. He stayed there, with our sex organs locked together, for several long moments. Then he said, "Okay Oscar, get ready. I want a lot of pictures of this."

He slowly pulled his cock out of me. I felt the rush of cool air on my soaking wet pussy and I heard Oscar back there getting some close-ups. Then I felt Doyal's hand in my hair and he pulled me up off

the desk and forced me to my knees in front of him. I knew what he wanted and I opened my mouth and sucked his slimy cock clean. It was still quite hard. Not fully erect but not soft either. He began to move it in and out of my mouth and said, "Before it gets soft let's see if you can do your new trick with my cock, bitch."

I took more and more of his cock into my mouth. I was sure that it wasn't going to go. But he gripped my head after a few ineffective attempts on my part and he thrust forward violently. Everyone in the room gasped as his cock shot down my throat. It hurt, but it went easier than I thought it would. Unlike with the others though, I couldn't breathe with his cock in my throat. It was so large that it compressed my airway.

He held it there long enough for Oscar to get a few pictures and then he pulled it out. I gasped for air and waited for my heart to stop beating so fast. Doyal helped me to my feet and I saw John standing behind Paul. He had one arm around Paul's throat and his arm twisted up behind his back. Apparently Paul had attempted to interfere.

Doyal got an evil smile on his face. He said, "I guess you need to learn a little humility Paul. I suppose I've been taking it too easy on you. John, bring him over here."

Doyal lifted me to my feet using my hair as a handle again. He picked me up as if I weighed nothing and dropped me roughly on his desk. He pushed me down on my back and lifted my legs and spread them. My sopping wet and dripping pussy were displayed for all the men in the room.

When John had Paul standing in front of the desk Doyal said, "Okay John, let him go."

Paul flexed his arm and rubbed it. John had been pretty rough on him I guess. Devon took the camera back from Oscar and said, "Paul, your bitch can't go to work like that. She smells awful. Get down there and clean that mess up."

Paul glared at him and didn't move.

Doyal handed the camera back to Oscar and turned and went around his desk. He opened his desk drawer and removed a wooden ruler. Before anyone had a chance to even figure out what he was going to do he lifted his arm and brought the ruler down right across the center of my right tit, right across the nipple!

At first I couldn't even scream. I gasped in disbelief as the worst pain I had ever experienced in my life washed over me. I finally caught my breath and just as I was about to scream Doyal shoved his cock back in my mouth and held it there. I screamed around his cock but hardly any noise escaped.

I was crying hysterically now. I couldn't see anything but Doyal's large, hairy balls. But I was praying that Paul would not refuse again.

I can't describe the relief that I felt when I felt Paul's shoulders between my thighs. I felt sorry for him. I knew what a horrible thing Doyal was demanding of him. But I couldn't take another blow from that ruler. I just couldn't!

I felt Paul's breath on my thigh and then his warm tongue began to lick up the cum that had been leaking out of me. I heard Paul gagging frequently at first, but gradually he got used to the smell and

the taste I guess. By the time his tongue had cleaned my thighs and was beginning to bathe my vulva he had stopped gagging.

I heard the three black men in the room chuckling as they watched. I felt so sorry for Paul. I knew that this was going to prey on his mind for a long time.

His tongue bathed my vulva thoroughly and then began to explore my slit. I normally love the feeling of a tongue in my pussy. But I felt so bad for Paul that it didn't affect me at all.

Doyal's cock didn't get hard again, thankfully. He watched until he was satisfied that I was clean enough to go back to work. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and said, "Okay boy. That's enough. Let the bitch up so she can get dressed."

Paul stepped back and helped me up without looking me in the eye. I squeezed his hand and whispered, "I'm sorry."

He shook his head but he couldn't look at me.

Oscar and John finally left. Devon said, "Put your lab coat on, bitch."

While I was buttoning up the same buttons that had been buttoned all morning he said, "From now on you don't say no to any man. That's pretty cut and dried. You don't have any questions about that do you, cunt?"

I answered quietly, "No sir."

He nodded and said, "I hope so. Come back here when it's time to go home and get your dress. Don't make any plans for this weekend. You're going to be pretty busy."

Just before we left to go back to the lab Doyal stopped me and opened another button at the top of my lab coat. He looked at it and said, "Button that back up when you are outside of your lab. When you are in your lab I want that one open too."

I nodded and buttoned the button. I glanced at the clock on the way out. We had only been in Doyal's office for forty minutes! I would have sworn that the afternoon was half over. It had seemed like hours! We still had twenty minutes of our lunch hour left!

In the corridor we talked about going to the lunch room or even out to our car to relax for a few minutes and be safe and alone. But I didn't want to go to the lunch room dressed this way and by the time the car cooled off enough to be comfortable it would be time to come back in. So we went back into the lab and hoped that the others would all be out to lunch.

We were in luck. All five of the men we worked with were at lunch. We often went to lunch together as a group. I suspect that they had a lot to talk about today. I unbuttoned my top button and we went into the back corner and sat together in a couple of chairs.

We didn't talk at first but Paul reached out and held my hand. I squeezed his hand and said, "I'm so sorry Paul."

He grinned wryly and said, "What are you apologizing for? I'm the one that got you beaten with a ruler."

I leaned down and kissed his hand. I said, "I don't blame you. I wouldn't have blamed you if you had refused. I know how hard that was for you. I'm just curious. Do you still think you can love me after all this. It really seems to be getting out of hand."

Paul reached out and pulled me into his lap. He opened the top of my lab coat and looked at the red welt on my tit. It wasn't that bad. It still stung but it was fading already. He leaned down and kissed it lightly and said, "I really am sorry Jolie. You have to put up with a lot more shit than I do. It's much worse for you. I was just so shocked when he told me to ... well you know. I'll try to be more careful. And I don't care what happens. I'm always going to love you."

I looked into his eyes and I could see that he really meant it. I put my arms around his neck and held him tight and I was just about to kiss him when he said, "Even if you decide to leave me for that horse cock."

He was smiling and I knew he was kidding. I leaned down as if I was going to kiss him and I bit his nose, hard!

He yelled, "Hey!" and reached down and grabbed a handful of my pubic hair and said, "I'll let go if you do."

Suddenly we were both laughing and I let his nose go and kissed him as hard as I could. He turned my pubic hair loose and put his arms around me and pulled me close. I put my lips by his ear and whispered, "Oh Paul, I adore you."

He bit my neck and said, "Yeah, and you're okay for a cunt."

I should have been furious, I guess. Instead I started laughing almost hysterically. I finally caught my breath and said, "You son of a bitch. Besides, I thought you liked my cunt."

"I love your cunt," he replied. "And I love you."

This little bit of fooling around was just what I needed. I felt much better now. I knew that I was going to be screwed around with all afternoon and I was going to have to let it happen. But I also knew that Paul loved me and he still had his weird sense of humor.

Just then the lab door opened and the rest of the crew came in. They saw us in the back and headed back to see what we were doing. My legs were spread open and my pussy was plainly visible. My lab coat was spread open at the top and my uninjured tit was on display. There were only two buttons that remained buttoned now. I had no chance of maintaining any modesty dressed like this. There was no sense in trying. The men had all seen my pussy this morning. They had all touched it. It was still humiliating to be on display this way. But there was nothing that I could do about it.

Karl looked down and said, "You look all red and swollen Jolie. Did you have another lesson in humility over your lunch hour?"

I blushed and answered, "Yes Karl. Does that amuse you?"

He grinned and replied, "Not as much as it turns me on. You are about the hottest little thing I've ever seen. I bet you look fantastic naked, and even better getting fucked."

Karl was in his mid fifties and has been happily married to his wife for thirty years. He is a decent man and I would be willing to bet that he has never cheated on his wife. But the situation that was developing here at work was probably something that he never thought he would encounter. I was being forced to parade around half naked and suddenly there was a sexual tension in the air that had never existed before. I looked around and saw that there was a hunger in each of these men. The situation that I had described to them this morning, my sexual servitude, that was exciting to them.

I guess I couldn't blame them. I'm not stupid. I have had enough interaction with the opposite sex and taken enough Psych classes in college that I knew how men's minds worked. After all, I've been a female all of my life!

They all knew that our new black supervisor had just fucked me. They didn't know about the janitors, at least not yet. I sure as hell wasn't going to tell them.

Karl reached out and helped me to my feet. He ignored Paul and stared into my eyes as he reached out and unbuttoned the two remaining buttons on my lab coat. I offered no resistance.

He let my coat fall open and spotted the stripe on my tit. He cringed and placed his finger on it gently. He felt the heat and said, "I have something in my desk that will make that feel a little better."

I thanked him. Then I stood there as all five of them stared at my exposed body. No one spoke for a long time until Travis asked, "You said that Doyal doesn't have a problem with us touching you. What if we want to do more than touch?"

I had hoped it wouldn't come to this. I sighed deeply and said, "I can't say no."

Silence. No one spoke. No one moved. They just stared at me as if I had just told them they had won the lottery.

Then, almost as if they were all using the same brain, they all turned to look at Paul.

They seemed uncomfortable about doing anything in front of him. Karl said, "You must really hate this Paul. But he's arranging this isn't he? He's setting it up so that we will be in this situation. He has her dressing in nothing but an almost unbuttoned lab coat and he tells her that she can't say no. This is what he wants. It's part of your punishment, isn't it?"

Paul nodded.

More silence for a moment and then Karl said, "I'm sorry man. I like you. I like both of you. But I'm only fucking human. I haven't cheated on my wife in thirty years of marriage. But I can't remember the last time my wife has agreed to have sex with me. And she would be perfectly happy if we never had sex again. She hates oral sex and won't do it. She thinks that a man's fascination with the female breast is infantile and she doesn't like to be touched. The only reason I haven't cheated on her is that I don't like sex with prostitutes and I'm too damned old to have an affair. But I can't let this opportunity pass

me by. I hope it doesn't tear you up man. I hope we can still work together without you hating me. But I have to do this."

I sighed and repositioned Karl in front of the empty chair beside my husband. I knelt in front of him and pulled his pants and his shorts down while he stared in disbelief.

I pushed him down into the chair and pushed his legs apart. I leaned down and began kissing and licking his balls and his semi hard cock. The others gathered around to watch as I took Karl's cock into my mouth and started sucking. His cock was about the same size as Paul's so I had no trouble taking it into my throat once it got hard.

Karl's moans of pleasure almost drowned out the gasps from the other four men watching. I tried to concentrate on what I was doing. The idea of my husband and four of my co-workers standing around watching me suck a cock was so degrading that I hated to think about it.

They wouldn't let me forget them though. While I sucked Karl's cock someone pulled my lab coat off of me and as soon as I was naked I felt their hands exploring my body freely. I hated it at first. But before long my body, which lately had developed a mind of its own, began to enjoy the attention, especially the surprisingly soft hand that was between my legs and gently massaging my pussy.

Karl came quickly and as soon as he was able to stand he moved out of the way. He was immediately replaced by Neal. Travis was next and then Ron. I was somewhat amused that they were using me in order of seniority. Taylor couldn't wait his turn though. While I was sucking Ron's cock, Taylor moved into position behind me and I felt his cock entering my pussy from the rear. By this point in our little orgy my body had been stimulated by their hands for so long that I really needed a cock inside of me.

The best part of it was that while I sucked Ron's cock and Taylor fucked me, Karl and Travis continued to tease my body with their hands. It was a lot of stimulation and I had several strong orgasms before Taylor came.

When it was over they all stared at me as if they weren't sure that it had really happened. They were all about ready to get back to work when I moved over and began unbuttoning Paul's pants. He was embarrassed. He didn't want me to know that he had a hard on from watching our co-workers use me. But I could feel his hard cock in his pants and I saw the lust on his face.

I smiled and said, "It's okay Paul. Don't be embarrassed. I would rather that you get turned on than be upset. If I have to do this I don't want it to be a problem for you."

He still looked embarrassed though. He sounded sad when he said, "A guy shouldn't get turned on watching his wife being raped."

I smiled and said, "Bullshit. Most guys would get turned on watching a dog hump someone's leg. Now sit back and relax. I think you are going to like this."

I started sucking his cock and when the head of his cock first entered my throat he gasped and his butt came right up off of the chair. I heard several chuckles from the men watching but I ignored them and concentrated on pleasing Paul.

Poor Paul had been watching a lot of men have sex with me, eight in the last two hours. He was torn between what he thought he should be feeling and the way his body was reacting to the constant stimulation. I could see that I was going to have to have a long talk with him. Because there was no telling how long this was going to last or how bad it was going to get. I could only deal with this if he could. I was going to need his support to get through this.

After Paul came and I swallowed his cum, Taylor helped me to my feet and handed me a box of tissue. I wiped my thighs and my pussy clean and Karl handed me my lab coat. They watched me put it on and button the two buttons that were permitted and finally we all went back to work.

The guys seemed embarrassed at first. But it wasn't long before they were laughing and joking and extolling my virtues. They were also very vocal in their praise of Doyal for providing them with this sexual bounty. He hadn't come right out and said it. But it was obvious that he had intended for this to happen. I thought it might affect our production level adversely, but it was going to provide a hell of a boost to the morale of at least five of his employees.

Once we were all back at work, Karl came over with a tube of ointment and gently applied it to the stripe on my breast. It did help and the application itself was very pleasant.

As he gently rubbed the ointment into my breast he said, "I feel a little guilty for taking advantage of you, Jolie. But damn! That was fantastic. Thank you."

I smiled at him and said, "I guess there is no sense in you guys feeling guilty about it. It must have been what Doyal had in mind when he made me dress this way when I'm in here with you and ordered me not to say no to anyone. He knew that this would happen. I just hope that it doesn't get out of hand, that we can continue to work together. I have loved my job here right from the start. Paul and I both have. I hope we can still enjoy working here now that everything has changed so much."

Karl smiled and said, "You may need to keep a tight rein on us at first. We have all had the hots for you since you started working here. But if you and Paul aren't that upset about what just happened I don't see why we can't work well together

until I'm in my eighties. Because now that I can have sex with you I don't think I'll ever retire!"

I returned his smile and said, "I'm not upset. Not with you guys. I have been a girl for too long not to know how guys are around pussy. I guess I'm upset with myself for getting us into this mess. But I can't keep a rein on you guys. I can't say no without getting in more trouble. You gentlemen are going to have to exercise some self control or we are all going to get fired."

Karl continued to rub the ointment into my breast long after it had been absorbed. He sighed and said, "It is going to be very difficult, sweetheart. I have to be honest. I have spent many a pleasant moment masturbating to the fantasy of seeing you naked and touching your lovely body. What happened today was a dream come true for me and for the others as well, I'm sure. But I agree. We are going to have to be more careful. If someone had come into the lab a few minutes ago we might have all been looking for new jobs. I'm too old to be looking for work."

I lifted his hand from my tit and kissed it and said, "You are only as old as I feel, you dirty old man. Now get back to work. And thank you, that feels much better."

I would have thought that once they had seen me naked, gotten a good look at my body and had sex with me, the guys would have gotten it out of their system and we could have had a more normal work day. It didn't work out that way. I managed to get very little work done that afternoon. The guys kept coming over and touching my body, no longer even bothering to think up an excuse to talk to me.

In the middle of the afternoon, Travis took me into the small storeroom in the back and bent me over some boxes. He fucked me, taking much longer this time than he had when I sucked him off earlier. He thanked me and went back to work. But when the others saw what he had done they came in, one at a time this time, and I had sex with all of them again.

The first time around I had sucked all of them off except for Taylor. This time it was the other way around. It was fun in a way. It was stimulating. They weren't too rough and there was a lot of touching. But I didn't have an orgasm and I was getting worried about my work not getting done.

I used some rags to clean up with when they were done. I finally got back to my workstation to find that Travis had been catching my work up. He grinned and said, "I thought I owed you that. I'm the one that got things started this time around."

I thanked him and went back to work. I didn't go to the bathroom and wash up. I hated going out into the corridor dressed like this, and smelling like this. So I sat at my bench smelling like sex until quitting time.

The guys still came by for a quick feel every now and then, but not as often. I guess the novelty was finally starting to wear off.

Paul and I went to Doyal's office at quitting time. He watched me change back into my dress and then he said, "My sons are spending the weekend with me. Their mother is going to drop them off around six. They will be spending tonight and tomorrow with you. I don't want to hear any complaints from them when they come home."

"As far as I know they are both virgins. It will be up to you to give them a good sex education. You had best be a whole hell of a lot nicer to them this time than the last time you spoke to them."

"The same rules apply. You don't wear clothing in the house, that includes the backyard, and you can't say no. The only exception is if they request an alcoholic beverage."

"Terrill is fourteen and Jason is fifteen. But they will be just as much in charge as I would be if I was there. If I were you I would keep in mind that it was your first confrontation with Terrill that led to your current situation. There are two reasons that is important. He is still upset with you because of the names you called him and if you don't treat him with much more respect this time I'll make what you are going through now seem like a vacation."

Doyal dismissed us and we hurried out to our car.

Normally when we leave the plant on Friday after work we are looking forward to a nice, restful weekend. We were certainly dreading this one though. I had been pretty mean to Terrill and I was nervous about what he might consider an appropriate method of repaying me. I would have been nervous enough at the idea of being a sex slave to two young boys. I knew nothing about the sexual appetites of young teenage boys. Well, nothing except that they were always horny, their lives driven

by raging hormones. That, and that they exhibited very little of the restraint that adults were supposed to be capable of.

As was our usual practice we sat in the car with the air conditioner on and waited for the parking lot to empty out. We didn't talk much. Paul pulled me close and held me in his arms and we took comfort in being close while each of us was lost in our own thoughts.

After the crowd thinned out we separated and put on our seatbelts. Paul headed home but I suggested that we stop at the grocery store. We were going to have to feed two teenage boys and I suppose we were going to need soft drinks for them.

We got home and put the groceries away. It was almost six before I remembered that we were supposed to be naked. Paul and I rushed upstairs and undressed quickly. Paul went back downstairs while I went in and took a quick shower.

When I stepped out of the bathroom Paul was just coming back into our bedroom with Terrill and Jason. I was instantly embarrassed all over again. The fact that they were just boys and that they had complete authority over us was so humiliating.

It turned out that I didn't know the half of it. As soon as they got in the room Jason followed Paul into my closet. I turned to Terrill and said, "Terrill, I owe you an apology for the things I said to you when I yelled at you for being in my yard. I was very rude and insensitive and I am truly sorry."

He smiled and walked around me. I have to assume that he had never seen a woman without her clothes on before. As he moved around behind me his hand came to rest on my ass. He worked his way around in front of me again and his hands began to roughly explore my breasts. He looked me right in the eye and said, "You ain't half as sorry as you're going to be, bitch. Before he sent us over here, dad told us what we could do and what we couldn't do. There wasn't much we couldn't do. You are going to have a long night and a hard day tomorrow."

He stepped closer and even though he was only fourteen he was already taller than I am. I was very intimidated. He held me with each of my nipples between his thumb and his forefingers, squeezing very hard. When I gasped in pain he suddenly spit right in my face.

I looked at him in shock and started to reach up to wipe his spittle from my face. He yelled, "Leave it there, bitch!"

I let my hands fall to my side and he spit in my face again. The venomous look in his eyes was scary as hell. He spoke in a dead calm voice that never the less made it clear what he thought of me. He said, "A couple of weeks ago a white girl spit in my face and called me a nigger. Do you know why? I beat her in a spelling bee. Her parents thought it was cute."

I stood there with his spit dripping slowly down my face. There was nothing I could say to that. I had never thought much about race before. I knew what I knew, the things my parents and my friends taught me about race. I had never had those beliefs challenged before. I could see through the anger to the pain in this boy's face and I found myself feeling very guilty, not just because of what I had done and said, but because of what I had thought.

Terrill finally released my nipples. With tears running down my cheeks I repeated, "I'm sorry Terrill. I really am."

He snapped, "Master, bitch! You can call my brother and me master. You and your faggot husband both."

Terrill began undressing just as Paul and Jason finally came back out of my closet. I watched them curiously. Paul's face was bright red as he crossed to my dresser and pulled out my panty drawer. I watched in dismay as Jason handed Paul a pair of my underwear and he put them on. Then he pulled on one of my dresses.

Jason was grinning evilly as he humiliated my husband. But he glanced over at me from time to time and I knew that he was primarily interested in humiliating Paul. He had more than that in mind for me.

He ordered Paul to remove my dress and underwear and go in and shave his legs. Paul looked like he was about to balk. But after an awkwardly long hesitation he removed my dress, which was uncomfortably tight on him, and my underwear and he walked dejectedly into our bathroom.

While he was gone Jason turned to me. He asked me where my stockings were. I told him which drawer they were in. He opened the drawer which was almost empty now. His father had thrown away all of my pantyhose last night. The only thing left was a couple pairs of thigh highs. He pulled out a pair and put them with the panties and then he came over to check me out.

Terrill had just finished undressing and even though he was only fourteen it was easy to see that he was Doyal's son. His cock was long and hard and fat. It was nearly as large as his father's. I was shocked when I saw it.

He saw the expression on my face and grinned. He said, "Dad tells me you take it down your throat. Let's see if you can. I want to cum in your mouth though. I want you to taste it. I just need you to suck me off so when I fuck you I can last a long time.

Isn't he a sweetheart? Well, I guess after the names I called him I should expect to be treated this way.

He sat on the side of the bed and I knelt at his feet. I spread his legs apart and leaned down until my lips touched his surprisingly large testicles. Terrill moaned loudly as I kissed them gently and then started licking them. His cock was already rock hard and throbbing and I had never seen so much lube running down a cock before. He was obviously very excited.

I had spent quite a while kissing and then licking Terrill's balls and his cock when I heard Paul come out of the bathroom behind me. I heard Jason order him to put on my clothing again. I tried not to think about that though. I had my own problems. Terrill's cock was smaller than his father's, but not by very much. I was struggling to take it into my throat as he had demanded.

I finally managed to force it past the entrance to my throat. Terrill's hands reached out to hold me in place with my lips stretched tight around the base of his cock. He called out to Jason, "Holy shit man! Come over here and check this out!"

Jason came over and stood beside me and watched as I struggled to breathe with that large cock in my throat.

I heard him chuckle and then he said, "I don't think she's gonna be calling you nigger again. Not for a while anyway. That looks like it must hurt."

Terrill moaned and said, "It may hurt her, but fuck me! That feels so fucking hot! They oughta teach girls how to do this in school!"

He finally released his grip on my head and said, "Okay, bitch. Finish it."

He leaned back on his elbows and watched as I began to move my lips and tongue up and down his shaft, taking him into my throat with each stroke.

It wasn't long at all before he dropped back onto the bed and his hips thrust up involuntarily for a few seconds before he cried out and I felt him cumming. I pulled my lips back up until they were just below the fat knob at the tip and used my hand to finish him off so that his cum all went into my mouth as he had ordered.

After he came I held his cock in my mouth until he sat up and grinned down at me. He said, "We're going to be doing that a lot from now on, bitch."

I had been aware that Jason was undressing behind me. He sat down beside Terrill and said, "Okay, bitch. You don't have time to rest. I want to try that out. It looks like a lot of fun."

I moved over and started all over again, licking and kissing his balls. Terrill watched for a few minutes and then he got up and I heard him and Paul leaving the room.

Jason's cock was slightly larger than his younger brother's. It was nearly as large as Doyal's. I didn't know if large cocks ran in the family or if the rumors that I had heard about black men were actually true.

It was easier this time. I had noticed before that once I got started it was always easier taking a cock into my throat. Not easy, certainly not pleasant. But it got easier.

Jason didn't last much longer than Terrill had. It seemed like only a few minutes before he started shooting his cum into my mouth. As soon as I tasted his cum on my tongue I drove my lips down his shaft and let him cum down my throat. I much preferred that to having to swallow the slimy, bitter stuff.

After he came I held his cock in my mouth. Unlike his brother, his cock never got soft. As soon as Jason caught his breath he pushed me away and stood up. He ordered me to lie on my bed and as soon as I did he climbed up over me and began to stab at my pussy with his still hard cock.

He was having a hard time finding the entrance to my pussy and his misses were getting painful. I reached down and guided him to my opening. I was disgusted with myself when I realized how wet I was. But I was glad for the lubrication. That large cock would have caused me a lot of pain if my pussy had been dry.

He drove his cock into me as soon as he felt the head of it inside of me. From the very first stroke it was a violent, brutal attack. I grunted in pain at every stroke. I was sure that I would be black and blue when he was finished.

At first he rested his weight on his arms. But as the rape continued he lowered himself on top of me and he began to kiss me and lick my face like an animal. His weight was crushing me and I was having trouble catching my breath. I couldn't complain though. I could only lie there and wait for it to end. I hoped that every time he fucked me wouldn't be like this. This was what I had imagined that a rape must be like. It was very painful and very degrading.

The only thing that I could be thankful for was that it was his first time and he was very excited. Even though I had just sucked his cock he came in less than ten minutes. It was a long damn ten minutes though.

He collapsed on top of me after he came and I struggled to breathe until he finally rolled over. He lay beside me on the bed with his eyes closed and said, "Clean me, cunt. I hear you give great tongue baths."

I turned over just as Terrill was coming back into the room. He was leading Paul by a rope around his neck. His brother looked up and Terrill said, "I couldn't find any chains or dog collars. I guess we'll have to get some tomorrow."

Paul looked thoroughly degraded, thoroughly humbled. I hadn't realized it before but both of the boys were larger than Paul. They were bigger, stronger, heavier, taller, and equipped with much larger cocks. Even if he wanted to fight them it was obvious that he wouldn't stand a chance against them.

Terrill asked, "Well, how was it Jason? Is she a good fuck?"

Jason smiled and replied, "She may be a redneck cunt, but she sucks cock like a pro. If every cunt I fuck for the rest of my life feels that good then I'll die a happy man. But then, I don't guess it has gotten much use with her being married to cinder-feller there. The fucking wimp is hung like a bug. They probably only do it once a month."

I was going to ignore them but Jason asked, "What about it, bitch? How often does cinder-feller fuck your skanky ass?"

I didn't think it was any of his fucking business but I kept my face as expressionless as possible and answered, "We make love three or four times a week."

He couldn't leave it at that. He asked, "Do you suck his dick?"

I answered, "Yes master. I love to suck his dick. I love him and I love having sex with him."

Terrill exclaimed, "Even with that tiny little dick of his?!"

I responded indignantly, "His dick is not tiny! He may not be as large as you or your father, but it is certainly above average and he is a very good, very considerate lover. He is also not a faggot or a sissy."

Jason sneered, "I think she just hasn't had enough cock to compare him with yet. We'll have to do something about that."

Terrill replied, "Not until I get my turn! Get back on the bed, bitch. I want to see how good that nasty cunt feels around my cock."

Jason said, "Hold on dude! She was just about to clean my cock off. Then you can fuck her."

I looked down at his slimy cock. It was disgusting. But I was getting used to this. Well, maybe not used to it. I was getting to where I could do it without feeling sick to my stomach.

I leaned down and took his soft cock into my mouth and sucked it clean. I licked his balls clean and found a few drops of cooling cum on his thigh. When he was satisfied he pushed me away roughly and stood up. He moved out of the way and stood back to watch as I climbed back up on the bed so that Terrill could have his turn.

Jason stood at the side of the bed, holding Paul by the neck so that he had to watch as well while a fourteen year old black boy eagerly climbed up and straddled my stomach. Terrill rubbed his large cock over my breasts and it quickly grew to full erection. When his cock was hard he moved down and I reached down to guide it into me.

Unlike his brother he supported himself on his arms as he slowly pistoned his cock into me. But it wasn't out of any concern for my comfort. He stared down at me as he fucked me and I groaned in dismay when he started drooling more of his spittle into my face.

Jason stood there watching, and forced Paul to watch as well, for several minutes before he said, "Come on faggot. But don't worry. You'll get to see a lot more of this before we leave here tomorrow."

He led Paul away by the rope around his neck and Terrill continued to fuck me and spit in my face for several more minutes before he said, "Rub it into your face, bitch."

I reached up and rubbed his spittle and my tears into my skin as he stared down at me with hate in his eyes. When I was done he hissed, "At least now you have a reason to hate me, bitch."

I sobbed quietly and responded, "I said I was sorry. I am. I'm trying to change. I was raised this way. I'm who I was raised to be."

He was starting to approach orgasm but he was able to respond, "You are who you want to be. I heard the hate in your voice when you called me a nigger."

I could only respond, "I'm sorry."

He grunted as he thrust into me and then he said, "You're going to be."

Then he lowered his weight onto me and finished up, fucking me brutally until he filled me with another load of slimy cum.

He rolled off of me and I felt the cool air on my sweaty body as I lay there catching my breath. I had gotten the same feeling of being stretched, of being full, when the boys fucked me as I had gotten when

their father was raping me. But unlike with their father I never once became aroused. I was curious about that. But my curiosity was outweighed by my fear and my feeling of degradation at having to serve as a sex slave to these two young boys.

My thoughts were interrupted when Terrill said impatiently, "Well... ?"

I sat up and moved down and sucked his cock clean. Even when it was soft his cock was larger than Paul's. I had to keep reminding myself that this boy was only fourteen years old.

When he was satisfied Terrill pushed me away and said, "Go take a shower, bitch. You stink. When you're done come downstairs."

He went out of the room and I went in and took another quick shower. I dried off and dried my hair. I brushed my teeth to get the nasty taste out of my mouth and then I went down and joined them in the living room.

When I walked in they had Paul posing for pictures in my dress. They were laughing at him and calling him nasty names as he tried to pose like a sexy woman. He looked furious and his face was bright red. I didn't think that he was going to be able to take much more of that kind of treatment.

Apparently they were trying to push him over the edge. They kept it up and tormented him far beyond what I would have thought was his ability to resist the urge to fight back. I was tempted to step in and ask them to leave him alone but I was afraid that would just make it worse.

They finally tired of their sport and Jason brought a straight chair out from the kitchen. They pushed him down into it roughly and tied him to it securely using a very long rope. When they were done the only thing that he could move was his head.

They sat down and ordered me to get them a drink. When I returned I was forced to pose for more degrading pictures. At first I just posed in humiliating poses, playing with my tits or holding my pussy open. Or turning around and bending over and spreading my ass open. Then they took turns posing with me and got pictures of me sucking their cocks and eating their asses. Jason even got a few pictures of his brother spitting in my mouth before they moved on to pictures of them fucking me.

At first it wasn't too bad. They took turns posing with their cocks in my pussy. But Jason decided to break new ground.

Terrill moved around and started taking pictures of my face while his brother pulled his cock out of my pussy and started forcing it into my ass. I was still a virgin there and it was very painful. I cried out and begged him to stop.

The boys just laughed and Jason kept forcing more and more of his cock into my ass. He wasn't gentle either.

It took him a long time but he finally had the entire thing buried in my ass and he left it in there for several minutes. It wasn't so bad, as long as he didn't move. But after enjoying the heat from my bowels for a few moments and extolling the virtues of ass fucking to Terrill, he started to slowly pull his cock back out.

As soon as he started moving it the pain returned. I was crying loudly and begging him to take it out but he just laughed at me. This time he didn't just fuck me long enough to get a few pictures. He kept pounding into me until he tensed up and shot his hot cum into my ass.

Towards the end the pain started to lessen. I don't know if my body was adapting or if I was getting numb. He pulled out of me slowly and then there were more pictures of me sucking his nasty cock clean. Then they took pictures of my swollen, bruised ass while I held the cheeks spread wide with my hands.

Once I had gotten Jason's cock clean he took over the camera and Terrill took his turn with my abused ass. At least this time there was the lubrication provided by Jason's cum. It seemed to help a little.

I hoped that now that they had each fucked each of my orifices they might be done for the night. I was sore and exhausted and degraded beyond belief. The boys sent me up to take another shower and when I got out of the shower I saw that it was after nine. I thought that this awful night much surely be almost over. This was worse than the night that their father had come over.

I finally went back downstairs and joined them in the living room. Jason pulled me into his lap and toyed with, or I should say abused my body for a few minutes until the doorbell rang.

He pushed me out of his lap and said, "Go get that, bitch. We're expecting some friends."

I almost fell to the floor. Jason saw the look on my face and just laughed.

I fought back the tears and went to the front door. I grasped the doorknob and took a deep breath. Then I turned it and opened the door. I looked out to see half a dozen large black boys about Jason's age. They were leering at me for a moment before they pushed past me and went into the living room to greet Jason and Terrill.

I shut the door and leaned my forehead against it for a moment as I listened to the excited conversation from the other room. Six of them! I had already lost track of how many times I had had sex today. I could have figured it out I suppose. But I didn't want to know.

I was jarred back to the present by Jason yelling, "Get your nasty ass in here. My friends are anxious to meet you."

I sighed deeply once more and turned and entered the living room. As I entered the room I saw Jason take a movie camera out of a gym bag and hand it to Terrill. He turned it on and pointed it at me.

The six newcomers were all over me as soon as I entered the room. This was nothing like when I had been made to have sex with my five co-workers. This was not orderly. No one was waiting their turn.

I was pulled into a boy's arms and his hands were all over me while he bent and kissed me roughly. At the same time I felt hands from I don't know how many of the others, pinching, squeezing, pulling and invading every orifice of my body.

I was constantly pushed and pulled from boy to boy and I was starting to panic when Jason interrupted to suggest that the boys undress and get on with the fucking and sucking.

The boys stood in a circle around me as they undressed. The first one to pull his pants down, he didn't bother to undress, pushed me to my hands and knees and took me from behind.

The first boy to force his cock into my mouth had undressed completely. The others finished undressing and pressed close, their hands mauling me as the other two fucked me roughly.

I noticed that the first two had more normally sized sex organs. In fact, they were smaller than Paul's. As they finished with me and the others took their turns with me I found that only one had a cock as large as Doyal's two boys. The other five were all of a more reasonable dimension.

The fucking was rough and constant and seemed to last for a very long time. As soon as one of them finished with me another took his place instantly.

I noticed that several times Paul had been forced to suck one of their nasty cocks clean after one of the boys had fucked me. But that didn't happen too often because whenever one of the boys used Paul that way the others made fun of him and called him names.

After they were all tired out and each had fucked me more times than I could count I was ordered to take another shower. Terrill followed me with the camera and he even recorded that.

When I came back downstairs they were sitting around looking at the pictures the boys had taken earlier with their digital camera. Jason had run a cord from the camera to our TV and they were slowly looking at and commenting on the photographs.

Only one of the boys expressed an interest in trying out my ass after seeing the pictures. Most of the others just wanted another blowjob though. One of them wanted to fuck me in the missionary position instead of doggy style the way he had the first time. While they continued to look at the pictures I started on one side of the room and worked my way around, sucking off six of them. Then I got on my back in the middle of the floor and one of the boys mounted me and fucked me violently. That seemed to be the only way they did things. The last boy was the one that wanted to fuck my ass. And of course it would be the one with the largest cock!

He ordered me onto a large hassock and said, "I've never fucked a bitch in the ass. I'm looking forward to this. But just because I'm a nice guy I want you to scoop up some of the cum that's dripping out of your cunt and stick it up your ass. Get it nice and wet for me, bitch."

It was a humiliating thing to do but I was thankful for the opportunity. The cum from earlier when Jason and Terrill had fucked my ass was gone and I knew that it would be less painful with that slime inside of me.

I scooped it up and began fucking myself in the ass with my fingers, stopping frequently to scoop up more cum and force it into my opening. While I was doing that the boy went over to Paul and said, "Okay faggot. Get me nice and wet so I can fuck your bitch."

I turned away. I didn't want to see it. I heard Paul grunting and gagging for a moment and then the boy was behind me and staring down at my sore asshole.

He ordered me to hold my cheeks apart and I felt the fat knob on the end of his cock being forced inside of me. I held my breath and tried to force myself to relax. I wasn't very successful.

Finally the knob popped inside of me and I screamed in pain once more. The boys all laughed and urged him on. He didn't need the encouragement. He was moaning in pleasure as he gripped my hips and roughly forced his cock into my ass.

I was crying again and I pleaded with him to take it easy. He laughed and said, "Being easy is your job, bitch. But you just keep begging. I love the sound of it. It really turns me on to fuck a pretty white girl and listen to the sound of her crying and begging."

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, though it seemed more like an hour, I concentrated on forcing myself to relax. I wasn't very successful. But finally he swore loudly and gripped my hips painfully and shot his spunk inside of my body.

He stayed there with his softening cock inside of me for a long time before he finally slid out of me and struggled to his feet. The boys ignored me then as he walked over and forced his nasty cock back between Paul's lips. He roughly cleaned himself off in my husband's mouth while the other boys kidded him about liking boys.

I remained kneeling with my head on my arms, crying softly and feeling very sorry for both my husband and myself. I was so wrapped up in my own suffering that I almost didn't hear one of the boys say, "We better get ready. It's almost time."

I hoped that meant that they were leaving. But something about the way that he said it made me nervous.

The boys all got dressed and when they were ready one of them pointed to Paul and asked, "What about him?"

Jason said, "Fuck him. Leave him there. We can show him the movie when we get back."

Then everyone headed for the door. Jason grabbed my arm and pulled me roughly to my feet. He turned me to face him and in a threatening voice he said, "We are going for a little ride now, bitch. You do everything you are told and everything will be cool. If you give me a hard time..."

He paused and held out his hand. The boy holding Jason's gym bag reached into it and handed something to Jason. He held it up and asked, "Do you know what this is?"

I shook my head.

He smiled and touched a button on the metal and plastic wand and I heard a sound like a bug zapper. He chuckled and said, "It's a cattle prod, bitch. Since you have done such a piss poor job of calling me and my friends master this evening I'm going to give you a little taste of it."

He touched the tip of it to the side of my breast and I didn't hear the sound. All of my senses stopped working when he pushed the button. I was only conscious of the most incredible pain I had ever experienced in my life.

I opened my mouth to scream but no sound came out. I couldn't even fight to get away. My muscles were no longer mine to control. My legs went slack and I fell to the floor in a helpless heap.

It only lasted for a second. But I knew in that second that I would do anything to avoid having that thing ever touch me again.

Jason and another boy reached down and pulled me roughly to my feet. He grinned even wider, plainly enjoying my suffering. When he saw that I was more or less functioning again he said, "If you give me a hard time tonight, if you fail to obey an order or if you say or do anything to piss me off then I am going to stick this thing up your cunt and hold the button down until the batteries go dead. Do we have an understanding?"

I quickly responded, "Yes master!"

I was so afraid that I didn't even object when they dragged me out through the front door in the nude.

There was a large van parked in our driveway. It was very late and it was very dark but I could see that it was a beat up old work van. Most of the kids piled into the back and I was shoved in after them. The kid who had fucked my ass got in the driver's seat and Jason got in the passenger seat. The rest of us were spread out on a mattress in the back.

I didn't know where we were going and I was scared, very scared. But I kept my mouth shut. I was even more afraid of that cattle prod than I was of going somewhere in the nude with this truck full of young rapists.

The boys groped me roughly and kept me distracted so that I had no idea where we were going. Several times my face was pulled down into someone's lap and I was forced to suck on a soft cock. Each time the cock grew to full erection but only one of the boys achieved orgasm again. And all the while the rough groping continued.

The van finally came to a stop and the door was thrown open. I hadn't the slightest idea how long we had been on the road. I looked around after they pulled me out of the van. We were parked in front of a large warehouse. I think we were near the docks.

There were a lot of cars in the parking lot but there didn't seem to be anything open around here. I was getting a real bad feeling about this.

We went to the warehouse door and one of the kids knocked. The door opened slightly and someone looked out. A gruff voice said, "Get the hell out of here, kid."

The door started to close but Jason called out, "Hey man, we got the bitch!"

The door opened and a large black man stepped out. He gave the kids a quick glance and then he looked at me. He stepped closer and walked around me slowly. When he was back in front of me he asked, "What's your name, bitch?"

I answered nervously, "Jolie Fuller, sir."

He looked down at a piece of paper in his hand as if to make sure the information matched.

He reached out and pinched my nipple and asked, "How old are you, bitch?"

I cringed in pain but I managed to say, "I'm twenty-three, sir."

He smiled and asked, "Why are you here?"

I didn't know! I finally said, "Because my master brought me here, sir."

He looked at Jason who was holding me firmly by the upper arm and asked, "You are the master I assume?"

Jason grinned and nodded.

The man asked, "Is the bitch going to be a problem?"

Jason looked at me and asked, "You aren't going to be a problem are you, cunt?"

I was terrified and my heart was beating a mile a minute. But I shook my head quickly and responded, "No master! I swear it!"

The man said, "Wait here."

He went back inside and came out five minutes later with another black man. The new man was huge. Not muscular, fat! He looked like he weighed at least four hundred pounds.

The two men looked me over and the fat man said, "She looks hot alright. But she's a fucking mess! Couldn't you have at least cleaned her up first?"

The kid who had been driving the van replied, "We figured it would be a good idea to bring her with some cum in her, kind of get things started."

The fat man grinned at him and said, "Yeah, I guess you're right. Okay. Who gets the money?"

Jason held out his hand and the fat man pulled a huge wad of cash out of his hand and peeled off some bills. I didn't see the denominations.

Jason tapped the back of my leg with the cattle prod. He put his lips by my ear and in a threatening voice he said, "You are going to hate this, bitch. But if you fuck up, if you refuse to do what you are told, if you struggle, you know what is going to happen to you. I was not fucking around. I will do it. I hate you that much."

His voice would have convinced me if I hadn't already been aware of it.

Jason pushed me over to the fat man and said, "You go with him and you do what he tells you to do."

I whispered, "Yes master," as the fat man pulled me inside.

I assume that the boys followed but what I saw when the door opened and I was pulled inside got my full attention. There was a large, open room with a small stage in the center that was about shoulder

high. But that wasn't the scary part. Not yet anyway. What was so terrifying was that there was a sea of black faces, all turned to look at me as I was pulled naked into the warehouse.

A cheer went up as I was pulled through the room. There were hundreds of men surrounding the stage. The fat man pulled me slowly through the crowd and I was groped by every man I passed. I prayed that they were not going to make me have sex with all these men. I knew that I couldn't survive that. No woman could survive being raped by hundreds of men.

The fat man pulled me up on stage and walked me around the edge so that everyone got a good look at me. After several minutes of crude comments from the large audience the fat man held his hand up and gradually the men quieted down. When the room was quiet he held up a piece of paper and said, "Gentlemen, the star of our show tonight is Jolie Fuller. She is a twenty-three year old married lady from here in town. Just to make things a little more interesting, she has never done this before and she has no idea why she is here."

There was a roar of raucous laughter from all around me and the fat man let it die down before he asked, "Are you gentlemen ready?"

A loud cheer went up from the crowd and the fat man turned to me. He pulled me close and said, "I know you ain't ready, bitch. But trust me. You are going to do this one way or the other. You are going to hate it. But you are going to do it. We can do it hard or easy, it's up to you. The first time you give me a hard time when you are told what to do I'll make your life not worth living. Do you have any questions?"

I whispered, "What is going to happen to me?"

He grinned and said, "You are going to put on a sex show for a few of my perverted friends, sweetheart. That's all."

The fat man turned loose of my arm and said, "Don't move. I'm going off stage now. Someone else is going to come up here as soon as I'm gone and you are going to obey every order he gives you. You are going to obey, aren't you Jolie Fuller?"

I was terrified. I knew that whatever they had in store for me it was going to be terrible. It was probably going to be the worst thing that has ever happened to me. I figured that if this many perverts were paying to see it then it had to be bad. But I also knew that the consequences of disobeying would ruin me. I still felt the tingle in my chest from that cattle prod. I didn't doubt for a second that Jason would put that thing inside of me and turn it on until the battery was dead. And I knew that would kill me.

I couldn't look the fat man in the face. I just nodded my head and stood there as he walked away. I could feel the eyes of those hundreds of men on my naked body. I could hear some of the louder discussions from some of the men nearer the stage about my tits or my pussy or my ass. A few of the men were surprised that a woman as pretty as me was going to do whatever it was I was about to do. I didn't understand that. I think the fat man had made it quite clear that I was not here of my own free will.

I heard a noise from the direction of the stairs leading up onto the stage. I saw movement out of the corner of my eye and I turned my head to see a large, mean looking man pulling a large, nervous German shepherd up onto the stage.

I stared in shock as the reason that I was here was finally made clear. I was going to put on a show with a dog!

I shook my head and whined wordlessly as the man neared me. He gave me a stern look and said, "Don't shake your head at me, bitch. They told me you was gonna cooperate. Am I gonna have a problem with you?"

I stared into his cruel eyes. I couldn't even speak. I stopped shaking my head but I felt the blood rushing through my veins and I could hear my heart beating in terror. My knees were getting weak and I was certain that I was about to collapse.

He waited for me to answer him but I couldn't. I couldn't make a sound. He got impatient and said, "Get down on your knees you dumb cunt. Let's get this show started."

I dropped to my knees, almost out of necessity. I was about to fall to my knees from fright.

He ordered me to be still and he guided his dog over to me. I shuddered and fought the sudden urge to vomit as the dog began to lick my face excitedly.

The man said, "This is your new boyfriend, bitch. Kiss him back. Don't make him do all the fucking work!"

I had tears running down my cheeks as I pursed my lips and tried to plant a small kiss on the dog's face.

The dog's handler said, "Not like that you stupid bitch! Dogs don't kiss with their lips! Open your fucking mouth and stick out your tongue!"

I almost forgot about the cattle prod. I almost ran screaming from that stage. But just as I was about to do just that I heard that horrible buzzing sound. I looked down and saw the boys that brought me here right up front. Jason had the cattle prod resting right on the edge of the stage.

I was glad now that the only thing I had in my stomach was cum. I was sure that I was going to vomit. I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. The dog began to lick my tongue but then forced his tongue right into my mouth and explored it hungrily.

He was prancing around and whining and it was obvious that he was getting excited and that he knew what was going to happen up here. He had done this before.

I stayed there on my knees and allowed the dog to fill my mouth with his drooling tongue until the handler pulled him back and guided his tongue down over my tits and then down my stomach to my pussy.

There was still a lot of residue there from the rapes I had been subjected to before we left the house. The smell of the semen on my mound and my thighs excited the dog even more. His tongue went crazy, covering my entire vulva at times and then trying desperately to invade my body.

I expected to be placed on my hands and knees and put into position so that this beast could fuck me. I was horrified by the very idea but I wanted to get this over with so I could go home and stand under a hot shower for hours. I needed to get this over before I went mad.

I was unprepared for what actually did happen next. The dog was ordered to sit, then to lie down and roll over. After he reluctantly obeyed he was ordered to stay. I saw the tip of his pink cock protruding from the hairy sheath hanging down from his belly and I felt sick all over again.

But it got worse. The handler growled, "Bend down and kiss that dick, cunt."

I gaped up at him and saw that he was, indeed, serious. I heard that faint sound from the cattle prod off to my side. I took a deep breath and fighting to keep from vomiting and fighting to keep from passing out I lowered my face to that inch of pink dog flesh and touched my lips to it.

The handler said, "Stupid bitch! What did I just tell you? Dogs don't kiss with their lips! Don't fucking piss me off, god damn it!"

I stuck out my tongue and began to lick the disgusting flesh before my face. I heard a loud sound go up from the audience but I couldn't really tell what it indicated. I was trying to forget about them anyway.

I licked the head of the dog's cock and it quickly started growing and extending from the sheath. As more of it came out I began to lick the entire length of exposed cock which was now almost as long as my husband's cock and somewhat fatter.

I saw the animal's cock throb and something squirted out of the end. I knew nothing about a dog's sex life. I assumed that he was cumming already. Great! Let's get this over with!

The handler said, "Okay bitch, you don't want to waste that lube. Start sucking now. And you can use your hand on him now too. Suck him off just like you would with a man. But you are going to have to swallow a lot more. Dogs are pretty messy fucks."

I put my lips around the dog's cock and started sucking. The dog whined excitedly and his cock throbbed, shooting a thin stream of liquid into my mouth. I gagged, but I managed to swallow and keep sucking. It went on and on like that. I sucked him as well as I could and my hand was massaging his still growing cock as quickly as I could move it.

I noticed the knot beginning to form at the base of his cock. It grew quickly and the animal's hindquarters were twitching as if he were trying to fuck my mouth with his cock. I thought that this must be as bad as things could get. I was wrong. Once that knot had grown to nearly the size of a baseball the dog's hindquarters stopped twitching and his entire body started shivering as if he were cold or scared. But that was when the fluid that was shooting out of his cock began to change.

It was no longer a thin stream and it was no longer almost devoid of taste. Suddenly it was a strong stream of huge spurts of thick cum and it tasted nearly as bitter as a man's cum. There was just so much more of it!

I swallowed and swallowed for at least ten minutes. I was sure that I was going to vomit now. The only thing that stopped me was that noise that Jason made from time to time with the cattle prod. It always

caused me to steady my nerves and steel myself for what I had to do. But it was a constant fight with my nervous stomach.

Finally the volume of cum spurting into my mouth began to wane and the dog seemed to begin to relax. I noticed the knot going down and then it was over. The dog started getting antsy and the handler said, "Okay bitch, sit up."

I straightened my tired back and sat up straight. The dog scrambled to his feet and the handler led him to the stairs.

"Thank god!" I thought. "It's over!"

But it wasn't.

The handler handed the leash to someone in the crowd and there was an exchange. He came back on stage leading a huge Great Dane.

I glanced at Jason. He was twirling the prod in his hands and smiling evilly. The look on his face assured me that he would really love it if I balked.

I turned my attention back to the handler and the new dog. This dog, too, knew what I was there for. His feet were dancing loudly on the wooden stage and his cock was already starting to emerge from its sheath.

I stared at him in terror as he approached. The beast was huge! He must have outweighed me by at least fifty pounds. When he was close enough the handler forced him to sit in front of me. Then the handler smiled and said, "Don't worry, bitch. This time you get to enjoy it. You get to fuck this one. Give him a big kiss and then lie down and let him kiss your pussy for a few minutes."

I looked at that huge slobbering dog's face and once more I almost vomited. I felt the bile rising in my throat but I managed to choke it down. I placed my hands on the sides of the dog's huge head and steadied it. Then I leaned forward and stuck my tongue in his mouth. He pulled his head away and his huge tongue covered my face as he lapped me excitedly. I totally lost control of him and all I could do was hold my tongue out and let him have his way with me.

The handler was satisfied that I had degraded myself sufficiently and he said, "Okay, cunt, lie down and spread your legs. Let Bruno get a taste of the cunt he's gonna fuck."

I sat down in place and then stretched out on my back and spread my legs. The audience was making more rude sounds as the dog dipped his head down and his huge tongue lapped at my pussy. As soon as his head was between my thighs he stood up and started prancing around excitedly. I tried not to hear the obscene comments from the crowd and I stared up at the dark space above me. I couldn't see the ceiling. It was too dark and too high. This room was as big as an airplane hangar.

I took no pleasure from that warm, wet, unbelievably large tongue lapping at my pussy. I felt only fear and disgust. I lay there until the handler said, "Alright, bitch. It's time to return the favor. Get up and suck on Bruno's cock for a minute and then you can turn around and let your new boyfriend make love to you."

The handler pulled up on the dog's collar and I sat up. I looked down between his legs and I couldn't believe it. His fucking cock was huge! It was bigger than Doyal's!

I swear, that thing was a good ten inches long and it looked like it was four inches around at least. I looked up at the handler in shock and he was just smiling like crazy. He saw my look of shock and said, "Yeah, old Bruno is pretty popular with the ladies. They like that big cock of his."

I stared at his cock for a little too long I guess. I heard the buzz of Jason's new toy and it brought me out of my trance. I got to my knees and reached under the dog. I wrapped my hand around his cock and held it in place, and then I leaned down and wrapped my lips around the tip.

I noticed that the knot hadn't started to grow yet and I realized that as big as his cock was it was going to get larger once he started to fuck me. I was truly terrified now.

I started sucking his huge cock and not long after I started the lubrication started spraying out of the tip of his cock. I swallowed several times and took as much of his cock as I could into my mouth.

The dog started to become uncontrollable. He tried to pull away from me just as another spurt of lube sprayed out and covered my face. The handler smiled and said, "I think Bruno is ready for you, bitch. Turn around."

I turned my back to the dog and got on my hands and knees. He lapped at my pussy and my ass for a moment but then he moved over me with an obvious urgency and I felt the head of his cock stabbing blindly at me. It was very painful. He was a huge, strong beast and he was nearly out of control.

I tried adjusting my position so that his cock would be better able to find the entrance to my pussy. I was terrified that his enormous organ would find the wrong hole. I just knew that if he tried to force that thing into my ass it would tear something. I was afraid it was going to tear my pussy!

Even after I tilted my pelvis down for him he was still having trouble hitting the hole. His cock was squirting that hot, slimy lubricant on my thighs and my stomach and some of it was even reaching my face. I finally stuck my arm out and grabbed his cock and guided it to my pussy.

He never missed a beat. He buried that massive cock in me in one violent, brutal, breathtakingly painful stroke. I screamed as his cock entered me but he didn't even notice. I suppose he was used to it.

I suddenly had at least ten fat inches of dog cock in my pussy, but not for long. As soon as he entered me he immediately began fucking me faster and more violently than I could have imagined possible. The pain was unbearable but I was trapped. He had moved up over me and his forelegs held me tight. But of course, I didn't dare try to avoid him. Jason was right there watching my every move.

The huge beast was fucking me with incredible violence and I was having trouble just catching my breath. I kept telling myself that it would all be over soon and that I would survive. But then I felt something that made me question that. I felt his knot growing and battering at the entrance to my pussy. I was even more horrified now. This dog was nearly twice as large as the other one. His cock was nearly twice as large. How much bigger would that knot be?!

I looked up at the handler, pleading for his help with my eyes. He just smiled down at me and it was obvious how much he was enjoying the show. He had a huge hard on!

The pain was getting worse as his dog battered me. I was crying hard and each time he slammed his cock into me I cried out. But then it happened. That huge knot suddenly forced its way into my pussy and I screamed so loud the audience got quiet for a moment.

The dog pulled back and I screamed again as the knot was pulled out of me. Then he made one final thrust and slammed that knot into me again. I screamed and nearly passed out. But now he was still.

I remained under him on my hands and knees and I was panting like a dog from the unbearable pain. The dog's knot felt as big as a softball. I didn't know how large it was, but it was bigger than anything that had ever been in me before. I knelt under that beast and prayed that he hadn't torn me.

At first I was only aware of the pain. But then I became aware of something else. I felt my belly filling up with his hot cum. It felt like he was pissing inside of me. There was so much of it and it was so hot. And it was so very degrading. I knew that I would never be the same again.

I wanted to let my head rest on my arms and wait for this horror show to end. I couldn't though. The dog's strong forelegs held me in position as he dumped his sperm inside of me. I could only stare at the floor of the stage and cry hopelessly.

My insides filled up with his cum and I felt it seeping out around his knot and running down my thighs. It was nasty but it relieved the pressure. There was so much of it that it started to become very uncomfortable inside of me.

I don't know how much more time passed but eventually I felt his grip on my torso relax and I sensed that he was finished and ready for this mating to end. After a few minutes he tried pulling free of me but that knot was still trapped inside of me. I cried out in pain each time he tried to pull out and each time he would stop moving for a moment.

His attempts to break free became more frequent and when he still couldn't pull out of me he stepped over me and stood with his butt to mine, his cock still firmly embedded in my pussy.

The handler decided to amuse the audience I guess. He led the dog around the stage, dragging me along backwards by the dog's cock in my pussy as they went, until finally the knot shrunk enough and he was able to pull free. The men in the audience thought that was hilarious.

His knot pulled out of me with a loud, wet, disgusting noise and I collapsed on the stage. The handler led the dog away and then I was alone on stage, lying in a heap with dog cum streaming out of my tortured pussy.

The fat man came up on stage and announced, "Gentlemen, that concludes this evening's entertainment. Please check our web site for the release date of the movie and the schedule for our next show."

I remained in a heap on the stage as hundreds of men filed out of the building. When everyone but the boys had left, the man who had answered the door came up on stage and pulled me roughly to my feet. I was dragged over to a desk in the corner. The fat man was sitting on the desk with his pants around his ankles. He smiled at me and said, "You are almost done for the night, bitch. Suck my cock. Make me think you love me."

I was nearly unconscious but Jason touched that cattle prod to my breast and I was immediately alert again. I moved closer and leaned down in the fat man's huge lap. His enormous belly hung over his average size cock and I had to fight to get my mouth close enough to take his cock in my mouth. Once I had my lips around it I didn't have the ability to move my head. I had to get him off with my lips and my tongue and my hand.

It took a very long time.

He finally shot a small, bitter stream of liquid into my mouth and pushed me away. I still wasn't done. I still had to suck off the doorman. His body was in better condition than the fat man. But his cock was soft and it took me a long time to get him hard. Once he was hard I started taking his cock into my throat and in about fifteen minutes he filled my mouth with another load of cum.

And then there was the dog handler. He was a large man and he was cruel and violent. He hurt me so bad when he fucked my throat that it almost took my mind off of what had just happened to me on that stage.

When the handler finished with me the fat man said, "Okay, boys. Remember what I told you. Here is a copy of the uncut disk. If it gets out someone dies. If you think I'm joking then I suggest you ask around. Remember my offer Jason. I'd like to use the bitch again out at the barn. Now you kids clear out."

They pulled me outside and dragged me towards the van. One of them opened the side door but the driver said, "Hold on man. I don't want that skuzzy whore in my truck like that. Find something to clean the bitch up."

One of them finally found some smelly rags near a dumpster and I sopped up the streams of dog cum that ran all the way down to my feet. The insides of my legs were covered with it.

I cleaned it up as well as I could and they finally let me into the van. I wasn't surprised that no one bothered me on the way home.

The other kids stayed in the van. Jason and Terrill got out and roughly pulled me out after them. The van drove away as they pulled me toward my house. I didn't even look around to see if any of my neighbors noticed me outside in the nude.

They pulled me along roughly to the front door. Once inside the first thing that I saw was Paul, still tied to that chair with tears staining his cheeks.

Jason told Terrill to untie Paul and I was sent up to take another shower. I glanced at the clock as I went past the living room. It was only a little before one in the morning. This had been the longest night of my life. I was sure that it was after three.

I staggered up the stairs and took a long, hot shower. I stood under the water as hot as I could stand it and I cried like a baby. I was beyond despair now and it may be too late but I knew one thing. I could not do this again. If the only alternative was that Paul and I lost everything and my parents lost their house then that was just going to have to be the way things turned out. I was clinging to the last trace of my sanity right now. I doubted if my marriage could survive this night. Not once those animals showed Paul that movie. If I was going to lose everything anyway then I might as well end this game now.

I finally got out of the shower and dried off. I went downstairs just in time to hear Doyal yelling at Jason and Terrill for leaving the house and getting back so late. They were just standing there with their heads down and letting Doyal go off on them.

He kept asking them where they had gone and they kept shrugging and saying, "Just out, dad."

He turned to me and asked, "Where did they go, Jolie?"

I didn't see Paul and I asked, "Where is my husband?"

Doyal looked impatient with me for answering his question with a question but he replied, "I sent him upstairs to take a shower in the guest bathroom. He was a mess."

I nodded and said, "Jason has a disk that will explain where we went."

Jason gave me a threatening look but he didn't say anything.

Doyal asked, "Where is it, Jason?"

I interjected, "I believe that it's in that gym back with the cattle prod he used on me earlier."

Doyal looked at me in disbelief and picked up the gym back sitting on the coffee table. He reached in and pulled out the cattle prod. He looked at it and then he pressed the trigger and saw the sparks fly out of the end. He looked at Jason incredulously. He asked in a voice that was dead calm, quiet, but seething with fury, "You used this on her?"

Jason didn't look up. He didn't answer. He just shrugged.

Doyal stared at him for a moment as if he could not believe what he had just heard. Then he reached in and pulled out the disk. He handed it to me and said, "Put it on."

I put the disk in the DVD player and turned the TV on. I pushed play and went into the kitchen to make myself a stiff drink. I didn't care what they thought. I needed a drink.

I came back out a few minutes later and saw Doyal staring at the TV in disgust. I looked to see that he had put it on fast forward. I was already sucking on the German shepherd's cock as the blurry images flew across the screen.

It was a few minutes before we got to the part where the Great Dane fucked me. As soon as that part started Doyal stopped the disk and ejected it. He broke the disk in half and threw it at Jason violently.

He turned to look at Terrill for a moment and then in a low voice he said, "You two disgust me. I have never been so ashamed in my entire life. Look at me Jason!"

Jason looked up and he looked like I had when I had been on that stage earlier.

Doyal asked, "Why? Why did you do this? How could you do this?!"

I went over and reached into his front pocket and pulled out the cash that the fat man had given him. I handed it to Doyal and then I went into the kitchen to make myself another drink.

I heard Doyal explode. "You little son of a bitch! You took five hundred dollars to ... I can't even say it."

He stared at them for a moment and then he said, "Go back to the house and pack your things. I'm taking you to your mother's. I can't stand to look at you."

The boys hurried for the door and Doyal turned to me and said, "Jolie, I'm sorry. I will admit that I wanted to humiliate you. I wanted to hurt you. I thought that both of you had it coming. But not like this. I am so ashamed. Please forgive me. I won't ask that you forgive them. What they did was inexcusable. But I promise that I'll make this up to you somehow."

I think I surprised both of us when I said, "Don't be too hard on them. As strange as it seems I think that Paul and I both learned a lesson in the last few days. I was starting to feel guilty before this evening. But I saw the pain in your son's eyes today and I saw the results of my actions for the first time. I may never be able to get over what happened to me tonight. And I pray that Paul never finds out. But I don't think that your boys are totally to blame. They were getting payback for a lot of pain in their lives that they received at the hands of people like me. I don't know if we can get our lives back on track. I hope that we can. I wouldn't want to repeat the lesson I learned today. But I'm glad that something finally got through to me. Please tell the boys that I really am sorry for the way I treated them and the things that I said. I'm sorry for the pain I caused them. I'm sorry for the pain that people like me have caused them, and will no doubt continue to cause them. I swear to you, I am a changed person."

Doyal looked so sad. He said, "I would never have thought my boys were capable of what they did tonight. I'm sorry. I'll make sure that things get back to normal at work. You have my word. I can't undo what I have done, but I'll make sure that your jobs are safe and your future intact. I have to go. I need to take them to their mother's house."

I stopped him and said, "May I call you Doyal?"

I would almost swear that he blushed. He nodded and I said, "Doyal, keep them with you tonight. Talk to them when you calm down. And I'd like it if the three of you came to lunch tomorrow. We'll have a cook out by the pool."

He looked at me like I was crazy. Then he shook his head and said, "Are you serious? After that they did to you?!"

I shrugged and replied, "A lot of people got hurt. But I started it. Maybe everyone can learn from what happened. I certainly have."

He looked unsure but he said, "You might want to talk it over with Paul first."

Paul spoke up then. He had been sitting at the foot of the stairs listening. He said, "I cook a pretty mean steak Doyal. I don't guess you need to bring your suits. After all that's happened I don't see why we can't make it clothing optional."

Paul looked at me and I smiled. I said, "I have no secrets now."

Doyal looked back and forth between us and once more he said, "I'm so sorry."

He turned to leave and I said, "Come over around eleven and we'll get acquainted while the kids use the pool."

He nodded and left and I went over and sat beside Paul on the stairs. We were quiet for a few moments before he said, "We have changed, haven't we? I would have thought that we would have the opposite reaction to the things that happened. I guess being on the other end of the food chain puts things in perspective."

I replied, "Paul, I saw the pain in Terrill's eyes this evening. Pain that was caused by people like us. I felt so guilty. We have a lot to feel bad about."

We were quiet again for a few minutes and then I said, "I wonder what it will be like working with the guys now?"

Paul grinned and looked embarrassed. He said, "It's too bad it all has to end. I am embarrassed to admit it, but some of it turned me on."

I blushed and admitted, "Yeah, me too. Maybe it could just be toned down a little."

I didn't want to talk about what happened after they took me out of here tonight. But I felt dirty and I felt guilty and I thought that it would be best to clear the air. Besides, I could use a little sympathy. I took Paul's hands in mine and turned to look him straight in the eye. I said, "Paul, I have to tell you what happened tonight. You may not want to be with me once you know."

He pulled his hands away from me and put his arms around me and held me close. He whispered, "I know. When you went up to take a shower Jason told me what they did. Are you alright?"

I was crying again. I wasn't sure if it was because of what happened or because of how well Paul was taking it.

I answered, "I'm sore. But I seem to be alright, except for the memories. I expect to be having nightmares for a while."

He kissed me and hugged me tighter and said, "We both saw some terrible things in the last few days. But I think we are going to make it. You are still the hottest broad I know and I still adore you."

I giggled through my tears and said, "You know damn well us cunts don't like to be called broads now!"

He kissed me and said, "You better watch your fucking mouth. Jason forgot his cattle prod. I'd hate to have to use it on you."

I shivered uncontrollably. That cattle prod was going in the trash as soon as he turned me loose!

We were both mentally and physically exhausted and we finally went up and went to bed. But as tired as we were there were still a lot of things to talk about.

Paul said, "I guess you had a pretty hard night tonight. Are you okay?"

I responded, "My worst nightmares came to life tonight. But I'll get over it. My body is sore but apparently undamaged. Are you sure that you can live with what you know about me now?"

I was nestled against him with his arm around me and my head resting on his shoulder. He squeezed me and said, "You saw me suck a cock. How do you feel about that?"

I kissed his chest and said, "I felt so sorry for you. I know how hard that was for you."

He answered, "That's how I feel about you. I am only concerned that now that this is just about over will we be able to return to normal."

After a pause I said, "But not like we used to be, right? I look around me and I see all kinds of people being friends and getting along and treating each other with respect. It's like we were dinosaurs, like we didn't evolve like everyone else. I feel so guilty about some of the things I have said, and some of the things I have thought. What happened to us was terrible, but we learned what it's like to be on the other side of the coin. It isn't very nice."

Paul was quiet for a few moments and then he said, "I am surprised at something else I learned too. When you were nearly naked at work, when Karl and the others were having sex with you ... I felt very guilty about it, but I got so aroused. Does that upset you?"

I chuckled and said, "I can't really explain it. But my pussy has been wet every time someone put their finger in it lately. I liked being a sex slave. I was surprised to learn that about myself. I'm glad you aren't upset."

Paul asked, "So we aren't going to put a stop to it?"

I shivered in excitement at the idea of the fun and games continuing. I said, "We need to make sure that it doesn't get out of hand. But I loved it that they were always looking at me and touching me. The thing that I worried most about was that you would be upset."

He laughed quietly and said, "Aren't we a pair!"

The next morning my body was recovered enough that I was able to wake Paul up with a nice blowjob. Then we took a nice hot shower and went down and had coffee in the nude. We had discovered that we liked not wearing clothes around the house.

After we read the paper and finished our coffee I started making potato salad while Paul went to the store to buy five steaks for our cookout this afternoon.

Doyal and his two boys came over at eleven. They seemed surprised when I answered the door in the nude. The boys were both embarrassed. Not by my nudity but about what they did last night. I took them aside and we sat in the kitchen and had a talk while Doyal and Paul went out to the pool.

Before I could speak, Jason said, "We are both sorry about last night. I know we got carried away. I could make all kinds of excuses. But the truth is that there is no excuse for what we, for what I did last night and I really am sorry Mrs. Fuller."

I smiled and said, "Please Jason, call me Jolie. And I am not mad about last night. It wasn't entirely your fault. My husband and I and your father created a situation and you got thrown into the middle of it. Maybe we all learned a lesson about hate last night. It was a life changing experience for Paul and me. And we feel bad too. We feel bad for the things that we did, the things that we said, the things that we thought for so long. I feel bad for the pain that I saw in your eyes, Terrill."

"We've all made mistakes. I think we have all learned from them. How about if we just start over? Do you want to try that?"

Both boys nodded, though they still looked uncomfortable.

I got up and went over to Jason and took his face and gave him a nice kiss. Or at least it started out as a nice kiss. I'm not even sure now who initiated the change. But soon his tongue was in my mouth and his hand was resting against my naked pussy and I had my arms around his neck.

I broke the kiss and stood up, gasping for breath. I smiled down at him and said, "I think we are going to get along just fine now!"

He smiled and I turned to kiss Terrill. This time it started right out as a passionate kiss. His hands were much more gentle than they had been last night, and this time there was no spitting.

When I finally straightened up I looked down at the two uncomfortable looking bulges that I was responsible for and said, "You boys can't go out there like that."

I took their hands and led them upstairs. I helped them off with their trunks and got on my bed on my hands and knees. I turned and smiled at them and said, "Gentlemen, start your engines."

The boys looked at each other and climbed on the bed and in moments I had a large cock in my mouth and another in my pussy. I'm not sure what the difference was this time. But this time it was definitely pleasurable. I came twice before Jason came in my pussy. He was nice enough to leave his cock inside me until I finished sucking his brother off.

After I swallowed Terrill's cum I turned around and sucked Jason's cock clean and then we went into the bathroom and they watched me clean myself. When I was done and we were on our way downstairs, Jason said, "I can't believe that you can forgive me for what I did last night, Jolie. Dad had a long talk with us last night. But he didn't need to. I saw the look on his face when he found out what I had done. I saw how disappointed he was. That really made me think about what I had done. I guess I just got carried away. I really am sorry. I can't stop thinking about what I did to you and I feel so bad."

At the foot of the stairs I took him in my arms and said, "It's okay Jason. We both learned some important lessons. They were hard lessons and it hurt to learn them. Maybe that's what it takes for some people, especially when they are thick headed like Paul and me. It's over now. Let's just be friends and forget about it."

He grinned and said, "Just friends?"

I kissed him and said, "Just friends with benefits."

We went out to the pool then. Doyal was now the only one wearing trunks. He looked surprised when he saw me with my arms around his two naked boys. It must have been obvious that we had just had sex. He looked into my eyes though and he saw that everything was okay.

He stood up and dropped his trunks and said, "I don't want to look out of place."

I went over and sat in his lap once he took his seat again. I put my arm around his neck and his hand came to rest on my upper thigh. He looked at me curiously and I said, "Thank you for the life lesson, Doyal. And I just wanted to say that you have a couple of real nice kids. What happened last night was as much my fault and your fault as it was their fault. Let's just forget about it. Okay?"

He smiled and said, "You're pretty damned smart for a blonde. Now that we have the five of us straightened out, what do we do about the five guys at work?"

I smiled and answered, "As long as things don't get out of hand I don't see why they have to know that things have changed between us. They are having fun. We are having fun. We need to kind of keep it in the family, so to speak. But Paul and I talked about it last night. We don't mind if things stay the way they are now. Maybe we could make the storeroom a little more comfortable so that we didn't have to get carried away in the lab. We wouldn't want anyone coming in and getting the right idea."

Doyal thought that was a good idea and he was very glad that Paul and I were interested in continuing the fun and games. We discussed it for a while and then, while Paul got the grill fired up and the steaks ready, I took Doyal upstairs and we sealed the deal.

After we ate, Doyal said, "I had something planned for tomorrow. I was going to cancel it, but you might be interested now that your horizons have been broadened. Jolie, do you remember Al? He was the man that took down a list of your sizes before he fucked you in my office."

I nodded.

Doyal said, "He is an old friend of mine. He owns a bunch of adult businesses in town. He also owns a shop that sells sexy lingerie and clothing. The plan was that he was going to bring over a large selection of sexy clothing tomorrow and you were going to model it for a half dozen of my friends. You would get to keep the clothes and my friends would get to sample a beautiful young blonde."

"I'm going to leave it up to the two of you. Do you want me to cancel?"

Paul and I looked at each other and smiled. I replied, "I could use a new wardrobe."