

Coerced

• Author: Ted E. Bear

It was a Friday night and I had agreed to watch the teenage daughters of a friend of mine. Sheila and her husband were going away and she wanted me to stay with Tracy and Lisa. They were both home from college, way too old for a sitter, but Sheila was worried about leaving them for very long. Like a good friend, I agreed to leave my family and spend the weekend with them. I fully expected to spend the weekend watching television and reading, bored out of my mind.

We had just finished cleaning up after a nice supper and were watching television when, out of the blue, Tracy asked if I wanted a cup of tea. I said sure and offered to fix some for all three of us. Both of them quickly stood up and shouted that I should stay put and they would be happy to make it. I thought they were acting funny but soon became engrossed in the movie and forgot the whole thing.

When the tea came, I tasted it. "Mmm...! This tastes great! What kind is it?" I asked, as I took a bigger sip.

The girls giggled. "Oh, some eastern blend Mom had." replied Tracy.

Within five minutes I had that cup gone and asked for another. The girls quickly made it and I drank it too. I was starting to feel strange, like time was slowing down, but just assumed I was tired.

The next hour or so was somewhat hazy. I noticed both girls on the phone a lot, but really did not think it was a problem. Then they both came in and sat down beside me.

"Ok, Mrs. Hopkins. It's time to get ready for the party." said Lisa.

"What party?"

"You remember. The party we are throwing tonight. Mom hired you to help." said Tracy.

"She did? I thought I was baby-sitting."

Lisa giggled. "Do we look like babies? She hired you to work for us."

"I guess I must have gotten the wrong idea, but it's probably my fault." I said. "What do I need to do?"

"Well, first you need to get into your clothes." said Tracy.

"What's wrong with what I have on?" I asked dully.

"If you are going to work for us, you have to wear the uniform Mom got you. She insisted and you agreed when she told you about it. You know how she likes people to think we're rich."

"All right." I said. "If I said I will, then I will." I did not remember promising Sheila, but I must have. Knowing Sheila, it was very possible she wanted me to wear a uniform.

Tracy led me into Sheila's bedroom. Laid out on the bed was a very skimpy maid's uniform. It was low-cut and had a short skirt. Next to it were black stockings, a red garter belt and high heels. It did not look like anything Sheila would make me wear. It looked more like something she had bought for the bedroom.

I said exactly that to Tracy, but she insisted I had seen the outfit and agreed to take the job, so I got undressed. Lisa brought me more tea that I drank down. By now I was so out of it I did not even notice they had me get dressed without my bra and panties.

When I finished dressing, I looked myself over in Sheila's full length mirror. The high heels added several inches to my 5'4" frame and also tightened my calves and accentuated my full bottom. The dress, a very sexy red and black mini with a plunging neckline, pushed my ample breasts up and out. Although I have always tried to watch my weight, I had put on some extra pounds in the last few years and I was really too plump for this sort of outfit. There certainly was a lot of skin

showing, both at the top and at the bottom.

Tracy brushed out my shoulder length brown hair. She insisted I needed to redo my makeup, including ruby red lip gloss. I asked why I needed to get so dolled up but the girls just said they wanted me to look nice. every time I asked a question they gave me more tea.

I was just finishing up when the doorbell rang. "Can you get that, please?" asked Lisa. As I walked down the hall my boobs jiggled from the effects of my high heels. The dress was so low cut I had a mile of cleavage showing and as I looked down I could see part of a nipple peeking out. I tucked it back in but it was so close to the edge of my bodice I knew it would not take much for it to pop out again.

As I opened the door three teenage couples poured in. The guys all hooted at my outfit as they went past. I blushed and hurried into the kitchen where Tracy explained that I was to answer the door and keep the beer glasses and snack tray full. For the next hour I was kept hopping as everyone arrived. There were lots of couples, but also several unattached guys and girls. By the time everyone was there the house was packed. The party was wild and everyone was soon half-drunk.

As I worked my way back and forth through the crowd the boys would comment on my outfit and rub up against me. They would ogle my exposed cleavage and several times they could see the edges of my nipples before I noticed and tucked them back in. Their remarks were usually pretty graphic, describing my body and how much of it was exposed. I was still so befuddled it did not occur to me to protest their crude suggestions.

Somebody spilled some beer on the carpet and Tracy called to me to come clean it up. Without thinking, I got down on my hands and knees and started to scrub the stain. I heard two girls behind me gasp, then start to giggle, and I realized my dress had ridden up so high they could see my pussy. I started to get up but Tracy said to keep scrubbing before the carpet got stained, so I did.

The girls called some boys over to see and they started laughing as they stared at my exposed ass and pussy. I turned scarlet but pretended I

didn't know what was going on, I hurriedly cleaned the spill and retreated to the kitchen. As I was leaving I heard one of the boys tell the other two he would like to make me suck his cock until it was rock hard, then fuck my 'big hairy pussy' until I couldn't walk. He told them they could have 'sloppy seconds' after he was finished fucking me silly.

When I got into the kitchen I sat down. I looked down at my hands and realized I was shaking. Something seemed very wrong, I was sure I should not be here, dressed like this, letting young men I didn't even know make crude sexual remarks to me. Unfortunately my mind was so fogged up I was unsure of exactly why it was wrong, so I just sat there trying to figure it out.

Lisa came in and saw me sitting there. "What's the matter? Why do you look so upset?" I told her what had happened and what I had heard. "Oh, Mrs. Hopkins, I'm sure he thought he was paying you a compliment! You know how guys are, that's just how they talk to each other. You should be flattered. Lots of women would love to have someone flirt with them like that."

It had not sounded much like flirting, but I knew Lisa was a nice girl so I believed her. If she said it, I was sure it was true. I was in no condition to argue.

Lisa fixed a new pot of that delicious tea and put it on the table beside me.

"Listen, Mrs. Hopkins. I need to go back in to the party, but we're all set for food and punch for right now. We don't really need any more help from you until later. Why don't you take a break and stay out here for a bit? No one will bother you and I'll call you if we need anything. You just relax, ok?"

I nodded, so she left me to my thoughts and my tea.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew I had my head resting on my arms and Tracy was gently shaking me awake. I groggily looked around and tried to focus on what she was saying to me.

"Mrs. Hopkins, we have a problem." said Tracy. "We ran out of beer and no one has enough money for more. Is there any way you could charge it on your credit card and we'll pay you back next week?"

I nodded. "Sure, Tracy. I know you'll pay me. It must be in my purse." I laid my head back down.

She shook me again. "Come on, Mrs. Hopkins. You need to wake up. You know we can't use your cards. You have to go with the guys to buy the beer."

I still did not move so Tracy and another girl stood me up and gently led me out to a waiting car. There were two guys in the front seat and one in the back. "These guys will pick it out and carry it for you." Tracy said. "All you have to do is pay for it. Thanks!"

Just before the door of the car closed another guy slid in beside me, pushing me into the middle. I looked over at him and realized it was the boy who had been so graphic when I was cleaning up the spill. He smiled at me and said hello, so I decided maybe Lisa had been right all along about him being nice and I smiled back at him. The other three boys also greeted me and we pulled out.

As soon as we got going one of the boys produced a small flask of liquor and passed it around. When it came to me I said no thanks. The driver looked in the rear-view mirror and asked me if I was a prude.

"No, I'm not a prude. I just don't want a drink right now. Thanks anyway."

"I don't know, Mrs. Hopkins. I always heard you were pretty straight. I just never realized how straight you really are. You don't even drink?"

"Of course I drink, when I want to. I'm not a prude."

The boy beside me handed me the flask. "Prove it."

Fine, I'd show them I was not a prude. I took a small swig and gasped as the liquor burned its way down my throat. They said it was just a sip so

I took a bigger drink. The boys chuckled then and started passing the flask around again. It seemed to constantly be in my hand, with someone urging me to take a drink. I wanted them to like me and not think I was a prude, so I drank when they urged me to. Combined with my already dazed state, my head was soon spinning.

Dave, one of the boys beside me, started asking me questions about my early years. "So, Mrs. Hopkins, have you always been pretty conservative, or were you a little wilder when you were younger?"

"I'm not conservative. I'm the same now as I have always been. I like having fun as much as the next person."

"Did you date much when you were a teenager?" asked Brian, the driver. "Were you pretty popular?"

"I guess I was popular, but I didn't go on very many dates. My parents didn't let me. They didn't want me to get a 'reputation'."

"Were you attractive? Maybe you just didn't get asked much." said Jack, from my other side.

"When you did go out, did you enjoy the sex? Did you look forward to it?" asked Dave.

"I never had sex on a date." I answered proudly. The boys looked horrified.

"Never?" gasped Bob. "Didn't anyone even try to feel you up or anything?"

"No. They were always perfect gentleman." I thought they would be impressed with my chastity. Instead, they saw it as a drawback.

"Maybe they weren't being gentlemen." said Dave. "Maybe they thought you were too ugly to fuck."

The shock of having Dave suggest I was ugly kept me from protesting his vulgar language. "I looked just like I do now, only younger. Am I ugly now?" I replied.

"You don't look too bad, just a little plump. It's hard to tell in the car, though. Let's get a good look at you, and we'll all decide if we would have asked you out." said Dave. "How does that sound?"

I smiled nervously. "OK. That sounds like a good idea." I wanted them to like me. I hoped I looked attractive to them.

Brian twisted his mirror and the three boys riding turned toward me. I looked down at myself. My dress had ridden above my stocking tops, displaying my pale thighs in the dim illumination from passing street lights. My breasts were pushing out of my top and a long line of cleavage was showing. I blushed as I realized that the edge of one nipple was peeking out of my top, but I didn't want to push it back while they were looking at me. They would have been sure I was a prude then.

They looked me up and down for a very long moment. Bob was the first to speak. "I think you look pretty good." he said. "I think I might have asked you out if you were my age. I just can't figure out why nobody ever got friendly with you on a date. Is there something wrong with your body or something?"

I shook my head. I was beginning to feel like maybe there was something about me that wasn't sexy. I took another gulp from the flask.

Jack spoke up. "Has anyone ever seen your boobs? Did you ever show them to a guy on a date? Maybe they are ugly and word got around."

"Just my doctor and my husband, after we were married." Maybe I was undesirable, after all. I felt like I was going to cry.

"I got an idea." said Dave. "Why don't you show them to us and we'll let you know what we think."

"I don't know... I d-don't think I should do that." I stammered. I wanted them to like me, but showing my breasts to them seemed wrong.

"Hey, no problem." said Jack. "We were just trying to help you out. It's

your call. Say, did you guys see Katie tonight? That girl looked hot!"

The boys immediately started discussing Katie and several other girls from the party. I felt lonely and ignored. After another drink I took a deep breath and turned to Jack.

"I guess I've changed my mind. I would like to show you my boobs. If I let you guys see them, do you promise not to tell anyone?" They looked at each other, then nodded their assent.

My hands shook as I reached up and took hold of the bodice of my dress. I hesitated for a few seconds, settling my nerves, then pulled it down and tucked it under my breasts. My nipples immediately stiffened in the cool night air. I waited with bated breath, hoping the guys liked what they saw. My face grew warm and I felt like I was in another world. No one spoke for what seemed like an eternity.

Finally, Bob smiled at me. "I think you have very nice tits, Mrs. Hopkins. They sure are big enough. You have every right to be proud of them. You are a very sexy lady."

I smiled and relaxed. I knew I was plump, but I had always thought my boobs were too big and fleshy. They thought I was sexy!

I was so happy they liked my breasts, I barely heard Bob ask Jack if they were firm. Before I could react he reached out and cupped one of them. I gasped as I felt his warm hand squeeze my cool flesh but said nothing. His fingers found my nipple and it jumped under his caress. As I tried to decide whether or not I should protest, Dave did the same thing with my other boob. I wasn't sure if I should let them touch me, but it certainly felt nice, so what harm could there be in it? I looked down. I could see my dark nipples being squeezed by their strong fingers and I felt myself getting wet.

"For being such big tits, they're nice and firm." Jack told Bob. "Her nipples are very sensitive, too. They're rock hard. I think she likes it. Let's take a look at that pussy you were telling us about, Dave!"

Jack and Dave each grasped one of my legs and pulled it over onto their laps. My dress pushed up almost to my waist and I was spread wide open, without any panties on! I tried to pull my legs closed but I was no match for them, so I gave up struggling.

"It's ok, Mrs. Hopkins. We just wanted to see what you look like. We think you're very pretty and sexy, don't we guys?" Bob said. They all murmured their assent. "You have a very beautiful pussy."

Bob reached back from the front seat and softly rubbed my knee. Jack and Dave kept kneading my breasts as they stared at my pussy. Their other hands were holding my legs apart, and they began stroking up and down along my stockings. Each pass their hands traveled a little higher and they were soon caressing my naked thighs. Bob kept telling me how pretty and sexy I looked. I laid my head on the back of the seat and closed my eyes, trying to calm my thudding heart.

Coerced by Kathy B. Part 2

Just as I felt Dave's fingers brush against my pubic hair, Jack leaned down and kissed my nipple, tickling it with his tongue. As I jumped in surprise my movement pressed my pussy against Dave's hand. He cupped it and gave it a gentle squeeze, making me moan. I heard Brian laugh from behind the wheel and ask what was happening.

"Well, Mrs. Hopkins is just showing us what she would do if she were dating again." said Dave, gently massaging my outer lips. As he rubbed his hand up and down the length of my pussy mound he began pressing a finger against my already wet slit. "She's all wet and ready for fun. You look beautiful too. Those stuffy old farts who were afraid to touch you will never know what they missed. I'll bet you would have drained them dry, wouldn't you?"

I giggled. "I'm not sure about that, but thank you." It was hard to gather my thoughts, with one guy sucking and kissing my boob and another trying to insert a finger into me as a third one watched. Right at that moment, I felt like the most popular and desirable girl in the world.

Dave's finger was pressing insistently at my pussy lips and it wasn't long before they peeled slowly apart. I was so wet by this time that he encountered little resistance as he slid his finger inside me. "God damn, this lady is boiling!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet you keep your husband pretty happy with this little toy. Are you sure he's the only one who's ever touched your pussy?"

"He is. He, and now you, are the only men who have ever played around down there like that." I answered. I tried to muster some willpower. "Maybe you should stop. I think he might be mad if he saw what you were doing."

"Oh, no. I think he'd be pleased." said Brian, looking into my eyes in the mirror. "Guys want everyone to think their wives are attractive and sexy. He would be thrilled that we enjoy looking at your beautiful breasts and that lovely little pussy of yours. I'm sure he would consider it a compliment."

Bob nodded as he gave me the flask again. I took a nervous gulp. I was so confused. I was pretty sure my husband would not think it was a compliment, but these guys certainly knew what other men liked and I was in no shape to argue, so how could I say they were wrong? They seemed to have my best interests in mind, and I was enjoying all the attention they were showering on me.

Dave started rubbing my clit and I felt it thicken under his manipulation. By now my pussy was very hot and wet and I was finding it increasingly difficult to follow what was being said. I remember hearing Bob tell Brian to stop the car. I felt the car come to a halt, then Brian turned and looked at me, sitting back with my legs wide open and my tits hanging out while being sucked and fingered by two young men.

I looked around. We were parked in a corner of a large parking lot, not far from a light pole. I could see a shopping plaza. Most of the stores were closed and the lot was nearly deserted. At least no one else was likely to see me. Brian said something to Bob that I couldn't catch, who got out and went into a convenience store. When he came back to the car he showed me a small disposable camera, the kind with a built in flash.

"We would all like to remember how nice and sexy you look." he said. Before I could make any protest, he snapped several pictures of me as the boys played with me. Well, as long as no one else saw the pictures I guessed it would be all right.

"Have you ever wondered what it would feel like to get fucked by another man?" asked Bob as Dave stroked and pinched my excited clit. I groaned and shook my head. "You've never wondered how a different cock would feel, sliding into your nice hot pussy?" Again I shook my head. "Have you ever even seen another cock?"

"No." I answered. Suddenly I was ashamed of my limited experience.

"Would you like to see another one? Another cock, that is. After all, it's only fair. We've seen those nice big tits and that hairy pussy of yours. Would you like to see us naked? No one will ever know."

Blushing, I said that I would. As Jack and Dave let go of me I felt a pang of disappointment, but they returned to playing with me as soon as their pants were down. The guys quickly pulled down their pants and underwear, proudly displaying their already stiff members.

I never realized until then how different men's penises could be. None of them looked exactly like my husband's. One was curved, one was straight, one looked almost purple and Jack's penis was at least two inches longer than my husband's. I never knew they came in different sizes, either. I was mesmerized.

"What do you think?" asked Brian. I gulped. "Go ahead and touch one if you want. We don't mind."

I reached out and touched Bob's cock. He smiled at me, so I wrapped my fingers around it. It felt hot to my touch. Slowly, I slid my fingers up and down it, enjoying the feel of the rock hard shaft and the spongy head. Dave resumed stroking his finger in and out of my pussy while he rubbed my clit with his thumb. Groaning, I reached for each hard cock in turn, giving it a few strokes and marveling at how different they felt.

I ended up with my hand on Jack's big cock. It felt satisfyingly thick in my hand.

Bob handed me the flask again. "You know, Mrs. Hopkins, you look very sexy right now. I think your husband would be very proud of you tonight. Did you know there were cocks as big as Jack's?" I shook my head. "Now that you've seen it, don't you wonder what it would feel like inside that nice hot pussy of yours?" He snapped a picture of my hand, wrapped around Jack's cock.

I tried to clear my head. "Yes...but I'm sure that would be wrong. I can't do that."

"Oh, you're right, Mrs. Hopkins. It probably would be wrong if he were to fuck you. But, if you asked, maybe he would just put it in so you can get an idea how it feels. It won't really be fucking, so there shouldn't be any harm in it."

I hesitated. It would be nice to see what it felt like. Would it feel different than my husband's? I sighed. I wanted to know.

"All right. You can put it in. No fucking."

"Absolutely." agreed Jack.

Dave pulled his hand from my slit and laid my head down in his lap, then began rubbing my nipples. Jack pushed one stocking clad leg up over the rear seat and the other up into Brian's lap. Brian immediately began rubbing and massaging my calf. I looked down as Jack knelt between my legs. Through the hair I could see my pussy lips, parted slightly and gleaming with wetness. Jack paused, his cock just inches away from my pussy.

Jack grasped the shaft of his cock and leaned toward me. I saw the thick head push into my pubic hair, then felt it graze the lips of my pussy. He rubbed it up and down my slit, getting me ready. With a gentle push I saw the head disappear and felt my pussy lips parting as his big cock entered me. It felt so good I moaned my pleasure, causing all the boys to chuckle. Jack pulled his cock back, rubbed it around my opening again

and pushed it back inside, this time sliding in several inches along with the head. Again I moaned, it felt great. He eased out and pushed in several times, each time deeper and deeper. Finally I felt his pelvis press against me and I knew he was all the way in.

"Well, how does it feel?" he asked.

"Fuller than my husband's does. It feels nice." I answered dreamily. "I never knew how different it would feel."

"Let me ask you a question." said Jack. "Which do you like better? This...?" he fucked in and out slowly, each time pushing deep inside me. "Or this?" Now he started fucking me rapidly, banging hard into my crotch.

"I like both. It's in so deep, I feel all stretched out. I think I like the fast one better, though." I answered, completely forgetting he had promised not to fuck me.

"That does feel pretty good, doesn't it?" he said as he continued rapidly thrusting his cock in and out.

I heard Bob snap off several more pictures of me as Jack gave me a hard fuck. Jack's body was banging into my clit and I could feel his balls slapping against my ass with each stroke. He continued pounding his thick cock into me I began pushing up against his thrusts.

Dave shifted my head on his lap. When I felt his cock touch my lips I automatically kissed it. He pressed it harder against my lips and I opened my mouth, allowing him to slid his cock into my mouth. It tasted delicious as I licked the head and tasted his salty pre-cum. Feeling delightfully wicked, I started sucking on it. I wanted these guys to think I was as sexy and fun as the younger girls they'd been talking about. As Jack kept up his rapid fucking of my overheated pussy I began giving Dave the best blow job I could, working my tongue along the underside while moving my lips back and forth along his hot cock.

"How is she, boys?" asked Brian.

"Oh, man, this is one hot broad." answered Jack. "Her pussy is wrapped around my dick like a warm glove. This lady likes to fuck."

"She's not a bad cock sucker, either." added Dave. "Come on, Mrs. Hopkins. Suck my cock. Wouldn't you like a nice creamy load to swallow?"

I nodded and sucked hard on his cock and heard him groan in pleasure. Pleased that he liked what I was doing, I redoubled my efforts. I twirled my tongue around and tickled the underside of his rock-hard dick as he encouraged me to swallow it all. I wanted to make him happy so I pushed my lips as far down his cock as I could, coming closer to the base with each thrust. I knew that I was doing a good job as I felt him stiffen and push his cock deep into my mouth. I felt Dave spasm, then flood my mouth with his jism. Gulping, I felt his thick cum slide down my throat and into my stomach as he continued to pump more cum into my eager mouth. I had never swallowed my husband's cum before, but I was so horny I cleaned up every drop of Dave's as it shot into my mouth.

"That's a good girl, suck me dry. That was a nice blow job. You really like eating cum, don't you?" he asked. Giggling, I nodded.

Jack's fucking now had me almost ready to cum myself. I felt myself getting closer and closer, rising toward a peak. I was almost there when I felt him jerk and pump his load deep into my pussy. I groaned in frustration at how close I had been to cuming. He pulled out and asked me if I wanted an orgasm. I nodded eagerly, so he got out of the car and Brian took his place. Without any preliminaries Brian just slid his cock into my cum-soaked pussy and started fucking me.

Brian's technique was very different from Jack's. He alternated several hard thrusts with several gentle ones, as well as pausing for long moments with his cock nestled deep within me. Every time I got close to cuming he sensed it and paused and soon I was begging him to let me cum. He just chuckled and kept up his maddeningly erratic style. I almost started crying when I felt him add his cum to the load Jack had already deposited inside me. My poor hot pussy felt empty when he withdrew. Inquiringly, I looked over at Bob.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Hopkins?"

I paused for a long moment, not wanting to say it out loud. Finally I asked him, "Aren't you going to...you know...?"

"Aren't I going to what?" Bob was not making this simple for me. He knew what I wanted.

"Aren't you going to make love to me?"

"Make love? Nobody has made love to you yet. Say what really happened. Say what you want, and ask me nicely." he grinned at me from the front seat.

"All right. They fucked me, but I didn't have an orgasm. Will you please fuck me?" I lay there, almost naked in the back seat of a car, with my legs spread and cum trickling down my crack. All I wanted was to have someone slide his dick into me and fuck me until I came. I did not care who did it.

"Well, since you asked so politely, I'll be glad to fuck you, Mrs. Hopkins. But what if seeing it makes the other guys horny again? Will you fuck them again too?" Bob asked.

I nodded desperately. Bob turned me so I was facing the front of the car, with my ass on the edge of the rear seat. He eased through between the seats and lifted my legs up onto his shoulders. I felt his cock push into my pussy and he started up a nice rhythm that soon had me boiling again. I was a little uncomfortable as he pressed my neck back against the seat but his pounding dick soon made me forget that discomfort. Jack and Brian got on either side of me and started sucking and playing with my tits. I was in heaven.

When I finally came, I came the hardest I ever have. I closed my eyes and felt like I was flying through the middle of an explosion. I screamed and started bucking my ass, almost throwing Bob off me, but he managed to keep fucking me. When I finally came back to reality he was still pounding into me. He finally stiffened and shot his load, then pulled his cock out of me.

Brian immediately twisted me toward him and slipped his cock into me. As he started fucking me for the second time I hooked my legs behind his ass, pulling him into my pussy as far as I could. I was so hot I began having a small series of miniature orgasms. I started bucking and jumping like a madwoman. The boys told me I was the hottest woman they had fucked in a long time, making me feel proud.

One after another they all fucked me again. Bob and Brian even had me give them a blow job and I tasted my own dried juices on their cocks, a definite first. By then I eagerly sucked their cocks as deep into my throat as I could, swallowing every drop of cum as it spurted out at me. I was too gone to care how many times I got fucked or who I was sucking off.

When they finally finished I could feel my pussy throbbing from its workout. It felt full and well fucked. I looked down at my crotch and I could see my puffy lips, red even in the dim light. My nipples were sore from being sucked and chewed and even my tongue was tired. All I wanted was to go to sleep.

We all got out of the car to straighten out our clothing. My stockings were all laddered and torn and my dress was wadded around my waist, but I tried to make myself as presentable as I could. I stuffed my boobs back in and smoothed my skirt down as best I could. My pussy felt so swollen I was sure my cunt lips had to be dangling down below my skirt, but I knew that was not possible. I took some satisfaction in the fact that the boys looked similarly worn out.

Jack walked up to me and pulled my top back down. "You look much better like this. I like seeing those big tits and fat nipples of yours." he explained. I protested but left them out.

After we all got back into the car, Brian started driving again. We soon arrived at the beer store and we all got out and walked to the entrance. Several youths were lingering near the entrance. When they saw us they started shouting and laughing at me.

I knew I probably looked bad after my gang fuck but I had thought I

could pass acceptably in public. I could not figure out why they were laughing at me. Puzzled, I asked what they were laughing at.

"Maybe they like your tits." Jack chuckled.

I suddenly realized the top of my dress was still down and everyone could see my tits hanging out. I turned scarlet. I turned around and pulled it back up but they kept on jeering me. Mustering as much dignity as I could, I entered the store, ignoring their catcalls.

I was glad we were in a store where I did not shop. I was sure the clerk could tell I had just been fucked long and hard by the guys I was with. As quickly as possible I signed the credit slip and returned to the car. The boys soon returned with the beer and we started back.

As soon as we pulled out Dave eased my top down again and started sucking on my tits. I made no protest as he also worked a hand under my dress and began stroking my pussy. I fell asleep with him playing with my tits and pussy and did not awaken until he gently shook me as we turned into Sheila's street.

I put myself back together yet again and made my way inside, with Bob helping me. Tracy met us at the door.

"Well, you might as well put her in bed. She's not going to be much good now." she said as she looked me over.

Jack chuckled. "She has a right to be tired. She's had a really big workout. Once we got her started, she turned out to be a pretty hot fuck. She satisfied all of us."

As they eased me into bed, I heard her tell Jack, "Remember, this is a one-time thing. You promised you'd leave her alone after this."

The last thing I heard was Jack's reply.

"Absolutely. This was a one-time thing..."

Coerced by Kathy B. Part 3

I woke up Saturday morning feeling a little fuzzy-headed, but nothing really extreme. I couldn't remember much from the night before, although I did remember I was spending the weekend with Sheila's daughters and I vaguely remembered we'd been at a party the night before. I assumed I'd just had a little too much to drink and was battling a hangover.

I did remember having some really erotic dreams after I went to bed. Trying to recall the dreams, I reached down and cupped my pussy. I was surprised to feel how swollen and hot it was. I giggled to myself. It wasn't the first time I'd masturbated in my sleep. I must have been pretty horny. It felt like I'd been rubbing my cunt all night.

I took a long hot shower and felt pretty good. After dressing, I headed downstairs but both Lisa and Tracy were gone. I don't usually eat much breakfast so I just had a couple of pieces of toast. As I was buttering it I noticed a box of tea on the counter. THAT I remembered. It was the most delicious tea I'd ever had. I made a pot of it and went out onto the patio with the paper.

I drank tea and read for a little while but then everything got hazy again. I thought I must be catching a bug or something, I was so muddled this weekend. The sun was warm on me so I decided to nap in the heat and try to bake it out.

I think I'd dozed for an hour or so when three boys came around the corner of the house. I knew I'd met them the night before but for the life of me I couldn't think of their names.

"Hi, Mrs. Hopkins. How are you feeling?" the first one asked me. When I just looked at him without answering, he continued, "It's me, Brian. Remember?"

I nodded groggily. "Hi, Brian."

"What's the matter with her?" I heard another one ask. "Oh, shit guys. She got into the goodies again." He picked up the teapot and sniffed it.

"What do you think, Jack. Should we go again?"

Jack looked at me. "What the hell, why not? Mrs. Hopkins, why are you sunbathing with all your clothes on? Don't you want a nice tan?"

"Y-yes, but people might see me."

"Nobody will see you back here but us and we've already seen you naked, remember? Why don't you get a nice golden tan for us?"

I giggled. "Ok." It seemed like a good idea. I quickly stripped down then reclined on the lounge. I saw Brian carry my clothes into the house while Brian carried my clothes into the house. A few minutes latter he emerged with some baby oil.

"Mrs. Hopkins, you better let Dave rub some lotion on you. Those big tits of yours will cook pretty quick in this sun." When I nodded he threw the lotion to the third boy. Dave came over to me and stood grinning at me as he flipped open the top on the lotion. With one smooth motion he squirted a line of oil that began at my throat, ran down the middle of my chest and stomach into my pussy hair then back up to loop around each nipple. The oil was cold compared to my overheated skin and I shivered, making my boobs wobble violently from side to side. Dave laughed.

"Easy there, Mrs. H. You shake those things like a two-dollar stripper. He sat beside me on the lounge and started rubbing the oil in. He began on my stomach, rubbing and rubbing until the oil heated up and was worked completely into my skin. He moved up to my boobs and began working the oil into them. I could feel my nipples stiffen as he rubbed. They got so hard they felt like they were going to pop right off my chest. I began moaning as I got aroused.

After finishing my arms and legs, Dave returned to my pussy. He gave it another liberal squirt of oil and rubbed the oil all over it, inside and out. "We don't want this hot little cunt to get a bad sunburn, do we?" Dave asked as he worked two or three fingers into my pussy. "I've got a feeling this pussy is going to be out in the light of day a lot more

from now on. We want it to look good."

When he finished, Dave went over and sat down with the guys. They opened beers and left me alone. I dozed, on and off, for the next hour or so. At one point I felt someone lift my hand and place it on my pussy. Already hot from the sun and being rubbed and stroked, it twitched when I touched it so I slowly rubbed my clit as I lay there. I thought I heard a camera but I couldn't be sure and quite frankly, I didn't much care.

I felt a hand shaking me awake. "Time to turn over, Mrs. Hopkins. you don't want to burn your tits." Brian helped me sit up and fed me some tea. I sipped it thirstily.

"Thank you. You guys are so nice to me."

Brian chuckled. "That's because you're nice to us, Mrs. Hopkins. We love helping horny old ladies with big tits and hungry pussies. Now lay on your stomach."

I turned over and laid down again. I could feel my boobs squash under my weight and my nipples pressed through the webbing on the lounge. Brian noticed and reached under, rubbing them and then pulling on them to make them stick out further. They were still covered in oil and slippery so he was able to pull a some of my tit out too, but not all of them. After flicking my nipples a few times, he took the bottle and squirted oil along my back and down my ass crack.

As Brian started rubbing oil into my shoulders I could feel a thick trickle ooze between my cheeks and down my aroused pussy lips. I wanted to put my hand back into my crotch but I couldn't reach in this position so I pillowed my head on my arms and closed my eyes.

Brian worked his way down my back and thoroughly rubbed oil into each cheek of my ass, commenting to the other boys on how large and meaty they were. I smiled to myself, happy they liked me. Brian started rubbing oil up and down through my crack, pulling my cheeks apart.

"If you get a burn there you won't be able to sit down. Just keep

snoozing, Mrs. Hopkins." Jack called over to me from his chair as Brian kept rubbing oil into my ass crack and pussy from behind. He would occasionally squirt more oil down my butt so I was really slicked up.

Each pass up and down my crack, he would drag his fingers across my ass hole. At first it twitched and puckered each time he touched it but eventually I relaxed and stopped reacting involuntarily to each touch of his fingers. As I dozed off I felt his fingers pressing harder and harder with each pass. Soon his finger popped inside my ass hole. I felt him run it in smoothly until his hand pressed against my ass then ease it back out and continue up over my cheeks. The next pass he repeated the process, in and out.

Soon Brian was pushing two fingers into my ass hole. I was so oiled up I felt no pain, even though I'd never had anything in my ass before. In fact, it felt pretty good and I found myself pushing my ass back against his hand as he finger-fucked me. It felt so good that I groaned when I felt him pull out and stand up.

I heard a chuckle. "Don't worry, I'll put it back in a minute. Do you like having something up that lovely ass of yours?"

"Yes." I murmured sleepily. "Please put it back."

"No problem, Mrs. H." I felt Brian get back on the lounge and soon felt the now familiar press against my sphincter. A slight push against my greasy ass hole and he slid smoothly into me. It wasn't until I felt his body press down on me that I realized it wasn't his fingers. I started to rise in protest but the weight of his body held me down.

"Oh, yeah! Push that sweet ass back against me, baby." Brian grunted as he started moving his cock in and out of my ass. I'd always heard anal sex hurt but this felt terrific. I could feel my cunt throbbing as it picked up the rhythm of Brian's cock and began building toward an orgasm.

"How's her ass, Brian?" Jack called. "Is she a three-holer?"

"Man is she ever!" Brian gasped as he banged into me. "Her pussy might

be a little loose but her ass hole is as tight as a teenager's. Oh, shit. She's too hot, I'm cuming!" With a shudder he buried his cock deep in my ass and I felt him twitch as he pumped his sperm into me. He collapsed on my back, pressing me tight against the lounge.

"Hey, get off her." I heard Dave say. "I want some of that ass too."

Brian pushed off me. I felt his cock pull from my ass hole as he stood. Reaching down, he pulled my cheeks apart and I heard the camera snap and the two boys laugh as my ass hole slowly closed up. Dave then got behind me and quickly fed his cock into my now hungry ass, while Brian went back and sat with Jack.

I felt myself heading toward orgasm as Dave humped me hard but I was still not there when he too spurted his cum up my ass. I was relieved when Jack rose and pulled off his shorts. After Dave moved out of the way Jack squirted some more oil into my crack and slid his big cock up my ass in one long push. I giggled and pushed back against his crotch.

Jack and I fucked for several minutes and I was almost ready to orgasm when I heard a voice.

"Hey! You guys promised!" I lifted my head to see Lisa and Tracy, arms loaded with groceries.

Jack quickly pulled out and scrambled to his feet, his thick cock bobbing obscenely. "It's not our fault, Tracy. She got into the tea again and we found her lying out here. We figured, what the hell..."

Lisa made a face. "You guys are pigs. Do you get off, fucking an old lady? Do whatever you want."

Jack grinned and quickly got behind me. I pushed back as he began fucking me again. "Yeah we get off. She gets us off, don't you Mrs. Hopkins? Besides, she's not too old. Just nicely broken in. I think this bitch has lots of fucks left in her."

Tracy walked over and squatted down beside the lounge. I lifted my head

as she looked me over. I could feel Jack's thick cock sawing in and out of my ass as Tracy smiled at me. She reached underneath the lounge and started pulling gently on my nipples, still pushing through the webbing.

"Is that true, Mrs. Hopkins?" Tracy asked me as she milked my throbbing nipples. "Do you have lots of fucks left in you?"

I was so horny I nodded. Tracy gave me a disgusted look as she let go of my nipples and stood up. She picked the camera up from the table and snapped several pictures of me, groaning in ecstasy as Jack fucked my ass.

I still hadn't cum yet when I felt Jack shudder and add his cum to the other two loads in my ass. When he pulled out and spread my ass cheeks, my ass hole gaped open. I squeezed it shut and Jack laughed when it slowly opened back up again. He asked Tracy to take a couple of shots of my ass hole.

I started to reach back between my legs to finish myself off when I felt Jack push my hand away.

"Not yet, baby. You just snooze while we have another beer. We'll finish you off once we rest up. I want you nice and horny."

I protested but did as he told me. The hot sun soon had me nearly asleep while my new friends sat in the shade, talking quietly and sipping their beer. I could feel the sweat form and run off my body as I lay there.

I think I slept for about half an hour or so. I felt someone crawl under the lounge and brush across my nipples, then gently start licking them. It felt like Brian but I was sleepy and it felt so good I just kept my eyes closed, enjoying the sensation as he licked first one sweaty nipple, then the other. I started grinding my crotch against the lounge, hoping he would hurry up and fuck me so I could cum.

"Ewww, that's sick." I heard Tracy say. I heard laughter as I opened my eyes and looked over into the shade. It took me a minute to focus but when I did I saw everybody sitting there, the three boys laughing while the girls looked disgusted.

Everybody? Then who was licking my nipples? I looked through the webbing and saw a large brown dog lapping at my breasts where they pressed through. I gasped and started to pull up but Tracy was quickly beside the lounge, pressing down on the back of my neck so I couldn't lift up. When I started to struggle she reached down between my legs and gave my pussy a gentle rub.

"There, there, just lay still. You seem to like it, so don't get up. I'll play with your pussy if you calm down." As she slowly stroked my pussy lips with her long nails, I stopped fighting and relaxed. "Good girl." she patted my head. "You really are a slut pig, aren't you?"

I heard more pictures being taken, then Tracy stopped playing with me and stood up. The dog licked me for a few more minutes, then I felt my nipples rub across his back as he crawled out from under me. He trotted back out of the yard.

"Ok, Mrs. Hopkins." I heard Jack call me. "Come on over here and suck us hard again. We'll give you that orgasm you're aching for." When I sat up and started to stand Tracy interrupted.

"No, no, I think you should crawl, Mrs. Hopkins. Horny sluts like you should crawl to get their cock, or go without."

I was so horny I didn't want to go without cock so I got down on all fours and started crawling across the yard. I could feel the grass brushing across my nipples as my boobs hung down, swinging as I made my way to my new friends. I crawled to Jack first, wanting that big cock pounding my pussy as soon as possible. I reached out to grab it but he pushed my hands away.

"No hands, Mrs. H. Just use that hot mouth of yours. Suck me off, then I'll give you a good fuck."

I complied, licking the end of his cock until it stiffened, then dipping my head and capturing it between my lips. My pussy was crying to be fucked as I eagerly sucked him hard and started pushing my mouth down

his thick shaft. In no time I had his cock glistening with saliva as I sucked hard on it.

"Oh, what a great cock sucker she is." Jack moaned. "How does my cock taste? Can you taste your own shit, you slut?"

I was so horny I hadn't even thought about how dirty their cocks were. It was too late to worry about it then so I kept sucking and slurping. They took more pictures of me kneeling between Jack's legs as I blew him, finally taking his load deep into my throat. I licked his cock clean, swallowing every drop, then crawled over to Dave and began tonguing him.

He pulled my head off his cock and pushed me away. "I'm not next. You skipped somebody."

I looked up, confused. I had blown Jack and Dave was next in line.

"You forgot me." Lisa spoke up, sitting in between the two guys. I hadn't even thought of her. As I looked at her, she spread her legs and pulled her panties aside. "C'mon, slut. Start eating or you don't get to cum."

I crawled between Lisa's legs and stared at her pussy, all nicely trimmed and neat looking. When I hesitated she grasped my head and pulled it against her crotch. Not knowing what else to do, I kissed her. She gave me instructions and I soon learned how to eat pussy, sucking on her clit until she had the orgasm I was dying for.

I was then allowed to suck off Dave and Brian and eat Tracy to an orgasm. I really got into it after a while, enjoying the thick globs of cum as it slid down my throat. I even started liking the tangy flavor of Tracy's pussy as I chewed on her lips and thrust my tongue deep up inside her.

Finally, I had made everyone else cum and it was time for my orgasm. I looked around to see who was going to fuck me. Jack told me to crawl back out into the sun in front of them.

"You get started and one of us will join you. You need to do a good job masturbating. Show us how hot that pussy of yours can get." he told me.

My body was screaming for release so I had no choice but to do as I was told. I crawled in front of them and lowered my head to the ground, my ass high in the air and facing them. Reaching back between my legs with my hand, I alternated pinching my clit and sawing my fingers deep into my hungry cunt. I heard them giggling and snapping pictures but I was too far gone to care, desperate to please them so they would fuck me and let me cum.

They never helped me. I finally got myself off, shuddering in the grass and pushing my ass back at the open air as they told me what a horny pig I was. They took a few more pictures as I laid there with my fingers buried in my pussy, resting.

I felt myself falling asleep as they got up and went into the house. I knew I should get up but I was too tired so I slept right there, in the yard with my head down and my ass high in the air, the breeze tickling my tender ass hole.

Coerced by Kathy B. Part 4

This time when I woke up I knew I hadn't been dreaming. I was lying face down in the yard, naked and alone, my ass, pussy and thighs sticky with cum. I realized, too late, that Friday night was no dream either, but a sad reality. I looked around but there was nothing to cover up with. After looking around to make sure nobody could see me, I dashed quickly for the house.

I stepped inside and slammed the door behind me, then ran to the guest room. I spent the rest of the weekend in my room, emerging only when I was sure nobody was home. I avoided talking to Tracy and Lisa, pretending to be asleep when they knocked on the door. As soon as Sheila got home, I pretended I didn't feel well and rushed home.

I couldn't believe what I'd done. After living as a model citizen for 40

years, trying hard to be a good wife and mother, I'd thrown it all away in a day and a half of lust and depravity. What would I do if my husband and children found out? What would I do if my boss ever found out? I'd been a secretary at the insurance agency for 22 years. I knew I was a good secretary but their business was dependent on the people of the community, I'd be dismissed in a heartbeat if I was found out. I was determined not to let that happen. I'd just avoid everyone involved and let the whole thing die down.

Everything seemed fine for several months. I finally felt like I was back to normal. We'd even seen Sheila and Greg socially a few times and I thought the kids must have kept it to themselves. I was sure I was probably the subject of a few gross stories in their dorms but there wasn't much I could do about that. In fact, I'd pretty much pushed it out of my mind so I really didn't get alarmed when I came home from work one day and saw Sheila, Lisa and my husband sitting in the living room.

I started to panic when I saw the anger in Mark's eyes. "Charlene, Sheila says you seduced several of her daughters' friends a few months ago. I told her to get the hell out of my house but she wanted to hear it from you."

I tried to cover the fear in my eyes. "Mark, you know I'd never do anything like that. I can't believe she'd say such a thing."

Lisa spoke up. "You slept with my boyfriend and then tried to have sex with Tracy and me too."

"That's a lie!" I screamed. "Don't you dare say such a thing!"

Mark turned to Sheila. "Sheila, I don't know what's come over you or that daughter of yours, but if you're not out of my house in one minute, I'm calling the police."

Through all that, Sheila sat calmly on the end of the couch. "Mark, when my daughter comes to me and tells me she was molested, I have no reason..."

"That's it!" Mark interrupted. "I'm pressing charges." He picked up the

phone and started dialing.

Sheila continued as if he hadn't spoken. "...no reason not to believe her, especially when she shows me proof." She threw something into Mark's lap. He took one look and hung up the phone.

As soon as I saw what he was looking at, I ran into the bathroom and threw up. It was a picture of me, in a car. My dress was pulled down so you could see my breasts. My hairy pussy framed the base of one cock and I was sucking on another. From the look on my face, it was obvious that I was loving every minute of it. The two boys whose cocks I was draining were grinning at the camera.

I stayed in the bathroom as long as I could. When I finally came out, Mark was pale and Sheila looked smug. I sat down on the arm of his chair and tried to take his hand but he wouldn't let me. Sheila spoke first.

"Charlene, I think you've done a horrible thing but I don't want you to go to prison. Your children are too young and I think they still need a mother, even a lousy one like you. However, I think you need to be punished for what you did. I have suggested, and Mark has agreed, that the best punishment will be for you to come to work for me for two years. I've always wanted a maid and you will do it. If you do it without complaint, I won't press charges against you for molesting my kids."

I looked at Mark. "I think it's fair," he said. It will mean quitting your job but you can find another one. You will stay at Sheila and Greg's during the week and you can come home from Saturday until Monday. That will give you a chance to see the kids. Sheila, I'm sorry I didn't believe you." He hesitated. "I think I need some time to figure things out, too."

I burst into tears. "I'm sorry, honey. I don't know why it happened. I love you."

Sheila stood up. "Come on, Charlene. You can get started tonight."

I followed, still crying. I wasn't even going to be able to say

good-bye! Mark turned his back on me and walked away. We got outside and I started to get into Sheila's car, but she stopped me.

"My employees don't ride in my car and I don't want your car clogging my driveway. You can walk."

"Walk? You can't be serious." I protested. "It's all the way across town! Sheila, be reasonable."

Before I even knew what was happening, Sheila slapped me hard across the face. "Let's get this clear. I'm disgusted with you for what you did. I agreed to let you work for me so you didn't have to go to jail but I intend to see to it you are punished for your crimes. Don't you EVER question one of my instructions again. I said you will walk so you better walk, either to my house or to the police. Which will it be?"

Tears were streaming down my face as I answered, "I'll walk to your house."

"I think you mean, 'Please may I walk to your house,' don't you?"

I sniffed, "Please may I walk to your house, Sheila?"

Sheila smiled. "Yes, Charlene, you may. But from now on you will address me properly. You will always call me 'ma'am' or Mrs. Winters but never 'Sheila.' You will call everyone in my house 'sir' or 'ma'am' and if they are in my house they are my guests, so you must consider a request from them a request from me. Do you understand?"

I was embarrassed. We were standing in my driveway and Sheila was not trying to be quiet. I nodded quickly, hoping this would all be over.

"Good girl. Stop crying, too. I'm sick of your blubbering. You got into this mess, now you must live with it. I expect you at the house in half an hour. I want supper ready when Greg gets home." Sheila got in the car and drove off, with Lisa snickering beside her.

I walked as fast as I could and made it to Sheila's house just before the deadline. I walked up to the front door but found it locked. I rang

the doorbell and waited. When Sheila came to the door she looked angry.

"Servants don't use the front door. Come in through the garage." She slammed the door in my face.

On the way over I made up my mind not to get mad so I went around to the garage and tried the side door. It too was locked. This time Sheila was smiling when she answered.

"That's much better. However, you will have to wear a uniform. Take off all your clothes and put them into this box." She handed me a cardboard box.

Without arguing, I stripped off my dress and slip and stood there in my bra and panties, praying Greg wouldn't come home and open the garage door. When Sheila just looked at me, I realized she wanted my underwear to go into the box as well. Finally, I stood shivering in the garage, naked and waiting for my ordeal to end.

Sheila took the box into the house, then returned with another. "I believe this is yours." The box contained the outfit I'd worn at the party, complete with a new pair of stockings and heels. Before I could say anything she closed the door in my face. As small as the outfit was, it was preferable to being naked so I quickly dressed and went into the kitchen.

Sheila laughed at me in my uniform. I flushed but started fixing some dinner. She sat at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and directing me. When I bent over to get a casserole dish, she hooted and I knew she'd seen my bare pussy. After I got the casserole into the oven, she spoke.

"I don't want that hairy thing uncovered in my kitchen. While dinner is cooking, I want you to go shave all the hair off it." I opened my mouth to protest but she must have anticipated it. "If you complain, I will take you for a haircut tomorrow morning."

I went into the bathroom and shaved. I'd never done it before and it took me quite a while but I eventually got it pretty smooth. After cleaning up, I returned to the kitchen.

"Bend over the table." Sheila ordered. "I want to make sure you did a good job." I flushed but bent over, then moved my feet apart when she told me to.

"I can't figure out why those boys wanted to fuck you anyway, Charlene. Your pussy is huge, mine is much tighter." Sheila ridiculed me.

"I agree, honey. Your pussy is much tighter." I heard a male voice, Greg, behind me. I started to jump up but Sheila told me to stay bent over. I felt a thick finger part my swollen lips and slide easily into my cunt. "Is this our new maid? Why is her pussy so wet?"

"She's a slut, that's why." Sheila replied. "Look how loose it is from all the fucking she does."

Greg pulled his finger from my cunt and laughed. "Well, you know how it is with the help, honey. All they think about is food and fucking. Where's dinner?"

"It would be ready if Charlene would get going." Sheila grabbed Greg by the arm and led him from the kitchen. I was flushed and panting from embarrassment. I didn't know how I was going to face these two, day after day.

Dinner went well. I served them, then ate my own meal, in the kitchen. Sheila told me I could only sit at the kitchen table or in my room, anywhere else I must either stand or sit on the floor. I was so tired and humiliated that I didn't argue.

About eight PM I was called into the living room. Lisa was home again and she and her parents were sitting around the room.

"Charlene, we're bored. Why don't you entertain us?" Sheila asked.

"Yes, ma'am." I replied. "What would you like?"

"Lisa tells us you masturbated to entertain she and her friends. Why

don't you do that?" Sheila smirked.

I opened my mouth to cry out but realized I had no choice. How could I willing masturbate for a group of teens, then refuse adults? So I turned around and got down on all fours.

It took me a while to get myself aroused. It didn't help that the three of them chatted and laughed while I knelt there, rubbing my bud and driving two fingers in and out of my pussy. Finally, it started to heat up and I eventually managed a small orgasm.

Sheila gave me permission to stand up. "Not bad, but tomorrow bring a dildo in with you. The only way to keep you happy is to stuff something in that fat pussy of yours. You started out poorly but you were pretty good tonight, you may sleep in the basement. Don't get used to it, though. If you disobey me, you will find yourself sleeping in the garage."

I hurried down cellar and made a bed over near the furnace. Since I had no other clothes with me, I had to sleep naked. For the first time since I was a little girl, I cried myself to sleep.

Coerced Part 5 by Kathy B.

Part 5

I slept poorly that night, shivering on the cold floor. I used the time to consider my choices. It was obvious that Sheila didn't just want a maid, she wanted to humiliate me sexually. The fact that she was my best friend seemed to make no difference. If I stayed, it would only get worse. On the other hand, I didn't want to go to prison. In addition to the terrors I'd face in prison, my career would be ruined and my children would be teased mercilessly in school.

I'd like to say I made my decision based on what was best for my family, but I'm weak. As bad as I knew Sheila would make my life, I was sure it would be better than going to prison. I resolved to do the best job I could as Sheila's maid.

At peace with my decision, I finally slept. My slumber was shattered when my rear end exploded in pain. I screamed and jumped to my feet, turning to see a glaring Sheila, tapping a yardstick against her thigh.

"I expect my coffee ready when I wake up in the morning." Sheila said as I rubbed the welt on my ass. I scrambled to get dressed as she complained. "You're a fat, lazy slut. I can see I have a lot of work to do, training you."

"I'm sorry, Sheila." I said as I bent over to pull my stockings on. "I'll do a good job, I promise."

SWISH CRACK!! My ass exploded in pain again. I howled and danced around. "What did you call me?" Sheila asked quietly.

"Owww, I'm s-sorry. I meant Mrs. Winters. I'll be better, Mrs. Winters."

"See to it you do. Now go fix my coffee and make my husband some breakfast."

I scrambled up the stairs, pulling my heels on as I ran. Sheila followed me up the stairs and sat at the table as I hurried to prepare breakfast. She was sipping her coffee and I was just putting his breakfast on the table as Greg came in, immaculately attired in an expensive suit.

He looked at me and chuckled. "Nice hair, Charlene."

I blushed as Sheila replied. "The lazy bitch overslept. Look at her. No makeup, her hair isn't combed, she's a mess. Don't worry, I'll punish her later. She'll be up on time tomorrow, I guarantee it."

"I'll leave that up to you, honey. Don't let her take advantage of you." Greg said as he started to eat.

I stood quietly as Sheila and Greg ate, refilling cups and delivering food. Greg had his head buried in the newspaper when Sheila called his attention to me again.

"Honey, do you think Charlene is fat? She looks a little pudgy to me." I

felt tears well up in my eyes as my best friend attacked me.

Greg lifted his head and looked at me. "Not much. She just has really big tits. I think the nipples are supposed to be covered, Charlene." He grinned as I quickly tucked myself back in.

"You didn't see her flopped naked on the floor, sleeping." Sheila argued. "I'm telling you, she's fat. Charlene, take off your dress and show Mr. Winters how fat you are."

"Yes, ma'am." I cried softly as I pulled the dress over my head.

"Now step over here, lift your arms and turn around so he can see all of you."

Greg looked me over from head to toe. "I still don't think she's very fat. She's got a little bit of a belly and her boobs hang down, but her legs are pretty good and she doesn't have a double chin or anything. She's no spring chicken, you know."

Lisa walked into the room and took in the sight of me, naked in her kitchen, as she slipped onto her chair. "What's going on?" she asked, sleepily.

"Honey, do you think Charlene is overweight? Your father says she's just old and saggy but I think she's fat. What do you think?"

Lisa didn't even bother looking at me again. "You're both right but you missed the biggie. She's out of shape."

Sheila snapped her fingers. "You're right, darling. That's what it is. Charlene, today we're going to start a diet and exercise program for you. I won't have people thinking my maid is a slob."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters." I replied.

"Please give Lisa her breakfast now." When I reached for my dress, Sheila's voice took on an ominous quality. "I said, 'NOW'." I quickly

dropped it and hurried to do as I was told.

I stayed naked while everyone ate breakfast and Greg left for work. When I started to clear the dishes, Sheila told me to scrape the plates into the dog's dish. I went out into the garage and emptied the leftovers on top of Max's dog food. He must have heard the silverware clinking because he came bounding through his doggie door and immediately began wolfing his food.

When I returned to the kitchen, Sheila commented. "That was fast. Weren't you hungry?"

I looked at her, puzzled. "I'm hungry, why?"

"It didn't take you long to eat."

"I don't understand." I replied, confused.

Sheila looked at me like I was a moron. "Those leftovers are for you. From now on, you can only eat what is left over on our plates. It will help you lose weight."

"But you told me to put it in Max's dish." I protested.

"Right. That's your dish too, starting today."

"I can't eat out of that dish. It's dirty, it had dog food already in it and Max ate the food as soon as I put it in."

"If it's dirty, wash it. A little dog food won't hurt you and if you get hungry enough, you'll learn to eat before Max gets it all. Next time be a little faster." We both heard the doorbell ring. "Go answer that. I need to get something from upstairs."

"I'm naked." I protested.

Sheila leaned in close. "Listen, bitch. I didn't start this mess, you did. If you think things are bad now, believe when I say they can get

much worse. Answer the damn door."

I hurried to the front door, wearing only my heels and stockings. Peeking out, I saw Dave. He grinned at me as I let him in.

"Nice outfit, Mrs. Hopkins." he patted my ass.

"Call her Charlene." Lisa called from the living room. "She's our new maid."

Dave sat down on the couch. "Cool. Does she ever wear clothes?"

Lisa grinned. "Of course. She's just happier naked. Aren't you, Charlene?"

"Yes, ma'am." I agreed, not wanting to anger her.

"Whoa! What happened to her pussy?" Dave exclaimed.

"Mom made her shave it. Bend over and show him your pussy." Lisa ordered.

Obediently, I bent over and grabbed my ankles as Dave examined my bare pussy.

"Damn, it looks a lot bigger like that. Her lips hang right out, don't they? I felt him cup my cunt, then slip a finger inside. "Goes right in. She's loose and wet."

"That's because she's a horny slut, right Charlene? Lisa asked.

I wanted to say that I was wet with embarrassment, not lust, but I didn't want to disagree with Lisa. "Yes, ma'am. I'm a slut."

Dave grabbed both lips and pulled them out. He alternated stretching them out and apart, then back together again. "Hi, I'm Charlene's pussy." he mimicked. "I eat meat. Feed me. Feeeeeed meee."

Lisa laughed as he teased me. He continued until Sheila came downstairs. Dave let go of my pussy lips when he heard her coming but Sheila told him not to stop on her account.

"After seeing those pictures, I think we can safely say you two have played before. Let's not be hypocrites."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters." Dave said, blushing a little.

"Look, Dave. I like you." Sheila said. "I don't want to see you sleeping around, catching some kind of disease. Charlene wants to help too. Feel free to come over any time you want. I know she'll be glad to see you, won't you?" Sheila bent down to look at my face, flushed from Dave's efforts on my pussy.

"Yes, ma'am." I said.

"I'm glad you're here, Dave." Sheila continued. "Charlene overslept forty five minutes this morning and she needs to be paddled. I found my old sorority paddle here but I think she should be paddled by a man. One stroke for every five minutes is fair, so she needs nine strokes. Will you spank her?"

"Sure, Mrs. Winters." Dave grinned.

"Charlene, get down on your hands and knees. I don't want you to fall. That's it, put your face right on the carpet and stick that big ass up in the air."

I turned my head to the side away from Dave. I could see Lisa and Sheila sitting on the couch, watching eagerly. A smooth surface gently touched my ass, then swung away. I tensed as I heard the wood moving through the air, then my brain exploded in pain. Screaming, I jumped up and started jumping around, frantically rubbing my stinging buttocks. My boobs were dancing wildly as Sheila, Lisa and Dave all watched with amusement.

I rubbed my ass for several minutes, sobbing loudly. Finally, the pain receded to a dull throb.

"I shouldn't count that because you got up but it was too funny to see." Sheila said. I'll tell you what. You can crawl around the room to ease

the sting but you cannot stand up. You may rub your ass but only with one hand at a time. If you forget, the stroke doesn't count. Now get ready for your next stroke. Don't forget to count, either."

I got back on all fours and sniffled out a "One." as Dave lined up another swat. Although I knew what to expect, the pain still nearly drove me insane. I started to jump up but at the last minute I remembered Sheila's instructions. I crawled around the room three-legged, my boobs swinging beneath me as I rubbed my sore ass. Finally, I crawled back to Dave and whispered "Two."

It seemed like it took forever to get to nine but I finally made it. My ass was screaming in pain and I knew I wouldn't sit down for days. Sheila came over to me as I knelt, sobbing quietly. She caressed my head, almost tenderly, like the friend I thought she'd been before.

"That hurt, didn't it?" Crying, I nodded. "You don't want that to happen again, do you?" I rapidly shook my head no. "You'll make sure you're up on time tomorrow, won't you?" I nodded. "You'll already be washed and dressed, won't you. Your hair and makeup will be perfect, right?" I was vigorously nodding my head.

I flinched as Sheila ran a fingernail across my red ass, then softly scraped it along my cunt. "You have a five o'clock shadow, Charlene. I expect this pussy smooth as silk every time I see it. Understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Winters." I sniffled. "I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want me to. Please don't paddle me any more."

"I won't have to if you behave, Charlene." she replied. "Now, thank Dave for disciplining you."

I turned my tear-streaked face toward Dave. "Thank you for paddling me, Dave."

Sheila cleared her throat. "Is that the proper way to thank someone?" she asked. "Dave worked hard to help you learn. I'd think you could thank him a little more nicely than that."

I looked at her, incredulous. "Here? In front of you and Lisa?"

Sheila waved her hand with a dismissive gesture. "We've all seen pictures of you doing far worse. If one of us gets uncomfortable, we can leave. Now, thank Dave for paddling you."

Dave sat on the couch, between Sheila and Lisa, as I crawled to him. I unzipped his pants. He lifted his hips and slid them past his knees. His cock popped up against his belly. After a quick glance at the two women beside him, I leaned in and kissed it gently. I was rewarded with a twitch. It swung away, then back toward my face. I opened my mouth and as the head of his cock entered it, I quickly closed my lips and drove myself all the way to the base of his cock.

"Oh, shit. What a cock sucker." Dave moaned. "Suck it, baby. Suck it deep."

Sheila leaned down to watch my head bob up and down on Dave's pole. "Watch out she doesn't bite it, Dave. She's hungry."

Lisa giggled. "She's hungry, all right. Hungry for cock. Look at her go!"

I wanted to tell them that I wasn't enjoying this one bit. I just wanted it to be over with so I was eagerly sucking Dave's cock to end it. I wanted to tell them that, but I didn't. I just kept on sucking.

Dave did his best to hold out and I did my best to make him cum. I sucked as hard as I could, driving his cock deep into my throat and letting my gag reflex caress the head. I'd alternate that with kisses from his balls to his knob, then slide my mouth back over it again. He was holding out pretty well until Lisa and Sheila both reached in at the same time and cupped his nuts. I think he was so surprised he lost his hold and creamy jets of cum immediately started pumping into my mouth. I was so hungry, I eagerly swallowed it all. The two women massaged his testicles until he stopped pumping.

Dave sagged back into the cushions, smiling contentedly. I licked the cum off my lips as I sat back, then immediately shot forward again when

my sore butt touched my legs. My face pushed back into Dave's crotch but Lisa pushed me away.

"God, can't you see he's tired. Give him a break." she warned me. "You are such a slut."

"She wants more, does she?" Sheila asked. "Okay, Charlene. You did a good job on Dave. You can cum if you want. Go ahead and masturbate."

"No thank you, Mrs. Winters." I replied. "I'm fine."

"Are you talking back to me?" Sheila asked. "I just gave you permission to masturbate. Do you need to be punished for disobeying? Or is it the company? If you think you're too good to do it in front of us, maybe you'd rather do it in the back yard."

"No, ma'am. I want to masturbate for you, right here." I begged. "Please don't spank me any more."

"Then turn around and get busy." I quickly spun around and stuck my ass out at them as I slid two fingers into my cunt. The humiliation of the last hour had soaked it. Still, it was difficult to feel excited as I played with myself a few feet from three other people.

As I strummed my clit, I felt something rubbing against my cunt. Looking back between my legs, I realized Dave was pressing the handle of the paddle against my pussy. I was so wet it easily parted my lips and slid in until the wide part pressed against my ass hole. He stroked it in and out as I continued to masturbate. The handle was five or six inches long and wider on one side than the other. When Dave tired of stroking it in and out, he pushed it in and slowly began to rotate it.

The sensations as my cunt widened, then collapsed, drove me over the edge. I came hard, moaning and pushing my pussy against my hand and my wooden lover.

Sheila made me turn around and lick the paddle clean of my juices. She gave me thirty minutes to shower and dress. I raced to clean up,

tenderly washing my still burning ass. I nearly forgot to shave my pussy, but was back in my uniform, with fresh stockings, all made up and standing in the kitchen with a minute to spare.

"Not bad, Charlene." Sheila said. "Let's see your pussy." Her hand slid under my skirt and rubbed my outer lips, then dipped in for a second. I immediately felt myself juicing up. So much for cleaning up.

"Good job, nice and smooth." she commented as she brought her fingers to my lips. I licked my juices off them. "I need to go to work now. I want you to clean the house from top to bottom. Do a good job and don't be lazy. You may not eat while I'm gone, unless there is something left in your dish. Also, you may not cum. If I find out you've been frittering away your time playing with yourself, I'll have you paddled again. Understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Winters." I agreed. "I won't play with myself. I'll be good."

"You better." Sheila warned. "Also, I want supper fixed and in the oven when I get home. Here's some money. Get some wine and have it chilling. I'll be home around four. We'll get your exercise program started then."

I was surprised Sheila was leaving me alone until I realized I wasn't a prisoner. I could walk out any time I wanted- any time I wanted to face public censure and prison. With a sigh, I began picking up the kitchen.

Part 6

I spent the rest of the morning picking up the downstairs, then damp mopping the kitchen floor and vacuuming the carpets in the other rooms. Although I'd always worn heels to work, I'd never cleaned in them before, and rarely spent that much time standing with them on. I was only allowed to sit in the kitchen or in my room and my ass was way too sore for those hard kitchen chairs, so I stayed on my feet despite the cramping.

By lunchtime I was starving. As much as I wanted something to eat, I didn't want to give Sheila any excuse to punish me. Desperate, I went

out to the garage and checked Max's dish. He'd left half a dozen granules of dog food. I was so hungry I picked them out of the grime and ate them. They were dry and tasteless but they took the edge off. As I squatted by the dish, crunching my food, Lisa came out into the garage. She looked at me in disgust.

"What are you eating?"

"Dog food, ma'am."

"Did Mom say you could eat that?"

"Yes, ma'am." I replied. "She said I could eat whatever I found in Max's dish."

"You better not be lying to me." Lisa warned.

"I'm not." I promised.

"I'll check when I get home. I have to go to work now." Lisa worked afternoons and evenings at a local amusement park. She turned to go.

"Wait." I called. "Please." I added quickly when she glared at me. "I'm still hungry." I pleaded.

"So. That's not my problem." Lisa retorted. "Mom said you could only have what was in Max's dish, right?" Then it dawned on her. "You want more dog food?"

"Yes, please." I said, embarrassed.

Lisa sighed. "All right, I suppose I can feed you. Sit up and beg."

I squatted on my heels and stuck my hands up in the air, mimicking a begging dog while she got a small cup of dog food. She kept me like that for several minutes as she circled me, even sliding her sneaker under me to rub my dangling pussy lips. I was humiliated but too hungry to do anything about it. I could feel her shoe scraping across my pussy as she

rubbed me. My face turned red and I was soon panting as I became aroused.

"Your turn. Play with yourself." she ordered. I quickly slipped a hand under my skirt and began pumping a finger in and out of my slick cunt while I stroked my clit. Lisa watched me masturbate, waiting until my chest heaved with an impending orgasm before ordering me to stop and lick my fingers clean. I groaned in frustration as I pulled them from my steaming crotch.

When she finally dumped the food into the dish, she wouldn't allow me to use my hands. I was forced to put my face in Max's dirty bowl and chase the chunks around with my tongue. Max came in and looked curiously at me as I hungrily ate his food. I was still eating when Lisa left, shaking her head in disgust.

After lunch, I hurried upstairs and made the beds. As I was finishing, I heard the phone ring. I hurried to answer.

"Hello?"

I heard Sheila's voice. "You should have said, 'Winters residence, Charlene speaking,' stupid."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters. Sorry, ma'am." I apologized.

"I just called to see how you are doing. Any problems?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you get the wine yet?"

"Not yet." I replied. "I was just getting ready to go."

"Hurry up. I'll be home in a few hours and you'd better have dinner ready." She hung up.

I found the money to pay for the wine and was on my way out the door when I suddenly realized I wasn't wearing any bra or panties. The dress

was too low cut to wear a bra underneath but I didn't want to go out without panties on. The slightest breeze would leave me bare for the world to see. I knew I wasn't supposed to be wearing panties, but I'd just talked to Sheila and I knew she was at work so I decided to take a chance. I hurried upstairs and pulled on a pair of panties from Sheila's drawer.

I left the house and walked down the sidewalk, my breasts jiggling as I clicked along in my heels. I was so embarrassed to be seen wearing such a skimpy outfit, I walked as rapidly as I could. Unfortunately, that made my breasts bounce even more vigorously. I had to constantly adjust my plunging neckline, tucking my nipples back in or pulling my top back up as it threatened to slide off my boobs completely. I tried crossing my arms under my bust but that just made things worse. I must have squeezed them too tight because my boobs popped right out of the top like a bar of soap in a bathtub. I quickly pulled my top back over them but not before a passing car honked.

Luckily, it was only a few blocks to the liquor store. I was sweating from the heat and my rapid pace so the air conditioning felt good. I felt my nipples pucker as the sweat on my tits dried.

Nobody was in the store except the clerk, who stared at me as I hurried to the wine section. I heard the front bell tinkle as I selected a nice red. When I got to the counter, another man was there, asking for a special order. He looked at me curiously as I waited, avoiding eye contact.

"Don't I know you?" he finally asked.

I turned away. "I don't think so."

"I'm pretty sure I do." he argued. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers. "I do know you. Aren't you Mark Hopkins' wife?"

My face turned beet red as I slowly nodded.

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I Rick Mott. I'm a buyer for Boylan Industries. Your husband is one of my suppliers." He grinned. "Mark has

some wife. Is that what you wear to work? I thought you worked at a stockbroker's or something."

"I used to work for an insurance agency but I quit." I replied, wanting to escape. Mott was a crude pig. He didn't even pretend to look at my face as he spoke but instead stared at my exposed chest and legs.

"So what do you do now?" he asked, leering at me. "Stay home and keep ol' Mark satisfied?"

I didn't want to tell him what I did but he made staying home sound dirty so I shook my head. "I-I'm a maid." I said.

"A maid?" he asked, incredulous. "You left an insurance company to become a maid?" He shook his head. "Whatever floats your boat, I guess. I'll tell your husband I ran into you." he said as he took his package. "Maybe I'll 'run into' you again, sweetie." he said as he turned to leave.

Compared to Mott, the clerk was a gentleman but he still ogled my chest as he rang up my purchase. I hurried out of the store and back to Sheila's house, anxious to regain some privacy.

I chilled the wine, put dinner in the oven and was just setting the table when I heard Sheila's car in the driveway. I even remembered to take off Sheila's panties and throw them in the hamper.

Sheila entered the house and dropped her briefcase on the floor. She sat down on the couch and slipped her shoes off as I entered the room.

"You used the front door, didn't you Charlene?" she asked.

I was startled. How did she know? "Yes, Shei..., I mean Mrs. Winters. I'm sorry, I just forgot. Please don't paddle me." I begged.

Sheila snorted. "It's not that serious. Still, you need to learn. Tonight you can sleep in the garage instead of the basement. Do it again and you'll sleep out on the front steps. Take care of my shoes, please."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am." I replied gratefully. I bent over to pick up Sheila's shoes and heard her gasp.

"Turn around and bend over." she ordered. I quickly complied, baring my ass and pussy for her inspection. What was the matter? Did I need to shave my pussy again already? Sheila stood, walked around me, then softly rubbed my ass.

"Tell me, Charlene. Why do I see panty marks in your skin if you've been wearing your uniform all day? I don't remember giving you permission to wear any underwear."

Oh, shit! I hadn't taken them off soon enough! I started to stand up but Sheila put her hand on the back of my neck and pushed me back. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Winters. I was afraid someone would see my pussy when I went to the liquor store. Please don't paddle me. I'll never do it again." I promised as I burst into tears. Sobbing, I threw myself on the floor and hugged her feet. I'd never survive another paddling so soon.

"You should have thought of that before you made such a big mistake." Sheila said. "I can't believe you would violate my orders like this. I can't trust you at all."

"I'm so sorry." I cried. "I was embarrassed. I didn't want anybody to see my pussy."

"You stupid slut, half the town has already seen it." Sheila retorted. "The rest don't want to. "When I give you an order, I expect you to obey it. Go get me the panties you wore."

I quickly scurried to retrieve the panties from the hamper. Sheila pulled a marker from the drawer. Stretching them across the coffee table, she wrote, "GOOD FOR ONE DATE WITH CHARLENE HOPKINS" across the seat, then told me to put them on.

"You still need to be paddled for your disobedience, Charlene." she told me. However, I'll cut your punishment in half if you follow two simple

instructions.

"Thank you, Mrs. Winters." I said, grateful for any relief. "I'll do whatever you say."

"Good. It's time for you to exercise. I want you to jog out to the water plant and back. Somewhere along the way I will beep you on my pager. Wherever you are, I expect you to take off the panties and leave them. I don't expect you to hide them, I may use the cell phone to call, so I can see you. Second, when you come in the front door I want to smell cum on your breath. I don't care whose, you decide. You need some protein before you eat your dinner."

I was so grateful for the chance to lessen my punishment that I didn't care about anything else. "Thank you, Mrs. Winters." I sobbed as I knelt at her feet.

Sheila brought me a pair of jogging shorts and a sports bra. "You're just too big on top to jog braless." she said. "You'll hurt yourself." I was surprised at her compassion until I realized I wasn't wearing any other top except the white bra.

Dressed in the panties, shorts, bra and sneakers, I stretched a little in the front yard and jogged slowly down the street. As out of shape as I was, I was soon puffing badly but I maintained a steady pace to the edge of town. After the first mile I was soaked in sweat and my nipples were clearly visible through the cotton bra. Fortunately the bra was very tight and I wasn't bouncing too badly.

Despite my breathing difficulties, the jog to the plant wasn't bad. I went slowly but only had to walk one short leg. I was almost there when the pager at my belt went off.

I reached for my panties, then realized I had to take my shorts off to remove them. Panicked, I looked around for some shelter but only found some weeds just off the road. I hurried into them, quickly pulled my shorts and panties off, then put my shorts back on. As I started jogging again, I dropped the panties on the ground. With luck, they'd never be

found.

An older man was sitting in the guardhouse as I reached the gate. I slowed to catch my breath again and saw him staring at my heaving chest. Remembering my second task, I smiled at him.

"Hi." I said.

"Nice night for a run." he said as he studied my nipples.

"I'm just trying to get back in shape." I panted. "It's tough."

"Don't worry, you'll do it. What's your name?"

"Charlene." I knew Sheila wasn't going to allow me much time. "Um, can I come in and sit down for a minute?"

"Sure." he smiled. "Come on in."

I slipped into the cramped kiosk, letting my boobs rub his chest as I slid by. Skipping preliminaries, I waited for him to sit down then slid onto his knee.

He slid his hand under my panties and cupped my bare cunt. "Hey, no panties. You're one hot cunt." he grinned as he easily slipped two fingers into my pussy.

I flinched under his insult but forced a grin to my face. "Thanks." I said as I sank to my knees and reached for his zipper.

His cock was disappointingly small. I slipped it into my mouth and started working it with my tongue, trying to coax a load as quickly as possible. When I sank my lips to the root, I smelled his rank crotch odor and struggled not to gag.

As I blew him, I couldn't help wondering why I was disappointed in his cock size. What difference did it make? I was only doing it because I was ordered to, wasn't I? The goal was a load of cum in my stomach and a

mild case of bad breath, not sexual satisfaction. So why did I wish he was better hung?

He might not have had a big cock, but he sure had a big load and it didn't take him long to shoot it. He gripped my head and jammed my face down into his sweaty trousers as he arched up from his seat. Pressing himself deep into my mouth, he pumped long hot jets of sperm into my throat. It actually tasted pretty good, probably because I hadn't eaten much all day, and I eagerly swallowed every drop.

As soon as he finished cuming, he sank back into his chair and reached for my boobs. "Nice blow job, honey." he said. "Let's see the rest of the package."

"I can't, I have to get home." I pulled away. "I need to go."

"What the hell are you talking about?" he asked. "We're just getting started!"

"Sorry." I said as I slipped out the door and started running.

"Come back tomorrow." he called as I ran down the road.

The run home was pretty uneventful, although the seam of my shorts irritated my pussy and made it dampen from the stimulation. I was exhausted when I finally staggered into the yard.

All the doors were locked and I found Sheila sunning herself in the back yard. "Did you follow my instructions?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am." I replied.

"Take off your clothes." she ordered. Fortunately, the yard was surrounded by a tall hedge. I stripped, then bent over so she could smell my breath. "Good girl, Charlene." she said as she cupped one of my dangling breasts. "You're a sweaty little cock sucker."

She stood and went to the hose. "Lift your arms." When I complied, she

turned the ice cold spray on me. I yipped and jumped around but held still when she reprimanded me. She rinsed me from head to toe, paying special attention to my pussy and ass. By the time she was done, I was shivering.

"You can go naked the rest of the night. Check on supper, wash out your uniform for tomorrow and draw a bath for me." As I turned to go, she reminded me. "Get the paddle back out, too. We will need it later tonight."

Part 7

Steam rose from the oversized tub as it slowly filled. I poured a generous splash of bath oil under the faucet as Sheila entered the bathroom and peeled off her clothes.

In the fifteen years I'd known her I'd never seen Sheila naked. I knew she exercised but I didn't realize what fantastic shape she was in. Her stomach was taut and smooth, her buttocks were round and her medium sized breasts were high and firm. Kneeling naked beside her, I felt like a cow.

She stepped into the tub, then eased into the water. Moaning contentedly, she leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Oh, Charlene, this is nice." she murmured. "How would you like to wash me up?"

I knew the answer Sheila was looking for and I was eager to please her, hoping to cut down on my punishment. I nodded eagerly, "Yes, Mrs. Winters. I'd love to."

"Good girl." she smiled as I took the soap and began lathering her legs. She giggled as I began rubbing the bar along her calf.

I rubbed and scrubbed Sheila's body from head to toe. As I soaped her breasts, I felt her nipples harden under my fingers. She moaned as I began washing her crotch. When I finished and pulled my hands away, she directed me back.

Knowing what she expected, I began massaging her outer lips and stoking through her furrow. When she sat on the rim of the tub and pulled me forward, I eagerly sank my face into her pussy. I licked and chewed and stroked my finger in and out until Sheila shuddered in orgasm.

When she could stand, she wrapped a towel around herself and looked at me.

"You're a pretty good pussy lick. Do you like it?"

Eager to please, I nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Winters."

"Better than sucking cock?"

I shook my head. "No, ma'am. I prefer men."

Sheila grinned. "Well, I think you like both. Obviously, a slut like you needs everything she can get."

By the time Sheila was dressed, Greg was home. I served them dinner, naked except for my heels, and tried to ignore the growling in my stomach. I hadn't eaten much in over a day and I was starved.

When they finished, Sheila ordered me to put the leftovers in Max's dish. "Put the leftovers on the bottom and fill it up with dog food. That way, he eats the dry stuff to get to the table scraps." She patted me on the head. "Oh, and if you're hungry..."

Greg and Sheila both stood in the door and watched as I knelt in the garage, side by side with their dog, eating my supper. To my surprise, Max didn't bite me. We just took turns pushing our faces into the bowl and wolfing down bits of food.

"Charlene, you look perfect down there." Sheila laughed. "I love the way your boobs drag on the cement. Honey, get the camera. This is too good to waste."

I blushed but kept eating as Greg took several pictures of me. Finally,

the food was gone. I was still hungry but there wasn't much I could do about it.

"Ok, Charlene. It's time for your punishment." Sheila told me. "Go get the paddle and bring it to the living room."

Remembering how much it hurt to be paddled that morning, I started sniffing as I hurried to comply. When I returned to the living room, Sheila and Greg were waiting.

Sheila spoke. "Charlene, do you like being spanked?"

I shook my head vigorously. "No, ma'am."

"Then why do you disobey me? I told you what you could wear, yet you got into my things without permission."

I started sobbing. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Winters. I'm really sorry, I'll never do it again. I promise, I'll only do wear I'm supposed to. Nothing else. Please don't paddle me!"

She sighed. "I wish I didn't have to, Charlene. Unfortunately, I don't have any choice. Now, how many swats do you think you deserve?"

"I don't know." I whimpered. "Probably a lot."

"You're right." Sheila nodded. "I'm glad you were truthful. I was thinking fifty." When I gasped, she held up her hand. "Remember, I promised I'd cut it in half after you went jogging. How would you like it lowered all the way to five?"

I nodded eagerly. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Winters. What can I do to lower it?"

"Three things. First, no more panties for the balance of your two year contract. That means not only while you're here but weekends as well. If I have someone check and they find panties on your bottom, you'll receive fifty swats per day for a week straight."

"I won't." I promised. "I won't ever wear panties."

"That includes pantyhose. Stockings only." she added. "Second, I want you to wear nothing but dresses. Again, that includes weekends. When you're here, you'll wear the uniforms I pick out for you. When you're home, I want nothing below the knee."

"Yes, ma'am. I can do that."

"You'd better. And high heels only. I will say, you do have nice legs." Sheila commented. "They look better in heels than they do in flats. Finally, I want you to return to that liquor store tomorrow. Find the man who waited on you today. Make sure he sees that slutty pussy of yours and make sure he asks you out for a date. When he does, make sure he's satisfied. Understand me?"

I was so grateful to escape twenty five swats, I'd have agreed to anything Sheila asked. "Oh, yes, ma'am!" I exclaimed as I hugged her ankles. She pushed me away and told me to get ready for my five strokes.

Happy to have escaped, I eagerly grasped my ankles and counted loudly as Greg paddled me. The blows stung but I was determined to hold still. When it was over, I turned and thanked him.

"Charlene, you know how to thank someone for disciplining you." Sheila scolded me. "Do it right."

"Yes, ma'am." I replied. I opened Greg's fly and fished out his respectable sized cock. Eager to please my mistress, I enthusiastically began licking and sucking her husband's cock.

"Oh, shit." Greg moaned. "This lady can suck cock!"

"You'd think we never fed her, the way she tries to swallow it." Sheila giggled. "Look at her go."

My head was bobbing up and down as I eagerly sucked Greg's cock deep into my mouth, teasing it with my throat. He lasted less than a minute

before pumping a salty load into my stomach.

I was finding out two things. First, I didn't mind the taste of cum when I was hungry. Second, if I gave my all to a blow job, they were over faster. I didn't care that Sheila thought I was eager because I liked sucking cock. I knew the truth.

After I washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen, I was ordered to do an aerobic workout tape, naked, while Sheila and Greg watched and supervised. They laughed at my bouncing breasts as I jumped to the music, but I didn't care. I was learning to ignore them.

As Sheila ordered, I made my way out to the garage and curled up on Max's bed. He was nowhere to be seen. Sheila came out to see me before turning out the lights.

"You didn't do very well for your very first day." she told me. "I'm a little disappointed. Tomorrow, we'll get you some more clothes. You can't keep wearing the same thing every day. I hope you remember the lessons you learned today."

I fell asleep naked, shivering from the cold. Max must have come in sometime during the night because when I awoke I found myself curled up against him for warmth, my face buried in his fur.

By seven the next morning I was showered, powdered and coiffed, ready for the day. I had my uniform back on, coffee ready and breakfast on the stove when Sheila and Greg came downstairs. Greg quickly ate and hurried out the door.

"I'm going to be busy today." Sheila told me as she watched me eating my 'breakfast' with Max. "I know I promised I'd take you shopping, though, so I'll meet you at the mall at 12,30. Don't be late."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters." I replied. "It's two miles to the mall, though. How should I get there?"

"You'll have to walk, Charlene." she told me. "I'm too busy to come get

you."

Sheila left, after praising me for looking so nice and doing a good job with breakfast. Pleased, I quickly took care of the dishes and picked up the house. I was just finishing up when the doorbell rang. I opened it to find Dave standing with Jack.

"Hi, Mrs. H." Jack said. "We were in the neighborhood and thought we'd say hi." As I turned to enter the house he slid his hand up under my dress. "Hey, no panties. Just the way I like to see you."

I jumped away. "Are you guys here to see Lisa? Can I get something for you?"

Dave groaned. "Come on, Mrs. Hopkins. We're here for some pussy." When I hesitated, he added, "Remember what Mrs. Winters said? You need to do your part to keep us disease free. Well, Jack and I were tempted by two sluts this morning and we need your help."

With a grin, both boys dropped their pants to reveal strong erections. Lisa came downstairs as I pulled off my dress and began sucking them.

"Don't you guys ever get enough?" she asked. "You have a thing for old ladies?"

"No, we have a thing for sluts." Jack said as he rolled me onto my back. "and this lady is the queen of sluts."

I groaned as I felt his big cock slide into me. Dave's cock was in mouth as Jack began thrusting hard into my now wet pussy. Lisa turned in disgust as I disappeared under the two boys.

They each fucked me and I sucked them both to climaxes. As hungry as I was, I eagerly swallowed their cum. I lay on the floor in a pool of sweat as they finally left.

I shrieked when I realized it was almost time to go. I quickly showered, did my makeup and hair and hurried out the door.

Part 8

I don't know if you've ever walked two miles in a pair of heels before, but let me tell you it isn't much fun. By the time I got to the mall, my feet were sore and my legs ached. I knew I was wiggling my ass quite a bit as I walked but it was the best way to cover distance quickly.

Sheila was waiting for me, tapping her foot impatiently. "I've been standing here for ten minutes, Charlene. Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry Mrs. Winters." I apologized. "I hurried, I just ran a little late."

"What were you doing, sleeping? You knew how far it was, you should have planned better."

When I told her I'd been delayed because the boys came over, she laughed and it seemed to make her a little happier. "You don't seem to go very long without finding a cock for that pussy of yours. You're turning into a little slut, aren't you? I got here early so I ate already, but you can find a snack before you leave if you're hungry."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'd like that." I replied. The prospect of some real food buoyed my spirits.

We spent the next hour in various stores, trying on outfits and purchasing the ones Sheila approved of. The theme was pretty consistent- short dresses, low-cut tops, sexy bras to hold up my boobs but no panties whatsoever. In fact, the only bottom she allowed me was the thong part of a very skimpy bikini, meant for a much smaller woman. "For mowing the lawn." Sheila giggled.

Sheila also bought me several pairs of heels, and lots of stockings to go with them. As much as I tried to keep my legs together, I'm sure the salesmen got several peeks up my dress as they fussed at my feet.

Our final stop was a small intimates shop, where Sheila had me try on several corsets. When I came out wearing a long black one which whittled

my waist by almost four inches, she sighed, "Oh my God, Charlene. It's gorgeous."

I turned and looked in the mirror. She was right, it was stunning. The garment made me look slender and sexy, thin waisted and big busted. The cups lifted my boobs high on my chest and squeezed them together, covering them just past my nipples. I never would have worn anything like this on my own but I felt my pussy get wet as I realized how erotic it was.

"Wow. I'm getting you several of those. That's your new uniform top." she said. "You can wear it with a nice skirt and it will be perfect."

As we left the store and headed toward the exit I felt my stomach rumble. "Don't forget, Mrs. Winters. You said I could have a snack before I went home."

She laughed. "Ok, you can have a snack if you want. Go ahead and find someone."

I looked at her, puzzled. "Find someone?"

"Of course. Isn't your favorite snack a nice big cock? I've seen how you gobble them up."

I blushed. "Yes, ma'am. I can wait, though. I'm not that hungry."

Sheila gave me a hard stare. "You asked for a snack and I gave you permission. Now go find a cock to suck. And hurry. If I have to wait around, you'll get paddled tonight."

I quickly scurried away. With no time to waste, I tried the direct approach. I slipped onto a bench beside a man. As his eyes widened at the sight of my cleavage, I leaned over and whispered in his ear. Within thirty seconds we were on our way to his car and he barely closed the door before I had his cock out and was licking it to erection. He had a nice sized cock, thick and hard, and I have to admit it felt pretty good sucking on it.

I savored the taste as I slid my mouth up and down his staff, his pre-cum adding flavor as it oozed from the head. When I felt him arch up in orgasm, I cupped his balls and hungrily sucked every drop of cum from his body, licking my lips clean as he sagged back into the cushions.

He begged me to stay but I slipped out, then spotted Sheila parked a few rows over.

"You're really getting good, Charlene." she laughed. You didn't even muss up your hair. Come on, I'll give you a ride."

When we stopped outside the liquor store I was puzzled for a moment, then remembered I had to go in and proposition the clerk. My face must have shown my resignation because Sheila warned me, "Don't start getting an attitude on me. You do what I tell you and you do it promptly. One more day and you've made it to the weekend."

I nodded as I slipped from the car. "Yes, ma'am."

Steeling myself, I entered the store. Good, the same clerk was working. As soon as I bent over to look on the bottom shelf, I had his attention. He came over to ask if I needed any help, standing well behind me so he could stare at my pussy. Pretending I didn't know what he was looking at, I kept looking along the shelf and talking over my shoulder until I felt his hand on my rear.

Twenty minutes later I was walking down the street again, a load of cum in my pussy and a curious tingling in my crotch from a disappointing fuck. What was happening to me? Why was I craving an orgasm from that pig? Still, I felt unsatisfied and masturbated myself to a weak climax when I got home.

When Sheila got home, I had to recount my day's experiences as I bathed her and licked her to orgasm. When I told her about fucking the clerk, she pulled my head up and slapped my face hard.

"Didn't I tell you to make a date with him? A date means later. I don't

care what you did this afternoon, I wanted you to arrange something for another time. You're so stupid, I can't believe I was ever friends with you."

I started crying. "I'm sorry. I'm doing the best I can."

"I'm getting sick of your excuses. You can sleep in the garage from now on. You don't deserve the basement. Tomorrow you can mow the lawn in your new bikini. Saturday you'll be home and I want you to mow your own yard, wearing the same bikini. If you want to act like a slut then I'll treat you like one."

I made supper, exercised, then ate Sheila to another orgasm while Greg fucked me from behind. Sheila let me go out to the garage after that and I was so tired I went right to sleep.

I awoke when someone flipped on the overhead lights. Squinting against the sudden brightness, I looked up and saw Lisa standing in the doorway, with three other girls standing behind her.

"Awww, what a cozy picture." she gushed. "Got a new boyfriend, Charlene?"

I realized I was curled up against Max for warmth again. Sleeping naked, it became automatic once I was asleep. I pushed him away and sat up. The girls all broke into laughter and I realized what was happening.

"You're drunk." I said. "and it's the middle of the night."

"That's right." Lisa confirmed. "We're celebrating."

"Celebrating what?"

"Celebrating I got fired from my stupid job, that's what. We were all out and I was telling my friends about our new maid. They didn't believe me, so here we are!"

I nodded. More people knew about me. Great.

"I was telling them how much you like to eat pussy." she said. "They wanted to see it for themselves. You don't mind, do you?"

I sighed. "No, ma'am."

All four girls pulled off their pants and I went to work. The first girl sat on a box and I pushed my head into her crotch, inhaling her musky fragrance before I teased her lips with my tongue and pushed it into her pussy. After several minutes of licking, she complained to Lisa.

"She's not that good at it. I can do a better job with my Water-pik."

"Hang on a second." I heard Lisa reply. Seconds later my ass exploded in fire. I screamed into the girl's pussy and starting licking and chewing frantically.

"Ohhh, that's better." the girl said. "Keep paddling her."

They spanked me as I ate each girl to an orgasm, then made me get on all fours and masturbate myself to orgasm while they paddled me some more. By the time we finished my ass was burning and I had to sleep on my stomach for the rest of the night.

Friday passed quickly. Dave came over for breakfast (his and mine), Lisa moped around the house with a hangover and I quickly finished my chores, excited about going home.

After lunch, I donned my bikini and covered every exposed square of skin with tanning lotion. Trust me, there was a lot to cover. Lisa sunbathed on a chaise as I tottered around on my heels, attracting stares from neighbors and motorists alike. I pretended to be oblivious but I knew I must have presented a strange picture, my ass rolling and my breasts heaving as I pushed the mower back and forth. From behind I looked like I was bottomless and the material in front kept working its way into my pussy, rubbing my clit and making me hornier and hornier. I couldn't wait to get home to Mark.

Several times Lisa had me stop and rub fresh lotion onto her body. She

had me pay special attention to her breasts and bottom and I found myself sliding a finger into her pussy without her telling me to. When she pushed gently on my head I dipped it into her crotch, licking her to an orgasm as she tanned.

Sheila came home as I was putting the mower away. She was pleased with the way I'd spent my day.

"Nice job on the lawn, Charlene. You can go home now."

"Thank you, Mrs. Winters." I started toward the house.

"Just a minute. Where are you going?"

I looked at her, confused. "I was going to go and change before I called Mark to come get me."

"I didn't give you permission to use my phone and you don't need to change. You're going to need that outfit tomorrow anyway. Start walking."

"B-but I can't walk home like this." I protested.

"Then stay here. I really don't care." Sheila turned on her heel and entered the house. I sighed and started for home.

Note: That's it for me. I know there is lots of potential for this story, I'm just getting tired of it and it shows in my writing. I want to work on "Coming Home to Roost." but didn't feel like I could with this story hanging over my head. Therefore, this is my final chapter.

I deliberately didn't bring it to closure because I so many people have written to me and asked me to keep it going. If someone wants to take over, you have my permission.

Kathy

Enjoy,

Kathy B. (kathybxx@hotmail.com)

**

Coerced

By Ted E. Bear

Chapter 9 - Monday

(M+F, FF, nc, oral, exhib, beast)

To bring you up to date: Charlene did her friend Sheila a favor and stayed at her house, with her 2 teenaged college girls, one weekend. The girls drugged Charlene, and in her drugged state, they convinced her that she had agreed to be the "maid" for a party that the girls were having. They got her completely naked and then had her put on a parody of a "maid's" uniform, that looked more like it was designed for a woman to wear to bed to have fun with her husband, than to be seen in public in. It left Charlene's big breasts exposed down to just above her areolas and her skirt so short that if she bent over or sat down, she'd expose her naked pussy. Between the low neck line and the looseness of the dress, she was constantly having her breasts pop out, and having to put them back in. After the party started, she was sent to buy beer with three of the boys, who took advantage of her drugged out condition, including taking pictures of her having sex with all three of them. The next day the three boys returned to the house, to find that Charlene had been drugged again, and so took advantage of her again, this time the three taking her in the ass.

Months go by and her friend, the girls' mother comes over to her house and accuses her of her improprieties that weekend. Her husband is about to throw the lady out of his house, when she shows him the pictures of his wife, in the uniform, having sex with the three boys. She agrees not to call the police and have her arrested for having sex with all of

these young boys, IF she'll act as her maid for the next 2 years. For the past 3 days, she has been the maid for her former friend. Her friend has forced her to do all sorts of humiliating things, some sexual and some not.

Chapter 8 ended:

After lunch, I donned my bikini and covered every exposed square of skin with tanning lotion. Trust me, there was a lot to cover. Lisa sunbathed on a chaise as I tottered around on my heels, attracting stares from neighbors and motorists alike. I pretended to be oblivious but I knew I must have presented a strange picture, my ass rolling and my breasts heaving as I pushed the mower back and forth. From behind I looked like I was bottomless and the material in front kept working its way into my pussy, rubbing my clit and making me hornier and hornier. I couldn't wait to get home to Mark.

Several times Lisa had me stop and rub fresh lotion onto her body. She had me pay special attention to her breasts and bottom and I found myself sliding a finger into her pussy without her telling me to. When she pushed gently on my head I dipped it into her crotch, licking her to an orgasm as she tanned.

Sheila came home as I was putting the mower away. She was pleased with the way I'd spent my day.

"Nice job on the lawn, Charlene. You can go home now."

"Thank you, Mrs. Winters." I started toward the house.

"Just a minute. Where are you going?"

I looked at her, confused. "I was going to go and change before I called Mark to come get me."

"I didn't give you permission to use my phone and you don't need to change. You're going to need that outfit tomorrow anyway. Start walking."

"B-but I can't walk home like this," I protested.

"Then stay here. I really don't care." Sheila turned on her heel and entered the house. I sighed and started for home.

**

Chapter 9 - Monday

"The last time I had made this walk, it was in flat shoes, and that took me half an hour, in heels it will probably take closer to forty-five minutes." I thought to myself as I began walking home, in the obscenely small bikini that my former friend, Sheila, had forced me to wear.

I hadn't even gotten out of the neighborhood yet, when some kids drove by and slowed down so that they were moving along no faster than I was. One of them leaned out the window and asked, "How much for a fuck, momma?"

I was already angry, first at having to dress like this in the first place, and even worse, to have to walk home dressed like this. "Sheila had to know that I'd be harassed, walking around like this, and that's exactly what she wants. I wouldn't even be surprised if she put these boys up to this, or that little bitch of a daughter of her's, Lisa."

"Sorry boys, I don't do that sort of thing." I told them, not even looking their way, for fear of breaking down and crying and I didn't want them to see me crying.

They didn't leave however, continuing to slowly drive along beside me as I walked, while they watched my massive virtually naked tits bobbing, jiggling and swaying, as my equally naked hips moved like I was trying to get them to pick me up. I was totally humiliated at having to be dressed like this, for my long walk home.

The bikini was so small that the top did little more than cover my large areolas, and, due to the bouncing of my enormous breasts, my nipples were fully erect, tenting the small piece of material dramatically. The

bottoms were even worse, being a thong style bikini, and a size or two too small to begin with, the thin strap in back was lodged deep between the cheeks of my ass, making it appear to anyone seeing her from the back, that I was not even wearing a bottom piece. In the front, it was a little better, but not much, the small triangular piece of material started just above my slit, and quickly disappeared between my legs. Since Sheila had removed the lining to it, my pussy lips were well outlined through the material, which had also been sucked into my wet, sweaty pussy slit, as I mowed the lawn earlier in the day and was being pulled even deeper as I was walking home.

"Hey momma, that's a pretty big pair of tits you got there!" one of the boys called out, but I just ignored them.

Another called out, "Hey momma, are you even wearing any bottoms?" While another yelled out, "Sure bro, can't you see that little piece of material between her legs, glued to those big pussy lips of hers."

Just then the driver saw a police car coming up behind them slowly, with it's lights on, and said, "Hey guys! It's the cops! Let's get out of here!" and drove off faster, but not too fast.

The police car, with it's lights on pulled up next to me. As the policeman got out of his car he said, "Uh lady, do you live around here?" as he looked me over, not believing a woman of my age, and worse, my body style, would even dress like this.

I turned and looked to see who had said that, as I still hadn't been watching the cars as they passed me, due to my embarrassment over being dressed like this. Seeing that it was a policeman, I replied, "Uh, no officer, but I do work for Mrs. Winters a block away."

"Mrs. Winters, you say." he repeated as he wrote it down in his notebook.

"Yes. Sheila Winters." I replied.

"You know, that kind of swim suit is better worn in your own back yard, not for walking around in public like this, or even going to the beach.

You can do whatever you want to do. I'm just giving you some good, friendly advice." he said. "Those boys wouldn't have been hassling you if you dressed decently." Then he got back into his car, turned off his lights and drove away.

During the rest of my walk home, people honked their horns at me, shouted obscenities at me, whistled at me, and shot filthy signs at me, humiliating and embarrassing me to no end. As I walked home, I began to wonder whether going to jail might not be preferable. By the end of the two years, everyone would think of me as a whore and a slut anyway, if Sheila had anything to do with it. What was worse, being considered a whore and a slut, or not seeing my children while I was in prison and then having a record as a sex offender? I couldn't decide which was really worse, neither looked very appetizing, but at least in jail I wouldn't be constantly humiliated and forced to have sex with all sorts of people.

Since I didn't have my purse with me, hence my keys, I rang the door bell, knowing that Mark should be home by now. I waited, and when no one came to the door, I rang the bell again. Still no one came to the door, so I walked around to the garage window and looked in. Mark's car wasn't there, and I began to cry.

I knew that he wasn't happy with me over this situation, but he certainly knew that I'd be home tonight, and had said that he felt that our children still needed to have a mother. I went into the backyard, sat down on a lawn chair and cried and cried and cried. Their not being home was worse than everything Sheila had done to me combined.

"Maybe he changed his mind and doesn't want the kids to ever see me again." I thought to myself miserably.

As I sat there crying, I saw John, the neighbor's son from behind us, starring at my nearly naked body, and then he said, "Gee Mrs. Hopkins's, I had no idea how sexy you were!" Fortunately for me, he then went back into his house and no one else saw me while I sat there crying and waiting for Mark to come home, in the back yard.

He and the kids got home about an hour later. I knocked on the back door when I saw the lights come on. Mark opened the door, with a look like he'd like to kill me, for dressing the way that I was dressed.

"Don't say a word. Go into the bedroom, change into something decent, and come back out here and spend some time with your children." he whispered sternly.

"But..." I started to say.

"Not a word! Put a smile on your sorry face and don't let the kids even see you. We'll talk later." he again whispered firmly.

I knew that in a way, he was right. The kids shouldn't see their mother like this and we shouldn't be arguing in front of them. I'd just have to grin and bear it until later, when he'd let me talk to him. As I had agreed with Sheila, in order to get my punishment drastically reduced, I put on a skirt that came to just above my knees, a loose cotton blouse, that would at least conceal the fact that I was braless, and a pair of high heeled shoes.

When I came out of our bedroom, dressed appropriately enough to be seen by my children, Mark said, "Look Charlene, I just can't stand being here with you right now. I'll go stay with my parents this weekend, while you are here with the kids. I know you want to talk, but it's just too soon for me." and he left.

I was shocked, that this man whom I loved, and had been married to for almost twenty years, would treat me like this. Although, he didn't really know what happened, heck I don't really know what happened that weekend, but he did see those incriminating pictures. They had even made me so sick that I had to run to the bathroom and vomit, when I saw them, so I guess I shouldn't be too harsh on him.

Other than getting up really early Saturday morning to mow the lawn in my skimpy bikini, the weekend with my children was just what I needed. I almost felt like I was back to normal, come Monday morning. By getting up at 6:00 Saturday morning to mow the yard, and finishing by 7:30, I

was lucky enough to avoid the embarrassment of being seen by my neighbors. At least I think I was.

We did what we always did on the weekends. On Saturday after breakfast, I took them to the park to play on the swings, slides, and jungle gyms. Then we went to Burger King for lunch and in the afternoon we went to the movies. On Sunday morning, I made them a nice breakfast, and then we went to church. Sunday afternoon, while I cleaned the house and did the laundry, the kids played with other kids in the neighborhood. Sunday evening, I made them a really nice dinner and then we read books together.

It was such a good feeling, that I put out of my mind, that I even had to go back to Sheila's on Monday. No one was feeling me up. No one was forcing me to suck them off or have sex with them. The only reminder that I was not totally free, was the lack of underwear and the high heels.

Monday morning, Mark was back at 7:00, to take the kids to school. I asked, "Mark, could you please take me over to Sheila's?"

He looked at me, in that bikini again, and said, "I think you better get going. I don't want the kids to even see you dressed like that. Like a real slut!"

I began to cry as I started walking back to Sheila's house. Just like on my walk home, a lot of cars honked at me, people shouted obscenities out their windows at me and shot me a lot of filthy signs. All of which I tried to ignore, but it was humiliating and embarrassing to be dressed as I was and having people doing these mean things to me.

I even passed two older women, out for their morning walk, who called me a slut and a whore, right to my face, making me blush deeply from the humiliation. Even after such a nice weekend with my kids, I was an emotional wreck by the time that I arrived at Sheila's house, at 8:00.

"Where have you been?" Sheila hollered at me.

"Well you didn't give me a time to be back here." I sniffled.

SMACK! Sounded the crack of Sheila's hand smashing into her face.

"I don't want to hear you crying, number one, and number two, you know that you are supposed have our breakfast made every morning that you are here. So I don't care what time you get here, as long as our breakfast is on the table at 7:30 and you are ready for the day. Is that understood!" she spat out at me.

"Yes, Mrs. Winters." I replied, in a subservient tone.

"After cleaning up from breakfast, I want you to jog back out to the water plant, since I'm sure that you didn't exercise this weekend, other than mowing your lawn. While you are out on your run, see if your panties are still there and let me know when you get back. Oh, and since your such a good little cock sucker, don't forget to suck someone off while your out on your jog. I'll have Lisa check your breath when you get back. Then you need to get the house ready for company tonight, Greg is having his boss over for dinner. I've taken out the ingredients and here's the list of what you are to prepare for dinner. You'll need to go over to the liquor store and pick up some more wine. This time, don't forget to make a date with the clerk. During the day, I want you to wear the black corset and the light blue skirt, but before we all get here tonight, change back into your maid's uniform. I think that is all for now. I've got to go, but if I've forgotten anything, I'll give you a call." she advised her and left.

Dreading the run, I got out of the bikini, and into my jogging clothes, the skimpy white shorts, the sports bra and my socks and tennis shoes. After stretching in front of the house, I was off on my morning jog. This time it was different, the last time that I went jogging, it was early in the evening, and cooler. It was much hotter this time and I was soon covered in perspiration, soaking the crotch of my shorts, as they rubbed irritatingly through my slit, and my bra was totally drenched, allowing my areolas and nipples to be easily seen through the semi-transparent, now transparent material.

As bad as that first jog had been, due to the heat, this time was even worse. I was huffing and puffing as the sweat just rolled off of my

body. I got to the place where I had left Sheila's panties, and to my utter horror, they were gone. I kept going and when I got near the guardhouse of the water plant, I decided that the guard, would be a good choice again, as the booth was air conditioned, hence it would help cool me off, and maybe I could even get some water.

There was a different guard in the guardhouse as I reached the gate, he was much younger than the one the other night. Not only was he younger, he was quite handsome. "At least it won't be so bad doing it with such a handsome man." I thought to myself as I kept getting closer to the guard house.

I slowed to catch my breath again and saw him staring at my heaving chest, and I knew that he could see my large, erect nipples, right through my bra. I smiled at him and said, "Hi."

"Hello." he said in an almost obscene way as he continued starring right at my exposed nipples.

"Um, mind if I come in and sit down for a minute?" I asked.

"Sure." he smiled. "Come on in!"

I slipped into the cramped kiosk, letting my boobs rub against his chest as I slid by again. I waited for him to sit down then slid onto his knee.

He slid his hand under my panties and cupped my bare cunt. He grinned at me with a knowing look, as he easily slipped two fingers into my pussy and started fingering me rapidly.

I forced myself to grin as he used me and said. "Thanks." as I sank to my knees and reached for his zipper.

Unlike the evening guard, his cock was huge. I barely was able to slip it into my mouth and started working it with my tongue, trying to coax his load as quickly as possible. When I sank my lips to the root, I almost gagged, his cock was so large.

Although he had a big cock, I didn't have to take as much of a load as the evening guard had pumped into my sucking mouth and I had to work longer to make him shoot off. He gripped my head and jammed my face down into his sweaty crotch as he arched up from his seat. Pressing himself deep into my mouth, he pumped long hot jets of sperm into my throat. It actually tasted pretty good, and I eagerly swallowed every drop.

"Um, I'm so thirsty from my run, could I have some water please?" I asked.

"Sure baby! Anything for a woman like you." he said, and pulled a cold bottle of water from a little ice chest that he had in the booth.

As I drank the cold water, he slipped his hand into my bra, and proceeded to fondle my breasts and mainly squeeze and pinch my nipples. When I finished, I said, "Thanks for the water! I've got to go. Got a lot to do today."

"Hey honey, we're just getting started!" he said, grabbing my arm, roughly.

I looked him in the eye and said, "Not today, maybe tomorrow. I've got to much to do today. I've already taken too much time."

"Alright. But I'm going to hold you to that!" he replied.

The run home was even worse than the run to the plant, as it was hotter now. By the time I got to Sheila's house, I thought I'd collapse. I entered through the side door of the garage, like a good servant, and Lisa was waiting for me in the kitchen.

"What took you so long?" she asked in an exasperated tone.

"It's a long ways out and back. It's hotter than hot out there and remember, I had to give someone a blow job, too." I explained.

"Oh that's right. I have to check your breath to make sure you gave someone some head." she said, with a dirty little smirk on her face. I wanted to slap her so hard, just to knock that superior look off of her face.

"Yep, there's no question, there's been sperm in here." she said with a nasty chuckle.

"I have a lot to do today for your mother's party, and I'm supposed to call her now. So if you don't mind..." I said and walked over to the phone.

"Mrs. Winters please."

"Um, Mrs. Winters. They are gone. Someone has picked them up." I informed her as I blushed, knowing what that could mean.

"Now, don't forget the wine, and while you're there, don't fuck up this time. Make the date with the clerk, and don't make it too early in the evening, you have a job, you know." she said haughtily.

I quickly jumped in the shower as I was covered in sweat and even I could smell myself I reeked so badly. After drying myself off, I got into my new uniform, the corset, skirt, hose and high heels. The worse part of the new outfit was the corset, due to it only having half cups, hence my breasts all the way down to my nipples would now be on permanent display, and whenever I bent over, they would fall out and just hang there. I couldn't imagine a more humiliating way to be dressed. Naked would almost be preferable.

After applying my make-up, and tending to my hair, I quickly set about getting the house in order for the company tonight. This was really going to be tough, as I had already lost two hours with the jogging and getting cleaned up afterwards. Then I had to run over to the liquor store and prepare the dinner to boot, all by 6:00. Well the dinner wasn't to be served until 7:00, but it had to be up and everything else ready and presentable.

I didn't give the bedrooms quite the thorough cleaning that I normally did, as I didn't have the time, and only prayed that it would be acceptable to Sheila. I then went to the kitchen, to see what I had to prepare for this evening. I read the list over in total shock. If I started right now, with everything that she wanted me to prepare, I

might be ready in time, without cleaning anything else and without going to the liquor store, and I began to cry. I knew that she had done this on purpose, as an excuse to further humiliate me and so that she could punish me.

Since it didn't matter what I did, I decided to do the best that I could. I quickly straightened and wiped down the bathrooms, taking all of the dirty towels to the laundry shut and putting out new ones. But then while I was vacuuming, the door bell rang.

"Damn! Who could that be now!" I thought to myself nervously as I went to see who was at the door, not wanting anyone to see me dressed like this.

I looked through the peep hole first and cursed under my breath. It was Dave and Jack. Lisa must have told them how busy I was and was further sabotaging my efforts.

I opened the door and said, with a smile on my face as I had been instructed to do, "Hi! Are you here to see Lisa?"

"Hey Charlene, nice new uniform. So much the better to see those wonderfully huge tits of your's." Jack said.

"No Charlene, we're here to see you. Remember Mrs. Winters' instructions, you're to service us whenever we get horny, and are we ever horny since you weren't available all weekend." Dave said, with that shit eating grin on his face that I was now getting used to seeing on him, whenever he came over to use me.

"Oh boys please, not today. Mrs. Winters has me really busy and I'm already behind schedule. Could I make it up to you two tomorrow. Please." I begged.

"Well I don't know." Dave said.

"We're really horny today Charlene." Jack piped up.

"Oh god! I won't finish on time as it is. Please, not today." I begged,

with a little bit of whine in my voice.

The two looked at each other and said, "O.K. Charlene, we'll settle for just quick blow jobs today, but you'll really have to do something special for us tomorrow."

I breathed a sigh of relief. A couple of quick blow jobs was going to eat into my time a lot less than whatever else they had in mind. I quickly got down on my knees, unzipped their pants and took their cocks out. While sucking on Dave's cock, I wrapped a hand around Jack's big dick and began jerking him off to get him hard. I switched back and forth between the two boys, sucking their dicks and jacking them off until both came, with big loads, in my mouth and I swallowed most of what they gave me, and used my fingers to catch what escaped through the corners of my mouth and licked that off of my fingers.

The most embarrassing part of this particular blow job, was not the fact that I was doing it, but that because I knew that I had to get over with as quickly as possible, that I was rapidly deep throating the two of them. They must have really thought that I was really beginning to enjoy sucking them off, as I appeared to be doing it so enthusiastically. I had even pulled tricks out of head, that I'd never used on them before.

The boys then went back to Lisa's room while I went back to work. I was now in a real panic. I didn't have the extra twenty minutes that they had wasted and knew that I would be punished for sure.

After vacuuming, I began preparing dinner. I started with the soup, as it would need to cook a long time on a low fire. Then I made the complicated salad, that Sheila was insisting that I make. Next I had to bake, from scratch the desert. After which, I figured I better get over to the liquor store. At least I'd be able to put something, although equally revealing, on when I went to the liquor store.

Sheila had matched things up when we went shopping last Friday. With this skirt and corset, I could wear one of three blouses. All were low cut, to expose most of my big cleavage and worse, they were all see through. I decided with the black corset and light blue skirt, I had

better wear the dark blue top. After putting it on, I looked in the mirror, and to my shock, my huge areolas were clearly visible right through the material. "Well, it's better than having them totally naked!" I thought to myself as I left for the store.

The walk was no different than last week. My breasts bounce, sway and jiggle and, due to the heat, I perspired profusely, soaking my blouse and making it even more transparent. I looked around as I entered the store, and there was my clerk, but today, the store was busy, so I moved to the emptiest spot of the store, waiting for it to quiet down, so I could get his attention. Of course the big difference this time, was that I had no panties on under the very short skirt.

Finally, there were just a few people browsing through the store and I went over to the wine section. As I had on Friday, I bent over to look on the bottom shelf. He wasn't looking at that moment but once he did look over my way, I had his attention. He came right over to ask if I needed any help today. Again he stood well behind me so that he could stare at my shaved pussy. Pretending I didn't know what he was looking at, I kept looking along the shelf and talking over my shoulder. It didn't take as long today for him to put his hand on me, although this time it was right on my pussy, with two of his fingers inside of me, as he slowly moved them in and out of my hot hole, now that we were the only two people in the store.

I asked him, "Wouldn't you really prefer to do this at home in the evening, where we would have all the time in the world to explore a lot more than just a quick fuck?"

He looked at me and said, "But I'm married."

I didn't know what to say, I was so embarrassed. Then it hit me and I said, "How about an hour or so at a motel?"

"I don't know. My wife would certainly get suspicious," he said.

"Well when I check out. I'll give you my phone number, and you can call me there anytime from early Monday morning until Friday at 5:00." I said.

"Does that mean we can't have a quickie now?" he asked.

I paused and thought it over for a moment. I didn't really have the time, but if I didn't, he might not call me, and that would make Sheila mad at me. "Sure, why not!" I said.

We went back into the stockroom, in case anyone walked in. I bent over and he slipped his average sized dick into my already wet hole. He didn't last long and blasted a good load into my milking pussy. As I got up to select the wine and pay for it, I could already feel his cum, running down my legs. I picked up two bottles, paid for them, gave him my name and phone number, and then headed back to Sheila's house, my legs now slick to my knees.

When got there, I immediately put the wine in the refrigerator so that they would be chilled and began working on the entre. I noticed that Lisa had left, and thanked god that she wouldn't be around to slow me down or otherwise harass me.

Although not finished, at 5:30, I had to shower and change, so that I would look presentable, as such, for her company. A quick shower, without shampooing my hair again, got out dried, put on the now clean maid's uniform, stockings, and heels. I quickly touched up my make-up and was back in the kitchen by 6:00, working on the dinner.

Shortly after I got back to the kitchen, Sheila came home.

"What? Dinner's not ready yet!" she shrieked.

"No mam, but it will be by 7:00, when you said that you wanted to serve it." I replied.

"Well it damn well better be! You're not going to embarrass me in front of my company with lame excuses!" she retorted and then went to her bathroom to freshen up.

"CHARLENE!" I heard her yell, and ran to see what was the matter. Her

bathroom had been trashed. I knew, and I suspect that she knew, that Lisa or her friends had done this. But I also knew that I would get the blame.

"What is the meaning of this? What did you do, sit around all day and masturbate?" she asked gruffly.

"No mam. I cleaned your bathroom and had everything straight. I don't know who came in after I did and did this." I replied weakly.

"You've got a dinner to prepare, so we'll take care of this after our company leaves. You can better believe we'll handle this." she threatened.

Greg and his boss, Roger Pike, showed up about 6:30 and Greg made them drinks, while I worked feverishly in the kitchen. My luck held out, I barely finished right on time, but everything was ready.

As I placed the salads, the first course on the table, Greg pulled up the back of my skirt to show his boss what a slut that they had for a maid.

"See, her pussy is shaved and she's not even wearing panties. She's always ready for a fuck at a moment's notice. She lives for sex." he said proudly.

As I moved over to where Mr. Pike was sitting, he reached under my skirt, cupped my pussy and rubbed.

"Damn you're right, she's wetter and hotter than a bitch in heat!" he commented, and then slipped two fingers into my cunt, and proceeded to finger me as I stood next to him. I even spread my legs wider apart, to give him easier access.

While he fingered me, I was looking at Sheila, who had a big grin of approval on her face. Roger didn't stop either, until he brought me off, as I squealed in delight, much to everyone's amusement. Before I could leave, Sheila stopped me. She pulled down slightly on the bust of the dress and breasts popped out.

"Leave it like that." she instructed me.

I was dying inside but put up a brave face, at least until I got into the kitchen, when I broke down crying. This was worse than giving the anonymous man in the shopping center parking lot a blow job. This was even worse than letting the store clerk at the liquor store fuck me twice and have to beg him to take me out on a date, even if the sole purpose was more sex. This was a prominent business man, one who might even know Mark.

I pulled myself back together, got some paper napkins and wiped the tears from my eyes. I then got the soup ready to take out. Knowing that I wouldn't be able to hold all of the soups, if they decided on some sort of repeat performance, I set two bowls down immediately next to Greg, as I took the third bowl over to their guest first. As I walked over to him, my big tits bouncing, swaying and jiggling with each step that I took, he just sat there, openly staring at them.

As I set the bowl down on his plate, taking the empty salad bowl, he reached up, cupping his hands under my huge tits, and hefted them, weighing them to feel just how heavy they really were. He then leaned over and sucked my right nipple into his mouth, suckling on it for about a minute and then repeated the process with my left nipple. I was so embarrassed, as my nipples got bigger and harder than they'd been in a long time. It felt so good having him sucking on my nipples, that I couldn't suppress moaning as he sucked on them. I hadn't even realized that with my free hand, that I was holding his head to my breasts as he suckled them right in front of the Winters.

"That looks better." he said, as he admired how much longer and thicker they were now and everyone chuckled at my humiliation.

I placed his salad bowl next to the soup bowls, and swapped bowls with Greg, before taking Sheila's bowl to her.

"You know Roger. I think your right. They do look much better this way. Charlene, lean over." she said.

From her lap, she produced two little rubber bands, like a person wearing braces would use. She slid them over my throbbing nipples and slid them right down to the very base, leaving the tight bands trapping my nipples in their very erect state. Not only was I going to have to keep serving them with my breasts exposed, now I'd have to do so with my nipples constantly and fully erect.

Sheila saw the look of shame and horror on my face, as I headed back to the kitchen. A moment later, she came in and said, "Look Charlene, it's not so bad. Why don't I make you a cup of tea, to settle your nerves. Go sit down at the table, and I'll get you your tea."

Little did I suspect, that the tea had been the culprit for my demise all along, so I went and sat down, glad to get off of my feet with these painful high heels on for a few minutes. She put the tea in the cup, poured the hot water in, and brought me the tea.

"I'll come back in and let you know when we're ready for the main course." she said, in an almost friendly tone of voice.

I sat there drinking my tea, thinking over just how far I had fallen from where I had been, before that weekend party of Lisa's and Tracy's. I'd been a good secretary at an insurance agency for 22 years. I was a faithful married woman and a good mother, who slept at home in her own bed with her loving husband. Now there was no question about my being unfaithful. Heck this very afternoon, I let a man, who was not my husband fuck me. 'Fuck'! I never used that word before! And this morning, I sucked three different men off, one a total stranger. I now longer was a secretary, I was now a lowly maid. I only got to sleep in my own bed on weekends, and this past weekend, not even with my husband, whom I didn't know whether or not he even still loved me, as he left as soon as I got there. And a good mother? I don't know, I was this weekend, but what about the other five days of the week?

My thoughts were interrupted when Sheila came back in to tell me to clear the table first and then serve the dinner. Both Greg and Roger played with my naked ass as I took their empty soup bowls, but I was otherwise left alone. I brought the dinner platters out and set them on

the table. Then I picked each serving dish and took it around the table, allowing them each to take what they wanted, as they again, played with my pantiless ass and pussy.

When I was finished, Sheila suggested that I rest and have another cup of tea. I returned to the kitchen, and eagerly made myself another cup of tea, then sat down at the table to relax and enjoy it. It tasted so good, that I made another cup, while waiting for them to finish their dinner. I was starting to get a little drowsy, when I heard Sheila call for me, "Charlene!"

I got up and went back into the dinning room. I don't know why, but she took one look at me and burst out laughing. Then she said, "I'm sorry Charlene. Please clear the table, then bring out the desert and the coffee."

"Oh Mrs. Winters." I said, "I'm sorry! I forgot to start the coffee."

Still chuckling to herself she said, "That's O.K. Charlene. Go back into the kitchen now and turn it on. Then come back out here and start clearing the table. By the time that you're finished with the dishes, the coffee should be ready. Oh, and no more tea tonight for you." and she burst out laughing again.

"What's so funny?" asked Greg, once Charlene was out of the room.

"You remember that 'tea' that she got into the night of the girl's party?" she replied.

"Yeah and?" he asked.

"Well she's had some more tonight. She was feeling so bad about herself, I decided to give her some more." Sheila replied.

"OOOOHHH!" Greg responded.

"O.K. you two. What's going on here?" Roger asked.

"Well you remember the story I told you about how we got Charlene to be

our maid?" he said.

"Yeah." Mr. Pike responded.

"Well, evidently, she still doesn't know it's the 'tea' that she's been drank, that made her do all those wild things, and Sheila gave her some more tonight to calm her down." he replied.

"And, I've got an idea for some after dinner entertainment." Sheila interjected.

"I can't wait!" Roger said, just as Charlene returned from the kitchen.

She began clearing the table as the Winters and their guest laughed and joked. "At least for the moment, it's not at my expense." she thought to herself as she took an armload of dishes back to the kitchen. I got Max's bowl from the garage, and I guess that I didn't see him come into the kitchen, when I came back in. I scraped the scraps into Max's bowl, so that I would have something to eat later, when I would be allowed to eat. It took me twenty minutes to clear the table, put the food away, load those dishes that I could into the dishwasher and I put the dirtiest of the platters into the sink to soak.

I then brought out the fabulous desert that I had spent a good deal of the day baking and went back to the kitchen for the coffee. I then returned to the kitchen to start washing those dishes that couldn't go into the dishwasher. By the time I was through, they were through with desert and I cleared the table for a final time, washing those dishes as well, and I turned on the dishwasher. Just as I did, and was hoping to finally get to eat something before going to sleep, Sheila called me back into the livingroom.

"Yes Mrs. Winters." I said.

Then, to my surprise, Sheila said, "Charlene, although you're on a diet to loose some weight put some extra meat in your bowl, as you did a fabulous job on dinner tonight and made us proud of you. You can even eat in the kitchen tonight instead of in that cold garage."

Although I blushed, at the thought of eating out of the dog's bowl and even more so at that thought that someone else now knew it, I hurried back into the kitchen, and added some extra meat, cutting it up first, as I had to stick my face into the bowl and not use my hands. I was starved, and other than a few tastes while cooking, I hadn't had a thing since breakfast this morning, at 6:00 at my own house. I got down on the floor, my ass towards the dinning room door, and began to eat.

I was so blitzed and hungry, that as I was sticking my face into the bowl, eating my dinner, I hadn't even noticed that Max was behind me, between my unconsciously wide spread thighs, sniffing at my pussy. I also hadn't noticed just how wet I had become, after drinking the tea. Although I guess I was dimly aware of Max licking my pussy, to catch all the juices flowing from it, at the time, I only realized that there was really good feeling between my legs, but at the time, my hunger was driving me on to eat and to ignore the sensations coming from between my legs.

Evidently, the more he licked, the faster and more copious my flow became, and the hornier he got. At some point in time, he mounted me. I know I should have made him get off of me, but I was so hungry, and didn't want to share my dinner with him, so I let him have his way with me. He plunged his big doggie dick into my hot, completely drenched pussy with his first stab. I howled in pleasure, from the sensation of having his long, thick cock stretching my pussy out. He immediately began humping his prick into me, like a jack hammer and I moaned from the pleasurable feelings that he was giving me. I could feel my hips humping back onto his cock as I continued eating.

I never saw Sheila come in, but she must have, as I understand that upon seeing me there on the floor, eating out of the dog dish, my thighs spread far apart with Max humping away on me and me humping back at him, she called the others into the kitchen to watch and then had Greg get both the movie camera and the 35MM camera. I'm sure that the three of them laughed their heads off, watching me and their dog fucking, while I kneeled on the floor eating my dinner. The only reason that I even now know that this is what was happening, was because I've been forced to

watch the movie of me getting fucked by Max and have also seen the prints of the pictures, though my memory is quite dim of exactly what did occur.

From what I saw of the movie, Max pounded away at me for at least fifteen minutes, at least that's how long the movie showed it to be, though I know it had to be longer, as they didn't start filming, right at the beginning. Throughout the movie, I heard the three of them laughing at me and joking about what a slut I was. Most of the sounds, however, were of me grunting and panting, Max also grunting, and the sloppy wet suctioning sound of his prick pounding in and out of my overly wet pussy.

While I was no sexual expert, I could tell that he was fucking me faster than any man had ever fucked me, and it quickly brought me to a peak very quickly. I hollered out as I came hard around his prick. As I came, my muscles all contracted, gripping his cock so tight that he could neither pound into me nor pull out of me and he growled at me, but a moment later my muscles relaxed and began massaging his cock as he resumed his jack hammer rhythm of fucking me. While I was no match for his speed, in the throes of my orgasm, I certainly tried to keep up with him rocking back and forth on his rapidly plunging prick.

Sheila then helped me out of my dress, so that I was now naked in front of the three of them, my huge pendulous tits hanging down almost to the floor, my nipples fully erect.

"My lord woman! You bring a new meaning to the words 'well endowed'!" Mr. Pike exclaimed upon seeing my huge naked tits hanging down as they did.

I then saw that Mr. Pike was now kneeling in front of me, his pants were gone and his semi-hard prick was right in front of my face. I didn't even think, I just opened my mouth and took it inside of me. So there I was, getting fucked with Max's jack hammer thrusts as I fucked him back as best as I could, while sucking voraciously on Greg's boss' cock with my mouth. I saw a few flashes and knew that Sheila had won again, now she had a picture of me sucking a strange cock while being fucked by her dog, it's long, thick prick deeply impaling me.

Mr. Pike and Greg kept trading off while Max was fucking me better than any man ever had. As soon as one would cum, the other would kneel down in front of me, and I would suck the new cock into my mouth and begin working on it. Evidently Max didn't mind, the only time I heard him growl was at the beginning of each of the numerous orgasms that he drove me to, when my cunt would snap tightly around his prick, trapping him there for a moment.

"What more could happen to me tonight?" I thought and it was as if I had wished bad luck on myself. First they took pictures of the two of us from every angle that you could imagine, more fodder for the fire. Then right after they put the camera away, in walks Lisa and a group of her friends, both boys and girls. Sheila made sure that they knew what had taken place, telling them that I was so horny that I went and got Max to fuck me and now we were stuck. The kids all laughed at my predicament.

Sheila then suggested, that if the boys were horny, that while I could fuck them at the moment, that I could still suck them off, and they all took her up on her offer. I got back up on my hands and knees, as the three boys kneeled in front of me and fed me their cocks to service them. As I was swallowing the last of the three loads of cum, Sheila was showing Roger out.

"Well Roger, I certainly hope that you had a good time. Remember, you can come over any time and do what ever you want with Charlene. As you can see, she's quite a big slut and cock hound, no pun intended."

Roger laughed at her joke and said, "You can be sure that I'll be dropping by from time to time to use your slut."

I wanted to die. It had been bad enough the weekend of the party with the dozen or so friends of Lisa and Tracy, knowing that I had sex with those three boys, but now it seemed that Sheila was trying to completely destroy me, make sure that everyone in town, or at least everyone that she knew, knew that I was her slut and was always available, and I had no idea why she would do this to me.

Max's cock eventually slid out of my cunt and I guess that Greg must have carried me back to my bed, Max's bed, in the garage. I was already asleep.

Chapter 10 - Tuesday

I got up at 5:45 a.m., the time that I now got up every morning when I worked at Sheila's. My head throbbed, as if I had a hang over, but I didn't remember having any alcoholic beverages the night before. I had a taste in my mouth of cum and pussy juice, I could feel the dried cum on face, as well as between my legs, and my pussy was sore, as if I had participated in another gang bang. I tried to think back on what had happened last night, but after serving the dinner, my mind was a complete blank.

Groggily, I got to my feet, and went back into the house, I was shivering as it was cold in the garage, even though I wasn't laying directly on the cold, concrete floor, but rather in Max's bed, with him curled up next to me and a light blanket over me. I got into the shower and let the hot water just run over my body, both to wash away the cum, and soothe my aching muscles. I noticed that there were stubbles appearing on my pussy, and my legs and underarms appeared to need a shaving as well, so I shaved first. I then washed and showered. After drying off, I brushed my teeth three times, then gargled three times as well, to get the awful taste of stale cum and pussy juice out of my mouth. I then applied my make-up and put the clothes on that Sheila had laid out for me, the night before.

After getting myself ready for the day, I headed to the kitchen to get the family's breakfast going. To my surprise, Lisa was already up and in the kitchen.

She must have seen the shocked look on my face, at finding her there at such an early hour, and said, "I've got a shit day! I've got classes from eight to noon today. By the way, how's that new boy friend of your's?" and then giggled.

I was confused. Who could she possibly mean? Maybe she was talking about

the clerk at the liquor store. But I didn't even have a date with him yet. "Oh well, I guess it's better to look stupid, than open my mouth and prove it." I thought to myself, and said nothing to her as I began making the coffee. I sighed in relief, as she said nothing further about it.

After I got the coffee going I began making bacon and eggs. While I was cooking, Sheila then Greg came in.

"Charlene, right after we leave, I want you to walk Max. He's been making such a mess in the garage, and unless you want to clean up after him, you'll need to begin to take him for walks several times a day. Let's say we schedule his walk times for after breakfast, right after lunch, if you can, just before we get home and before you go to bed. He's getting lazy, so walk him two blocks down, two blocks over and then just finish the circle. Oh, when you get back with him, don't forget you are to jog out to the water plant and give some lucky fellow a blow job." she instructed.

Then, just before she left, she said, "Give me your hand."

I opened my hand and she placed two metal balls into my palm. I looked at them, but had no idea what they were for.

Sheila seeing my look of puzzlement said, "They're Ben Wa balls. They go inside of your cunt. You'll just love what they do to you. From now on, you will put them into your pussy after you get out of the shower, and you can take them out after you've walked Max after dinner. Now put them inside of your pussy."

I had heard of them before, but I still had no clue as to what they did, or even how they worked. No one that I knew, had ever used them, or if they had, they never told me about it. They were much smaller than a dildo, so I didn't think anything of it as I pushed them into my cunt.

"Now walk around and tell me what it feels like. You know, whether they're comfortable or not." Sheila instructed me.

Thinking that it was like shoes, and I had to make sure that she got the

right size, I began walking around the room. It didn't take long before I felt them moving around inside of me, and not long after that before I could feel myself getting really turned on. Then out of no where, an orgasm swept over me. I shrieked out my joy and felt my whole body trembling. I grabbed onto the counter to keep from falling over, as my knees grew very weak.

Sheila was laughing at me, as was becoming her usual habit, and said, "Now you know what they do. I don't want to find out that you've removed them during the day, except when you're getting fucked by one of your lovers." and then she left.

I could smell my arousal in the air and could feel my juices running down my legs. This was not good. How was I going to be able to cope with all of my duties, if I was cuming all of the time, every time I walked somewhere? Worse, how would I be able to walk Max and take my run with those things inside of me, making me cum continuously?

Everyone seemed in a hurry to get out this morning, and I was relieved that nothing more was added to my load. After cleaning up from breakfast, I got Max's leash, and went out to the garage to get him. I clipped the leash onto his collar, and started out on our walk.

My clothes today, were essentially the same as yesterday's, other than the colors. Today I was in red, a very short red micro-mini skirt, with a red corset/bustier that barely covered my large areolas, sheer black stockings and 5" red stiletto heeled shoes. On a much younger woman, or girl, with a thinner body, this might look sexy, but with my extra pounds, and huge boobs, it tended to make me look more like a slut, especially with Sheila's choice of make-up for me.

We hadn't gotten but two houses down the road, before some old biddie of a neighbor saw me walking Max. She was out in her front yard, and at first she just stared at me in disbelief. As I got right in front of her house, she actually called out to me, "What a slut!" loud enough for the whole neighborhood to hear her. I was so embarrassed, that I know that I must have been blushing, and I couldn't even look at her, nor respond to her assessment of me. She was basically right, Sheila had me dressed up,

and made up, to look just like a slut, and now, with those Ben Wa balls inside of me, I even smelled like one.

The high heels made my average legs almost shapely, and bunched up my ass, making it look quite inviting, in a sexual nature. In addition, due to the heels forcing me up so high on my toes, it changed the way that I was forced to walk, taking relatively short mincing steps. These short mincing steps, were forcing my hips to move dramatically from side to side, and made my naked, unsupported ass cheeks and boobs, to visibly bounce with each step that I took. In essence, I looked like a whore out here, trying to pick up a "date".

I was so wrapped up in my sorrows, that I hadn't noticed that Max had stopped to take a dump, and was jerked back into the present as the leash tightened, and jerked me backwards. Although I didn't fall over, my skirt had pulled way up, exposing my nakedness underneath it to several motorists passing by at that very moment. Again I blushed, knowing that they had seen my naked, bald pussy, in all of its full lipped glory. As I stood there waiting for Max to finish, I realized that I had gotten very wet from exposing myself like that, even more than just what the Ben Wa balls were doing to me. My nipples too had gotten rock hard, and were tenting the cup of the thin bra out very noticeably.

The rest of the long walk was horrible. Those balls were moving around inside of me, and kept me on the edge of an orgasm, when I wasn't actually having one. My juices were flowing out of my cunt, and down my legs, and I smelled of sex, which embarrassed me immensely, as I walked by over a dozen people, all of whom had to notice both the smell and see the juices running down my legs. If the people passing me didn't notice, Max for sure did. When he wasn't straining on the leash, pulling me along at a faster than I wanted to go pace, he was sticking his nose up my skirt, right in my pussy, and sniffing and licking at the juices running out of it..

You want to talk about embarrassing positions, imagine standing there in a short skirt, without any panties on underneath, and having a large dog, sticking his nose in between your legs, into your pussy and then

sniffing and licking at it. The worse part was, I was enjoying his attentions, especially his broad, rough tongue, lapping the juices from between my pussy lips, but it was making me moan loudly, so loud, that I was sure anyone within a block of me could hear it.

At one point, Max had spotted a cat, and started to take off after it, although I held on to his leash, when he yanked me, my skirt again came up in the back, and as I was forced to lean forward, trying not to fall over, and with my legs spread pretty far apart, I knew that everyone behind me got an excellent view of both my hairless, naked pussy, as well as my ass hole. After that, Max wanted to walk faster, pulling me along most of the time that we were out there walking. Therefore, instead of taking the short, mincing steps, that were necessary, both to retain some dignity of having my naked pussy covered up, as well as keeping the balls inside of my cunt from moving around too much. I was forced to take longer, faster steps, which made my skirt constantly flip upwards, both in front and in back, with each step that I took, exposing my nakedness and making those damned balls really get me off. In addition, four times I had to put one tit or the other, back into the small bra cup, that was attempting to contain my huge melons, but not doing such a great job of it.

After I got back to Sheila's house, and put Max away, I grabbed my jogging clothes and went to the bathroom. First of all, I had to pee, due to cuming so many times, and then I wanted to clean my juices off of my legs, before I dressed. After I was dressed, but before I got out of the door, the phone rang.

"Hello! Winter's residence." I said.

"Hi Charlotte! You haven't left yet on your run?" Sheila asked.

"No Mam. I was just about to walk out the door now." I replied.

"Well then, maybe it's a good thing that I caught you. I want you to remember, no matter how horny those balls make you, that the purpose of these runs is for you to burn off some of that extra weight that you carry around, so I want you to be running the whole time that you are

out there doing your exercise. If you really get tired, I want you to at least be jogging, no meandering or walking, it doesn't burn up enough calories for you to loose enough weight. Do you understand me?" she explained.

"Yes Mrs. Winters." I replied.

"Good! Then go have a nice run, and don't forget to suck someone off while you are out there, as that is your lunch today. Good protein you know." she said laughing, and hung up the phone without waiting for me to say anything.

Just as the garage door opened, for me to leave on my run, Lisa arrived, back from school.

"Mom want's me to follow you, so tell me your route, and I'll stay a block or so back, to make sure that you run or jog the whole way, and I won't be in the way when you have to suck the lucky guy off during your run." she advised me.

I told her my route, out to and back from the water plant. I then started out as she went in to change. I took off running, but didn't even make it a block away, before those damned balls inside of me set off the first orgasm of my run. It was such a powerful one, that I almost fell to the ground as my knees became very weak. After recovering, I began running again, making the balls move around deliciously inside of me and I was snapping off orgasms almost one a block, which made it next to impossible to concentrate on anything else.

I was almost to the water plant, when I saw a car pulled off to the side, and a man, with his coat and tie off, fixing a flat. By now I was covered in sweat. My white sports bra, being soaked from the sweat, had become virtually transparent, to the point that you could easily see my areolas and my erect nipples tenting the thin material out. My very tight, white shorts, which were so tight that even when they were dry, outlined my pussy slit and lips, were drenched with my sex juices, making them too virtually transparent, allowing everyone to see my well defined pussy, right through my shorts. My juices were flowing so

copiously, that both of my legs were covered with it, and my socks were even drenched with my juices.

I knew that I smelled of sex and looked like a real whore, but with Lisa trailing me, and I had to give some guy a blow job. So it would have to be either this guy, or the guard at the gate. I'd never see this guy again, but the guard, even if I didn't stop there, would see me every day, and I didn't want to get near him, smelling of sex like I did. So I decided to suck the stranded motorist cock.

I ran up behind him and stopped, resting my hands on my knees as I huffed and puffed from the exertion of my run, and all of the orgasms that I had already had. Imagine my embarrassment, when I finally got to see who it was. It was the minister of my church. He turned around to look at me, after I had just asked him if I could suck his cock. His eyes hungrily roved over my virtually naked body. Although I was dressed, everything was so wet, that there wasn't anything hidden from his view.

He grinned evilly at me and said, "Sheila told me what a whore you've become, but I didn't believe her. Now I can see that she was right. Tomorrow night, we're having a fund raising meeting, and several of our biggest contributors will be there. I want you there, dressed as Sheila tells me your dressing these days, in bustier, short skirt, stockings and heels. You can have Sheila drop you off, and we'll bring you home. Any problems with that Charlene?"

"Uh, no. I'll be there, dressed as you've asked me to." I replied.

"Good, then I'll see you tomorrow night at the church." he responded.

I was shocked. How could my minister ask me to do such a thing? I was in such shock, that I hadn't even seen him take his cock out for me to suck on, as I had offered to do.

"Well Charlene, are you going to suck my cock or not?" he asked, leering at me.

I knew that I was blushing, as I could feel the heat radiating from my face, as I knelt down in front of him, and automatically took his cock in my hand, opened my mouth, and took his prick into me. His cock was nothing special. It was a little longer than average, but also thinner.

"What was I thinking about?" I thought to myself, as my head bobbed up and down on his cock and my tongue began working on his shaft. "Now I'm grading the size of the cocks that I take on!" But there I was, sucking on my minister's cock, trying my best to make him cum as fast as I could, and Lisa was somewhere behind us, watching the whole thing take place.

It didn't take him long, as he ogled my virtually naked body, pawing me through my sweat and cum drenched clothes. I told him that I had to go, as Sheila was expecting me, and he said OK, and reminded me to show up at 7:30 tomorrow evening.

As I turned around to head back to Sheila's house, I ran into a laughing Lisa, who ran with me the rest of the way home, teasing me about always being so horny, as I was snapping off orgasms right and left from those damned Ben Wa balls inside of my cunt.

To my horror, Dave and Jack, and several of their friends were waiting for us when we got home. "Shit Lisa, what's that smell?" Dave asked.

"It's Charlene! The horny old bitch, just can't take her mind off of having sex, and was snapping off orgasms the whole time that she was out there running." Lisa advised the assembled boys.

None of them wanted a thing to do with me, at the moment, and they made me take a shower first. When I came out, I had to fuck them all, some with my cunt, some with my ass, a few even fucked my tits, but whichever way they did me, I had to suck them off afterwards, to clean off their cocks.

I was in such a haze and due to the fact that I had been so horny, had already cum so many times that day, and there were so many of them, that I don't even remember which boy did what to me. I do know that most of

them fucked my cunt, while the others fucked my ass and tits, and I had to lick and suck all of them off to clean their cocks, which meant that most of the time, I had a dick in my mouth and another in one of my other holes or between my huge tits. I vaguely remember taking on three at a time at one point. I would squat onto one cock, I had another in my ass and one in my mouth. While I know that I did that at least twice, it could have been as many as five or six times as well.

After fucking the ten boys, and each of them fucked me at least once or twice, Lisa then let me take another shower, before walking Max again. Maybe Lisa was right, and I really was a slut. All I could think about the whole time that I was out walking Max was having even more cocks fucking me.

The walk was just as bad, if not worse, than his morning walk. There were more people outside, even several school kids, as school had already finished for the day. Max seemed to want to sniff and lick me even more this time, which was really embarrassing. He even did it once when a young mother and her daughter were approaching. The little girl asked her mother why I wasn't wearing any panties, and the mother gave her some lame excuse, then shot a look like she would like to kill me. That was the worse little episode of our walk, but by far, not the only one. Like the first time, he pulled me along, a good portion of the way, causing my skirt to keep flipping up in the front and the back, and making my tits pop out, which I then had to stuff back in to the too small bra cup.

If I had thought that things couldn't possibly get worse, I was wrong. Today certainly proved it. Those damned Ben Wa balls keeping me either on the edge of or actually having orgasms all day long, the minister, walking the dog, and getting gang banged, certainly made this the worse day of my entire life, and the day wasn't even over yet.

When I got home, I set about getting dinner started, and rushed through the house to straighten it up before Sheila got home. I barely finished the house, and dinner wasn't quite ready when Sheila arrived home, but it was close enough to finished, that I didn't get in any trouble over it. I served them dinner in the kitchen, and scrapped the scraps into

Max's bowl and then Max and I had our dinner in the garage.

When I came back into the house, Sheila had me sit down with her at the table. She had a cup of that delicious tea for me, and we talked for a while, almost like old times. She refilled my cup twice and I was starting to get a little dizzy when we were finished talking.

She then made me run her a bath. When it was ready, she came in and told me to stay. She sat on the edge of the tub, spread her legs wide apart and then told me, "Eat me out nice and slowly until I tell you to stop."

I knelt between her wide spread legs and pressed my face into her gash. While I am not a lesbian, nor am I even bisexual, she had made me do this before, so it wasn't my first time. I guess between those Ben Wa balls moving around inside of my pussy all day, keeping me at a high state of arousal, and the afternoon gang bang that I had endured, that nothing at this point was too outlandish. I got right to work, starting off by sucking on her clit, while fingering her pussy with two fingers.

I guess that I was doing a pretty good job on her, as she was soon humping her cunt into my face and shortly after that, she came. I reversed my fingers and my mouth, sticking my tongue into her pussy and licking up all of her juices, while I worked over her clit with my finger. This brought off again, in short order. I remained like that, my tongue in her cunt and my finger working on her clit until she came five times, and then she stopped me.

She then slid into the tub full of hot water and bubble bath salts. She made me wash her, which I did, slowly and gently. She made me spend extra time on her small tits, especially rubbing and tweaking her nipples and between her legs, making me get her off yet one more time. After shampooing her hair, she got out of the tub and I had to dry her off, other than her hair, which she did herself with another towel.

I then went back to the kitchen to begin cleaning up from dinner, while she went about her business of getting ready for the night. About the time that I was finished, she came into the kitchen, and made us some more tea. Again we sat and talked for a while, but I was getting sleepy.

I guess all those orgasms, combined with getting up at 5:45 and my run to the water plant, had worn me out.

I don't remember getting undressed or down on my hands and knees on the kitchen floor, but that's the next thing that I remember. Max was behind me, sticking his nose into my pussy, sniffing and licking it like there was no tomorrow. It felt so good that I didn't care that an animal was bringing me such great pleasure, nor did I care, nor even see that I had an audience watching him work me into a lather.

After getting me off several times, he jumped up on my back. He poked at me several times, missing my sopping wet pussy, so I bent forward, reached between my legs and guided his long, thick cock into my cunt. As soon as I let go, he rammed it all the way into my cunt and I cried out, mainly from the pleasure, but there was a little pain of having his cock stretching me out some. He didn't wait, nor stand on ceremony, he just began fucking me as fast and as hard as he could, much faster than any man had ever fucked me. Although it was pretty much a repeat of the night before, I didn't remember that he had fucked me the night before, so I had nothing to base a comparison with.

He kept up his fast, rough pace and in a relatively short time, I felt my orgasm approaching and then wash over me. I can remember thinking to myself, "Damn, he's better than the boys were this afternoon, and even a better fucker than my husband." My pussy clamped down tightly on him, at the very beginning of my orgasm, and he growled at me, but when it let loose and simply spasmed around him, attempting to milk his cock, he just returned to his fast paced, rough humping of my needy pussy.

I must have cum three times, before I felt his even thicker knot begin to enter my pussy. I groaned from the discomfort, that this thicker part of his cock was really stretching my pussy out to it's maximum. I felt the knot going deeper and deeper into my cunt as he kept right on slamming it to me, and I couldn't believe it, but I went multi-orgasmic and just kept on cuming and cuming and cuming as Max fucked me real good.

Then suddenly, I realized that his cock, knot and all, was fully impaled inside of me, and it no longer was moving in and out of me, though I did

feel him still moving his hips back and forth behind me, his ball sack slapping at my cunt. Then I felt it, he was shooting his watery cum into my pussy, but the knot didn't shrink at all. When he finally quit squirting his seed into me, he tried to dismount, and we ended up butt to butt.

I sort of remember crying at this point, as I was ashamed over having been fucked by a dog, and horrified that someone would come in and find us attached to each other. Then I heard the laughter, and looked around to see the whole family standing there. I don't know how long they had been there, but they had caught me fucking their dog, and now I was stuck, just like a bitch, after having been fucked. I know that I must have blushed real deeply, as just thinking about it now makes me still blush.

I have no idea how long we were stuck together, but I know that it was for quite a while. I don't even remember going to the garage afterwards, but someone must have carried me there. Anyway, I do know that the next morning, I woke up with Max's cock in my mouth and his nose buried between my legs, licking my cunt, with the light blanket over both of us, so someone had to have set this up, because I know that I wouldn't have done it voluntarily after having been caught fucking him.

Chapter 10 - Wednesday

Sheila was all excited about what Charlene would be required to do for the deacon's fund raiser. She knew that they would all be treating her like the biggest slut in the world and wanted her dressed that way. She therefore had to get her some really slutty clothes for tonight's bash. She also knew that every man there, including Greg, would use her to their hearts content, before the real fun began. Some of the men had really sick, exciting things that they wanted her to do and Charlene would certainly be sore and stiff tomorrow. But the best part of it was, that they had gotten an Internet porn site to agree to buy the footage of all the things that they would be forcing Charlene to do, after the gang bang of course.

Since she wanted to be proud of Charlene's sluttiness tonight, she had

even instructed Lisa, to make sure that her friends didn't come around to use Charlene today. Oh Charlene would still have to run, walk the dog, clean the house, and have dinner ready, but she didn't want her to have anything extra, for fear that she wouldn't be able to finish in time and therefore would be late for the church "social".

After breakfast, and after everyone had left for school or work, I called Max, and clipped his leash on. I was already worked up into a lather from those damned things that Sheila was forcing me to keep inside of my pussy. Every time I moved, they would get me right up to the edge of an orgasm, and if I moved enough, I'd actually have one. So I wasn't exactly looking forward to taking a brisk walk with Max, but I had to walk him.

So out through the garage we went. I closed the door and slipped the clicker into my bustier, right between my tits, as I had no place else to store it, and didn't want to hold it in my hand as we went for our walk. Max, for some reason was more rambunctious today than he normally was. I was wetter than I normally was with those damned Ben Wa balls rolling around in my pussy, and my imagination running away with what I would be forced to do tonight at the church.

I was so caught up in my thoughts about what further humiliations would be heaped upon me, that I wasn't paying attention to the fact that my skirt had ridden up fully exposing my shaved pussy and about half of my equally naked buttocks, until that retired, holier-than-thou bitch started calling me a whore and a slut at the top of her lungs. Just as I tried to pull my extremely short skirt down, to regain some modesty, as the woman was deriding me, Max decided it was time to sniff my pussy.

The woman broke up in laughter and started saying things like "That was all I was, was a bitch-in-heat." and similar derogatory things. I pulled on Max's leash and at least got him to stop long enough to get away from that crazy lady. Believe it or not, our walk that morning got worse. Max was between my legs for most of our walk, sniffing my pussy and licking up the juices flowing from it. Because of having to fight Max, to stay away from my pussy, I was exhausted when we got home.

I wanted to just sit for a minute, but I had to run and then meet Sheila at the mall, so I quickly changed into my running clothes. Today wasn't as bad as yesterday, trying to run with those damned balls keeping me on the edge of an orgasm, and occasionally actually having one. At least today I didn't fall to the ground and roll around as I had my orgasms.

There was no one on my path today, so I trotted up to the guard's booth outside the water plant, and asked, "Mind if I come in and cool off for a minute?"

"Of course not." he replied grinning like the cat who had swallowed the canary, knowing that I'd give him some head.

Today though, as I stood there in my sweat drenched half blouse and cum drenched pants, he slipped his hand up under my blouse and began to play with my tits. I was in a quandary, I couldn't very well piss him off too much, as I didn't know if he was in on this with Sheila. If he was, he'd tell her that I didn't suck him off. Although I hated that he was taking liberties with my body, I couldn't deny the pleasure that he was giving me.

I finally asked him, "Would you like me to suck you off?"

Of course he would, but I had to ask. I got down on my knees and undid his pants, pulling his nice cock out for me to service. I don't know why, but I gave him an exceptionally good blow job that day, and then quickly left before he got any other ideas. The run home was exceptionally arduous, as I was snapping orgasms off right and left. By the time I got back to the Winter's home, I barely had time to shower and get to the mall.

The walk over there was brutal, as the wind had picked up and I virtually had to walk while attempting to hold my tiny skirt down. Sheila was waiting for me when I arrived. She was mad as I was five minutes late, but said that she'd attend to that later as we had more important things to attend to.

The first stop was at Victoria's Secrets, where she bought me an exceptionally sexy black silk and lace cupless corset with garters, and

a pair of stockings with a snake design on them. Next we went to a specialty shoe store, that specialized in 4" - 6" high heeled shoes. There she got me a pair of open toed 6" red high heels that forced me to literally walk on ends of my toes, while forcing my feet up almost into perfect alignment with my legs. Lastly she took me to a dress shop, and bought me a rather expensive floor length red dress, but a size too small, so that it clung to me like a second skin. The way the dress was designed, there would have been no way to wear a bra under it anyway, as it was cut so low that the very tops of my wide areolas peeked out over the top.

Looking at myself in the dress in the three way mirror, I was horrified to see that my huge areolas were visible right through the material of the dress. Worse still, the dress was slit, all the way from the floor, to the middle of my hips in four places, in the front, the back and on both sides. With every step that I took, my pussy and ass were exposed, and even anyone viewing me from the sides could tell that I was naked underneath. I was about to object, when I heard Sheila thanking the owner for modifying the dress for her, as she paid for it, and I knew better than to say anything at that moment.

Just like the last time, she made me go suck off some perfect stranger before driving me home. This time she picked out a young man of just 18. He worked in the mall and was really a dream boat. He was tall, athletically built and really cute.

I was really embarrassed to go over to him and ask him if I could suck him off, but Sheila had left me no choices. After I asked him if he would like a blow job, promising that I would get him off like no girl ever had, he looked me over as if he were mentally stripping me, as he pondered whether to accept my offer or not.

While I was still overweight, I must admit, that those morning runs had burned off about 10 pounds already, and my boobs didn't seem any smaller. So I guess at this point, while I'm not some skinny mini by an stretch of the imagination, I am what men call voluptuous, having all of the right curves in the right places. The fact that I was wearing a really short micro-mini skirt, a bustier, stockings and high heeled

shoes, helped to make me look more like a slut, as did the heavy, gaudy make-up that Sheila was forcing me to wear. Lastly, those damned Ben Wa balls, had my pussy juicing since I stepped out of the shower, so I know that he could smell the scent of sex emanating from me.

Anyway, he did accept and we went out to his car. I quickly had him unzipped and his cock out of his pants. I deep throatied his average sized prick while playing with his balls and fingering his ass. Being young, they cum fast anyway, but in my now experienced hands, he came in less than a minute after I sucked his cock into my mouth.

I couldn't believe that I was actually proud of getting him off so fast. What am I turning into? The slut that Sheila wants me become?

When Sheila dropped me off, she instructed me to just straighten the house and get dinner ready, and that she was having her hair dresser come over at 6:00 to do my hair. Since she had me doing only minimal tasks that afternoon, other than walking Max again, I was quickly finished with my duties and had dinner cooking in the stove, when I ran in to shower again, as instructed.

To my surprise, Sheila, Greg & Lisa were home when I got out of the shower. I threw on the clothes that I had been wearing and went into the kitchen to finish dinner. Sheila was in an exceptionally good mood, and even told me to set a place at the table for myself. The first real food I'd had since Monday night, other than the scraps that they put in Max's bowl for the two of us to share. Sheila started plying me with that good tasting tea of her's and by the time that we left, I had had four cups, the last two while Ana worked on my hair and make-up.

Just as we finished someone was ringing the doorbell, and Sheila said, "Oh, that's probably Ana, the hairdresser. Go let her in and take her with you to my bathroom."

It was Ana and we went into Sheila's bathroom for her to work on getting me ready for the Deacons' Fund Raiser. She did a good job on my hair, making me look better than I had in quite a while. She also did my make-up and nails. While I didn't like the colors and heaviness of it,

I'm sure that she did what Sheila had instructed her to do, I looked pretty good, even if I had to say so myself.

After showing her out, Sheila helped me into the corset, tying it up so tightly that I thought that I would pass out. Then I put the stockings on, smoothing them up my shapely legs. It wasn't until I had both pair on, that I realized that the snake design was of a snake, wrapping itself around both of my legs and ending with it's head pointed right at my pussy and with it's tongue sticking out.

I then sat down to put my shoes on and was a little wobbly in the extremely high, high heeled shoes, but as I had been wearing heels almost as high, it didn't take me too long to get used to the extra height. They were definitely not comfortable shoes, as I was essentially resting my entire weight on the ends of my toes. Last came the dress. While it had been somewhat tight around the middle in the store, with the corset on underneath, it clung to me but I wasn't straining the seams anymore.

I noticed that Lisa had left as I was hustled into the car with Sheila and Greg and we drove to the church. When we arrived, I was led into the Church's social hall, where parties are normally held for the deacon's fund raiser. The men were all dressed in suits, and the few ladies present were dressed in short evening gowns, except for me. Shortly after I arrived, a naked man, secured to a chair, and wearing a hood, which I assumed to hide his identity was carried in and placed facing where all of the action was to take place.

I would later find out that Lisa had left early to babysit my kids, while they kidnaped my husband, stripped him and forced him to watch me be debauched and degraded by the men and some of the women of the church. I also later found out that the leather helmet that he was wearing, which did not have an opening for his mouth, was covering the ball gag that he was wearing, so that he couldn't scream and holler anything out to me.

They told me that the naked man was someone that I knew, who didn't want to let me know who he was, but wanted to watch me be a slut. I didn't

think anything of it, either when then told me nor at any other point during the evening. However, I did notice, that whoever it was, got a hard-on, once they started using and abusing me, which did not shrink all night long, even though he shot off several times, without anyone stimulating him, just by watching what they were doing to me.

The head deacon finally got up, went to the microphone and said, "I have a few announcements to make and then we'll get on to the business at hand, our fund raiser."

He made a few normal, church-type announcements and then said, "Charlene, come on up here."

I was already in la la land from the tea, and numbly went up to the podium. When I was up at the podium with him, he continued, "As you all know, Charlene Hopkins, a member in good standing, has agreed to help us in a major fund raising for the church. Every one here has agreed to donate \$500 a head for the right to participate and watch Charlene act like her slutty-self. As you can see, although she is wearing a very formal dress, that she is wearing absolutely nothing underneath it." as he spread the slit on the front of my dress, revealing not only my pantiless condition, but also the fact that I shaved me pussy.

As he said this, I wanted to die, in spite of the tea, and it's numbing affects. Everyone there knew me. I was so embarrassed and humiliated by what he was saying, that I was blushing a deep, hot red.

"She has agreed to have sex with any and all of us tonight, in any way that you want to have sex with her. While we could draw numbers, I figure that we could raise a few extra dollars, by auctioning off the early rights to have sex with her. Oh, by the way, we are video taping this, and anyone who wants a copy of the video tape, should sign up at the door. Remember, this is for charity. The money will be used to refurbish our school rooms. So the cost of the video is going to be \$50. Charlene, go ahead and remove your dress, so that everyone knows what they are bidding on."

Still blushing, and not totally believing that this was happening, I

unzipped the dress and let it fall, puddling around my feet before picking it up. Someone came over and took the dress from me, put it on a hanger and hung it up somewhere. Meanwhile, there I was dressed in just thigh high, stockings, 6" high heeled shoes, which were making my shapely legs look even shapelier as well as forcing my butt to be somewhat bunched up, a corset, which was making my more than ample waist actually look somewhat thin, and a smile.

"Why don't you turn around, spread your legs and bend over, placing your hands on your calves." he suggested, and I complied.

I knew that in this position, both my anus and my fat, currently very wet and slippery pussy were fully exposed to all my friends and acquaintances. Those Ben Wa balls had me right on the edge of an orgasm, so my normally fat pussy lips were fully engorged and flowered open, exposing the pink meat of my juicy love tunnel and my fully erect and tingling clit.

The bidding started at \$50 and was considered finished when no one would go above \$500. The first man, someone that I barely knew came up to claim his prize, the first go at me. While we did have black families in the church, there weren't that many, so I was surprised that the first man to bid for my services was black.

"Well Bill, she's all yours. Which hole do you want to use?" the deacon asked.

"Her ass hole, but I will be able to have her suck me into erection, won't I?" the big buck asked.

"Sure Bill, but since we don't want to hurt her, I've been given this tube of KY Jelly to lubricate her ass with, for those who want to partake in such a manner." he advised the winner.

Bill knelt behind me, applied the lubricant to his middle finger and proceeded to press it into my butt. Just a few weeks ago, I had been an anal virgin, now I was an experienced anal slut. As his long, thick finger penetrated my anal cavity, I let out a low, sexy moan of

pleasure, much to my further embarrassment, knowing that everyone in the social hall could hear me, as they had placed a microphone in front of me and had the volume up as loud as they could get it, without getting any squealing feedback.

After he fully impaled his digit, inside of my ass, with everyone watching, he began fucking it in and out of my ass. To my humiliation, I began moaning in pleasure and pumping my hips in time with his thrusts. He then withdrew his finger, regreased the one that he had been using plus another one. He then pressed both fingers into my yearning anus and they entered my sphincter with a noticeable 'POP'ing sound. Again I was moaning in pleasure and moving my ass back and forth on the invading digits as he stretched me out by fucking his digits in and out of my ass.

He repeated this until he was finally fucking me with all four fingers. I was hotter than hell, feeling his fingers invading my filthy hole and pleasuring me. The bastard, seeing how responsive I was, kept it up until I came, while riding his fingers, right there in front of all of those people. He then pulled his fingers out, and as they exited, a sound like pulling a wet finger out of the top of a soda bottle filled the room. My humiliation was complete.

He then walked around in front of me and said, "O.K. honey, take my cock out of my pants and suck me until it's hard."

I was so hot at this point, that I responded automatically. I unzipped his pants, reached in with my hand to grasp his cock and pull it out. What I saw was terrifying. He wasn't even the least bit hard yet, but his cock was already bigger than Jack's was when it was hard, which was bigger than my husband's. In spite of my fear, I sucked his cock into my salivating mouth and quickly began to suck and lick it. I could feel it growing inside of my mouth, which made me even randier, and before long it was fully erect. He took it out of my mouth, and I was shocked that I had been able to accommodate him. He had to be close to twelve inches long and was very thick.

I was wondering whether I'd be able to take him in my ass, even with the lubricant and having been pre-stretched. He could see my eyes were

bugged open, but no one else could, or so I thought. But between the three cameras feeding into the two big screen TV's, everyone could see every expression on my face.

"Wouldn't our little slut like to have my big salami up her ass?" he asked.

"Nooo! You're too big! You'll tear me in two!" I stated.

"Oh come on now, you how stretchable your ass is, and besides, I know how much you like getting fucked, especially in front of an audience." he chuckled.

"No I don't. I'd rather do it in private." I pleaded.

"But don't you want to cum?" he asked.

My blood was boiling and I had no other way of getting off, so in my weakened state I croaked, "Yes."

"Then beg me to fuck you in the ass." he hissed.

I looked at his huge black cock, no longer afraid of it, knowing the pleasure that it could bring and said, "Please fuck me in the ass." which brought cheers and applause from the others watching the show.

He moved around behind me, lined his spit soaked erection up with greased anus and pressed the thick, uncut head into me. It entered with a "PLOP" and I groaned in discomfort from being stretched out so widely. He gave me a few seconds to get used to his thickness then slowly fed me the entire length of his shaft as I moaned in delight. As soon as his pelvic bone mashed into the twin mounds of my ass cheeks, he began pulling out, much faster than he had gone in. When just the head of his cock was still inside of me, he reversed directions and slid his meat back into my ass.

With each ensuing thrust, he picked up speed until he was fucking my ass, as if he were possessed, and I was thrusting my ass back onto his raping spear as fast as he was pressing into me. I don't remember much

about his buggering of my ass after that, as I was kept either on the edge of another orgasm, or actually having one. I came so hard and so long, that I don't even know how many times I came, before I felt him explode inside of me.

He then pulled with a loud, lewd, squelching suctioning noise. I heard someone say, "My god! Look how big her ass hole is now!" and I blushed in embarrassment, knowing also that his cum was leaking out of my ass, and since it was facing the audience, everyone had to be able to see it.

The next man bid only \$450 and took me over to the queen sized bed that they had put next to the podium. Sheila made me remove the Ben Wa balls, thank god, before he fucked me. He made me get on my hands and knees and took me doggie style while abusing my huge tits and especially my long, thick nipples while he rode me.

The next man made me straddle his hips and fuck him that way. His head was facing the audience, as was I, so that everyone could see my huge tits flopping around as I rode his average sized cock. After that, the rest of my fucks were a blur. I think I fucked ten other men and two women, both wearing huge strap on dildos, before I was open for general use. At that point I began taking them on in two's and three's. There was usually a cock in my mouth plus one in either my cunt or ass, and occasionally there was a cock in all three of my holes at the same time. This went on until about ten o'clock. I have no idea who all fucked me or how they fucked me, nor do I know how many times I came, but I figure that I must have been virtually in a state of constant orgasm.

At ten to ten, Sheila took me to the preacher's study, cleaned me up somewhat and reapplied my make-up. When she brought me back out, the deacon said, "That concludes our participatory part of the fund raiser. For the next three to four hours, everything that Charlene will do will be going out over the Internet. A major porn site is paying us \$50,000 for the exclusive rights to use what happens in the next three to four hours."

"No!" I screamed. "You can't let other people see me like this!"

Sheila walked over to me, slapped me in the face and said in a whisper, "Look bitch! I've had enough of your bellyaching. You either do it or I'll turn you over to the police first thing in the morning."

I didn't want to go to jail, so what else could I do, I agreed to cooperate with them. Thank god for those microphones, my husband heard what she had said.

I was positioned in a doggie style pose, and I saw someone leading a really big Great Dane in. With my legs spread wide, I was completely at the animal's mercy. I could hear him sniffing, and knew that he could smell my juices. He began licking my crotch, lapping up my errant juices. While I found out later that I had been having sex with Max, at the time I didn't know that I had, and assumed that this was my first encounter with an animal. I went crazy knowing that all these people were seeing the dog licking my pussy, not just those at the fund raiser but that had told me that this was going out over the Internet, and god only knew how many people were seeing it, some of whom probably knew me.

Needless to say, I went crazy bucking and twisting, trying to avoid the tongue attacking my pussy, while begging and pleading with them not to do this to me, but it was all to no avail, the dog's tongue never left my splayed open pussy, and in fact the more I squirmed, the deeper he was impaling it inside of me. As embarrassed and humiliated as I was, being forced to put on such a degrading show, I was also getting turned on by the animal's long, wide, rough tongue as it speared into me and lapped at my juices, while it's hot breath played on my anus.

It wasn't long before my pleas to make him stop became weak and insincere and not long after that, before I was begging him to make me cum. It was almost as if the dog understood me, as he pulled his face out of my cunt, jumped up on my back, rutting around for several stabs before sinking his huge doggie prick into my cunt.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" I yelled
in glee, as his huge cock impaled me.

He didn't waste any time with ceremony and was quickly pounding my pussy

with pile driver like strokes, much faster than a man could or would, as he wrapped his paws around my chest, his sharp nails digging into my more than ample tits. I was so turned on by this point, that I was fucking him back as fast as I could, uncaring about who saw it, as he quickly had me on the edge of another orgasm.

As I came, my cunt clamped down so tightly on his cock, that he could neither push it into me nor pull it out of me for almost a minute, making him growl at me. Then my whole body shook like a leaf in a hurricane, and he resumed his rapid fucking of my pussy. His huge cock kept me in a constant state of very high arousal, either on the edge of an orgasm, or actually having one. My face was a mask of pained pleasure and I could hear myself grunting with each thrust of his cock, as well as the loud, lewd slurping of my swampy pussy as he plunged in and out of it. All of this was caught on the cameras so that both the men in attendance as well as those looking in over the internet could witness my degradation, but at the moment I could care less, the only thing that was important to me was my next orgasm.

Although it hurt like a son-of-a-bitch when his huge knot entered me, really stretching my poor abused pussy, I still didn't care as I was in an orgasmic haze, which clouded my normal thinking process. Eventually the dog came inside of me with enormous quantities of watery doggie cum, but his knot did not shrink. He tried to dismount and we ended up tied together, butt to butt for twenty minutes until it finally did shrink, exiting with a loud, lewd, wet "POP!", just like a wet finger in the top of a soda bottle.

They didn't wait a second for me to recoup, a little bridge was placed over my back and a five hundred pound hog was led out on a leash. With a little help from it's handlers, it placed it's front feet on the solid board over my back, and shoved it's prick into my well used cunt. It's cock was longer and thicker than the dogs, and while it too shoved it's cock roughly into my body with each thrust, it wasn't fucking me quite as fast as the dog had.

I was nauseous over the thought of being fucked by a huge hog, even more so than the dog, but like when the dog was fucking me, my body betrayed

my feelings and I came and came and came on the end of the pig's cock. After it sprayed my womb with it's seed and was led away, I wondered what they would be doing for an encore, out of fear not out of anticipation.

I didn't have long to wait as they untied me from my kneeling position. My arms were pulled behind me and an arm binder slipped over my arms, locking my arms together from finger tips to elbows and so close together above that, that I thought they'd pull my shoulders out of their joints. This forced my huge tits to be thrust way out in front of me, making them look even bigger than they were. They then put a waist cincher around my belly and pulled it so tight, that I thought I would faint from the lack of oxygen.

I then felt a pin prick in my butt, and realized that they were shooting me up with something. I later found out that it was a potent dose of adrenalin mixed with a powerful aphrodisiac. In almost no time at all, I was full of energy and hornier than a hoot owl. They led me over to a short stool, with a pair of big black dildos on them. The one meant for my pussy looked to be about a foot in length and really wide. It was covered with little rubber pyramids and had a clital node at the base. The one for my butt looked to only be about nine inches and wasn't as thick, though certainly thicker than my husband's cock. It was made up of a series of ridges, which would force my sphincter to constantly open and close as I rode it.

I was forced to lower myself down onto these dildos until the head of the one in my ass was inside of me. As the shaft of the dildo in my cunt slid into me, I could feel each and every one of those pyramids, as they scraped the tender lining of my pussy. They then clipped chains, which were attached to winches on either side of me, to my cinch belt, and took the slack out of them so that the highest that I could lift myself was to a position where the head of the dildo in my ass was just inside of me.

Next they attached industrial strength clamps to my nipples. From the clamps hung chains and they hung a cow bell from each, that I guessed to be between three and four pounds each, really tugging on my nipples and breasts and forcing the clamps to bite down even harder onto my poor

sensitive nipples, making my scream out in pain. Then Sheila came over and pointed out two men standing about ten feet away from me, each holding a nasty looking bull whip. She advised me that unless I fucked myself on the twin dildos, as fast and as hard as I could, that these men would whip my tits with those whips, probably tearing them up badly, so I had better do as she said.

My pussy was already stretched and very wet, but my ass hole had been neglected for almost an hour, allowing it to shrink back down in size and the cum inside of it to mostly dry up. While I could feel that the shaft of both dildos had been lubricated, I was afraid that it wouldn't be enough, but it didn't matter, I was either going to fuck myself for their amusement or have my tits whipped to shreds. I decided that I better give it the old college try and started pressing myself down onto the two horrible dildos.

I was surprised at how easily they slid into me, and picked up speed as I went. It was really weird feeling those two dildos working my body differently as they pumped inside of my body. I was even more surprised when I realized that I was being more turned on by the one plumbing my ass hole, as it forced my sphincter to open up really wide, then snap tightly shut, only to be forced wide open again, in a continual cycle. As I picked up speed, the cow bells began to swing and jump around making them ring as if I were a cow walking around a pasture. This wild movements of the heavy bells caused them to pull on my nipples which in turn pulled on my breasts and also caused the clamps to bite down harder onto my nipples, but I was fucking a storm, deathly afraid as them whipping my tits.i

In spite of the pain that I was in, both in my cunt and ass, as well as my breasts, I was nevertheless kept in a high state of arousal. In part due to the pleasurable feeling of the two dildos fucking me and in part due to the aphrodisiac that they shot me up with. What ever the reason, I was cuming like some high whore for their amusement.

After almost half an hour of this, they made me stop and then attached stirrups, like on a horse's saddle to my cinch belt. Then out walks Tracy, Sheila's oldest daughter, buck assed naked and carrying a nasty

looking cat-o- nine-tails. With a little help, she stepped up, putting her feet into the stirrups, her pussy right in my face.

Sheila said, "Now you get to do two things at once. You get to eat Tracy, making her cum, while fucking yourself on the two dildos. Anytime that she's not pleased with how you are eating her out, or how you are fucking yourself, she's going to beat you with the whip, so you better put all of your effort into this to keep her happy."

I was shocked! How could they do this to me? But before I could dwell on it any longer, Tracy brought her whip down hard with one hand, while the other forced my face into her pussy. I was surprised to find it wet, and filled with cum, and it stank of urine, as if she had just peed and hadn't wiped it off. Not wanting to be hit again, I immediately thrust my tongue into her cunt and began licking while trying to push myself back up the shafts of the two dildos inside of me, now forced to lift both my weight and that of Tracy's body as well.

While she certainly couldn't complain about my tongue action, she wasn't pleased with the speed in which I was trying to lift our combined weights off of the stool and hit me again and again, as I felt as if my skin was being sliced to ribbons. It did get me to move faster and as I screamed into her pussy, the vibrations my screams caused, were turning her on which started a vicious cycle of her striking me harder and more often and my to scream louder and longer into her cunt. It took me quite a while to get up to speed, fucking myself on the twin dildos while tongue fucking Tracy's pussy, and the whole time she beat me over and over with that nasty little whip of her's until I thought I'd go out of my mind.

Thank god she finally fainted dead away in an orgasmic cloud. Several men helped her down and untied me from the stool. They also undid my arm binder, and my arms hung uselessly at my sides. My back was a bloody mess and they tended to my wounds before going on to my next task.

I was then strapped into a frame sort of contraption. My arms were out to my sides and hanging down, which forced me to thrust my huge breasts out. My feet were put into stirrup like devices, and clamped in and

there were bars under my knees with a strap holding my knees in place. My head rested in cradle of sorts, and strap was drawn over my forehead and throat, assuring that I couldn't move my head. A ring gag was then forced into my mouth, and locked into place behind my teeth, stretching my jaws open painfully wide. The only parts of my body that I could now move was my eyes, eye lids and tongue.

Once I was trussed up like this, a man came over and from the contraption pulled out two vicious looking alligator clips attached to wires. He bent down and sucked one of my nipples into his mouth and sucked on it very hard, occasionally nipping it with his teeth. My nipple grew hard pretty quick and when it was as big as I thought it could get, he stopped sucking and biting. He then produced an ice cube and rubbed it all over my nipple. To my surprise, and pain for the extreme cold, my nipple got almost fifty percent longer and thicker still. He then threw the ice cube away, opened the jaws of one of the alligator clips, holding it open it seemed like forever, before suddenly releasing his grip on it, and allowing it to snap shut at the base of my nipple.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhh!" I screamed in pain as the cruel clamp bit into my tender nipple.

When I calmed down he repeated the procedure with my other nipple, with the same painful results. After calming down again, he produced another clamp and repeated the procedure on my clit. Then a man, who looked and acted like a doctor came over, and secured over a dozen pads, like they use to take EKG's to various parts of my body. I knew this didn't bode well, but didn't know exactly what they had in store for me know.

Next they brought out a five foot long snake. I'm terribly frightened of snakes, so much so that when they laid it on my knee, I almost passed out. The snake began wriggling it's way up my thigh, towards my pussy, while I screamed an unintelligible "Take it off of me!" over and over again, but it sounded more like "Ache it off of ee".

I gather now, that it was a trained snake, trained to fuck women, but I didn't know that at the time. It made a bee line, right for my pussy,

pressed it's head inside of me and began burrowing it's way into my cunt. Just before it made contact with my pussy, I felt my nipples begin to vibrate, as someone was turning up the juice on the clamps attached to my nipples. It felt good and did take my mind off of the snake as it made concentrating nearly impossible.

As I felt the snakes tongue flicking out along my gash, they turned on the one attached to clit, just enough to make me orgasm. As my juices flowed out of my pussy, the snake dove into my pussy. As scared as I was of snakes, the feeling of this reptile entering me, quickly sent me right into another orgasm. It squirmed and wriggled it's way into me almost a foot and a half. Because it was so broad, it really stretched my poor, already abused, pussy out and was rubbing itself across the end of my completely erect clit.

Between the feel of it's scaly body rubbing my insides, as well as my clit, and the electricity that they were now sending into me, not only through the clamps but also the pads, kept me bucking and cuming for what seemed like hours, but was for only twenty minutes. While I have no direct recollection of how I looked, I can remember, with crystal clear clarity, how I felt, which was hotter than I'd ever felt while having sex before. I must have really looked wanton and slutty, as I bucked and shook from the orgasms that I was snapping off, with that damned snake burrowing into my snatch.

Someone eventually pulled the snake from my multi-orgasmic pussy and I can still remember suddenly feeling quite empty. The snake however, was just the warm-up. They rolled some sort of machine up between my legs. Craning my head, I could see two huge dildos on the ends of two shafts. The shafts were not in sync and I could see that the one intended for my pussy was much further forward. They pushed the cart up until the huge dildo for my cunt, was fully impaled inside of my pussy, and then locked the wheels in place to prevent it from moving around.

My head was then pulled down and back until I was looking exactly opposite of my body. A similar machine had been rolled up behind me, and once my head was secured in place, another large, though not as big dildo, also connected to the end of a shaft, was forced into my mouth

and down my throat. This dildo also had life like balls under, and at the end of the long, thick shaft, and I could feel the life like veins running along the shaft.

Both machines were hooked into the same computer as the electrodes and clamps already attached to my body, and would control the vibration level of the dildos, as well as the speed of their in and out fucking of my body. They started off slowly, but quickly gained speed until all three dildos were fucking me every bit as fast as the dog had at it's fastest speed. In addition, the clamps and electrodes were sending a tingling amount of electricity into my body, especially in my most tender and sensitive places. I quickly moved right to the edge of an orgasm, when I was suddenly jolted with very painful shocks all over my body, preventing me from cuming.

I have no clue as to how long this went on, but I do know that every time that I was right on the edge of cuming, I would get a jolt of electricity to prevent me from cuming. I've seen this part of the film that they made of me many times. I was like a cock crazed slut as I gave the dildo in my mouth one of the best blow jobs that I've ever given. My loud, lewd, wet suctioning noises could easily be heard and I could see that my tongue was laving the shaft as it rapidly pumped in and out of my mouth. With each appearance, as it slid out of my mouth, you could easily see how wet and shiny with my saliva it was.

The dildo pumping my cunt was also shiny with my copious fluids and I was humping back and forth against the two dildos that were raping my cunt and ass. The dildo up my ass was also shiny, but with the lubricating fluids that were constantly seeping out of the tips, to keep that orifice well oiled.

When they'd zap me, I would go rigid and shake all over. The people watching must have thought for sure that I was cuming, rather than being denied my pleasure with rather painful jolts. It was a very erotic scene, me laying there forced to submit to these phalluses, which were fucking me much faster and better than any man could possibly do, and it appeared as if I was really enjoying it, much to my dismay and embarrassment, as it was a very painful experience.

I later found out that the machines fucked me for two solid hours and I even wet myself during my abuse three times with powerful sprays of urine. Worse, all three times, it happened just as they zapped me, so some people I'm sure, thought that I was ejaculating, I was cuming so hard.

I don't remember being removed from the machine, but it was my last torment of the night. I don't even know if I was dressed or not for the ride home.

The End

Coerced • Author: Ted E. Bear(TedEBear690@Yahoo.com) • Published by Planetsexstories.org 2000-2004