

Advisory: If you must read story codes, they are included at the end of this story. It is the author's opinion that this story is more satisfying if read without expectations.

Doctor's Orders By OneIdleHand

The steam hung in the bathroom, but the hot water from the shower had long since cooled to lukewarm. Steven's thoughts were elsewhere, as he tightened the grip on his cock, bringing it to its full 6" length. He had that sense of energy that follows the tiredness from hard work, and the sweat and dirt from mowing the lawn had long since been washed from his body. The bathing forgotten, it was the hardness of his cock in his hand that captured his complete attention, as he soaped and lathered it, stroking repeatedly. His balls hung loosely as they swayed back and forth, occasionally hitting against his hand.

He wasn't thinking of anything particular, but just enjoying the time alone, comfortable with the thoughts of how satisfying sex had been lately with his wife. He felt the familiar stirrings within balls, and slowed his pace somewhat, enjoying the ride along the edge that precedes orgasm. He replaced the bar of soap in the tray, and tried using his right hand to stroke himself. Steven was right handed, but for whatever reason, his left hand did that particular job the best. It wasn't long before he was coming down from his sensual high, and, really, he hadn't planned on cumming in the shower, anyway. He didn't want to have to clean it up or explain any sticky remains to his wife. Hayley. His wife! Thoughts of her quickly restored his cock to its full size. Brunette, blue eyes, 37 years old, maybe 125 lbs. Perfect tits. They hung only a little lower than when they had first married 15 years earlier, and they had grown two inches. 38 C's. Perfect. Looking down, there was one sizeable drop of pre-cum

perched on the slit of his cock, and he cleaned it off with the tip of his finger before the shower could wash it away. The drop of pre-cum he savored on his tongue. Why? Because he liked it. As he did this, he caught himself on the edge of cumming, and abruptly stopped the furious stroking of his cock...just in time.

Knowing that dinner would soon be ready, he turned off the water and opened the shower curtain. He had just an instant to recognize that his wife, clothed, was kneeling on the floor at the edge of the tub. Her hands shot out and grabbed his cock, pulling him into her mouth. His wife had never particularly enjoyed giving blowjobs, and as far as he could remember, hadn't let him cum in her mouth since before they were married. That was likely to change. She devoured his cock, sucking it so fiercely that he had to step out of the wet tub to keep his balance. She moved with him, using one hand to pull the skin of his cock toward the base, with the tightest of grips. The head of his cock swelled purple and massive as her mouth again descended on it, her head bobbing furiously as she alternately sucked and licked it. Her eyes never left his as she ravished his cock, the picture of pure submission.

Just as he knew she had to be surprised to find him with a hard cock just after a shower, he was also sure she didn't know that he had a load of cum "cocked and locked" before she even touched him. His body tightened as he fought to control his orgasm, but she sensed it, too. Both of her hands reached around and clenched his ass, pulling his balls deep into her mouth. After less than a minute of what was otherwise the perfect blowjob, he unloaded. Spurt after spurt kept shooting the short distance to the back of her mouth. And still her blue eyes looked up at him, pleading to please in their way.

He could see cum escape her lips, dripping down her chin and onto her blouse as the last of his orgasm subsided. As she pulled her mouth away, she licked her lips before extending her tongue to

wipe the cum off the head of his cock. Steven could see the gooeey whiteness of his cum on her tongue and teeth as she continued to bathe his cock. She licked her fingers, wiped her chin, and then licked them again. Then, she stood, and, in a casual manner, as if she was telling him the forecast had a 30% chance of rain, she said, "Dinner's ready." Her breath carried the powerful scent of his cum, making his senses reel. She turned and let herself out of the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Unreal.

What was going on? And who was this stranger that looked like his wife?

When Hayley returned to the kitchen, she decided that battling herself was pointless. She had a need to cum and, therefore, would. Steven would be at least a few minutes, anyway. She moved quickly to their den and sank into their couch. She raised her skirt, and she felt the heat of her body quickly remove the coolness of the leather couch. She felt...wanton. And she had been. She reached between her legs and began rubbing her clit. If Steven came down the steps and saw her, he would find his wife giving him a perfect view of her cunt. She didn't really want Steven to find her this way, but the naughtiness of it, and of what she had just done with Steven, gave her all the imaginative fantasy... But it wasn't fantasy. She had actually done it. Remembering the sight of his swollen cock, and the velvety feel of his cock in her hand, against her tongue, in her cheeks, and finally filling her mouth to her throat, she gave herself over to her climax, cumming with loud moans. Her desires hoped he would hear her, find her spread and fuck her; her shyness hoped that the orgasm would quickly diminish in time for her to straighten herself up.

She managed to stifle her moans as her orgasm finished its convulsing, and, catching her breath, she climbed off the couch. She went to the kitchen to grab a paper towel to wipe up the wetness she had left behind. So much wetness for so short a time. She returned to the kitchen and was about to use the ladle to scoop out stew that had been cooking in the crock-pot all day, when she realized that she hadn't really cleaned her hand. She wiped her gooeey hand and fingers on the edge of a bowl. That would be Steven's bowl. She couldn't help but grin. And now that she was returning to her senses, the wetness of her cunt was giving her chills because of the air-conditioning. She wasn't wearing panties, but for the life of her, she couldn't think why not. She had planned on the blowjob, and Steven wouldn't recover fast enough to give her a good fuck. What had she been thinking? She raised her skirt slightly and raked a couple of fingers across her cunt, scooping her fluids. She wiped her fingers on Steven's bowl. Damn! She was wet. She scooped again, and again, until she was more or less dry.

Most of her juices had gathered in a small pool at the bottom of the bowl, but were otherwise stuck on the downslope of the bowl. She emptied a ladle of stew into it, obscuring what she knew was mixing with his dinner. Screw him if he can't take a joke, she thought. He'll probably never taste it anyway. She placed their bowls and drinks on the table and went to the bathroom to check herself.

Some of Steven's cum had dried on her chin, and she saw that some was on her blouse. She was about to wash up when she felt a sense of wrongness about it. What seemed right was to leave it as it was, tantalizing Steven through dinner and beyond. A grin again spread across her lips, and a wonderful sense of fulfillment washed over her.

Although she felt good physically of late, she had developed a concern that she wasn't pleasing Steven sexually. She fairly

frequently had assorted sinus infections, back and neck pain, and just general aches that seemed to reduce her interest in physical intimacy. But for the last few months, she only had some minor neck or back pains, and even that occurred on rare days. She loved Steven, and with her body feeling good, he had to know that she loved him. To have and to hold, that was the vow.

The love was there. The commitment was there. But something nagged at her, telling her that she needed to prove herself sexually to him, to be the aggressor, the experimenter, the temptress. She wondered where all these ideas for sex had been hiding, because for the past 15 years, love-making just occurred...naturally...in its own time. It was rare that she fantasized about anything. She did enjoy romance novels, but she never actually fantasized about Steven. Anything other than watching his cock spurt cum onto her breasts. That was still her favorite. Oh yes. She heard Steven descending the stairs, so she quickly rubbed yet more fluids from her cunt, then hurriedly wiped it off on her napkin, except just a little "bit" on Steven's spoon. She gave him a nice smile as he entered.

Steven was driving to work the following morning, a grin his face, where it had been stuck for weeks, it seemed. The visual images of the perfect blowjob the previous evening and of his cum leaking from Hayley's lips, which were wrapped around his cock... He had to stop thinking about that. It was unsafe to drive with one hand on the wheel and the other rubbing his rock hard cock through his slacks. Still, he marveled at it, now certain that, yes, that was only the second "complete" blowjob she had ever given him. And then to have to eat dinner seeing small globs of white cum drying on her black blouse...and those bits on her cheek and chin... It was more than he could take. Still, it didn't

limit his shock when, after finishing dinner, she had stood up, dropped her skirt, bent over the dinner table, spread her legs and said, "Don't ask. I just need to be fucked, right here, right now!" As he stood behind her, removing his shorts, she had reached between her legs, parting her cunt lips, moist - no - wet, forming the perfect invitation. He couldn't think of Hayley ever having offered her cunt so brazenly. His cock had been kind to both of them, and he was able to watch for what seemed like forever as he slid in and out of his wife's cunt, before shooting whatever jism remained into her.

Dammit! He felt his balls tighten, and he came in his pants. At the next light, he looked for napkins in the glove compartment and couldn't find any. And, it was still a 30-minute commute to the office. He thought that surely there couldn't be much cum left over after last night, but the wetness in his pants didn't reassure him.

What WAS going on? Only a couple of months ago, he was happy to get a nice feel of one of her tits without getting snarled at. Why couldn't he just jump into this slice of heaven that she was presenting him? Everything felt right...but something felt wrong. It didn't make any sense. Anything other than vanilla "making love" had always been left to him to initiate, and always with the possibility that she wouldn't be interested. Why the change? He had to think.

For the past 6 weeks or so, her desires had been more frequent and much more imaginative. It had begun with little changes. Sex on the couch. Sex on the floor. A slow grind of his cock with her hand under a restaurant table, a night out without a bra. She had been willing to do these things before, but it was never her idea to it. But it was more than that; she was getting clever about it.

As he thought back, he hadn't even noticed that she wasn't

wearing the bra that evening, because it had always been safe to assume that she was, particularly if wearing dresses or anything at all that revealed her form. She was always so shy about revealing her figure, and particularly wearing anything tight on her chest. She had let him know that she wasn't wearing a bra as she was getting into their van, after dinner, in a crowded parking lot. For once, he had acted the gentleman and opened the door for her. She had sat, with her feet on the door well, and making a pained face and twisting in some sort of discomfort said, "There's something in my shirt." With the door still open, she raised her blouse, slowly, to expose one of her 38 C's, the nipple hardening quickly. She grasped under her breast raising it, looking down at it, and then pinched her nipple, rolling it briefly between her fingers. "Oh, that's all it is." She had winked at him, turned forward in her seat, fastened her seat belt, and only then did she lower her blouse back into place. He was faced with walking around the car with an obviously stiff cock in his pants, capturing the eye of a lady who had just parked her car. This type of exhibition just didn't happen with his wife, and especially in daylight in an area with people around. His previous requests for quick flashes were always greeted by a deep sigh, followed by a "if I have to" roll of the eyes and the briefest of glimpses of a breast. He loved her breasts. He wouldn't stop asking.

Before they were married, Hayley had a spirit of adventure, or at least, a nympho's desire for a cock within her cunt at every available chance, which was still limited due to a long distance weekend romance. He could remember sex on the roof of a dorm in college, in a lobby of a locked building that they had sneaked into, on her parent's den floor while her parents were asleep, in a car on the side of a road, on the roof of a downtown hotel, in a motel room when four friends were sleeping, on the beach in the afternoon, in a golf fairway at night... It didn't surprise him that sex in married life would become less frequent, or that their likes and dislikes would settle into more or less a

permanent, less exciting, compromise. But it did surprise him now that, after all these years, she seemed to be getting spontaneity back. Again, why? He arrived at the office, and after a brief detour to the restroom, began thinking on other matters.

It seemed to Hayley that since mid-morning, all she could think about was "5:30." That was when Steven would be home from work. It had been about a week since her last surprise, and although they had made love once during the weekend, her doubts about her sexual inadequacy were rising again. At 4:30, she took a bath. A long, luxurious one. Scented bath oil. A candle on the edge of the tub. "5:30" crossed her mind. She checked the clock. No, not yet. She re-read her favorite Romance novel, a wickedly sensuous story in which a young woman is captured by a muscular pirating Viking, who rapes her for weeks following his conquest, then falls in love with her battling spirit. And she for him. She fingered her clit. She imagined how horrible it would be to be captured, and taken like that. The thought of "5:30" awakened her from her dreamy masturbations. It was now 5:10, and the water had cooled. She got out of the tub, toweled herself dry, brushed her hair, and sprayed herself with just a hint of perfume on her neck.

She went downstairs, removed the vacuum cleaner from its closet, plugged it in, and waited by the window to watch for Steven returning home. She was sure this would please him.

He entered the house, admittedly thinking about sex. Steven was thinking all had returned to normal, as the weekend's sex had

been "ordinary," in their bed, but very loving, very satisfying. He parked the car in the garage, entered the kitchen and heard vacuuming from the Den. He turned the corner and found Hayley vacuuming the den, naked. Only once before had she done housework naked, and that was just topless. The air-conditioner had broken and it had been hot in the house. The air-conditioner was working now... And yet, here she was... The noise from the vacuum meant that she probably hadn't heard either the garage door opener or the kitchen door, and he was able to watch from behind as her breasts gently swung with the sweeping motions that she made. Her back was slightly bent so that the fullness of her breasts jiggled in a way that made his cock instantly hard and uncomfortable in his pants. She leaned over to pick something off the floor, and he could see her wispy cunt hair between her legs, visible clearly against the light coming in from the den window.

He retreated into the kitchen slightly, so that she wouldn't see him. After he quickly shed his clothes, he raced to her from behind. With his left hand, he seized her dangling breast, rolling her nipple between his fingers, finding the nipple already stiff. At the same time, his right hand reached around her waist and found her cunt with his fingers. She was wet. She gave a startled jump, dropped the vacuum cleaner, and leaned forward, placing her hands on the window sill, arching her ass in invitation. She hadn't even looked to make sure it was him. As he placed his hands on her pelvis, he saw that she had written, somehow, the words "FUCK ME" on her ass in red ink. He rammed his cock home, his hands still on her pelvis, pulling her against him with each thrust. And even as the pleasure within his cock fought coherent thought, he wondered what had made her so wet. Vacuuming in the nude? No. Being nude in front of the window where others could see? Maybe. Probably not. It would be unlikely that anyone would see her. Her panting turned into moans, becoming short screams, her whole body bucking against him, crying out a desire for passion. With the smacking sounds

of his balls slapping against her ass and a slight reflection in the window of her breasts swinging savagely in time with each thrust, he felt his cock swell to a rare fullness. It was a fullness that he knew she had to feel stretching her cunt lips, because the tightness and the furnace that was her cunt gave him no choice but to shoot his load.

She wasn't done with him. She pushed him onto the floor, and somehow his cock remained stiff enough for her to sit atop him and grind her cunt into him. She tantalized him with her breasts, lowering them to his lips and then pulling away just as he was about to capture them with his mouth. She knew her breasts were the tools that could keep him hard as a rock. She finally raised herself on her legs, squatted over him, slamming herself down on his cock repeatedly, which gave him a great view of his cock piercing his lovely wife. As she began her orgasm, he could feel their fluids run down his cock and between his legs. She finally placed her fingers at her clit and brought herself off to a climax that ended with a throaty "yeeeeesSSSS!" that sounded like it had waited ages to emerge. He came again, just as her leg strength gave out and she fell across his chest. His cock slipped from between her legs, and after no more than a minute, she rose to turn the vacuum cleaner off, and she went up the stairs. It was the best way possible to come home from work, but he hoped, maybe, they could actually share a kiss later.

In the bathroom, Hayley felt that she was, truly, the best wife in the world. How could any woman please her man more? She had been provocative and surprising, and it was downright fun! It had seemed that she was out of her mind, unable to think, as her body responded to Steven's cock spreading her sensitive areas, pistoning within her as she was "taken" by "her" unseen man.

Her body was satiated, her mind satisfied that "5:30" had been worth the wait. She was absently staring at herself in the bathroom mirror, when she began to focus on her body. Maybe her right breast hung a little lower than the other, but she was pleased with her luminous skin. She marveled at all the pink flushes in her skin, the redness of her swollen cunt lips. She turned, watching, and... What? How - WHEN - had Steven managed to write THAT there?

He was thankful, yes. But now the suspicions wouldn't go away. He couldn't admit to himself that she was having an affair, but the seemingly weekly regularity of this sexual lioness invited all kinds of unsettling thoughts.

A few days later, Hayley went off to run some errands, so he used the time to search around the house for any clues as to what might have ignited her libido. He searched under the bathroom sink, through her closet, her desk, and her bedside table. He booted her computer and checked her e-mails, documents and any other place that might provide a clue. He didn't know what he was looking for, and he didn't find it. X-rated videotapes, letters from an admirer, appointments on her calendar...nothing. He decided to start recording these "events" on his own calendar, hoping they would continue, but fearing a pattern would emerge.

One night, after watching baseball on TV, all was quiet in the house, and he wondered where she was. It was time to go to bed, and they usually went together. He found her already in their bed, eyes closed, legs spread wide, with a huge black vibrator humming noisily as she cycled it in and out of her cunt. A welcome sight, yes, but where did she get the vibrator? She already had a couple of others. Why that one? It was certainly

fatter, thicker than his cock, by far. And black. It contrasted nicely against her flushed skin, but why black? What part of town had she been in to buy it? Despite being disturbed, his cock throbbed at the sight, and he was in need of release. He didn't know if she knew he was there or not, but with the TV off downstairs, she probably did. He found his release on her breasts. Hot cum splashed across her tits, and she didn't even open an eye. That was one of her favorite turn-ons. Just what was the fantasy she was into?

He recorded the date on his calendar. It was curious, but for some reason he couldn't bring himself to talk to Hayley about their sex life. With her being so aggressive, it seemed like she would bring it up, but she didn't. In fact, she seemed to avoid the subject, and had avoided the subject over the past months, almost as if it had never happened. He brooded with suspicion.

The "events," as he recorded them, he realized were very easy to identify. The next event happened while shopping at the mall. When clothes shopping, he was in the habit of finding a seat, or more often, standing near the women's dressing room in those stores that didn't provide seats, a pet peeve. Hayley would step out periodically to see how he liked the outfits she was trying on. At Macy's, on an obviously slow night, after trying on several evening dresses that hadn't quite worked, she stepped into the dressing room entry area naked, except her heeled leather shoes. She had taken a chance that nobody would be around, and he hadn't paid any attention to where the security cameras were. She struck a pose, reflected on all sides by the mirrors placed there. She stretched out a hand and curled a finger in invitation. He accepted. He couldn't help but wonder if others didn't notice the smell of sex that went with them as they left the store ten minutes later. He later recorded the date on his calendar.

Hayley had been horny for over a day. She had seen the chiropractor the day before, and her back felt great. It had been giving her problems lately, but the adjustments seemed to work. She had really wanted to jump Steven's bones when he returned home the day before, but she had an idea that required more time, and she put it to work. She had written a note to Steven and placed it on his passenger seat late the night before, so that he would find it on his way to work. It said, "When you come home, I'll be cumming too. On the deck." That would give him something to think about. And it had given her something to do. She looked down at her cunt. It was a little sensitive, but it looked remarkably different without the curls of her brunette hair. She replaced the razor on the soap dish and rinsed herself with water. He would like this. She better follow through with some wax to make sure all the hair was gone. Once this was done, she abated the stinging with some lotion. She inspected herself in the mirror, covering her face with her hands, embarrassed at the sight of her own clit, sticking out, asking for attention. She gave it a little rub, which sent jolts of pleasure through her. She stopped, feeling it was wrong to pleasure herself, as if it might somehow stop her from giving her all to her husband. Besides, she had some painting to do.

It had been another week since our clothes shopping expedition and the note Steven found in his car said it was time for another "event." A few newspapers were on their neighbor's driveway, so he assumed they were away. Besides, their deck was relatively private when leaves were on the trees. That was good, as he had no doubt that whatever she had planned on the deck would have to

include sex and nudity. In fact, he recorded it on the calendar before he arrived home. There wasn't much risk involved with the neighbors away, but exhibiting herself in any way on the deck was still completely out of character for her, at least, until recently. He hadn't gotten much accomplished at work, his thoughts always drifting to what he might find at home. He had called, but there was no answer. The thought of her having an affair kept recurring, and he had decided that he might follow her around the next week. It would be easy enough to appear "out on sales calls." He parked the car in the garage. Although he had suspicions, it didn't stop him from being excited about the prospects awaiting him.

He found her, as the note had said, on the back deck, with her hands pumping the black vibrator in and out of her cunt. She was reclining in one of their swivel deck chairs, with an unusual looking bikini. He approached her. Ahhh, she was wearing paint. She had used fluorescent body paint that they had purchased years ago at a gag store and never used. She had painted her nipples orange, one breast "cup" blue and the other green. Pink "strings" completed the bikini top. The "bottoms" were also pink, and he realized, happily, that her cunt was shaved to allow for the paint. She had shaved herself once a couple of years earlier, with the comment afterwards that she would never do it again, due to the itching that followed. Well, she had lied.

No shorts, T-shirt, or even a towel could be seen anywhere on the deck. Her head was leaned back against the chair, her eyes were closed, her legs were wide open, and her feet were propped up on a couple of upside down flowerpots. It was a new standard for brazen exhibition of her sex. He removed her hands, kneeling between her legs, and worked the vibrator himself. She never opened her eyes, but gave herself to the sensations, both vocally and by rocking her hips into the vibrator. After several minutes, having increased the speed of the penetrations, she came loudly. He sure hoped the neighbors weren't home. He helped her

up and led her to the deck railing. In a rare instance of self-control, he enjoyed her slick, hot, cunt for half an hour, with her leaning over the handrail, her breasts swaying in time with the pace of his slow thrusts, before he went over edge and came in her.

Steven was not at all pleased when he soon afterwards walked to the mailbox to get the mail, and saw their neighbor, a married man, mouth the words "THANK YOU" while picking up his newspapers from the driveway, 40 yards away. Steven's face turned red as he heard a chuckle, and he only hoped that this was the first, and last, time his neighbor had seen Hayley naked. Hayley had never said anything about him, and they had remained only acquaintances despite having lived beside each other for over 5 years. He was a computer techie of some sort, Steven couldn't recall. They didn't have much in common. Still, Steven couldn't help but put him on his imaginary "possible affair partner" list. It was now a list of one. On the other hand, he realized how awkward it was going to be around him at the neighborhood party that weekend. And, presumably, awkward around his wife, assuming he told her. Or was she home, too? Oh, man...

A week later was "that time of the month." Nothing was likely to happen in "event" terms, and... nothing happened. A week afterwards, however, he decided that the time was right to follow Hayley around a bit. He parked the car near the entrance to their neighborhood. He had no good place to "hide" as far as watching wherever she might go on foot, such as their neighbor's house. Their neighbor didn't really seem her type, but he was becoming less sure now of what her "type" might be. He didn't have to wait in the car too long, however. Shortly after 8:00, her van left the neighborhood, and he followed, a discrete two or three cars behind.

She stopped at an ATM machine, then continued on. This was pretty cool. Steven, Private Investigator. He admitted to

himself that he didn't expect to find anything unusual, so he approached this day with a certain amount of humor. Her second stop was the chiropractor. That lasted about 30 minutes. Another \$30 gone. After that, she went to Wal-Mart. This took her about an hour, coming out with two plastic bags of what looked like cosmetics and some hardware. He wondered what PI's listen to in their cars. Steven, PI, was having a tough time of it. Talk radio seemed to be saying the same thing 20 different ways. FM music was pretty much the same old stuff he already had at home, if he liked it. He should have gotten a book-on-tape or something.

Hayley pulled into Home Depot. So did he. Maybe Wal-Mart didn't have everything she needed. For what? He didn't know. She had never really repaired anything before, but she could get very motivated in her hobbies. Another sack accompanied her return to the van. She drove maybe half an hour to another part of town, where she pulled into a small restaurant. That was good. He was getting hungry too. She sat at the window of the restaurant, obviously waiting for someone. He'd wait, too. After a few more minutes, her friend Denise entered the restaurant. That made sense. Denise worked in this part of town. He drove off to a Wendy's drive-thru before resuming his watch. There wasn't much to watch. After an hour or so, Hayley drove home. And he figured he better make at least one sales call, so he called it a day for his PI job. Steven checked his voice mail and found that another customer needed to see him in the late afternoon. He called Hayley on the cell phone and let her know he'd be returning, he thought, around 7:30 or so and not to cook for him. He'd get a free dinner, at least.

Hayley's pulse raced. She had so much to do, to try. She

unloaded her bags from the van, left them in the garage, and went into the kitchen. The phone ring startled her. It was Steven. The short of it was that he would be home late and she knew when. Good. This gave her even more time to do something she had never even thought about before. She fixed herself a Coke, found an old comforter they sometimes used as a picnic blanket and returned to the garage. She opened the first sack. Cosmetics. She put that by the door to the kitchen. The second sack. What WAS she doing? She felt she HAD to do this. The thought terrified her, but at the same time, her cunt was becoming wet. What had happened to her?

She enjoyed making love, but even more enjoyed the unexpected hug. Flowers. A passionate kiss in a setting where sex was not expected. Holding hands while walking. Good conversation over a dinner out. Just a look that says, "I love you." And making love that included a comfortable bed, sheets, background lighting, or perhaps a fire in the fireplace. And here she was, her thoughts captive to what she assumed were Steven's sexual desires...the love was there, but it was focused more on the sexual act, not the sensuality. A rough fuck...nudity in the house...nudity out of the house...displaying her cunt to him like a slut...sucking his cock...swallowing his cum. Avoiding these things had come naturally to her. It just wasn't romantic. These things she did only rarely, on special occasions, and only if he had been meeting her needs. Recently, however, it seemed she couldn't orgasm unless she was breaking her own standards for what she regarded as appropriate in marital lovemaking. Were her needs changing?

Hayley looked at the items she had purchased, and realized with a start that her hands had been fingering her clit and that she was about to cum. She stopped. She couldn't do that until later. She had to give Steven all of her love, her body, her sex, and if she came now, she would be "less" later. Or, she might chicken out. But she knew she wouldn't. She had to fulfill him. She

needed to be had, to be taken, just like the heroine in the romance novel she had read. Who had she talked to about that book? Her thoughts became confused, and she went in search of Steven's tools.

As the garage door opened, Steven began pulling the car inside and was astonished by what was in the sight of the headlights. He had to brake, rather hard, and pull the car back out. He stared at Hayley from within his car. His wife was in the garage, kneeling on a blanket in the floor. She was facing the garage door, naked except for panties, which apparently held a vibrator in her cunt. The panties were soaked. Across her chest she had written "fuck me" in large letters with a black magic marker. Her hands were behind her back, and ropes were tied around her arms, each connected to eyebolts mounted on the ceiling. Her eyes were covered by a blindfold. Her lips had the glossiest, bright red lipstick he had ever seen. He turned off the car, went inside the garage and closed the garage door, thankful that their neighbors were not outside.

After the garage door opener stopped, all he could hear was the muted rumbling from the vibrator within her, and rather quick breaths from his wife. He found that her hands were tied behind her back. She couldn't separate her wrists. She could stand or sit, and that was about it. He didn't see any possible way that she could get herself free. He didn't see any way possible that she could tie herself up like that, either. Who helped her? Then he saw the slipknots, and it appeared to make a little sense how she could have bound herself.

He knew he had told her what time he would be home, and he was

perhaps an hour later than that. How long had she been like this? Then he noticed her kneepads. She had thought about this, prepared for it. Her trip to Home Depot made sense. This chick needed to be fucked.

Steven stripped out of his clothes and began to lightly touch her - her chin, her cheeks, her ears, her shoulders, the side of a breast, her thigh. He didn't say anything. If she wanted the blindfold, then she obviously wanted some mystery. She hadn't said a word either. Whatever fantasy this was, he was willing to step right into it. In fact, he had dreamed something close to it himself. He untied the ropes to the ceiling, but left her hands tied behind her. He gently leaned her forward, so that her head was on the blanket. She still hadn't said a word. As he went behind her, he lowered her panties, and removed the vibrator that, judging by her soaking panties, had been inside her for a long time. He moved forward, and placed the vibrator at her lips, catching her by surprise. Still, she managed to lick some of it as he spiraled it past her mouth. He turned it off, and squeezed her nipple, slightly, then harder, as she remained bent over. He was afraid he might have squeezed it too roughly when a small squeak emerged from her. He moved behind her.

Her ass now raised, her cunt visible, he saw that she had written, not too neatly, but in small block letters, "H A R D" across her butt, in red ink. Of course. A two sided message, "fuck me, HARD." The light on the garage door opener turned off, and it was almost black in the garage. He slid a finger between her legs, probing the slick wetness of her cunt. The heat she was generating took him by surprise. His fingers followed the trail of her juices, finding both of her thighs soaked. An hour like this? Longer probably. He inserted two fingers straight into her cunt. She shuddered. He found her special little spot, not her G-spot, but a ripple slightly larger than others in her vaginal canal, and pressed it with his fingertips. Her moans filled the garage. He alternated pressing her spot and

retreating, until she seemed too tired to moan any longer. Her body began convulsing, forcing her cunt against his finger. The feelings this spot produced she had always said were "too intense." Apparently not this time.

Enjoying her vulnerability, he inserted a third finger, pushing them in as far as he could go, then spreading them as much as possible. His fingers didn't seem to stretch her as much as he expected, probably because of the size of the vibrator. He fucked her, not so carefully, with his fingers, enjoying the feel of her clit and bare pubic mound with his other two fingers. He removed his fingers and smelled them. Her juices smelled good...fresh, if that was possible. In fact, she smelled good all over. She had prepared herself well.

He lowered his head carefully, and without any warning, gave her cunt a wide lick with his tongue. She jerked in surprise. He did it again, because he could. She couldn't do anything about it. Hayley, for whatever reason, hated oral sex on her. She had never explained it, but now she was hardly in a position to refuse. He wanted to do this some more, but the position was uncomfortable, and to roll her over would mean that he would have to untie her hands.

So, he fucked her, hard. Just like the sign said... He relished the power of fucking a bound woman, a helpless woman, and loved it that it was his wife offering herself to him in this way. She apparently shared this excitement. The garage was unfinished, and her shrieks seemed to echo through the room, and he worried that the neighbors might hear. Then, caught in his own passion, he decided, so what?

The sex had been fantastic. After Steven came in her, she hadn't counted on him extending his opportunity for playing with her body. It shouldn't have surprised her, though. That's just the way it was in her story. The man tied the girl up, raped her, and then played with her body until he tired of it. Steven had untied her hands, and she thought that was the end of it. Then he rolled her over and tied her hands to the ropes connected to the ceiling. Then, after a brief absence, during which he apparently found more rope, he somehow tied her legs open. He had feasted on her pussy. He had called it that, knowing that she didn't like the term, saying that her pussy tasted so good. She didn't particularly agree, but had no choice in that position but to kiss him, her juices on his breath. And certainly he had his content of groping her breasts. It seemed like he had played with them for hours. Maybe he had. Then he had fucked her again. He lasted so long when he was able to fuck her a second time. That, she hadn't wanted to stop. Secure in her own house, but tied up and at the mercy of a man. Her body shivered again. He left her down there alone for a while, still with the blindfold on.

She could tell by the plumbing sounds that he had taken a shower. She had heard him descend the steps, then whisper her name - "Hayleyyyy..." A smile had formed on her lips, then faded abruptly as she realized he had taken a Polaroid picture of her. What a mess she must have looked. Why would he want a picture? That reminded her of something, but she couldn't put her finger on it.

When he had freed her, she went to take a shower, noticing that he had again written "FUCK ME" on her, this time with a black magic marker. She didn't remember him doing this. She felt confused, and a part of her wondered if she was losing her mind. Still, she felt like she had a purpose, and even though she didn't know what it was, it had been met. Hayley cried a little that night. It wasn't Steven's fault. She was frustrated because she didn't understand herself. After a couple hours of

tossing and turning, her body fell into a sound, needed, sleep.

Another week, another "event." Steven was paying bills and balancing the checkbook on the computer, when he heard Hayley make some noises in the kitchen. The freezer door, perhaps. He went back to what he was doing, when he heard her say behind him, "You will kneel before me." He turned around, and he was stunned. Besides the vibrator, Hayley had made another purchase. She had purchased leather boots that went to her knees, and the boots had at least 3" heels. This drew her leg muscles wonderfully taught, but his eyes couldn't linger there. He couldn't stare at her bare cunt or her exposed breasts either. Both of her arms were covered with leather gloves, which extended almost up to her shoulder.

One hand was placed on her hip, fist clenched, with her elbow out, in the manner of angry parent, perhaps. The other was held like a waiter's, with the palm open, holding a bowl of chocolate ice cream. This struck him as curious, but he didn't say anything because of the serious look in her face. She wore a black mask over her eyes, with holes cut out so that she could see. It wasn't a cheap Halloween mask, either, but a leather one that obviously cost some money.

She repeated, "You will kneel before me...now!" Last week Jeckyll, this week Hyde? He knelt. She stepped closer, so that her pubic mound brushed against his nose. He could smell her wonderful scent, her juices adhering to his nose. She stepped back and placed the bowl of ice cream in front of him. "Look down." He did. "That is where you will cum." Hmmm. "Pull down your shorts and underwear, and begin stroking yourself!" He did. "Do

not cum until I return." Huh? She was back rather quickly, with a video camera. Great. He finally came, and it seemed like the semen factory must have been doing its job lately. It was hard maintaining his balance and aiming his jism, and the ice cream began to look like a photo negative of vanilla ice cream with chocolate syrup. Sort of. "Sit against the wall!" He did.

She put the recorder down, and picked up the bowl of ice cream. She took a spoon and slowly shaved a small amount of ice cream, with a lot of cum. She moved it to her mouth, then stopped. She passed it several times under her nose, smelling it, and then she replaced the spoon in the bowl and handed it to him. She picked up the camcorder, used her boot to spread his legs, and then leaned forward with one foot, the sole against his cock, the heel threatening his balls as she slowly twisted her foot.

"Eat...the...ice...CREAM!" His cock raged to life, and he didn't even want to think of the reasons. Despite liking the taste of pre-cum, he had told her some months ago that he didn't really want to eat his cum anymore, despite the turn-on that it was for her. He realized the lie. And Hayley knew it, playfully grinding his cock as he took the first bite. With the camera, the feel of her boot on his cock, the heady sense of eating cum (with chocolate ice cream, of all things...), and the sight of his dominating, naked wife standing above him, with a finger rubbing her clit, he ate the ice cream, and the cum, greedily. She somehow made herself climax, standing, which he had never seen before. When he had finished the "cream," she stopped the camcorder, turned and walked away, without saying anything. That was beginning to be her trademark...

He recorded this on the calendar. An "event" almost every week, but on different weekdays, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. Something was wrong here, but at least now he had a place to start looking.

While she was asleep, Steven removed her checkbook from her purse to see where she had been writing checks. Gardening store, dry cleaners, Wal-Mart, drug store, grocery store. They didn't sell boots and gloves like that at Wal-Mart. He went to her desk and removed her credit card bills. The most recent bill she had just received, and he quickly found two charges to x-items.com. He booted the computer, logged onto the net, and checked the site. Adult novelties. At least she wasn't going into seedy stores around town. He couldn't help but give a thorough look into their products, just for fun.

He began to wonder how she had found that site. It wouldn't be too hard to type in a few keywords in a search engine and find it, he supposed, but there was a part of him, a jealous part, he admitted, that wondered if wasn't someone else behind her recent change. The irregular regularity of her sexual throes had started much sooner than the purchases, so he looked at the previous month's bill for anything unusual. Clothes stores, a few restaurants, chiropractor visits. The two preceding months were much the same. The chiropractor seemed to be doing pretty well, with several visits per month. Their insurance didn't cover the visits, and he more or less had given her the responsibility of paying for her visits. She hadn't been complaining about her back lately, so he had guessed it was working.

A thought occurred to him. Without having to pay the bills for her visits, he hadn't realized how often she had been going to the chiropractor. He carried her receipts to his desk, found his calendar in which he had been taking notes, and started comparing the dates.

He was sure that checking each number in a winning lottery ticket would be more thrilling, but the succession of dates matching perfectly at first seemed coincidence, then an exciting discovery, then shocked realization. She had been to the

chiropractor on each of the dates he had recorded, or the day before. He feared the worst. An affair seemed the only possible answer to explain Hayley's heightened sexuality.

The following days were a torment. Each appointment had been on a weekday, when he was at work. It was impossible for him to follow her around every day, and she didn't write her appointments on the calendar. He tried to ask what she was doing each day, without sounding pushy or mistrustful, but he didn't hear a word about the chiropractor. Her part-time job included working half days several days each week, and it was before or after her job, likely, that she would find it most convenient to go to the doctor.

He cursed his stupidity. After she went to bed, he ransacked her purse, and unearthed what he was looking for, in the change pouch. An appointment reminder. He should have thought about this sooner, and avoided the anguish. Her next appointment was in 5 days, on Tuesday, at 8:00 in the morning, at Dr. Richard Gilliam's. He had seen his name on the credit card bill, but finally he was forced to name his apparent enemy, and it twisted in his thoughts like a black downward spiral into which he vented all his rage. Dr. Gilliam. As the days came closer to her appointment, he became frustrated as to how he was to find out what was going on. Challenge her? Accuse her? Of what? If Dr. Gilliam...The name escaped his lips as would an expletive that he didn't want anyone to hear... was behind this, the result, from his perspective, was that he was receiving a tremendous benefit, but he couldn't enjoy it if it meant that she was having sex with him. A troubling thought flashed through his head that, perhaps, he could still enjoy her. He didn't pursue the thought.

At work on Monday, in his search for a yellow highlighter in the office supply cabinet, his eye caught hold of a small box, and then he found the proverbial lightbulb flashing above his head. Tuesday morning, he remained around the house later than usual,

with the lie that he had an appointment away from the office. Hayley left the house at 7:30, and he only hoped that his plan would work.

When he returned home that afternoon, his wife was napping, which wasn't unusual for those days she worked. Or, maybe she wasn't napping. Maybe she was masturbating with the memory of her visit with Dr. Gilliam. That sour thought led him to her purse, where he retrieved a small Dictaphone from an outside pocket that she apparently didn't use except for stuffing trash papers. He was happy to find it. It had occurred to him that the tape probably made an audible "click" when it reached its end. If she heard it, and found the unit, he would have some explaining to do. Which maybe wouldn't be a bad thing, anyway. Still, he preferred it this way. He took the Dictaphone to the garage, where he could play it without being heard. If she woke up, he would hear her steps on the floor above, where their bedroom was located.

He had been frustrated all day by the fact that a simple, good plan could easily unravel. He had waited around the house in the morning so that he could start the tape as close as possible to when she left. He caught a break when she went to the bathroom just before she was to leave, and he had quickly inserted the recorder in the pouch. It would record for two hours, so giving her a half hour of travel, the inevitable doctor's office wait, the wait in whatever type of room he used, and the actual appointment, he had felt he had a good chance to record her entire appointment. After all, how long does a chiropractic appointment take? No more than 30 minutes when he followed her. But he didn't know. He'd never been. It might take longer if she was screwing...He stopped that thought. He rewound the tape approximately 75%, figuring he would avoid the car ride portion. He hit the "play" button, with the hope that it had been able to record decently through the fabric of her purse.

The car radio. He had rewound too far, but at least it sounded

clear. Fast forward. "...one appointment ahead of you." Good, the tape should be long enough. Fast forward. The sound of magazine pages. Fast forward. The sound of laughing, then, "the doctor will be with you in just a few minutes."

It started very professionally.

"Good morning, Hayley. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks, I've had a good week. And you?"

"Sometimes I think that my days are too long, but it's a good problem to have. There's a lot of starving chiropractors out there. Not that they're bad, of course, but there's just too many for the area. How's the back, getting better?"

"Yes, I think so, but after 4-6 days after my visits with you, my neck and back still gets stiff, and, usually in the mornings, I have that stabbing pain between my shoulder blades that goes away after a couple of hours."

"Same old story. Well, let me take another look at your x-rays to make sure that the Atlas adjustments I've been making are proper. For most people, 3 months of treatment is the maximum before I've done all that I can do, and they almost always don't need any more adjustments unless they're in an accident or exert themselves unusually. You've been coming here pretty regularly, for a little longer than that. Have you seen this video?"

"Uh, no."

"Okay, why don't you watch this while I go check the film. It gives some history on Chiropractic, problems with the spine and some of the things we do to correct it."

Steven heard the tape being pushed into the player, the sound of the TV being turned on, and the door being closed. Good, he thought to himself, no affair. But the dates matching perfectly were beyond matters of chance. He continued listening as the tape explained Chiropractic. He heard most of it very clearly and even learned a few things. The videotape concluded and rewound. Dr. Gilliam, the name no longer a metaphor of evil, re-entered the room.

"How was the tape?"

"What tape?"

What Steven heard afterwards chilled him.

When he entered the kitchen, the surprise that greeted him didn't surprise him. His wife was standing in the informal dining area, which had a glass door built into a bay window, which leads to the rear deck. She was wearing a short T-shirt that was pulled above her breasts, and her breasts were pressed against the glass. She was working a dildo in her cunt, a wide and long dildo, but made of ice. He had been in the garage maybe 45 minutes, replaying the tape, and based on the water dripping from the dildo and pooling on the floor, she had apparently been at this a while. What's a husband to do?

He fucked her standing up, her hands against the doorframe, feeling a biting mix of cold and heat as he plunged within her. As he fucked her, he noticed they were being watched. Their neighbor, again, on his deck, staring through the trees. He apparently there to water his plants, but, instead, he was rubbing his crotch. Steven guided Hayley's head to the right, and he could tell she was confused. He tightened his grip on her pelvis, and thrust hard and fast within her, cumming just as she recognized their voyeur. She made an unusual squeaking sound

before sliding his cock out of her cunt and all but running from the door, then upstairs. Steven picked up what remained of the ice dildo from the floor and quickly walked it to the sink. Like Hayley, he didn't want to see their neighbor, either.

Two days later, he had a chiropractic appointment. Without the least bit of surprise, Dr. Gilliam was good looking, with soap opera type looks - tan, graying at the temples, not a real doctor, just playing one on TV... Steven fought to continue the role of patient. He told him that he had woken up several days earlier with a "crick" in his neck, but unlike others, it didn't seem to go away. The doctor asked a standard variety of questions, marking a checklist on his clipboard. Steven almost missed it, but Dr. Gilliam was using a red ink pen. So Hayley probably hadn't written the messages on herself, after all. It made some sort of perverted sense.

Dr. Gilliam indicated that he would need x-rays to provide the proper adjustments, and they proceeded with that. The doctor then had Steven sit in the examination room, including little more than a padded table, a chair, a small counter space, some posters, and a TV/VCR. The doctor then suggested he watch a video about Chiropractic while the x-rays were developed and he saw another patient. Uh-huh. Sure.

He inserted the video, and Steven closed his eyes. He already had heard the video, thanks, and he had no intention of watching it. After it was over, the door was closed, and he quickly looked in the cabinet below the VCR to see what other movies were there. There was only one, about spinal construction. The label was very similar to the one in the VCR, so he swapped it and placed the video the doctor had shown him in his inside jacket pocket, which was hanging from a chair.

More than a few minutes later, the doctor returned and invited him to a viewing room to review his x-rays. Dr. Gilliam pointed

out how his neck was unusually straight and that, as he aged, how the vertebrae were likely to become fused to a degree and painful. Steven actually hadn't made up the neck story; it just didn't hurt now. Maybe a couple of months ago. The doctor explained how several months of adjustments, moving this vertebrae this way and another that way, should work well to keep everything the way it was meant to be.

He took Steven to another room, which had a strange device with an arm that stood by a padded table. He asked if Steven had understood the video.

"Video?" He looked confused. There was an uncomfortable pause. Hopefully, this would work.

"Tell me, how has your sex life been lately?"

Steven looked straight ahead, with minimal movement, not sure how he was to play this part. He tried to copy his wife's tone.

"It's been great. My wife has been acting like a nympho the past several months. She's never acted like this before."

"Really, tell me about the last time."

Steven told him about the ice cube dildo and the show by the back door.

Dr. Gilliam chuckled, seeming quite pleased with himself.

"Excellent. At our next appointment, you will bring me the videotape your wife recently made while you were eating ice cream. You will not remember anything I've said in this room when you hear me count '3.' One, two, three."

When he finished counting, Steven looked at him. Dr. Gilliam resumed, "you need to lie down on the table with your head at the far end, so I can make the first adjustment. You'll need to be..."

Steven cut him off. "I don't think so."

"Excuse me?"

Steven removed the Dictaphone from his pants pocket, and hit the PLAY button.

The doctor's voice sounded. "So tell me, what type of outfit did you choose?"

Hayley answered, "What I knew he would like. Black leather boots, black leather gloves, black leather mask."

"And you wore nothing else?"

"No."

"That would be quite a sight. Okay, two things. First, this is what I want you to do tonight. First, when you get home, take a plastic coke bottle, the 20 oz. size, and fill it about 2/3 full of water. Lay it on its side in the freezer. Tonight, sometime after your husband comes home, cut the plastic bottle away from the ice, then run water over the ice to shape a dildo, a nice fat one, maybe as thick as your wrist. Pick out a room in the house and let him find you using the dildo, with your legs spread. Do it by a window or door so that there's a chance someone will see you. I think maybe you should just wear a T-shirt this time, but pull it above your breasts. No bra. Let him fuck you. After that, you'll be embarrassed about your little exhibition, and leave to another room. After you dress, you will feel satisfied, and personally rewarded, that you were able to offer yourself to your husband this way. Then it will occur to you that sex really felt so much better after a visit to the chiropractor.

Secondly, when we begin talking again, you will tell me that you continue to be concerned that your breasts hang unevenly. You will then ask me if an adjustment can be made to make them level. My seeing, touching, and taking

pictures of your breasts will seem a very appropriate part of my job. While I am doing this, you will only feel some guilt about how surprisingly good it makes you feel that someone besides your husband is touching your breasts. When I count '3,' you will not recall this conversation. One, two, three."

"Oh, I guess I forgot to get the videotape for you. So tell me, where does it hurt today?"

"Well, I'm really embarrassed to say this, but, I think my breasts are hanging unevenly. Is there an adjustment that can fix that?"

"That's not something I can capture on x-ray..."

"I know. Here, let me show you. I want your opinion." A few faint noises, obviously the sound of her blouse and bra being removed, then, "What do you think?"

"Well, I don't want to jump to conclusions. Which breast do you think is hanging lower?"

"The right one."

"Are you sitting up straight? Ah, that's better. Okay, lift your hands and touch the top of your head. A little higher. That's it, yes. Hold that position. Let me take some measurements for my file." The sound of a drawer opening and closing. "Let's see, that's just over a 38" chest. That's not unusually large, so the weight by itself is not likely to be a factor. Let's see. I'm afraid my fingers are a little cold. Hopefully you won't find this uncomfortable." There was a long silence, as presumably, he felt her breasts. "Okay, perhaps some small alterations in your spine can adjust this over time. For comparison,

I'm going to need to take some photos, which we'll probably have to update every several weeks."

Steven stopped the tape. Throughout the tape, Dr. Gilliam had been having a very difficult time making eye contact, no doubt trying to think of a way out of this. He backed away a little. Maybe Steven looked dangerous. The doctor stammered for words, then began in earnest. "I must admit, you are quite the Sherlock for figuring this out. But let me explain." Yeah sure. "I have a successful practice. I paid a lot of money to purchase an existing practice after working with my predecessor for several years. He had a number of other hobbies, one of which was hypnotism. I don't understand it at all."

"There's a lot of chiropractors out there. You see their offices everywhere - in run down shopping centers, in older homes that have been commercialized because 4 lane roads run where their front yards used to be. Very few do you find that are in medical complexes or in newly constructed, stand-alone buildings like this one. There's a lot of reasons for that, but buying this practice seemed the best way of avoiding becoming one of the 'have nots.' My wife, you know, she spends as much as I can make. And I can spend pretty well myself. Club memberships, clothes, cars, the loan to pay for this place. That's where the video comes in."

"The video was made by my predecessor. The hypnotic part comes during the first couple of minutes, when people will pay the most attention. I'm a doctor, you understand. I've been to college, learned the skills, and devoted my life to Chiropractic. I believe in what I do, and that it also helps people lead more comfortable lives. At the same time, it's a challenge. Many health insurers don't pay for visits, so it's left to my customers to foot the bill. At \$30, we charge a reasonable rate. The problem is, when it's their money, they only come long enough to feel better, then they skip the remaining appointments that

our science says they need to help reduce symptoms now and recurrences later. Someone may need eight visits over three months. If they come twice and can resume their normal activities, they don't come back.

The idea behind the video was for them to feel good about their lives, and then relate those feelings to the benefits of my service. That way, they come back. They're better off for the visits, and I rarely have any openings in the appointment calendar. It's a win-win situation."

"I can see that," Steven said. "But then you got greedy."

The doctor gave a slow nod. "My predecessor didn't give me much instruction on the limitations of the video. He said I couldn't force people to do things they didn't want to do, and I haven't really pushed the envelope, so to speak. But I first became tempted with a quite attractive blonde several years ago. Let's just say that it's worked every time so far. But I can only go so far. There's too much disease out there, and, really, I'm quite happy at home. Also, after a patient's first appointment, I usually only schedule fifteen minutes per appointment, so there's no time to use the video."

"But in certain situations, you do."

"Well, yes. The good looking women are a weakness."

"And what do you do with them?"

"I really don't want to go into that."

Steven raised an eyebrow. "Oh really? I have your medical license hanging by a thread." He dangled the Dictaphone in front of him. "Tell me, what have you done with my wife?"

"I've never had sex with her, if that's what you mean. I've never even had her remove her pants. There just isn't enough time, for one thing, plus I have two female assistants who are always about. There's too great a chance I'd get caught. I've seen your wife's breasts, yes, and taken some pictures (see Hayley's tits at www.asstr.org/~IdleHand/Contents/hayley.html). I've done that with a lot of women. And rather than make them just feel good about their backs, I've expanded the benefits of Chiropractic to fulfilling sex. They're happy. You should be happy. They feel better. I get to satisfy my libido while filling my bank account. And that's really about it."

Steven gave him a skeptical look. "That all sounds very reasonable, but I have my doubts. You could use your video so that patients forget that they had to wait an extra half hour for their appointment, and you could use it to make your patients think their appointment started late, when in fact, you had liberty with them for as long as you wanted. And as for your staff, you could easily have them watch the video and have them forget what they've seen you do. I can only think of one solution here."

He looked at me, emotions mixed between panic and hope. What hope did he have? "Your office, does it have a VCR?"

"Yes."

"The only way I'll let you out of this is for you to watch your video, and then answer the questions for me. That's your only option, short of being exposed."

The doctor gave a somewhat defeated look. He said, "I know what you're thinking, but the film won't work on me. We've got to find some other terms. I'll be happy to give you your wife's pictures back, and the videotapes she's brought me. This has the potential of too much trouble. How about this? There's two more

copies of the videotape in my safe. We can destroy them together. Just to give you some reassurance, I'll give you a few pictures of my wife." He reached into his desk drawer and removed several pictures. I looked. If he was a graying Ken, she was a nude 30ish Barbie. Wow. The face in the picture matched a photo on his desk, a portrait that pictured them together. It seemed legit.

"Keep those under wraps. If she finds out, I've had it. I can't afford a divorce." Dr. Gilliam opened the safe and removed the videotapes. He had a hammer in another desk drawer, and offered it to Steven. They stepped outside through his private door to the rear of the building, and Steven smashed the tapes, pulling the film from them. He then threw them in a dumpster.

Dr. Gilliam looked worried, and he had reason to be. His business was likely to go on the decline. "I'd appreciate it if you left that little tape with me," he said.

"No, I don't think so," Steven said. "I have no way of knowing whether you have more tapes, or more pictures of Hayley and me. We'll call it a draw."

He nodded, reluctantly accepting the terms. "Okay. A draw. Anything else?"

"Yes, this visit was free." He nodded again and escorted Steven to the lobby before taking his next patient, an absolutely gorgeous 20 or so year old that Steven couldn't imagine had any problem with her back. The things he could do with that tape...

Steven figured it was probably best not to tell Hayley about what had happened. No doubt her Chiropractic visits would soon end, without the hypnotic suggestions that it was working so well. He thought about telling her to see another doctor, but that would just arouse suspicion. With any justice, the doctor's practice

would be meeting its end in the next several months.

Dr. Gilliam seethed. Steven was smart to figure him out. But he was also gullible. He removed the master copy of his videotape from an unlocked file cabinet...the best place to keep your valuables. He amused himself and laughed shortly. Steven's audiotape was too incriminating, and many of his clients were too distinguished to hear about the "privileges" he allowed himself. If they found out, he'd be in jail. Worse, two were wives of pro football players. He'd be dead.

In a way, Steven had answered a question that he'd been tantalizing himself with. As a recent widower, the prospect of using his tape to get more than a titty grab HAD occurred to him, and Hayley was a fine piece of ass. It was finding an opportunity that he had been careful with, and with Hayley, he now had an opportunity and a purpose. Sweet.

If Steven had just made him watch the tape, he would have revealed everything. Sucker. He had no idea how the thing worked, but if he could suggest to a woman that she couldn't see "Fuck Me" written on her body, his personal signature of sorts, it seemed like the tape could be used for about anything. It was time to push the envelope.

Hayley arrived on time for her Chiropractic appointment the following Tuesday, after her part-time work. Dr. Gilliam's

assistant had called and asked if a later afternoon appointment would be okay, as something had come up, and she found that she was the last appointment for the day.

When she got to the patient room, Dr. Gilliam held up a video and asked if she had seen it. It looked familiar, but for the life of her, she couldn't remember anything about it. The doctor started the tape and left the room while she watched.

They chatted a bit, he made an adjustment to her back, and she headed home. Her van clock said 7:00. She looked at her watch. 7:00. What? Where had the time gone? The video must have been longer than she thought, although, thinking about it, she didn't seem to remember much about it. She wondered if she was having a problem with her memory. She hurried as best she could through traffic to get home. She was surprisingly tired, so she fixed sandwiches, ate and then went upstairs to shower. Steven seemed to accept that she got hung up in traffic.

She felt unusually sticky. In the bathroom, she started the shower water, undressed, then looked in the mirror and saw what she recognized as cum, dried on her cunt, and a trail of small dried drops leading up to her breasts as well. This panicked her. She looked again in the mirror. She had what Steven referred to as her "just fucked look," red splotches on her skin with a healthy glow. But she hadn't had sex with Steven in a couple of days, and she had showered since then, at least twice, and just this morning, in fact! The time lapse occurred to her. She couldn't remember anything, but the only possible answer was that Dr. Gilliam had...

Just then, Steven opened the bathroom door, naked, with a raging hard-on, and pushed her into the shower. She was being taken, all over again, just like her Viking story. How many times had she been taken lately? Dr. Gilliam! She didn't remember telling him about her favorite book, but somehow she knew she had!

Steven engulfed a breast with his mouth, then sucked her nipple fiercely, just short of biting it with his teeth. The pleasure almost became pain when he lowered himself to her cunt, and horrified thoughts of "NO! NO! NOOOOOO!" raged through her mind. He didn't stop the licking. Couldn't he taste...? Maybe the shower water would wash it away in time... The pressure of his tongue on her clit and the thought of her husband slurping another man's cum from her cunt sent her pulse racing. And the realization that she had been fucked without knowing it was a taboo far beyond a rape by a conquering Viking. She screamed in her orgasm. Loud.

The following week, Hayley received another call from the Chiropractor, requesting another appointment change, and again, it was for the last appointment of the day. Fine. While she had shared in a fantasy she didn't even know she had, a confrontation was at hand.

Dr. Gilliam almost couldn't concentrate on his patients through the day. Hayley had been a great fuck, and he would fuck her again, but he had a purpose to achieve. And while Hayley had been quite a willing participant under his spell, the next time, and from now on, he would have her of her own will. Sweet.

He finished with his last patient, and told his receptionist she could go ahead and leave, for which she gave him a disapproving look. Time for her to watch a video... It wouldn't do to have his receptionist suspect he was getting intimate with a married patient. He locked up.

He opened the door to the room in which his forthcoming fuck awaited, and, ...what a mixed signal! Hayley stood, fury on her

face, but her nipples were rock hard, poking through the fabric of her blouse, apparently without the restriction of a bra. As he stared at her breasts, she raced forward, slapped him hard across the face and yelled "Bastard! You bastard!" Yeah, he thought, I am. But you're turned on. Otherwise, why no bra? And a skirt? She always wore slacks or shorts. How much did she know?

She slapped him again. He apparently wasn't paying enough attention. "How could you? You fucked me! I found your cum all over me when I got home!" Huh? Hell. He had forgotten to make her oblivious to any signs of sex. He had only made her forget about having sex and to suspect the video for being longer than she remembered. Well, it really didn't matter if she knew. He was about to tell her anyway. But something about it turned her on...of, course! Her rape fantasy. Her favorite book. He had drawn that out from her about two months ago, and he had used it subtly in his suggestions. Subtlety was at an end.

"Hayley, we need to talk. Step into my office and I'll show you a couple things."

She followed him in, and sat in one of his chairs. He opened his safe and retrieved a video. The best lies are mixed with truth.

"Your husband is a smart man, Hayley. He visited me a couple of weeks ago and confronted me with an audio tape, from a recorder he had placed in your purse." Hayley looked intrigued. This likely wasn't at all the conversation she had been expecting.

"The tape proves that I use a videotape about Chiropractic terms to hypnotize some of my patients,... in this case, you." He could see that Hayley seemed to register understanding about how she had been fucked, as well as the loss of an hour and a half or so. He explained how the particular audiotape suggested that she make an ice dildo, and exhibit herself to whatever world was beyond

the door or window she had stood by. "The tape also, I might add, unfortunately, included me suggesting that your breasts were uneven and that you should display them to me in hope of an adjustment." Hayley looked down at her breasts briefly, again understanding. "That's right, they're perfectly matched."

"Bastard," Hayley snarled in a low voice.

"Steven asked me if I had done anything further than that. I told him 'no.' There wasn't time during normal appointment schedules for anything beyond, basically, teenage petting. I gave him all the photographs of your breasts I had taken. As he thought about it, I think the potential power of the videotape got to his head. He demanded a copy. I refused, for which you should be grateful. And I'll show you why."

He placed his video in the VCR and hit 'play.' He saw the mistrust on her eyes.

"Don't watch the video until you're confident that it's not the hypnotic one. Go ahead. Look away." He started the movie. He stifled a chuckle as Hayley's voice filled the room, from the TV. It was soft. Submissive. "Fuck me. Please? I've been admiring...wanting you for weeks."

Hayley's eyes opened wide and turned her head to watch, so Dr. Gilliam, knowing his fish was hooked and all but pulled on board, watched with her. It showed her walking on her knees, to his crotch, unfastening his belt, unfastening his pants, reaching in his underwear to pull out his cock. My 8" cock, Dr. Gilliam thought. Bigger than your husband, aren't I? You aren't used to that, are you? He had to control another chuckle. He had watched the video repeatedly the night before, but now, he was enjoying watching Hayley, shock on her face, her mouth open, paralyzed in stunned silence. Her face was a magnificent glowing red. Her nipples hard. Sweet. He would enjoy her. He let the

video continue. There wouldn't be any more dialogue in the video, he knew. He started talking after the movie showed his first orgasm, into HER pussy.

"It goes on for another 30 minutes or so. You sucked my cock back to life, and we had another go. I had mixed feelings about doing this, Hayley, and here's why." She looked at him, skepticism mixed with fury, fury mixed with passion. Or so he hoped. Soon now...

"That audio tape threatens my business, you understand. Steven threatened my medical license, newspaper exposure, that kind of thing. Although I had given him pictures of my wife, naked..." He sounded downcast. "You know she died several months ago." Hayley was watching the video, which showed her sucking his cock like a porn star. "So he took those pictures of my wife, and I gave him the pictures I had taken of you. He wins, you know? I asked him what it would take for me to get the tape back from him. You're not going to like his answer." Hayley turned to look at him. Her nipples were still hard nubs. Sweet. Worth lying for. He tried what he hoped was his most sincere voice. "He said he would trade it for a video of me fucking you."

With that, the color draining from her face. "He didn't!" She looked distant, her thoughts unfathomable.

"He did. And I don't know if I can trust a man who would have his wife fucked by another man. I have a business and my reputation to protect. Unfortunately, that's going to make things more difficult for you." He could tell Hayley was sensing an impending doom. "Step over to my computer." This was going to be fun. Hayley sat in a rolling chair, still showing some spirit in that she wasn't afraid to look. He logged onto the internet, and went to his own website, www.boughtandpaidfor.com. Tears formed in Hayley's eyes. In bold capital yellow letters across the screen was her name. "H A Y L E Y." And underneath, in

slightly smaller print, "Slut wife." As he scrolled down the screen, he revealed that the website included the photos of her breasts he had taken, stills from the video she had just been watching, and stills from a video of her fucking Steven. He clicked on a thumbnail picture. A picture of Steven's cock in her cunt filled the screen. He hit the "back" button, and then clicked on a link for effect. A small square appeared on the screen and a video began of Steven cumming on her face, audio included, with her giggling after he was done.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about those. I had you bring me all your sex tapes and nude photos a couple months or so ago. Steven took them back, but not before I digitized them. See? Here's a Polaroid of you posing naked. I believe you said that was 12 years ago. Look how young you look. It's too bad the color is fading. But I digress. Here's the point. Your sister is a client. She even sent me a joke e-mail that went out to all her friends, including their e-mail addresses. She told me who your friends are. Who your pastor is. I have clients that go to your church. I know where your husband works. All of them are going to get an anonymous note that lists this website." He let that sink in. Hayley hunched over in her seat, placing her hands over her face. "UNLESS, you do what I want." Hayley looked frozen, probably just beginning to imagine what things he would do with her. "Hey, look, the counter shows 18 people have been to the site already, and I haven't even registered it with the search engines."

Hayley had searched all over the damn house before finding the cursed audiotape, hidden in one of Steven's jacket pockets in his closet. She had searched his closet first, but hadn't thought of checking the pockets until she came up empty everywhere else.

She had played it, and it said exactly what the good Doctor had said it did. Damn him! She didn't have the means to copy a micro-cassette, so she played it next to an old cassette recorder, and got a poor copy as a backup, at least, if things didn't work out the way she hoped. And it was only hope. She had no plan. She could try blackmailing him with the audio, but he could likely hypnotize her all over again and make her forget she even had it. She was stuck.

The good doctor had known that Steven was away on a fishing trip this weekend, which she somewhat remembered telling him a few weeks earlier. As she approached his house, she felt, simply, ruined. The website would be disastrous. She didn't think that the video had been Steven's idea, but she couldn't be sure, especially the way he had charged in on her before she showered, just after she had been fucked by the doctor. He hadn't been at all curious or upset that she was so late. Did he know? In any case, the video didn't show the doctor's face, but the body was obviously not her husbands. If her friends or family saw it, they would have to move. Or worse, even if it was his idea, Steven could divorce her, blaming her for cheating on him. The evidence would show it. But he loved her. She knew he did.

And she loved him. Yet, here she was, at the Doctor's house, knowing that she would have sex with some number of guys. She had no bags, although she knew she would be there two nights until midday Sunday, so that she would be home in time for Steven's return. She parked the van, noticing that others' cars were already there. She walked to the front door, feeling a mild, cool breeze blow through her blouse and hair, across her flesh. Which, in contrast to the ruin that lay beyond the door, made her feel surprisingly sensuous. She rang the doorbell.

Dr. Gilliam opened the door, all smiles. "Super! You're here, right on time. I knew you would be. You look fantastic." She smiled at the compliment; she had worked on her looks all day it

seemed, in a dreamy nightmare of sensual pleasures and utter humiliation. But here she was, and she would go through with it. She didn't have a choice. Her hair was placed perfectly, well brushed and pulled back to fall below her shoulders. Steven liked it loose during sex. She wore high heeled spaghetti strap sandals, an olive skirt, and a very light beige sweater vest, which hinted at a lacy bra beneath. It was something she had worn on a night out with Steven. Alluring, but not trampy. "Do you have the...?" She cut his question short by handing him the audiotape. He looked delighted.

She followed Dr. Gilliam to his entertainment room. It included a pool table, a card table, a wide screen TV, two recliners, and a couch. There were two men seated at the card table, both good looking, which, frankly, disappointed her. She was hoping they would be ugly so that she could just hate them and the entire experience, rather than herself. They looked at her quizzically, however. Not the eyes of sex-starved maniacs. Late 30's, early 40's. Marriage rings.

"Gentlemen, this is the surprise I promised. Her name is Hayley." At least he didn't say my last name, she thought. "Remember the convention we went to in the Bahamas a few years ago?" They looked at her with more interest. "Hayley's not a hooker for the evening, though. She's married, and she's a patient. But she's also mine to fuck. And tonight, Hayley will perform just about anything we want her to." He grabbed her ass as he said this, giving her a good squeeze. At this, their eyes did turn to hunger, and she was surprised as a baritone emerged from the kitchen. "Well, hello there!" A black man, well... chocolate brown, maybe even a dark bronze,... walked in. He, too, was good looking. Muscular. Big. She was going to hate herself. Why was she doing this? She knew the answer before she even asked the question.

Dr. Gilliam led her to the kitchen, where he showed her around.

Her first duties of the night would be to serve as a waitress to them as they played cards and watched a pre-season Friday night football game. She carried in a tray of beers and set them on the table, which had cutouts for holding drinks. She expected to be groped, and she was. As she leaned over placing the last beer, a man introduced himself as Mac, held her left tit between his hand and didn't let go. He said, "Richard, I seem to remember in Nassau that our...waitress...was topless. How does this work, do you tell her what to do or can we?"

"Hayley will only obey me, but I'll tell her do anything you want. She knows what this is about, and she came of her own free will. Didn't you Hayley?"

The Doctor had given her specific instructions on how she was to play her role. She died inside as she answered, but in a surprisingly eager voice. "You know I'm yours," she winked, and after a pause concluded, "to do with...whatever...you...want."

"Hayley, remove your top." Her face turned red as the men turned to watch. "And the bra." Dr. Gilliam had said that she was to perform, actually, to happily perform whatever he said. He had actually driven the role home when he had said that she should consider herself his tamed captive. Just like the book. And this was why she would hate herself, and had been hating herself all day. She could still hate him for what he was making her do, but she feared the guilt of enjoying herself even more. Her guilt began with the breeze tantalizing her skin when she arrived on his porch, when she realized she was already excited, already wet, already willing to fuck, without even putting up a fight.

So she turned her back to them, humiliation burning within, removed her bra, and then turned to give them a look at her tits. The excitement quenched her humiliation with an even stronger fire. They were staring at her breasts, the breasts of a captive slave who, truly, had no choice in the matter.

Dr. Gilliam soon took control as they began to move towards her. "Wait guys. Remember Nassau. Winner of the hand gets to suck her tits for a minute. Hayley, go get the Readi Whip." The term "whip" startled her, before she understood what he was asking. Whatever game they were playing was some variation of Poker. Mac won. She stood in front of him as he left his chair to get a better angle of attacking her tits. The good doctor handed Mac the can of Readi Whip, which Mac sprayed onto each of her nipples. Her nipples were already hard. The Readi Whip was just...cold. Mac licked around her breast before closing in on her nipple. She saw the desire in the men's eyes, and then her cunt went crazy on her as Mac seemed to swallow the front half of her other breast at once. Her juices were flowing.

Dr. Gilliam took control again. "That's good, Mac. I think she's hot already. Hayley, there's a jar of cherries in the refrigerator. Bring them here, and return, let's see...how was it? Oh, yes. Return only wearing your shoes." The other men had grins, obviously having done this before. "You guys know what the next hand wins." There was a tense laughter that followed her.

Safe in the kitchen, she stopped a moment to catch her breath. This was it. She was about to be gang-banged. From a steady diet of her husband the past 15 years or so, to two trysts with the Doctor, one unbeknownst to her and the other a quickie after he confronted her with the web site. He had enjoyed it, not just physically, she knew, but due to the power of breaking her will, making her decide, or rather admit, then and there that she was trapped. His to use. Yes, he had enjoyed the power, the power of stripping her as she trembled before him, the power of making her beg to fuck him, the power of making her get on her knees, spread her cunt lips, and guide his shaft within her. The power of making her a slut. Of her own will.

Did it really matter in the great scheme of things that she would be fucked yet again? Not if Steven never found out. That was her goal. Steven must never find out. She found the cherries. She saw chocolate syrup on the same shelf. She hoped that wouldn't be next. What a mess that would make. She closed the refrigerator door.

She looked down. Her naked breasts hung there, as they always had. The sight of her breasts had never meant anything to her sexually, but the fact that another man, a stranger, had sucked them, that others would, ...turned her on. She removed her skirt and then her panties. Soaked. They would find her...wet...so, wet.

She returned to the entertainment room, all eyes on her. Why was the football game still on? She would be the entertainment. She felt wetness trickle down her thigh as she walked. She hadn't thought about the effect her hairless cunt would have on them. Catcalls. The doctor waved for her to stand beside him. He took the jar of cherries from her, and gave them to the black man, whose name she didn't know. The men stood, and the Doctor placed a heavy cover that fit over the card table. The card game, she knew, was over.

Dr. Gilliam said, "Anyone done this since Nassau?" They all shook their heads, no. "I liked it so much I put that portrait with the hooker on my desk at work for the fond memory." They all laughed.

The black man had apparently won the round. He came around the table, put the cherries down, and grabbed her pelvis with both massive hands. He lifted her up onto the table, where she quickly understood she was to spread her legs. He reached for the cherries. Long stems.

"Man, she's wet! Did you see how that slid in there?" Hayley felt two more pushed in, the last of which he apparently

controlled by holding the stem. He lowered his face, biting the stem, and pulled the cherry out of her cunt. He ate it. The doctor said what she hoped the black man was thinking, "Sweet." A black man hardly touching her, and she was ready to be fucked. The man inserted a finger, then another, easily into her cunt. He found her G-spot, but she was distracted by the remaining two cherries being moved about within her. He removed his hand, holding the two stems. She was certain the other two cherries were crushed inside her cunt. He lowered his head, this time using his tongue.

It felt so different. He wasn't trying at all to turn her on, but concentrated on lapping her juices to his content. And the cherry juices... of, course. He emerged from between her legs with a huge smile on his face. "Man, two years. That was good." A short conversation indicated that no one had been able to talk their wives into doing that, and Hayley settled herself in for turns. The bottle of cherries gradually became empty. She smelled the cherry juice as much as the smell of her sex. Mac was last and seemed to take breaks from his snack to actually give her a little pleasure, more than a little. In return, she responded by moving her hips, guiding his tongue, his face, to maximize her pleasure.

Her bucking was misunderstood. The fourth man, Keith, said "Look at her, she wants to get fucked! Richard, how did you find this slut? And she's married?" Hayley knew Steven wasn't the only married man whose sex life had settled down. And the word, "slut." She didn't want to think about a proper definition, but yes, she felt it. She was a slut, for the weekend, at least. And he was right. She did want to be fucked. She even enjoyed the idea of besting his wife, a woman she would never meet, in giving him a thrill.

Following the last instruction the Doctor had given her role for the evening, for just this moment, when sex was inevitable,

Hayley said, "Please, Doctor, would you let them fuck me now?"

The words reminded her that she was HIS captive, and it reminded the men that she was HIS sex slave. Her fantasy again. She wanted to be filled with cock. What was he waiting for?

The doctor responded by removing his pants. He was the last to do so. The others had been stroking themselves, although she hadn't been able to watch. She didn't remember actually seeing the doctor's cock, other than watching the video in his office. It had seemed large then, and it had felt large within her, but as she saw him approach, she marveled at its size. Maybe two inches longer than Steven, and just as thick. He slid the head in, her lips spreading to accommodate him. He felt wonderful. He backed up slightly, then thrust forward, filling her. The words "ooohhh, yessss" escaped from her lips before she could even think of controlling herself. The doctor thrust in again, staring into her eyes, knowing he had her. And he would be right. The bastard.

A marvelously dark cock slapped onto her cheek. She turned her head, and took it in. The pre-cum was quickly devoured, and she quickly adapted to the novelty of a new cock, a new shape, a new texture, a new taste. Her hand grabbed at his balls, so large, hanging from his shaft. His cock was about the same size as her husband, and just as she was realizing a little disappointment from the stereotype of a black man's cock, the Doctor's pace picked up in her cunt, and she could feel his hot jism shooting within her. She returned her attentions to the sucking the cock at her mouth when Mac began to fuck her, building up speed. She wanted to have him cum with another man's cock in her mouth. Two at once... She grasped the black shaft with her hand, stroking it while she sucked and licked the head of his cock. The shaft felt smaller than Steven's did, but the head was so big. Just as Mac blasted within her, she could feel the cock in her hand pulse, then cum shot in her mouth and on her face. It didn't seem to

end. She reached to her face to unclog her nose, and felt his cum just...everywhere.

He stepped back, a dominating presence, a masterful expression. "Man, that white bitch can suck!" He returned to stroking his cock, preparing to give her more. Mac stepped up with his limp cock, which she sucked, tasting the mixture of juices. She didn't particularly like it, but she liked the idea of what it was. She felt Keith slip within her, not much of a presence to whatever cock he had, but it felt good for her cunt to be filled. Mac recovered surprisingly quickly, as she felt the hardness of his shaft with her hand, the velvety mushroom head between her lips. She heard Keith say, "Hayley, you are one...hot...slut!" She felt him shoot, but less so as he pulled out to spray her hairless pubic area. Perhaps at the sight of this man cumming on her, Mac orgasmed again, pulling out of her mouth and cumming on her face. Her eyes were covered with cum. She was afraid to open them, and began to move the globs of jism from her face with her fingers.

The Doctor surprised her by placing a couch pillow under her head, giving her a view just as the black man penetrated her. The doctor's head was somewhat in the way as he too watched, while fondling and licking a breast. The black man's cock was pitch black, so much darker than the rest of his skin, and the sight of it going in and out of her white, cum covered cunt would be a memory to relive. She felt kind of stretched, and his cock didn't feel as good as it might another time, but she felt his huge balls slapping against her ass.

She reached down with a hand to work her clit. Catcalls again. Her body tensed. She heard voices, "what a hot bitch...who's married to that?...who cares? She fucks better than that pro in Nassau...better looking, too...I'd like to have that piece of ass every night" It all went somehow to her head. She closed her eyes, concentrating on the moment. The cock within her, the balls

slapping against her, the doctor's manipulation of her nipple, the pleasure she was giving her clit. The satisfaction of satisfying 4 men, who appreciated her for nothing other than the sex she was giving. The fact that she was conquered, and the thrill of enjoying it. Her body shook as the orgasms washed over her, wave after wave. She had never, ever, experienced such an orgasm.

She opened her eyes as the black man withdrew from her cunt. He came just as her orgasm was subsiding. His cum shot a long steady stream, over her stomach, onto the Doctor's face, who was still licking her tit. The bastard deserved it, and he obviously wasn't pleased. Fuck him.

There seemed to be a break in the action - the men putting on their pants, at least, and talking about what they had just done. She laid there, resting a while, before the Doctor said, "The rule is you're not allowed to clean yourself off until we're all done. Now go get us some beers. She passed a mirror on the way to the kitchen. "Slut" was the word that came to mind. "Whore" might have fit, but this wasn't for money.

She thought that might be it for the night. Hoped it would be. Hoped it wouldn't be. Her cunt would be sore if they fucked her much more, but she hoped they would. Her nipple was sore where the good doctor had sucked at it and pinched it with his teeth. She knew that the next day would be more of the same, and possibly much of Sunday. She tried to imagine the life ahead of her, married by night, slut by day. She didn't trust the doctor to use her wisely, either. If these men liked having their picture taken with a hooker in Nassau, she couldn't help but suspect the good Doctor would give them digital pictures of her. She felt sad for herself, as she thought of the unknown number of men that the Doctor would share her with. Over what? Weeks? Months? Years? Until he tired of her and ruined her? She had no way out. None. Murder? She couldn't see herself doing it.

Plus there was too much evidence against her. The captured damsel in her novel got out of captivity by falling in love with her captor, and making fall in love with her. She didn't see that happening here. She was captured. And useful for fucking. She hadn't imagined this particular end. The story always ended happily. She felt a tear form in her eye as she realized that she had been happy, just moments before, being useful for fucking.

The beer seemed to flow, particularly for the Doctor. They watched football while she laid across their laps, pawing at her, sucking at her. They used her cunt for "flavoring" each long neck bottle they opened. They all but drank beer from her cunt. She lost count of the blowjobs she gave. They seemed to run out of cum, but they enjoyed having her to look at while she sucked them anyway. She tired of it, but the variety in sizes, tastes, responses to her touch, somehow continued to keep her...wet.

Near the end of the football game, the Doctor had put on the radio and told her to dance. It might have been better if she could have done a strip tease, but all she had was her heeled shoes. She had danced well, and, she thought, provocatively. She had never seen a stripper, but she couldn't imagine anyone could provide a more explicit show. Some of it had been at the Doctor's direction, such as removing cum from her cunt and licking it off her finger. She did it. Some was at her own initiative. After bending over and giving them a few of her ass, someone had said, "There's still cum dripping out of there." She fixed that by scooping it out with her hands and spreading it on her tits. Then she licked it off her tits, cum, with a flavor of Molson. There was no shyness, if there ever had been.

The game ended, and the Doctor's guests had to head home soon. Their wives expected them. He led her to his couch, and had her bend over. Each of the men fucked her a last time. By the third, it began to hurt. By the fourth, it did. The Doctor

whispered an instruction, and she escorted them to the door, inviting them back Saturday at any time, if they could make it. They all would. Of course. There might be other friends who would come, too. She was scared of the physical toll on her body that would bring, but the praise they had given her would make it worthwhile. She was known as a great fuck, and would be known by others. They each took a farewell grope, except for Mac, who gave her a kiss on the cheek. Her first kiss of the night.

She was now alone with the Doctor, which scared her. They hadn't been mean or cruel to her, but she knew he would be. While the men were watching football, and she was sucking Mr. Anonymous' cock, the men had asked the Doctor how he had found Hayley. He didn't really answer, but just said it was a power he had over women. He concluded with the thought that he might even send her home on Sunday full of cum, just after her husband returned from his weekend trip. Hayley had almost slipped into guilt, but someone had found her G-spot, and she had found it easier to suck and enjoy.

But now the guilt was sinking in. With the men gone, so had the main attraction of this reality. Only the bastard remained. The Doctor changed the channel to the news, and she sucked his cock while he finished his beer. He wasn't soft. He wasn't hard. His cock was worn out. But still, she licked and sucked, thinking, hoping, that some sort of opportunity might present itself.

The news ended, and the Doctor led her to the bedroom, where he used handcuffs to secure one wrist to one of the front corner feet on his bed. He showered, then returned and crawled into bed. The lack of civility in not even allowing her to shower infuriated her. And why had he handcuffed her? He knew she would stay for the weekend. He had her. She was his slut.

But there had to be a reason... and the only reason that she could

think of was not that she would leave, but that she would find something! He had given her a pillow and a blanket, at least, but with her hand cuffed it was too awkward to lie comfortably. She looked at the cuffs. There was no way of breaking them, or getting her hands out. She had no idea where the key was. She assessed the situation.

It finally came to her. The Doctor was indeed drunk. Had any picked any of the rails of the footboard, she would be trapped. Maybe he thought that the other rails would be too high for her to be comfortable enough to sleep. What a kind bastard.

She heard the doctor snore. She decided that if this idea worked, she would need to see a Chiropractor. That almost made her laugh. She snaked her body under the bed, and managed to move the pillow between her back and the bed frame. Using her elbows and back, she tried to lift the bed frame, and, specifically, the foot of the bed, off the floor. The bed was king size and terribly heavy, but it didn't take too long before she found the right position that she thought would make it work. The Doctor was still snoring, and she hoped this last effort wouldn't wake him. She raised her back, and the bed lifted. The handcuff slipped off the bottom of the post.

Now, to use the opportunity. If it failed, she was probably ruined for life. But there was hope. She hoped he was a heavy sleeper, because she felt her best odds were to start in his bedroom. He had left the bathroom light on, which gave enough light for her to see, but barely. There was also a small nightlight on a wall receptacle. Maybe the bastard had nightmares in the dark... She found the handcuff key first, on top of the bedside table. That helped. She found a pistol in a drawer. She knew a little about revolvers and saw that it was loaded. She figured out where the safety device was. It was on. She turned it off. She didn't plan to use it, but it might just be helpful...

She was searching for this famed hypnotic video, figuring he would be a fool not to keep one at home. Had he used it on his wife? She didn't pursue the train of thought. She didn't find it in his bedroom. She went to the entertainment room, as it had a VCR. Maybe he kept it handy for dates, the bastard. She opened the cabinet door, and there it was. At least, she hoped that was it. The title seemed familiar. Watching it would get her into a mess, so she just trusted that it was the right one. If it wasn't, maybe the gun would be an adequate persuasion tool. And she did have the handcuffs... She saw that another video was in the VCR. It had her name on it. She turned the TV on, muted it, and played the video. It was the video the doctor had taken of her being fucked in his office. Since he was such a camera freak, she looked around the entertainment room to make sure her new life as a slut hadn't been recorded. She didn't see anything that looked like a camera.

She disappointed to find that her blouse and bra seemed to have disappeared. Maybe someone took it as a souvenir. She found her skirt on the kitchen floor. The panties were gone. Something was better than nothing.

She returned to his bedroom, turned the VCR on, and inserted the tape. She quickly hit "stop" before it would automatically play. Then she turned the TV on. This hypnotic thing apparently worked visually, since the audiotape didn't seem to have an effect. She turned the volume down. The TV cast a blue glow over the room and his sleeping form. She thought briefly about how she was going to manage this. Then, it was time for sleepy boy to wake up.

She went to the bathroom, poured a cup of water, returned, and dumped it on his face. He became somewhat alert, and then alarmed as she turned the bedside lamp on. He found himself staring at the barrel of his own .357 magnum, being held by the

otherwise enticing topless form of what had been his willing sex kitten hours earlier. He started to raise himself and say something, but she drew back the hammer. He retreated to his pillow.

"You, bastard, are going to watch a video. If I have to shoot you, I'll be embarrassed when the police find pictures and videos of me naked. But there's enough evidence that the police will believe my story about the pervert qwack doctor, especially since I'll be telling them the truth. So it's your choice. Die, or watch the screen." He nodded toward the screen. She stepped back so that she was aside the TV, where she could make sure he kept his eyes glued to the screen. The TV was less than 10' from the bed, and there was no way she could miss if she had to shoot. With six shots, anyway. She started the VCR, and he watched.

Hayley did what her idiot, but loving, husband should have done. She found out everything. After a few commands, they started taking care of things. All the hypnotic videos in the house were found. All the photos of his patients in the house were found. He logged onto the internet and destroyed the website he had created. The counter had read 1,880. Damn. He must have registered it, but there was nothing to be done about the files people may have copied. They went to the computer where the files were stored. She reformatted the entire drive. There were no other copies except at the office.

So, they would have to drive to the office. She had to wear one of his shirts, and found her shoes. Sleepy boy would have to stay in his pajamas. At the office another hard drive was reformatted, photos were handed over, and videos were gathered. She piled it all into a suitcase she had brought from his house. There were no other copies of anything related to his hypnotic controls that she didn't possess. IF he was telling the truth. He seemed to be giving her all she had asked for. But Steven had been satisfied too.

They returned to his house, where all was quiet, as it should be at 4:00 a.m. She gave him a final suggestion, that she had very much enjoyed plotting during the return drive, tucked him into bed, and counted him to sleep, "one, two, three."

Her drive home was one of self-congratulations and, she admitted, fulfillment. It had been fun. Not her choice, but it had been fun. The men had had their fun, too, but it had been about as gentlemanly as a gang-bang could get, she supposed. Her reverie was interrupted when she was pulled over by a police car. Speeding. 12 miles over.

The officer looked her over, probing her face and body with his flashlight, then the interior of the van. She was glad he didn't look too far down her legs. She hadn't cleaned those up, and she was a sticky mess. She realized that the man's shirt she was wearing and the suitcase would tell him all he needed to know - that she had slept with a man and was returning home. It was unlikely he would suspect her of anything else, driving in a family van as she was. The man, whose face she could never make out, let her off with a warning.

Saturday, she made a fire in the backyard. Her romance novel was first. She had lived that and beyond. The photos the Doctor took were interesting. She was comforted that her sister was not among them. Some of the people she knew; most she didn't. She burned them all. The videos she also threw in. The noxious fumes of burning plastic drove her away from the fire, but she had to return to dump in one other tape.

The video of the Doctor fucking her really turned her on. She had watched it several times that afternoon, cumming each time she watched it. If the video had included all four men, she would have kept it, somewhere. But the video was too dangerous to keep around the house. Steven must never know.

During the evening, she deprogrammed herself. She had to, before Steven's return on Sunday. Her emotions competed with her logic, which competed with her cunt. She imagined the men showing up at the Doctors house, ready to fuck her. Her motions told her to feel guilty for having enjoyed it. Her cunt told her to go back, live a little more, and conclude the night with a commemorative video. Her logic said, simply, "No." Too much potential for disease, pregnancy, physical harm. It was safe now. The men would have asked for Hayley, and the Doctor wouldn't remember who she was. IF the video had worked. She would know by a few days. Her cunt hadn't given up the fight easily, though. She had never before masturbated so much in a single day.

Sunday was good. Sex with her husband would be her focus for the day. She worked on her tan, wearing a small white bikini. She had never worn it except when modeling it for Steven, who had bought it. It became transparent when wet. She thought of a special party for Steven's return, and settled on a rather simple greeting. He had enjoyed the garage scene so much, she decided to welcome him there. Nude. Covered with baby oil, everywhere except her tits and her cunt. She imagined a bucket of confetti emptying on her as he drove in... Her cunt said maybe he would bring friends. Stop it!

She heard a noise to her side, and through the edge of her dark sunglasses, became aware that her neighbor was watching her. She didn't move her head, but she was quite hot, and perspiring. And she could only imagine that her bikini was now see-thru. Minor amounts of appreciation were good, she thought. Steven could, and would, appreciate her more. How different she was...

Steven returned from his fishing trip to find all well at home.

The garage surprise made him fearful the Doctor was still a problem, but Hayley truly lived the moment. A messy moment. Talking, hugging, appreciating him, encouraging him. Somehow, he knew it was all "her." No mind games. Hayley seemed in good spirits, and she grilled a steak to celebrate his return. He enjoyed the trip away, but had been worried whether his dealings with the Dr. Gilliam were truly over. He thought he had handled it pretty well. And while the photos of Dr. Gilliam's wife were great, it was the pictures of his wife's tits that he had looked at while he jerked off in the cabin.

Two days later, his worries went away. He showed the newspaper article to Hayley, who had the most unusual grin on her face. Humored? Sickened? Not surprised, at the least. Maybe her instincts had told her something wasn't right with the man. She was very insightful about people. In any case, the doctor had been arrested for multiple counts of public indecency. Maybe taking his videos away had caused the doctor to go nuts. Going to retirement homes and exposing himself to old ladies. Imagine that.

All seemed right with the world. He poured himself a Coke and headed for the den, where Hayley was waiting to show him some movie she had gotten over the weekend.

Story codes: MF, M+F, voy, exh, mild bond, mc

E-mail to: OneIdleHand@hotmail.com

Please?

See Part 2 and my other stories at www.asstr.org/~IdleHand

Doctor's Orders, Part 2

How long had it been? Too long time since she had felt her lover's touch. It was just the two of them, this time. She spread her legs, watching his face as a smile spread across his lips. Her own lips responded with a tingle between her legs. He hadn't even touched her yet, and she found herself holding her breath until he did. He approached her slowly, too slowly. She bent her knees, pulling her legs back, leaning back on an elbow. She closed her eyes, waiting.

He wouldn't fuck her. Not yet. This wasn't an invitation for that. She knew that he enjoyed getting personal with her sex. He would smell her, grazing her clit with his nose. Then he would taste her juices and probe her with his tongue. He was getting nearer; she could feel his breath. She reached down with a hand and spread her lips into a little bud, a little flower all wet with her juices.

It felt cold as it entered her, sending shivers through her. And again. Three more. She opened her eyes as he raised his index finger, teasing her with just the sight of it. It seemed massive. It felt long. Another finger, and she felt full. She could feel her cunt leaking freely now, opened by his fingers, which were pressing inside of her at angles she had never felt before. He licked around her sex while his fingers were mashing within. She fell backwards, closing her eyes again, her sex gifted to him for his pleasure.

He withdrew his fingers. His face descended to her crotch, and his tongue began to extend. It seemed everything he had was long. She felt him tease her clit, now sliding up and down her opening, gathering her juices. Then, his tongue parted her, and she could feel him inside, his mouth pressed against her cunt. She knew he would withdraw and begin the tease all over again. It was his style. And then, he did. It wasn't a feeling that would drive her to orgasm; it would just drive her crazy from frustration. She leaned her head forward, and opened eyes to see him once more. The darkness of his skin contrasted with

the whiteness of her shaved pussy, he called it. His dark hands slid down her inner thighs before stretching her lips open and again entering her with his tongue.

His eyes opened and looked directly into hers, his white eyes peering at her just above her cunt. The contrast of his skin with hers made her fearful for some reason. Maybe society had put a wall in the possibility that she could do this. And maybe that was why it turned her on so fiercely that she was giving herself to a black man.

But for now, it was more of a black and white world than she could have ever imagined, and she was ready to move ahead to his big black cock thrusting in her cunt. He raised his head, and her black and white vision exploded into color! He backed away from her cunt, smiling with a red cherry between his teeth. He shifted slightly forward, biting on the cherry, its juices dribbling onto her untanned cunt. She didn't think any of the cherries would have lasted in there the way his fingers had been searching and squeezing within her.

He left the juices there. Was it staining her skin? He moved so fast. His cock had it grown? She didn't remember it being so big, or him quite so dark. But his balls she remembered, huge, hanging in a giant sac from his groin, and as he thrust inside her, they slapped against her ass. She.

Woke up. "Hayley. Are you alright?"

"Huh, what?" Her heart was racing. Where was he? Had she been caught?

"It looked like you were having a nightmare. The bed was shaking so hard you woke me up."

A glance at the clock. 3:00 a.m. Great. She always had problems getting back to sleep if she woke up at night. She realized that she was soaked between her legs, and that her husband was expecting her to

say something.

"Steven, I must have been dreaming about something, but I can't remember what." He rolled over. She knew he would be asleep within a minute. Her bladder was full, so she got out of bed and went to the bathroom. She felt bad for the lie. It was that dream. It was back. She couldn't recall having the same dream over and over again except perhaps a dream about a haunted house back when she was in grade school, and now what? The mystery man four, five times in the past two months?

She flushed the toilet, and looked at herself in the mirror which covered the wall behind the sinks. The nightlight was enough. Her hair was a mess. She was hot, almost to the point of being sweaty. Her skin was flushed in red splotches, and her cunt was needy. She reached a hand between her legs. She remembered her dream in a haze and entered it gently. Her body was on the bed, and his cock spread her wide as it entered. She was aware of her image in the mirror, like another person, leaning with one hand against the countertop for support. Her tits began to jiggle slightly, and her nipples had hardened... if they weren't hard already. She looked up to see her face. As orgasm approached, she opened her mouth. Why? She didn't know, but she always did. She closed it quickly hoping to not make any noise. And she came.

Hayley woke up several hours after Steven had left for work. She welcomed the morning and then felt the guilt. Her dream returned to her, and she recognized it for what it was. Desire. But she loved Steven. She never wanted to do anything to hurt him. And that was why she felt guilty. It was the curse of Dr. Gilliam.

Despite the hell of the experience, the threat of being controlled, of being used sexually by another person. She couldn't understand it, but it was if she had never felt more alive. She didn't like being forced into things. But she had never been challenged like that before. Challenged to give herself to others. Challenged to find a way

out. And she had. From one of the least likely and strangest turns in life, she felt a certain charge. And it had changed her in a way. She knew that she was capable of so much more than life as a wife and mother required. It was like she was ready to lead a corporation, but there was no place she could get the same job.

She wasn't certain why it was the black man who had recurred in her dreams. She had enjoyed them all. And if she were to choose her favorite, but most hated, moment, it was when she let Dr. Gilliam fuck her in his office. Just the two of them. The other men had fucked her, but Dr. Gilliam had fucked with her head, and she didn't know if she would ever forget the feeling, the realization, of that first time when she had stripped let another man have her. He had raped her mind, and sex would never be the same. If she hadn't burned the tape, she could have had Steven repeat the scene. This was pointless.

Steven had been great, and she couldn't ask for more from a husband. She wondered sometimes if she was wearing him out. They used to have sex two or three times a month, and now it was several times a week for three weeks of the month. And she wanted it during the fourth. She had to give the doctor credit. He had been imaginative. It had become difficult for her to imagine new sexy ways for her husband to find her when she came home. There had been a few good ones, of course, but after today, she didn't know what she would do to surprise and entice her husband. There was something about her now that fought against the idea of retiring to the bedroom and making love. She wanted excitement.

At 4:30, Hayley returned to the house with her friend, Sandy, a lady who lived in an adjacent neighborhood and who Hayley paid as a personal trainer. It wasn't that exercise was so difficult; it was just hard to make herself do it sometimes. And her friend had helped that by making her feel guilty if she didn't show. Over the months, they had shared a bit about each other, and the subject had turned to sex in rather vague ways, mostly jokes at their husbands' expense. Until Hayley had asked her for a favor.

She went upstairs, showered, and returned to the den where her friend Sandy was waiting. Sandy's eyes went wide at the sight of Hayley, but there was no avoiding it for this to work. She was naked, and she was more than a little uncomfortable about being seen by her friend. She wasn't interested in "girls," and she hoped that this would be something to laugh about later in their workouts, rather than an obstacle. Still, an itch was an itch.

"You're really going through with this, then?" Sandy asked.

"Yeah. You doubted?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't think you would. But, here you are in the buff, so it looks like you will. And, I suppose it's good to see that the exercises are working. You're nicely toned."

Hayley had been looking at the cardboard box sitting on the floor, but looked up at this compliment. "Thanks. Steven's noticed, too. And that's helped my motivation. Look, I hope you're not too embarrassed, because I know I am. But I couldn't wear a robe. Clothing doesn't quite fit the scene. And it will add to the mystery after he opens the box."

"So, how do you want to do this?"

"I've only thought about it; I hadn't really tried it out. But we need to now. He should be home at any moment."

With that, Hayley stepped into the box. She crouched on her knees while Sandy closed the box over her to make sure she would fit. She did, barely.

Sandy said, "So, when he opens it, you're going to pop out?"

"Yeah." Hayley popped up, but not quite with the enthusiasm she would

later.

Sandy's lips began to smirk. "Would you take a suggestion? It's kind of risqu ."

"Sure."

"Get back in the box. Let me get you a couch pillow. Now lay on your back and pull your legs up. Will you fit?"

Hayley was surprised by Sandy's indirect forwardness, but she understood the pose. When Steven opened the box, her legs my come out slightly, but the first thing he would see is her cunt. "Will the flaps close?"

They did. Sandy opened it, and quickly turned her head, laughing. "Yeah, that, uh.works. You know, since you're going that far, I don't suppose you would have a vibrator? It would sort of be.the icing on the cake, I guess."

Hayley grinned, noticing that it "worked" for Sandy, too. Her nipples were sticking up behind the thick material of her workout tights. She ran upstairs to get one of her vibrators. When she returned, she saw that Sandy had found a magic marker and had been writing on the box flaps. She couldn't see what. She was about to ask when she heard the garage door begin to open.

Her heart raced as she and Sandy made eye contact for a moment, and then she quickly stepped into the box. She was too shy to insert the vibrator with Sandy watching, but she found that she could reach around her legs and would be able to. The box flaps closed over her.

"Hurry!" She inserted the vibrator, which had no problem with lubrication. She didn't realize she had been turned on while naked in front of her friend and.she didn't want to pursue that avenue. She was hetero, all the way. She could hear Sandy taping over the seam. once, twice. Then she heard the car door slam and the garage door open begin

to descend. "Go!"

"Good luck! Maybe we'll try this at my house." It took Hayley a moment to realize she meant putting Sandy in a box.

Hayley heard Sandy shut the front door just as the garage door finished closing. Good. Steven shouldn't have heard anything. Hopefully, he would hurry. She hadn't thought of cutting air holes.

Steven had the usual afternoon tiredness he always felt coming home from work. It always seemed to take an hour to recharge before he would be up to whatever Hayley wanted to do or talk about. That is, unless the sexpot was waiting for him. Her desires were more often after dinner now, which suited him fine. He rounded the last corner on the way to his house and slowed as he approached the mailbox. It was a thick stack of bills and junk mail, and he put it on his seat. He pressed the garage door opener and eased the car up the driveway.

Entering the kitchen, he tossed the mail onto the counter, but saw that he had a note, folded like a table tent. The writing wasn't Hayley's and it looked written hastily. "Strip completely. Then proceed to the den." Aha. She's up to something. It had been a while since one of her "events," and he was beginning to miss them. He quickly removed his clothes, his cock already fully hard without touching it. He entered the den expecting, he hoped it wasn't guests, and stopped. A cardboard box was between him and the stairs, and it had writing on it. Feminine writing, but not by his wife's hand.

"FRAGILE! BUT HANDLE ROUGHLY. OPEN IMMEDIATELY." Of course he would.

He knew his wife was inside. He found some scissors in the kitchen and began cutting along the tape seam. The box flaps more or less sprouted open as his wife's feet emerged. Had his eyes been closed, he still would have been able to guess what he would find, because the smell of

Hayley's sex wafted into his nose. One hand was slowly working the vibrator in and out of her cunt, and the other was rubbing and pulling one of her cunt lips.

As was usual in these games, her eyes were closed. Maybe she liked to imagine it was a stranger.whatever worked for her. The problem was that there was no easy way to fuck her. And she looked "into" whatever she was fantasizing.

Hayley was relieved to hear the box flaps open, and the sudden rush of cooler air was welcomed. But Steven wasn't saying anything. She expected him to say something. That meant he was looking at her, or maybe he was getting undressed. No, she didn't hear anything. He was watching her, then. Her original plan had been to pop out of the box, strip his pants down just enough, send him to floor and screw him. But she couldn't quite do that from this position. A mischievous grin crossed her thoughts, and she hoped it didn't reach her face. So she decided she would just give him a show, and the thoughts that were leapt to her mind didn't surprise her at all.

She began imagining herself speaking aloud to Steven. "Hey, honey. You know I love you, but there's something you need to know. Can you see my cunt? Are my lips swollen and red? Is it wet all over my smooth skin? Well, for all these years, this cunt has been yours to enjoy. But guess what I'm thinking about? You don't know it, but other men have had the exact same view. Well, almost. I wasn't using the vibrator. I was spreading my legs so they could fuck me. And guess what? It wasn't just one on one. It was a gang bang. And see this vibrator? I'm not thinking about your cock. I'm thinking about the black guy whose name I never learned. His cock was the same size as this vibrator, which is larger than yours, by the way. And his balls! They were huge! Everybody watched as he fucked me good. He was hard for me to watch because I had so much cum on my face from the other guys. My eyelids were sticky. He fucked me hard and did I mention how

big he was? He stretched me, even after the other guys had fucked me, he still stretched me. And it felt so good. Then he pulled out and shot a stream of cum all the way up to my head. And that was a shame, because I wanted to feel him cum inside me. In fact, I dream about it." She was working the vibrator faster now, the edge of her hand slamming against her sensitive skin. Her orgasm came quickly, as did her groans, which sounded foreign from the bottom of the box. She opened her eyes, just as Steven began shooting cum on her, most of it on her cunt, but some of it shooting beyond to her tits and eyes. Ick. How ironic.

The payoff over, she realized how uncomfortable she was in the box and rolled it over to its side. She ended up on all fours, where she caught a brief but certain glance of Sandy's blonde hair disappearing from the edge of the window. Had she stayed to make sure Steven opened the box? Maybe at first, but. The next workout was going to be very awkward. And wait a minute, she had seen Steven! Well, that. Nasty thoughts filled her head, but the word she was stuck with was "friend." Human nature. Curiosity and an invited cat. What was done was done.

"Okay, who did it?"

"Huh?" Hayley turned to face Steven.

"Who taped you inside the box? Somebody saw you naked. I'd like to know who it was."

Hayley considered her answer. She had anticipated it, but Steven's commanding tone deserved another response. "A few guys who showed up wanting landscaping work. I didn't pay them, but they left happy." She threw Steven an evil smile, gave his cock a quick squeeze, and headed to the kitchen to get a paper towel to clean up a little. Ahhhh. She saw a note. Sandy was clever, the wench. She probably had planned to watch..

Steven followed Hayley into the kitchen, admiring her ass and watching as she wiped herself clean. She went upstairs to get dressed, and he picked up his clothes, intending to change into something more comfortable. Then he saw the mail. He picked it up and carried it to his computer desk.

He unfolded the bundled mail, finding a letter addressed to himself on top. It was unusual, because there was no stamp, no markings from the post office, no return address, and his name was typed. Who had a typewriter these days? Underneath was "Personal and Confidential."

He opened the envelope, half expecting it to be a joke from Hayley, possibly a set-up for what he had found in the den. It was a picture, printed from a color printer, of his cock cumming on Hayley's face. He recognized it from their videotape. It was somewhat grainy, but what was confusing was that they didn't have a video capture card. How had she imported the image? Well, who had sealed her in the box? Hayley was playing some kind of game, again, and it wasn't like HE was showing somebody their tapes. He tucked it away in a folder in his desk drawer and out of his mind.

Until the next day. There was another envelope. Good! If this was going to be a habit, it was something to look forward to. He parked in the garage and opened the envelope while still in the car. It was three folded pages with different pictures of Hayley, and it was clearly her, removing her bra, pulling her panties down, and kneeling on the floor, spreading her cunt lips. These weren't from video; they were pictures. And he hadn't taken them. The background looked somewhat familiar. a chart that pictured be a spinal column. that was it! It was Dr. Gilliam's office. But he was off to the nut house or to jail. Who would have this? And know where to send it? His first impulse was to confront Hayley with it. But there was obviously more to the story. And he was about certain that Hayley was not behind this. He would give it another day.

Through the next day, Steven's thoughts were consumed with anger, jealousy, and mistrust. And he didn't particularly like that he was turned on by the pictures. But he was. It seemed the longest day before he began the drive home.

He opened the mailbox, expecting it to be there. It was, and he opened it. A website address. There were no pictures in the envelope, but he knew to dread the worst. Hayley wasn't home, probably on an errand. He booted his computer and went to the website. "H A Y L E Y" appeared in bright yellow flashing letters. Below it were a variety of thumbnail images. Some he recognized from their videos. Some were old Polaroids he had taken of her. The rest. He had expected another chapter to the mystery letters, and this confirmed his suspicions. Looking at the pictures, he presumed it was the doctor that was fucking her. His face wasn't shown, but the room almost had to be his. Scrolling down the screen, he found several videoclips. The segments were short, but they were clear enough to show that while Hayley's face wasn't particularly encouraging, there was no denying that she was turned on. And some of his own video was there. Who would have had access to all of this except Hayley? How had she gotten copies of the doctor's pictures?

He had taken the doctor's photos of Hayley's breasts during his confrontation. He was certain that the doctor had turned them all over to him, yet here they were. The doctor could have scanned them before he took them though. So the doctor had forced Hayley to fuck him. He had lied. It was the only thing that made sense. Steven didn't feel any pity for the man in his current state. But if the doctor fucked her, did Hayley even know about it?

But here was evidence. The survival of the pictures, the creation of a website, it was a question that had to be answered. Hayley would have to find out. Who was behind the pictures? He left the web site showing on his computer screen until Hayley returned. Maybe she could explain. He looked again at the screen. Wow. He grabbed some

tissues, lowered his pants, and began stroking himself as he restarted the doctor's video sequence. He came twice before she returned home.

When Steven guided her into the study, Hayley's spirits collapsed on seeing the image on the computer. It was the same page the doctor had shown her when he had made her beg him to fuck her. She should have been embarrassed with her husband obviously wanting an explanation, or angry at the unfairness of it all, or something. But the only feeling that came over her was disappointment. In some ways, the conclusion to her problem had been her finest hour, despite the voices in her head that suggested living her fantasy had been pretty darn good. But the doctor had been firmly in her grip at the end. He had told her everything, and she had destroyed everything. At his house, in his office, on his computer, the videos, his files, anything and everything. But, here it was. It was a mystery. And the events that led up to it, she decided she had to explain to Steven. Some of them anyway. And the events that followed. There were no pictures of her with the men at the doctor's house, she saw. It was best that she explain only the single infidelity forced upon her, and blended the later facts.

It was a long talk, and both of them were nervous about what awaited them both. It was obvious that somebody wanted something.

The next day, Saturday, as soon as the mail came, Hayley retrieved it. No envelope. They had both been hoping for a hint as to who was sending them. Steven had said that there weren't any stamps, and they had talked for over an hour about who it could be that put the letter in their mailbox. If it didn't come in the mail, then someone besides the postman had placed it there. And that meant that whoever it was took chances. They could catch him. And Hayley felt certain it was a "he", rather than a "she." Even as she thought it, the name "Sandy" came into mind, but it couldn't be. Or anyone else. It wasn't like she had kept copies in the house that someone might find, like neighbors who fed their pets when they were away. And they were

pretty good about hiding their adult toys and videos from prying eyes.
So.who?

As she walked back to the front door, she saw it. It was taped to the wall. She pulled it off and yelled for Steven as she entered the house. Typed envelope. Typed letter. "Check the website again."

They did. It looked the same. Only, this time, there were two changes. The title said, "Hayley, Slut Neighbor," and there were a few new pictures at the bottom of the page. It was no great relief to have figured out who was behind it.

The pictures were again in splendid color, only, neither Hayley nor Steven had seen them before. Hayley on the deck naked except her "painted" swimsuit. Steven fucking her while she leaned over the deck rail. A hazy image of Hayley's breasts pressed against the glass door. Hayley suntanning nude. The answer was obvious just from the pictures. They were all taken from their next door neighbor's deck.

He had known they would figure it out, though. The message across the bottom of the screen had a form field for visitors to leave messages. The explanation for the form was what made them nervous. "Hayley and Steven are my next door neighbors. Hayley is a slut who is pretty brazen about showing her body. They know that I've seen them. They didn't know that I had a camera. And these other pictures. They're probably pretty embarrassed about them. So much so, in fact, that I think they'll do whatever I want, unless, that is, they want their friends and family to see these. And that's why I want your suggestions, because I think they're ours to command."

There was silence. She could tell Steven was getting angry, and then defeated. Over and over again. Much like herself. The first time had been a fantasy that grew to a nightmare that had to go away. This was just a nightmare.

She typed in the formfield, "F U C K O F F!" and was about to send it

when Steven stopped her.

"No, let's talk about it. With him."

They disconnected their internet service, and the phone rang. Steven answered it.

"So, you tried my site. I've been waiting for a hit, figuring it would be you." It was Jack. The neighbor.

"Uh-huh. Why don't we talk. Can you come over?"

Jack was feeling his oats. His wife was oblivious to the goings on next door, which was surprising. The odds would suggest that at some point she would notice the slut doing her thing on the deck or that she would notice him peering over there all the time. He had waited long enough, though. He was getting tired of the distant, leaf blocked view.

Upon entering their house, he didn't notice any outright hostility. Maybe they would try to be nice and persuade him to give it up. But he held the cards. Certainly they knew that. He knew what their first question would be.

"What do you want?" Steven asked.

And he knew the second.

"How did you get the pictures?" Hayley asked.

Good. Good. "Don't you know what I do? I own and manage an internet service provider. The same ISP that a certain Dr. Richard Gilliam used. I pretty much mind my own business there, but when a site starts taking on bandwidth, it slows the server and we get unhappy customers.

So, a site spiked. I checked it, only to find that the," he looked wolfishly at Hayley, "prime piece of wife meat next door not only flashes her neighbors but fucks around, too."

"So I kept checking the site for updates, but there weren't any. And then, as luck would have it, I had just finished handling a small emergency in the middle of the night, and I thought I would check out his site yet again. After all, if he kept up the volume, we were going to have to charge him extra or encourage him to move elsewhere. So I noticed the files were being deleted. Quickly. We have a backup server, though, and it was quite easy to copy the contents safely into my own hard drive space."

At this, Hayley just looked down at the floor, sinking her face into her hands. It was curious how she didn't seem to defend the material, or even be embarrassed about it. She only seemed miffed that he possessed it. "Slut" had been a pet term, in his own desirous way, but maybe it was right. Steven was speaking, "I'll repeat the question, what do you want?"

"A lot. I've thought about it. But first, here's what you'll get. I'll smudge or black out her face so she won't be recognized. Some of the shots will be free, and I'll post them across the web to draw business to the site. And then I'll charge for full access. And what people will be paying for is my," he reconsidered, "our. little plaything here. A customer wants to see Hayley a certain way.in a certain place.doing a certain thing.then she'll act it out, and you'll record it for me."

"What makes you think we'll do that?" asked Steven.

He grinned, and gave them a piece of paper. "This is why I waited so long. I had to research both of you. Parents, friends, employer, it's all there. And it would take mere moments to post your names and address right there on the web page. Don't cooperate, and the world will know. You figure the results."

Steven looked angry, but his features settled as he seemed to realize he had been outplayed before the game began. Hayley only had a glazed look on her face. Was she thinking about what would happen if all her friends and family knew, or was she thinking about what he was going to make her do? "How far is this going to go?" asked Hayley. Good. It was the latter.

"As far as what you'll be doing? I don't know. I guess it will be a test of the free enterprise system. What do they want? What will they pay? I can't place restrictions on what they suggest, but it will be in my interest to make sure you don't get harmed or arrested." He reached into his pocket. "This is a loaner. It's a digital camera. It will also take video for about a minute. Steven, come here and I'll show you how to work this thing."

Steven came over slowly, obviously distrustful and his face expressing more than a little distaste at his neighbor. That was fine. "And tell your wife to take off her shirt. I've been dying to see those tits up close." He watched as Steven thought for a moment, looked at his wife and nodded to her. Jack could see a moment of astonishment on Hayley's face as her husband was giving her the signal to bare her breasts to another man. He hadn't planned on seeing her naked so early, but why not? He HAD been waiting to seem them up close. "And the bra, too!"

The shirt came swiftly over her head. She reached behind her back, and he about came in his pants. This was better than a strip club. She wasn't used to exhibiting herself, and he didn't have to pay. And those breasts were perfect. (www.asstr.org/~IdleHand/Contents/hayley.html) Her nipples were hard points, and he couldn't help but wonder if she was turned on. He reviewed the instructions with Steven while taking pictures. "Hey, that's good. Now raise your arms over your head." This was too easy. After he had taken about 30 pictures, he removed the data cartridge and handed Steven a blank. "I'll just keep this one for now. It will make for good intro shots, especially with a

narrative about your agreement to do anything." He laughed.

He moved closer to his neighbor, looked her in the eyes and reached for her breasts, feeling her nipples tickle the palm of his hands before he closed in on them, feeling their weight, their warmth. To see them was one thing, to feel them. She closed her eyes at his touch. He stepped behind her, cupping them both, while Steven watched, getting angrier. "Don't worry Steven. I won't fuck your wife. I'm afraid of disease." Hayley began to protest but he put his hand up to silence her. "I have no idea how many others she's fucked. I'm just looking forward to the pictures of who she fucks in the future. I'll be in touch."

Hayley kept a watch on the website. Within hours, Jack had posted the pictures of her tits, but, true to his word, he had either cropped her face from the picture or blanked it so that she wasn't recognizable. The walls behind her would be, but that was just a risk she had to accept.

She and Steven had debated means of getting out of this. Confronting Jack's wife had been the obvious solution. It would get him in trouble, but it wouldn't stop Jack from contacting their friends and posting their names and address on the site. In fact, it would seem to guarantee it.

Murder and arson weren't feasible alternatives. Jail didn't seem like a good option, and they weren't sure if being blackmailed would be an adequate cause. Besides, then the press would investigate and publish the whole sordid story.

Faced with no workable options, their conversation had turned towards what Jack might require that they do. The speculation didn't help matters. It made them both mad, and it proved to be a pointless speculation. After a fast, furious fuck, each had admitted that the perils ahead turned them on to a degree, but that it was just too dangerous. She told herself that she could make the best of a bad

situation. She had before.

It was Wednesday that the website changed. Highlighted by a flashing arrow, it said, "Our first challenge has been received. Within three days, Hayley will stand in the parking lot of a Wal-Mart without a shirt or bra on. And she will hold a calendar pointing to the current day to prove that this slut is for real."

Hayley felt anxious, of all things. Not embarrassed. Relief, perhaps, on such a simple assignment. But there was an excitement to it. She called Steven in. After reading, he, too, looked relieved.

"Hayley, are you sure you can do this?"

"You know I can. I went through worse with the doctor, didn't I? If it weren't for that damned Jack forcing us, it might even be fun." She had a glimmer in her eye. Yes, it would be fun.

They waited until day three to do it, only to spite Jack and to avoid seeming eager. They went in the morning, when the sun was shining but the customers few. They drove around the parking lot several times and finally picked a spot where the store would be visible behind her, along with some parked cars. But the camera wouldn't show their van blocking her from the view of the majority of the parking area. Steven stood outside, and after making sure there was no one in the vicinity, he signaled Hayley and readied the camera.

Hayley stepped out of the sliding van door, wearing nothing but her sneakers and blue jean shorts. Steven was already clicking away before she opened the calendar and pointed to July 14th. Hayley couldn't help but smile at the obvious hard-on in Steven's pants. He continued to click away. When he finished with the camera, she gave her nipple a tweak just to tease him and quickly hopped back into the van, which was fortunate, because a traffic light must have signaled and cars were approaching fast.

Steven quickly entered the driver's seat and looked back at her half-naked body. "I don't suppose you want to tease me some more?"

Hayley didn't say anything. The van was air-conditioned, and it had dark tinted windows except on the front window. Her silence caused him to look into her eyes, and then she grinned and reclined the seat, unbuttoning her jeans and unzipping just a twinge. Steven didn't seem to understand that it wasn't just a tease. She lifted her hips, unzipped fully, and began sliding her shorts down her legs...

"You can't mean." But she did. And he accepted the invitation.

The photos were quickly posted by Jack, along with their next mission: "Sure, the parking lot was easy. But let's see those bare tits where other people are more likely to see them! Pictures will arrive in three more days from a carpet golf course, one picture from each hole, in the evening when the course is full."

Hayley sighed, but her pulse quickened. It would be fun, but then, it wouldn't. A flash here or there was one thing, but using a camera at each hole would immediately draw attention to the subject of the photograph. She decided that bending over, bra-less, would meet the definition of "bare tits," and avoid public derision. However, her clothing didn't help.

Her assortment of tops was limited. A tank top didn't work because the neck was too high for a "bending over" shot. A string tied top worked great for the shot, but her tits stretched the fabric and would draw too much attention. In fact, any blouse she wore bra-less seemed inadequate as her 38 C's, in their unsupported state, seemed very conspicuous. Finally, they opted for the obvious, a bikini top. She would just have to flash the camera instead of letting Steven take a picture each time she bent over to pick up or place a ball. There just wasn't a way of doing this without making a scene.

So they went, but when most people were eating dinner. Three to four holes ahead of them were empty, and Hayley found it relatively easy to pose for the pictures. She would pretend to hug a plastic lion, and Steven would pretend to take a picture until he was sure no one was looking. Then she would flash a tit and move on to some other silly pose. This worked well for the first 9 holes, and the tenth hole was the easiest as they played through a tunnel. She pulled her bikini up over both breasts for the first time, and with a cheesecake posture, gave a wink and a smile. This was fun! And Steven enjoyed it, too. At the 12th hole, they noticed that a noisy group of teenage boys was playing several holes behind them, and not seriously. That meant they would either play very slow, or very fast. After flashing Steven while standing behind a fake waterfall, Hayley realized they were gaining, quickly.

At the 14th hole, they had caught up. Steven played his ball first, and when Hayley sank her putt, she crouched with her back to the boys, exposed her left nipple, and Steven quickly got the shot. It was at the end of the 15th hole as Hayley tried to nonchalantly repeat this flash that she realized the boys, well, late teens, had been suddenly quieted and were speaking in hushed tones. They were on to her.

She pulled Steven aside, and they agreed to let the boys "play through." The boys quickly finished the hole they had just played, and although they agreed to go on, each stole more than an idle glance at her breasts. She didn't mind it so much, but her nipples involuntarily hardened beneath the bikini fabric, which made them stare the more. They continued to play after the boys went ahead, but they were aware of at least two of the boys watching at all times. When she picked up the ball, she turned her back to them once again and flashed Steven, aware of the giggling behind her. At the 17th hole, there were still no good concealed places, so she was forced to do the same thing. The boys had not left the tee area of the 18th, and as she began raising the fabric of her bikini top for Steven, their whispering was almost in her ear. "Oh man, she is hot! You know he's getting an eyeful!" With this, Hayley looked back over her shoulder and smiled at the boys, and

she was certain that Steven had the shot with them in the background.

The 18th hole was a problem. The problem was that she sunk her putt for a hole-in-one, and the boys now surrounded the area. There was no way she was going to be able to flash for the camera without one of them seeing her. In addition, the area beyond was full of teens and others paying for their games and waiting to start on the nearby first hole.

Steven apparently recognized the problem, and his solution was unexpected.

"Hey guys, I need your help. Would you stand next to my wife there at the hole. That's it. Two on each side." Hayley realized he had formed a wall of sorts between her and the crowd. "Hayley, put your arms around their shoulders. Good. Okay, you two closest to her. I think you know what I want you to do." He smiled, and nodded while looking at her breasts.

Hayley heard "oh, man!" and "yes!" on either side of her as she felt two hands lift her bikini. The boys made no pretense at posing for the camera, grabbing a quick feel of her breasts as they stared at them in disbelief. The boys on either end, not wanting to be left out, also grabbed her roughly, giving her a squeeze. Steven snapped the pictures, and it was a long moment before she realized that one of them had untied her bikini string at the back and another had pulled it away!

"Guys!"

As she reached for it, they pulled away, and she was aware that a few others nearby were now looking. She covered her breasts with her arms, and Steven quickly removed his shirt and placed it around her shoulders. She and Steven quickly headed to the van, followed by the boys. She spoke over her shoulder to them, saying "That's it guys. Show's over."

At the van, Hayley turned to make sure the boys weren't following them, and, although she wouldn't have minded another fuck in the van, she felt it was best to leave the area. As they drove past the course, Hayley saw that there were a number of faces were looking at them, some laughing and some possibly hostile. What the hell. She didn't know any of them.

The following day, she leaned against the computer desk with Steven taking her from behind as they both gazed at the pictures on the website. She felt somewhat guilty for contributing to the delinquency of minors, but what Steven was doing to her made her forget about all that.

Jack was quite satisfied. The parking lot had been his idea and the golf was from someone at the site. Now he was getting all kinds of requests. How much could he get her to do? Those teens grabbing her tits had been a great surprise, and it hinted that she would comply with a lot of the requests on the site. And as Hayley appeared to be such a willing slut, he began asking himself why shouldn't he fuck her? A little safe sex, his wife would never know, but he wasn't sure yet. It was time to take someone's request and amend it slightly. If she would do this, maybe she really was his to do anything he wanted. He hadn't imagined that the possibilities would be so open. He had expected compromises, like limiting pictures to their bedroom, but they seemed almost familiar with this sort of blackmail.

Steven awoke and checked the web site early. "Our slut has been very cooperative. And your requests have been entertaining. But she doesn't know about them yet, because I do them one at a time. Next, Hayley will expose both her breasts and her cunt in a crowded bar. And just so she doesn't blend in for a quick flash, she'll wear a red dress, high heels, and bright red lipstick."

Hayley thought long and hard about this. And Steven did, too. They debated the time of day, the particular bar, possibly getting a pool table where it might be less crowded. the options went on and on. Finally, they decided just to get it over with and drove around, looking for the right place. Neither of them was in the habit of going to bars, even occasionally. After over an hour of driving, Hayley said, "That's it. This one."

Steven looked at the old metal building, painted blue and white, with the obligatory neon beer signs in the windows. There were a good number of cars parked out front, more than at some of the others they had seen. "Why this one?"

"Because it's nowhere near where we live and I want to get it over with. Here's the plan."

Steven entered the bar alone. He was surprised to find the bar counter so near the front. There were booths and pool tables around the side. The place was smoky, which he hated, and the bar was about half full. He sat at a table near the door, which was across a small aisle from the bar, opposite several empty stools. He noticed there weren't any women around. It was all guys - 20's, 30's, 40's. Not a rough bunch, but maybe an after work crowd. He hoped it wasn't a gay bar. then decided that it would probably be easier if it was. For Hayley, anyway.

She entered. It wasn't like a western movie when everything halts as someone enters the saloon. Only the guys at the bar noticed, but the conversation did stop. Hayley's red dress had a halter top, and the hem ended about mid-thigh. She had found some red high heeled shoes at a thrift store, and they made her look as expensive as they cost. No stockings. And the lipstick. Glossy.

Hayley walked up to a bar stool and sat down. Without a purse, it was sort of obvious she wasn't there to buy anything. A guy on the nearest stool, looking her up and down, asked, "Hey, lady, can I buy you a drink?"

Hayley spun her stool so that her back was to the bar, looked over her shoulder at him and said, "No. I'm just here to have my picture taken." The guy looked confused as she spread her legs on the stool and pulled the hem up. She pulled the top of her dress down and heard Steven clicking away. She had planned on about 3 seconds, but the first 2 seemed to last an hour. She abruptly hopped off the seat, kicked off her shoes and ran towards the door, pulling her dress back up in the process. Steven just beat her to the door to open it for her and followed behind. A drawn out "Daaaammnnnation!" echoed in her ears. Their van was parked just outside the door, illegally, but it had seemed appropriate, somehow. Within seconds, they were off as several men opened the bar door, watching them leave.

On the way home, Hayley took the camera to look at the pictures. Steven had taken nine, some of them including the quick strip and one of her hopping off the stool. She didn't realize until she saw the pictures that she had looked at the men at the bar the whole time she had adjusted her clothes, and a couple of the pictures showed that they weren't keeping eye contact. They were definitely checking her out. She had wanted to make certain that they didn't make any moves towards her, but the pictures suggested she was tempting them. It might have been easier to try to sneak some pictures in the bar, but she felt certain that the "show and go" was the better option. And the pictures did show.

The next challenge was a step backwards, thankfully. She enjoyed going to outdoor concerts, and the amphitheater was perfect for the shot Jack, or whoever, wanted. She wore a summer dress and no bra. Before the concert began, Steven left the seats and was a good number of rows back when she stood, turned around and bent over to look through her purse. The difficult part was Steven's, trying to take pictures of her

and not have the camera swiped by security. But then, it wasn't their camera, so what the hell. She knew some people in the nearby seats could see her tits clearly, but she just pretended like she was completely oblivious and returned to her seat. Steven went several rows beyond her, and she repeated the scene, this time spreading her legs and discretely pulling her dress above her knees. By comparison, this was innocent fun.

After getting her picture taken topless at a restaurant drive through and flashing her cunt while leaning on a police car, Hayley had fallen into sort of a comfortable routine. The exhibitionist pictures were somewhat difficult, but Jack kept his word about distorting her face when he posted them. And the sex with Steven was hot and frequent. She couldn't complain, she just wished the neighbor wasn't a part of it. But at least he wasn't asking for more intimate pictures. Yet she knew, in time, he would.

Their next assignment was an elevator scene in a downtown hotel. The catch was that it was to be a glass elevator, with her riding naked. Completely without clothes. They only had several choices of hotels, and they finally found one that seemed like it could work. Steven went to the third floor of the atrium, where he stood along the rail, with a good angle toward the elevator. Hayley waited below for the opportunity to ride an elevator with no one in it, and no one in the area that was in sight of it. Fortunately, the elevator faced away from the registration desk, but it made her more conspicuous as she had to linger in the lobby area waiting for her moment.

Finally, the opportunity arose, and she stepped in, pressing the "10" button. She quickly moved to the glass wall, and as the elevator made it past the first floor, she dropped her dress and waved at Steven. The problem was at the fifth floor, when she felt the elevator begin to slow to a stop. Eyes wide, she dropped to the floor to gather her dress, which she had unfortunately stepped out of. As the doors opened, she picked it up, turned, saw that it was two men, and tried to keep a smile. "Excuse me" somehow escaped her lips, and she leaned

over to press the "close door" button. But as she did so, she had stepped on the hem of her dress, and she lost her grip, exposing herself completely. They were at least gentlemen of a sort, in that they didn't rush the elevator.

She dressed quickly, pressed "8" and decided to take the stairs down to the third floor to find Steven. She had approached this as a game, almost. But it would not have taken much for those two men to. And Steven would not have been around to help. Stupid.

Jack had been doing his own research. He had been driving around town for hours, looking for the right place. And he didn't mind the time away from home. Hayley's pictures were causing him to rub his cock raw, and he was sore. On top of that, his wife seemed to notice that he preferred to be alone in his office than with her, and she was becoming quite a grouch. So even if the drive proved fruitless, it was good to be out, mixing business and pleasure.

The next challenge moved what Steven and Hayley had started calling "the game" to another level. The website read: "This time our horny housewife is going to a motel, with her husband. And they'll have sex there. Will anybody watch through the open window?"

"Huh?" was Steven's response. He hadn't anticipated being part of the scene. A short time later, Jack rang at the door. "Here's the key to the room and the address. Don't park in front of your room. Be there tonight at 10:00 sharp. Keep the lights on. You can leave at midnight. It had better be a good show, by the way." He turned and left, laughing to himself.

There hadn't been any mention of taking pictures, which meant that Jack, or someone else, would be doing that.

The motel was an old motor court and charged \$29.99 per night. The neon "vacancy" sign was burnt out, and there were only several cars there, all parked near the office, which was dark. In fact, the whole motel was dark. There weren't even any streetlights or porchlights. It was a strange and creepy place. One of the cars was an El Camino, which seemed appropriate for this particular motel. There had been a swimming pool at some point, which was filled with dirt but still marked by a dilapidated fence overgrown by high weeds. The motel court was in three sections, made of concrete block, with chipping paint. It was a dump.

They arrived at 9:55, and parked. Steven walked to the room and unlocked it. He checked the closet and the bathroom to make sure that it was all clear. Then he waved Hayley in. The first thing they noticed was that the window would have to be "open," because the drapes had been removed. They wouldn't be having sex beneath the sheets, either, because all but the bottom sheet had been removed.

Just as the clock changed to 10:00, a vehicle approached, its headlights filling the room. The lights went off, back on, and off. "I guess that's our signal," said Steven.

Hayley leaned into him, giving him a kiss, her hand pressing against his cock. He didn't understand why he should be so turned on, especially as he had feared that he wouldn't be able to perform. But even had Hayley not seemed so cooperative, he found himself looking forward to what amounted to having sex on stage.

He turned with Hayley, so that he faced the window with her back to it. With the lights on inside the room, he couldn't see anything outside the window. But the sound of the vehicle was heavy, and he figured it was a large van or sport utility. That helped, because it likely blocked the view for anyone else at the road.

He had insisted that Hayley not dress sexy, just to tweak Jack and his "good show" instructions. He lifted her T-shirt over her head and

tossed it on the floor. Then he reached behind her for her bra clasp, which secured her plainest white bra, which fell away shortly. Hayley responded by unbuttoning his knit shirt and pulling it over his head, and then squatting to undo his shorts. She pulled the belt away, undid the button, and lowered his zipper. His pants fell to his ankles, and his underwear soon followed.

Hayley remained squatted, and began licking his cock. He didn't look into the van, but knew that all they could see was her back and his chest. Ha! And what Hayley was doing was really starting to feel good. His attention was broken by a quick flash of the headlights, and he knew what they wanted. All they had seen was Hayley's back, and they couldn't see any of the "action." He told Hayley to stand and then slowly turned her with his hands on her shoulders. As she turned, he was imagining more and more of her breasts being revealed to whoever was out there. Let them look. He was proud. He then reached around and felt for the button on Hayley's jean shorts. He then pulled the zipper down, and squatted, slowly removing her pants down her legs.

He reached between her legs and caught the front edge of her white panties with his fingers, and these he pulled down, too. He stood again, letting his hands trail over the curve of her hips, across her abdomen, cupping her breasts and then giving her nipples a gentle squeeze. He leaned in to kiss her neck. He became aware that there was a slight reflection of her in the glass, and he watched as his hands trailed down to her hairless cunt, where a finger found her clit. Found her wet clit.

She turned, moving him sideways for the benefit of the watchers, and she started sucking his cock. It was rare for her to do this, but this time, she seemed eager. And it was the show that he had always wanted. She looked up into his eyes, gave his cock long licks with her tongue, teased the head of his cock with her teeth, then sucked him in. It didn't take that long for those familiar feelings to start. "Whoa, Hayley. Stop. If I cum now, the show will be over until I recover."

At this, Hayley said, "awwwww. I haven't finished you with my mouth since college. This was your only chance." Then she hopped up to the bed, laying down, and more or less obscenely spread her legs.

"Hayley, how can you be so forward with someone watching?"

"Because," she thought, remembering she hadn't told him about the group at the doctor's house, "I'm turned on! Now suck me!"

Steven more or less dove in, as this was another rare offering from his wife. She enjoyed the tease and she loved the sex, but the oral stuff had never been a favorite. Flickering lights and a tug on his hair by Hayley caused him to lean his head to one side, so that whoever could see him lick his wife's cunt. While he was sure it made for a nice view, it was hard on his tongue to stay extended far enough to do the job but to keep his face from blocking the view.

He decided to let his fingers do the walking, laying next to her on the bed. He had admired her cunt ever since she had shaved it. Without the hair, it was a much more appealing place to play. He used both hands briefly, each pulling her labia apart. She was soaked, and he watched closely as he moved her lips to fashion a flower of sorts. Then he began rubbing his finger along her clit, slowly, delighting in the wiggling that it created in her. Then he slid a finger in, then two. And he headed for her G-spot. This caused Hayley to thrash somewhat on the bed and begin to moan. He could drive her to frustration this way, but he had never finished her off. It seemed like a good way to pass the time, though, and she certainly enjoyed it.

After five minutes, his hand was becoming cramped, so he withdrew his fingers, which were coated with her juices. He sucked his fingers, because she tasted good, and then felt a nudge to roll over. It was Hayley's show from this point.

Hayley was frustrated from the fingers within her. As always, he either couldn't stick with the rhythm or didn't stay in the right place, or whatever. It just never worked. She had Steven turn so that his head was toward the door, but at angle to the window. Then she straddled him, grabbing his erection and lowering onto him in one sure stroke. As much as she liked foreplay and hated sex without it, there was nothing she liked better than the feel of a cock inside her when she was all warmed up and ready to go.

She leaned over, placing a breast at Steven's lips. She would have to make sure he didn't cum too quickly. He always did in this position, for some reason. She began grinding herself on his cock, making slow circles with hips and giving his cock a squeeze when it suited her. She lowered her breasts to his lips, alternating them, toying with him. He reached for a nipple and pulled it downward in a rhythm with her hips, sending shivers through her. And then he would bite slightly on her other nipple with his teeth, and she moaned. She looked up and out the window as she continued circling her hips. She couldn't see the car, but she could make out her own reflection. It was a show she that was putting on she could see it in the window. And somewhere beyond that window was who was it? Was it Jack? Probably not. He didn't have a truck. Was it a man and his wife? A group of guys? Were they looking into her eyes, or at her breasts? Were they filming her, too? Would the blackmail ever end?

She could feel Steven tensing. Not yet, dear, she thought. She straightened and squatted on her feet, her hands on his pelvis. She began a slow, very slow descent on his cock, enjoying the feel within her as he penetrated within her. When she bottomed out, she slowly raised herself, taking joy in the pleasure that she saw in Steven's face. She was going much too slow to make him cum, but the feeling remained exquisite. She realized that she and Steven had never had sex in front of a mirror, and she returned her attention to the reflection in the window. She could see almost the full length of Steven's six inches, and watched as it slowly disappeared within her. And back up. And down. And back up. Her legs tired. Enough. She climbed off,

getting on her hands and knees.

"Steven, fuck me now." She felt a hand on her hip and the other feel its way to her cunt. Then, suddenly, she was full. "Oh, yes. That's it, fuck me hard!"

Steven slowly retracted his cock, and she backed into him to re-state her desire. "Fuck me, dammit! Fuck me hard!"

It didn't take much verbal encouragement to get what she wanted out of Steven. He began pounding her, his cock filling her, his balls slapping against her. Her breasts swung with each thrust, her nipples grazing the bed sheet. She hated that she was doing this because of Jack, but this was so much more enjoyable than it had been with the doctor or his friends. It was just the two of them, except they were being watched. And it turned her on. "That's it! That's it! Harder! Fuck me! I want to feel you cum inside me. Her heart was racing, and she could tell Steven was about to cum. Then he pulled out, and just as she was about to express her anger, she felt a stream of cum land across her back, then another. Then she felt his hands rubbing his jism into her back.

She didn't want that! She rolled over onto her back and spread her legs, inserting two fingers, working her clit furiously. "Come here and kiss me!" Steven did, but then he moved to her breasts, which he cupped and began sucking. Then she heard him speak, and it surprised her. "That's it Hayley, fuck yourself with those fingers. Spread your legs wide, show them your pussy. Show them how hot a wife you are." She felt his mouth again at her nipples, and she wasn't going to be deprived of her climax. She bucked, causing Steven to bite her nipple slightly, but she continued through the pain as the orgasm hit and washed through her body. She remained there, aware of Steven petting her body, tracing the surface of her skin with the softest touch.

When she awoke, the lights were off. The window was open, and she was pretty sure that the vehicle was no longer outside the window. Steven was rubbing her back, her hips, and her legs, with a light touch.

"What time is it?"

"It's a little after midnight. You've been asleep for about 15 minutes.

"When did the truck leave?"

"Soon after you climaxed and they realized that the show was over. I got up and turned the lights off, and away they went. But I saw them just before they turned on their headlights. It was a man and a woman. I didn't recognize them, but it wasn't Jack. There was no sign of a video camera, either. I was worried about that. You okay?"

"Yeah. At some point I'm going to have to sort out my feelings about all this. There's one part of me that says this has all been great fun, aside from the guys at the elevator. But then there's another part of me that wants to crush Jack."

Steven replied, "I know how you feel. In a way, it's like a gift that Dr. Gilliam gave us. Our sex life was rather stale before all this happened, and now."

"And now, there has to be a point when all of this comes to an end. I don't trust Jack, and eventually something bad is going to happen." It dawned on Hayley that her fantasy, being controlled sexually by another man, had changed. The sex was, she had to admit, an enjoyable context, but the feeling that she craved was to defeat her captor. She had beaten Dr. Gilliam. She could do it to Jack. Her romance novels had it all wrong, falling in love with the captor. In her favorite book, and in all of them it seemed, the heroine was captured and raped, then overcame her captive by making him love her. How silly she had been. If the historical fictions were written in a current setting, the same author would have people picketing her home. And be deserving of it.

She looked at her husband for several long moments, seeing the man who had captured her heart. He raised his eyebrows in question. "Steven, make love to me."

The website was again updated. There were a few pictures posted of Hayley sucking Steven's cock and of him fondling her breasts. But apparently, their audience was too distracted to take any other pictures. "I'll bet Jack is disappointed," said Hayley. "What's with the next mission?"

Steven read over her shoulder. ""Next, my slut neighbor will. well, just imagine. But I'll post the pictures afterward."

"I guess he'll let us know." Steven noticed that Jack was now accepting American Express and Discover, whereas before it was Visa and Mastercard. Business must be on the rise. It was a compliment. Of sorts.

Jack was feeling his oats. Hayley, he was now confident, would do whatever was needed. But it surprised him that Steven seemed just as willing. And they wouldn't know it, but he had them to thank for his newest, and largest, client. It had been accidental that it had worked out, but. Who would have known that when he was showing the prospect his computer server system, that this person would recognize the ongoing monitor on bandwidth, and then have the curiosity to ask what website was drawing so much traffic? Jack hadn't claimed that the website was his, but when his customer said that he would like to see Hayley in action, he couldn't help but add, "What if I could arrange it?"

And so he had. In the motel room. And it was nice and anonymous for his client, who had now signed on the dotted line, with the

understanding that it was a "one time only" negotiating perk. And if he wanted to renegotiate later, then Hayley would just have to accommodate him. It was amazing how everything was coming together. Coming together. Yes, it was time for Jack to give himself a reward. Then the phone rang.

After hanging up the phone, he decided he better take his reward now, rather than later. He drove home, knowing that his wife would be out. Then he walked across the yard to Hayley's house and rang the doorbell.

Hayley opened the door with a curt, "What do you want?" Jack just smiled and stepped inside the house.

"Well, it's about your next mission. When was the last time you and Steven had sex?"

Hayley tried to think about why this was important to know, but decided that it couldn't hurt anything. "This morning. Before he went to work."

"Perfect. You asked what I want. It's you."

Hayley didn't understand the line of questioning, but she understood that Jack now wanted to fuck her. "I thought you were afraid of disease."

"Yeah. I'm going to risk it."

"What about your wife? Isn't she home?"

"She went to her mom's house for a week, and I didn't do anything to discourage her." Jack held her by the wrist and led her up the stairs to her bedroom, which he had never scene before except on videotape. "Where do you keep your sex toys, and where is the camera?"

Hayley went to the bathroom and pulled out a black bag which contained

her vibrators, blindfold, and bondage straps. She found the camera downstairs and returned with it.

As turned on as she had been at Dr. Gilliam's house, or with Dr. Gilliam for that matter, Hayley felt nothing but violated as Jack removed her clothes. His manner was somewhat rough, and he pawed at her breasts, pinching them and sucking on them as if he didn't care what it felt like to her. But then, he probably didn't. Then he had her lay on the bed while he used the straps to secure her to the four corners. Hayley felt like she could cry, but she didn't want to give in to him. She wished Steven was home. A steely hostility took over as he felt her body with his hands, leisurely but roughly. She felt sorry for his wife.

He undressed, and she was sorry to see that his cock was slightly larger than Steven's. She had enjoyed the notion that he was blessed with a 3" nub. When he entered her, she wasn't wet, and he forced his way in. It hurt before it began to feel better. And even after it began to feel good, she wouldn't allow herself to participate by moving her body. She didn't want him to enjoy it. Hayley's mind started to wander to dinner. What would she cook? Hayley couldn't imagine why he chose now as the time to take her. Was it his intention to be fucking her when Steven returned? She ducked a kiss to look at her clock. 5:10. Steven would be home in 20 minutes.

Without her help, it seemed that Jack was quite content to just to thrust within her. He was in no particular hurry, apparently, and he continued to grab at her tits as best he could while maintaining his balance. It made sense, in a way, that he handled her tits so much. His wife was almost flat-chested. Ha. 'You can't have everything,' came to mind, but then she realized that, yes, he could, and he did. She could probably expect him to fuck her any day he wanted to. Something had to be done.

For fifteen minutes he fucked her, removing his cock apparently when he was close to cumming, making it last. Steven would be here in about

five minutes, she thought. Murder could happen. Jack started increasing his rhythm and thrusting harder. She didn't encourage him, and it was all she could do not to move with him. Finally, she just closed her eyes as she felt him cum within her, a faint heat source within her, fading away. She felt him withdraw, but kept her eyes closed. She didn't want to see his face, and particularly any sign of gloating.

She felt a shift in movement on the bed, and then realized he was placing a blindfold on her. Then she felt a towel between her legs, apparently cleaning her up. Then, ear muffs. She had forgotten those were in the bag. What was he up to? And finally, a gag. She wasn't sure what cloth he was using. She knew there weren't any of those in the bags. Steven would never use one.

Then she felt something on her abdomen. It tickled. Writing. What was he writing? Why did men seem to like to write on her body? Maybe he saw one of Dr. Gilliam's pictures. She heard a faint low toned murmur, and she hoped it was the garage door. Good. Get this guy out of the house. Or maybe it was the air-conditioner turning on, as she felt cold air blow against her skin.

Steven returned home from work, tired. Tired from working, tired of the reality of what his sex life had become. Hayley's "events" were a thing of the past. Now it was all about Jack. Whereas he had taken so much joy in the sexual acts that Hayley had put on while controlled by Dr. Gilliam, even with his suspicions, and while he could admit that what Jack had made them do was fun, it was interesting that their last several times together, he and Hayley had enjoyed just making love. holding each other, caressing each other, kissing lightly and passionately. or just feeling the other's hands during the afterglow.

"Hayley?" No answer. Her car was in the garage.

She wasn't downstairs, so he headed upstairs. He found his wife spread-eagled on the bed. Tied. Earmuffs even. He didn't really want her this way, some other time, yes. But he didn't want to disappoint her after she managed to get herself laid out like this. He saw there was a message on her abdomen. Written in lipstick. "I've been saving it all day. Eat me."

Steven didn't know what to make of this. She usually emptied herself shortly after they made love. And he was no stranger to the taste of his cum. He had licked it from her breasts many times. But, he couldn't recall sucking it from her cunt. But if that's what she wanted. He undressed and got up on the bed and approached her cunt. She was hot. She must have played with a vibrator before she tied herself up.

He extended his tongue, lightly tracing her labia. She didn't move. She was playing it cool. We'll see about that. He blew against her sex. Nothing. He found her clit and pressed against it, slowly with more pressure. Nothing. He used his fingers to spread her lips slightly. They remained open easily. He began licking the outside of her cunt in wet, wide strokes, enjoying the smoothness of her hairless skin. He saw that she shivered slightly. He then inserted his tongue into her hole, amazed at the wetness inside. She must have played with herself a lot to be so lubricated. And as his tongue withdrew, he not only tasted his cum, but smelled it. He liked the smell of it and pressed his nose against her pussy, then rubbed her clit with it. Then he went inside with his tongue again, licking her juices, and his. He didn't realize it would stay so moist or so pungent through a day. She began raising her hips to meet his face, and he licked again, sucking in his cum. Well, she was into it now. He backed away from her cunt to blow against it again, softly. He was amazed to see some cum dribble from her open hole. He licked it up with the tip of his tongue, removing it from her flesh with the lightest pressure possible. He heard her moan. Just as he thrust his tongue inside her, he became aware that he was being watched.

It was Jack. He had been in the closet, and he was holding the camera.

Jack said, "See you later." He heard his laugh, short little "heh's," trail off down the stairs. Whatever. Oral sex must be the theme for the website. Steven was still turned on, and he moved up Hayley's body. His cock slid within her easily and he began to fuck her. She moved her head slightly, and he assumed she wanted the gag off. It looked uncomfortable. He wasn't sure where the cloth had come from. Slowly grinding within her and resting on an elbow, he managed to untie the cloth and remove it. He knew the earmuffs would hurt after a while and removed those as well. Then the blindfold.

Hayley's eyes adjusted momentarily, then looked astonished, then horrified. "What?" Steven asked.

"Nothing. Just.fuck me."

Steven leaned forward to give her a kiss, and he was surprised that she kept her eyes wide open, as she normally closed them during sex. Her mouth parted, taking in gasps of air as he began thrusting within her, her jaw quivering with sexual tension, and he could tell that she was approaching orgasm. But there was a look about her face that suggested he was a stranger to her. Or something. It was odd. Maybe it was because she remained tied to the bed. Finally, her eyelids snapped shut and she buckled in orgasm. He came within her, and, exhausted, all but collapsed on her.

Her eyes opened, and the strange look remained on her face. "Is something wrong?"

She didn't answer. So he kissed her, hoping, if anything, to close her eyes again. And it was then that her body began to tremble. Her eyes were open, staring at him in a way, but she was into the kiss.

She broke away for a moment. "Steven. Untie me, please. And then.eat me again? Please?"

Several hours later, Hayley called Steven into the library, where they kept their computer. "I want to do something first, before you see the website." She began taking his clothes off. His cock was limp, having fucked Hayley twice since arriving home. "I love seeing it when it's soft." Okay, sure. She reached over, and turned on the power to the computer monitor.

Steven looked at the screen, which, not surprisingly, was showing Jack's website. The picture was scrolled down a bit, and he saw pictures from the afternoon. He wasn't surprised to see pictures of his blurred face, licking at his wife's cunt. He was aware that Hayley kept checking out his cock, which remained soft. His only thought was that he wished he had kept un-blurred copies of all the pictures, but he wouldn't tell Hayley that. He reached over to the mouse and scrolled the picture upwards.

"CREAM PIE" No big deal; he enjoyed it. There was smaller text. "These pictures were taken when the slut's husband returned home from work. He ate her out, but good. It was strange for me really. Not to watch and take pictures of them. That was great. The strange part was that he didn't know that I had just finished fucking her, and that he was eating my cum out of her cunt! And, of course, that was the challenge that had to be kept secret. And he didn't suspect a thing! Come back in a couple days to see the slut's biggest challenge yet!"

Steven was dumbfounded. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Hayley let a short silence linger, then answered, "I was gagged. Remember?"

"Why did you let him fuck you?"

"For the same reason we've been his little sex puppets. He surprised me. He told us he wouldn't fuck me, remember? Well, he changed his mind."

"So, what then? He can fuck you anytime?" Jealousy. He had never really known the feeling. His neighbor fucking his wife?

"Look at yourself. Ever since you learned he fucked me, you're cock has been huge. So maybe you can tell me what turns you on about it. My guess is that he'll fuck me until we can figure a way out of this. I was resigned when the doctor forced me to have sex. I can do it again." There was a long silence. "Look, we both knew this was going to happen, if not him, then it would be somebody else. `Absolute power corrupts absolutely,' right?"

"It almost sounds like you enjoyed it."

"What, am I supposed to hate sex? He tied me up and fucked me. I did my best just to lay there, and I can't imagine that he had much fun. He was rough the way he grabbed at me, too."

"Well, you didn't seem to be stone cold when I ." Steven faltered.

Hayley was quiet, clearly trying to think of what to say. "Jack fucked me, and it wasn't great. It wasn't even good. I just wanted him to leave. He came inside me about three minutes before you showed up. I heard a faint noise through the ear muffs, and I thought it was the air-conditioning. I knew you would be home anytime, but it didn't seem like any time at all before he, that is, you, started licking me. I started imagining that it was you doing it, because I hated that he was licking my sex. Anyway, the fantasy took over, and I didn't know that it would turn me on."

"Thinking of me licking your cunt? No. You mean thinking of me licking his cum! I can't believe that."

"Well, believe it. When you kissed me afterwards, I smelled his cum on your breath. That's why I wanted you to fuck me. I liked the smell."

"You liked the smell? When I've licked my cum off your tits, you don't want me to get near your face."

"I know, Steven. It surprised me, too."

"So when you told me to eat you again, what was it to you? That I was eating my cum, or his again?"

Hayley didn't answer, directly, anyway. "Look at you. You're leaking pre-cum. What can I do to make it up to you?"

The doorbell rang early the next morning. Steven had just left for work. It was Jack. "I was surprised I didn't hear anything from Steven. He must have enjoyed it." Jack came inside and removed Hayley's robe, leaving her naked in the foyer. It was too early for this.

Hayley didn't say anything.

"So, I figure he liked it. And I decided to leave him another surprise." Jack pushed her toward the steps. Jack wasn't much for words that morning, either. Hayley again tried her "lame" posture, then he told her to get on top and ride him. She did. She didn't feel guilty about it. It was more of a sadness that she was being used by so worthless a person. She at least had respect, of a sort, for the doctor. But Jack just made her feel cheap. He came quickly inside her.

"I can guess that you would probably like me to leave. But not today. I've wondered how many times I could fuck a woman in a single day."

It became painful in the late afternoon. Hayley knew how many times Jack had fucked her, because he was counting. And it was during the eighth that he seemed to go on forever. He seemed to be having a

harder and harder time getting to orgasm. The second and third times she admitted to herself that she had enjoyed, and she was mad at herself after orgasming after both. Jack knew that she was becoming responsive and revelled verbally in "fucking his neighbor's slut wife good." Despite his verbal antics, it felt good, and it was impossible for her to stay still. And she was at least rewarded by Jack not being so rough with her. He wasn't good, but he wasn't bad. But after seven times, her cunt and her tits were sore. She was tired of kissing a man that was not her husband, and she was tired on sucking on his cock between rounds. He finally came within her, and they both knew that Steven was due home at any minute. Just like yesterday.

"Well, I guess the number is going to stay at 8. Even if I had the rest of the evening, I don't think my back could take any more. I'm not that out of shape, but man, it hurts."

Hayley couldn't resist a small joke. "Well, stop fucking around and see a doctor."

Steven looked at her, grinned slightly while holding her gaze for a few seconds, then said, "Get your bondage ropes."

Hayley replied, "Not again."

"Oh yes. Again. There's something I like about letting it be clearly known that I fucked you." He tied her up. "And, I want you to be available tomorrow at 4:30." He began to leave.

"Jack, can I ask a favor?" That stopped him.

Hayley heard Jack leave through the front door. At least, she hoped he was gone and wasn't playing a trick. It was another 20 minutes before Steven arrived home and found her upstairs. She wasn't blindfolded or gagged this time, just spread eagled as before.

She said, "Don't worry, he's gone, I'm pretty sure." Steven looked her over. She knew she was a mess. The sheets were soaked. She had hoped to take a shower in the morning. Obviously, that had never happened. She knew that her cunt lips were red and swollen, that there was dried cum all around her sex, and that a little bit of Jack's cum dribbled out now and then. "Eat my cum. J!" was written on her shaved mons. And he had written with a Sharpie pen in thick block letters. She didn't know how long it would take to wash it off.

Steven untied her legs, then her hands. He looked worried. He was about to climb next to her on the bed. "I'm okay, Steven, but I want you to take your clothes off, first." He shook his head, not sure if he should. "Go ahead. I want you to." He did, and climbed next to her on the bed. He leaned next to her face to give her a kiss. It was a short one. She was sure he could smell Jack's sweaty cock on her breath. She could.

She traced his cheek with a finger. "Honey, you know I love you." She nudged him and pulled him atop her.

"Hayley, I." She put a finger to his mouth.

"Ssshhhhhhhh." She couldn't explain, but she began pushing him on his shoulders, down her body.

"Hayley."

"Ssshhhhhhhh." A tear formed in her eye, surprising her. She put her hands on the sides of his head. Her vision of this moment was what had gotten her through the day. "I'm so sorry." She spread her legs wide and pushed his head in to her sex, then closed her legs around him.

She felt him pierce her cunt tentatively with his tongue and begin lapping her juices.mingled.with.another man's.cum. It wasn't that his tongue felt that good. She could hardly feel him. Still it was the

thought, the anticipation, and the sight of him. she screamed in orgasm. Her body convulsed for the next five minutes as she held Steven in place. She finally relaxed her leg muscles, and he withdrew. Cum was on his face. And her juices, too, she knew. But mostly cum. She couldn't help but look. "Did you get it all?"

Steven replied with a relatively muted, "yeah."

She sat up and traced the ridge of his nose, and a cheek. She placed the cum that gathered on her fingers at his lips and said, "No. No you didn't." It took three more passes with her finger, before she turned over onto her knees. It would be like yesterday, she decided, as she felt him enter her. One more time.

"Just stay here and give me about five minutes. And use this."

Jack hurried next door. This was his big opportunity. With his newest client came this business contact, and it was unexpected in its scope. To run an internet service provider was simple enough, and, once you had enough business subscribers and began hosting and maintaining sites, you could earn a decent living. But he wasn't in it for that. He liked what he did, sure, but he had started it with the hope of one day selling it to a larger company, reaping a cash windfall. ISP's weren't the hot commodity lately, but Henry appeared to have the cash and the history to make a good offer.

Hayley answered the door. He was really quite happy with himself, although he realized that this was probably the last time he would fuck her. After all, he really was afraid of disease.

"Go get your blindfold," he said. She returned with it, along with a very unhappy look on her face. "Cheer up, this is probably the last time I'll fuck you," he said.

"Promise? Please?"

"No, I won't, come to think of it." He led her through her kitchen and, after a brief resistance, pushed her almost forcibly onto her back deck. He turned her around and started undoing her blouse, then tossed it near the door. She wasn't wearing a bra, and he couldn't resist a squeeze of her nipples. They were surprisingly cool to his touch. He wished his wife's tits were at least half the size of Hayley's. He enjoyed having something to grasp.

"Don't do this. Please. You never know when neighborhood kids will cut through the yard."

He said, "You're right about that," and then he put the blindfold on.

"But somebody might see me!"

"You're right. Somebody might. In fact, it seems like I've seen you out here plenty of times. One more time won't hurt."

He then undid her shorts and pulled them down, followed by her panties. Both of these were thrown near the door, as well. Jack took the time to smell her hair, and gently pass his hands over her breasts, waist, and hips. "Well, you clean up well. You were a mess yesterday.." He moved his hand down to her cunt, which, as expected, was wet. But wet was only halfway with Hayley. She had responded to him yesterday, but he didn't want her to be dead as a stone with his client watching. He had to get her into it. Then she would be fun. He thought for a moment, then he began rubbing her slit. "Tell me, did he eat my cum?"

A "yes" escaped her lips, almost a whisper, but he heard it. She probably hadn't meant to say it. He leaned closer to her ear, "And did it turn you on?" She shivered in response. "I knew you were a slut. I just didn't realize how much. And it seems like you chose the perfect mate. Put your hand on the rail. Good. More of a bend. That's it."

He reached around her to feel her hanging tits, giving her nipples short tugs that prompted little noises from her. "I think I'll fuck you like this today." With that, he pulled down his shorts and underwear, stepping out of them. His cock was hard, and although there wasn't the romance or intimacy he was accustomed to with his wife, he found that Hayley, for the sheer sexual ride, was awesome. This was one lady that liked to be fucked, and she had proven it yesterday. Sex with his wife would never be the same again. He felt between her legs and found her opening, then guided his shaft within her. His cock was relatively numb from the previous day, not to mention the jacking off he had done during the night replaying it in his mind. The result was that he wasn't going to cum anytime soon. And that was good, especially when you were being watched.

He gradually increased his rhythm, wishing he had a better view of her tits which he knew were swinging in time with his thrusts. And while she was meeting his thrusts, he decided that this wasn't enough for a show. "Hayley, that was quite a lot of cum I left in you yesterday. Did you see Steven lap it up? Did you watch him suck my jism from your pussy?" He could hear her pant. "I don't know how much I have left to shoot in you, but will he lick it out, too? You are some kind of slut. Just imagine those gooey strands of cum melting inside you, mixing with your juices, and then your husband, sticking his tongue in there and slurping them up, tasting my jism. Who do you think is turned on more? Him? Or you?"

Hayley's self-control gave away, and he heard her say, "Just fuck me. Fuck me."

"Oh, you want some more cum in there for him, huh? Say it louder."

"Fuck me!"

That WAS loud. "What do you want in you?"

"Cum in me! Fuck me hard! I want your cum!"

That, he was sure, was heard next door. This sale should be over.

He happily pounded against her cunt as hard as he possibly could, and with her continued, but quieter demands of being fucked and cumming in her, he reached orgasm surprisingly quickly, but feeling precious little shoot into her.

She was still breathing hard, her heart racing as he turned her so that she faced his house. "There is somebody watching, by the way. He's on my deck, and he's checking you out. He is also your next challenge, but you'll learn more about that later. But for now, I promised him a glimpse of what he'll be getting."

Jack cupped Hayley's magnificent breasts with his hands, noting how hot and sweaty they now were, giving them a squeeze, then pulling on her nipples. Then he reached around her waist, told her to spread her legs slightly, and pulled her cunt lips apart, hopefully exposing her pink flesh to his guest. Although it spoiled her look somewhat, it pleased him somewhat that his last message didn't appear to be removed at all. Perhaps she had bathed around it. He never would have guessed that a woman would get turned on by her husband eating someone else's cum from her cunt. Or for that matter, that a husband would do it. He wouldn't.

Here, hold onto the deck again. He signaled to his client to go inside, then put his clothes back on and went back into Hayley's house, carrying her clothes and locking the door behind him. He made sure that the garage and front doors were locked, too, before he left.

Henry, his client, was impressed. They watched from a window as a naked Hayley scampered from window to window, seeing if one was unlocked. One wasn't. She sat in a deck chair and turned her back to them, apparently waiting for Steven to come home.

"Well, that's her. You've seen the website. I've just proven she'll do what I tell her to do. Do we have a deal?"

"Yeah. Yeah. We have a deal."

Hayley didn't have to say anything. With her standing on the deck, naked, Steven knew pretty much what had happened. He unlocked the door and let her in. "I'm going to go shower," she said

It just wasn't right when another man was fucking your wife while you were at work. Steven had to catch himself. How far had he slipped in his sexual mores? It wasn't right for another man to fuck his wife, period. What kind of marriage was this, when you were being blackmailed? And Hayley was a mix of emotions. She hated what was happening to her, to them. and he knew she wanted out from under Jack's thumb. But she was randy in a way he had never known. Check that. He had. She was a nympho when they were dating, but cooled quickly after marriage. But she had been randy, too, when under the doctor's control. And he had loved every minute of it.

And now, well, he wasn't loving every minute of it. She had apologized probably ten times about what she had wanted him to do yesterday. He didn't want to think about it. He didn't even want to think about not thinking about it. And he couldn't explain his own feelings. Why did it turn him on that she had fucked other men? The doctor, and now Jack? He hadn't watched her being fucked, but the image kept recurring in his mind and he couldn't deny his arousal. Would he feel the same if he watched? And he could have said no to that thing he didn't want to think about. Did he do it just to please her? Yes. But he knew that wasn't wholly true.

He left his speculations and went to the computer, starting it up. He could hear the water run through the pipes from the upstairs shower. He knew she had just been fucked. The red splotches, the swollen lips

between her legs. Why hadn't she asked for him to. Stop it! He logged on to the net, and went to the one web page that at the same time excited and frightened him.

The new challenge was posted. It wasn't anger that followed, but resolve.

He called Jack. He was home, of course. He would hardly have had time to leave.since fucking Hayley! "We won't do it, Jack."

"Yes, you will."

"No, I mean it. Some of the stuff was kind of fun, I'll admit. But fucking her.that has got to stop. And this next challenge.forget it."

"Did your wife tell you that she actually asked me to write that message on her? Have you noticed that she hasn't washed it off? And then, today, on your deck, as I'm FUCKING HER!.do you know what she says? She says you enjoyed eating my cum. Glad to hear it, guy. But I don't think you're family and friends will be so appreciative."

"Forget it, Jack. It's over. We're done." He hung up. And he turned the computer off.

Hayley settled in at the computer. Steven was being eerily quiet, but.he had reason to be. She had no choice but to let Jack fuck her. Steven knew that. They had talked about it. So she didn't feel particularly guilty. She just wish she could understand herself better. Why had those silly romance novels turned her on in the first place? Could she have resisted the doctor, in his office? Could she have stood up to his blackmail, let Steven know the score and take the consequences? Maybe. Probably not. But she wasn't sure of herself, now. Being screwed by Jack, she didn't like. But she did, sort of. It had turned her on to a whole turn-on that she never suspected. She had washed the note from her skin as best she could. It would have to

remain a memory. Of course, Jack's pictures of the first time helped. Agh. She had to think of something else. She was getting moist.

She decided that she better go ahead and check out the site to see if there was another message. It didn't take her long to comprehend what had changed on the web page, but it took several minutes before she could digest the pictures and summon the courage to call Steven.

"You're pale."

"Look."

The site headline was: "Hayley Scott, slut neighbor, reveals all!" Jack had split the screen into sections, so that "Hayley fucks her chiropractor" introduced the scenes the doctor had recorded. "Hayley exhibits herself around town" preceded their more recent pictures. "Her husband Steven sucks my cum out of her cunt." More pictures. "I fuck her while my friend watches." And all of them showed their faces, clearly.

And a concluding comment was: "Today, they decided they didn't want to take me up on my next challenge. I'm sorry about that. But maybe they'll respond to your requests directly. Their address and phone number is."

"He did it."

"Why?" Hailey asked.

"I told him we were through."

"What? Why? I mean, I can understand, but, why now?"

"His latest challenge, Hayley. I'm to deliver you to a hotel room and leave you until morning. He didn't say what would happen. He just

said that like that strip club in Atlanta that provided sex for athletes, you were being given to a VIP."

Hayley didn't say anything. Steven still didn't know about the doctor's house, and it wouldn't make him feel any better to find out now. She had faced it once, and she could face it again. She had to find some way of comforting him, but at the same time appear frightful of what could happen. "Steven, I."

He laid on the floor and closed his eyes. He had an erection in his shorts. And as she felt a shiver of pleasure at her remembrance when she first crossed the steps to the doctor's house, she as soon felt the accompanying despair about being trapped.

"Steven, I have to. We can't let this site stay up like this. Somebody could show up at the door. I just hope he hasn't contacted anyone yet. Call him."

Steven remained on the floor, his hands rubbing his temples.

She picked up the portable phone and dialed. "Jack. It's me. I'll do it. Now change the site." She hung up. She didn't want to talk to the creep.

After refreshing her screen about 100 times, the site returned to its former, anonymous display. She scrolled down to the challenge area.

Steven hadn't mentioned that part. She would have to go shopping.

Hayley hated Frederick's of Hollywood. She didn't like their lingerie. It made her feel cheap. She didn't like their sales staff, either. They looked like ex-whores forced to find a job. And she didn't like their customers, who were either teens into things way too early or women in no physical shape to be trying on such slutty outfits. Steven

always asked for her to dress up, but if he couldn't get turned on by seeing her naked, what was the point? Besides, she didn't like the idea of spending money on something she would wear two minutes every six months.

Feeling hostile towards the whole place, and the reason for coming, for that matter, she more or less took the place by storm, asking direct questions about where, picking a g-string that was her size, paying, and exiting without any unnecessary conversation. It was strange that she would feel so grimy going to a store in the mall. But she didn't want to go to Victoria's Secret. They might not have g-strings. Plus, she might actually bump into someone she knew. Not a chance of that at Frederick's. At least she wouldn't have to wear the thing after tonight. Whoever it was, she'd give him, or them, a souvenir.

It was on the way home that her back started aching. It had been building ever since spending that day in the bed with Jack. She passed Dr. Gilliam's old office, and saw that it was now occupied by another doctor. There were only three cars in the parking lot, so they weren't busy. She turned the car around and went back. Maybe the new doctor kept all the old information, which would save a bundle for x-rays.

Dr. Mareshi? She would have preferred an American doctor, but then she couldn't justify to herself why. And this would save money if they had the old records. The secretary was the same one as before. Good.
"Hi. I'm Hayley. I used to see Dr. Gilliam."

"Oh, yes. Sure, how are you?"

"Well, I haven't had my back adjusted since before he went."

"That was such a surprise. I never saw it coming. But fortunately for me, Dr. Mareshi came around while we were still sorting out the billings, and he decided to purchase the practice."

"How long has he been a chiropractor?"

"About 10 years, now. His father used to own the practice before Dr. Gilliam."

Hayley's attention was riveted. "Is that so? Is there any chance he could see me today?"

After waiting the obligatory 20 minutes in the waiting room, Dr. Mareshi entered. She had expected a short, Indian looking gentlemen, but the man who entered looked european, was probably 6'2", looked to be in his 30's, and spoke with an americanized British accent. Hayley didn't think that her expectation would be improper to share, so she told him.

"Oh, yes. Well, that's funny, isn't it? Go ahead and get on the table. My grandfather was a British diplomat in India, and he married one of the "natives," he actually called them. His daughter, my mom, also married a "native," and I carry his name. When my mother died, my father decided he wanted to move to America, so I've been here since my teens. Enough about me. Now, tell me. What is the problem?"

"It's my back. I used to see Dr. Gilliam every month or so, and he would twist my neck a certain way and give my cervical area a pop with the vibrating.gizmo." Hayley had no idea what it was called, but Dr. Mareshi seemed to understand.

"Oh, yes. I have your chart, but I hadn't looked at it. Tell me, have you ever been to.Madras?"

Hayley couldn't answer, but shook her head "no."

"I see that Dr. Gilliam played this tape for you." Hayley was incredulous. She understood everything he said and could contemplate those things, but she couldn't speak. It was quite different from the tape. She lost all awareness during that.she thought. "Now tell me, Hayley, what did Dr. Gilliam do?"

She found herself telling him everything. His questions were gentle, but probing. Just as it occurred to her that she shouldn't tell him about that, then she did. And not only about it, but all about it. It was perplexing. She told him the whole sordid story. the pictures. the blackmail. the sex. even her feelings about being used, her fantasy, her sexual resolve on Dr. Gilliam's porch, and her triumph over him.

And after she had said it all, she became fearful that he would use her, too. Would she ever be free of this mess?

"Hayley, you've told me your fantasy, about being a captive. Now I have a question for you. Do you really want me to tell you to remove your shirt?"

"Yes." It surprised her, but even as she heard her own voice, she recognized it was true. She felt ashamed of herself.

"You've been truthful. And now I'm going to be truthful. I'm not going to do that. In fact, I want you to say `Madras, Delhi." She repeated the names of the cities. And suddenly the spell was gone.

"What? How?"

It is a subliminal remnant of the tape that makes you susceptible to hypnotism. My father knew about it. Gilliam didn't. It was a short-cut so that he wouldn't have to replay the tape each time a patient came in. It cut into his appointment times, you see. You're the fifth female client I've had that used to see Gilliam. They were photographed, but I left them without a memory of it since it would do them no good. But I've known that someone got to Gilliam. There was no other way to explain his current behavior. I had thoughts of helping him, but I see that he deserved it. I'm so sorry for the pain that this has caused you and your husband, despite the pleasures which you obviously remember fondly."

Hayley blushed. It felt good to blush. "So, you don't use the videotape?"

"I wish that I could say no. But I try to use it as ethically as I can. My trade has a habit of trying to hook people into continued services up to months at a time, but for most problems, if they can't be improved within a month, then Chiropractic is not the solution. Yours is slightly different, and not uncommon, that you need adjustments when you feel the need. But there are many who approach our services with more than a healthy skepticism, and in certain cases, I know they will not come back as long as they need to. So, I suggest to those clients that they return for a reasonable number of visits, always less than a month, to give them the best opportunity of not needing my services again. It was with this intent that my father started using the tape."

"I need it." And she said it so that he believed her.

"Why?"

Hayley told him about the repercussions of the doctor's actions, skipping the embarrassing parts, but getting to the point that the mess she was in was still, ultimately, due to that tape.

"Hayley, I can't give you a copy. You've seen what it can do. You shouldn't think yourself above it just because of your need. In fact, look at Gilliam now. That bordered on the power corrupting you, as well."

"Then, can you help me?"

Hayley drove home with a mission. The mission for that evening couldn't be avoided, but perhaps future ones could. When she pulled into her driveway, she was happy to see that Jack's car was in his

driveway. He was fortunate to have a job where he could work from his house much of the time. She wished Steven could do the same.

She didn't know if Jack was going to help himself to her again. But she needed him to. She couldn't just call him and set him up. It wouldn't be obvious, but it would be suspicious given their current "relationship."

She went upstairs and undressed. If she managed to get this done now, she could still bathe and nap before Steven returned home. She found a bottle of tanning oil. It was old, but it should work. She preferred high protection factors in sunscreen to the baking lotion she had used in college. Was this that old?

She grabbed a towel and went downstairs. She turned the music on to a radio station so that it would play through the outdoor speakers on the deck. She unlocked the front door, then she walked onto the back deck, laid her towel down in a lounge chair, adjusting it so that it faced Jack's house, and reclined.

She poured some of the oil onto her leg, and she began smoothing it over her skin. Her skin began to shimmer from the oil. She did this slowly, almost erotically, imagining that she was with a lover who wanted to take his time feeling every inch of her. She wasn't turned on in the least, but she hoped that Jack would catch the sound of the music and give a look her way. The rest she could leave to his baser instincts.

It was about four minutes later that she had worked her way up to her breasts, pouring oil on her left one, when Jack came through the door onto the deck.

"Hayley, I must say, you surprise me. Here I am thinking that my wife is coming home in a couple of days and generally feeling sorry for myself that I have to go back to ground beef after dining on a filet. I hadn't planned on fucking you today, but I started thinking of that

tight bald pussy and your lucious tits, just waiting for me over here. And all I have to do is go over. And no sooner do I think this than I see that you're home. And not just that, but you're giving me a show. So, I'm over my shock. Now, let me help you with that oil." He began massaging the oil into her breasts, somewhat roughly. He wasn't the lover that she had been imagining. He interrupted her thoughts. "So, I'm curious, why did you want me? I was clearly invited. You like my cock? Or did you want some more of my jism for that cum licking husband of yours?"

Hayley hadn't considered that particular kink, but decided that it was a good basis for getting this over with, and perhaps enjoying it, just a little, she told herself, too.

"Yeah, Jack, that's a lot of it. I've been thinking all morning about whatever you have in store for me tonight at the hotel. And it turned me on. You see how wet I am."

Jack looked down at the bare skin where her legs met and placed a finger against her slit. Slopping wet. "Damn."

"So, when I get turned on, there's certain fantasies that I like. So, I decided, yes, I wanted your cum. I want my husband to have a little fun before I go away tonight. It didn't seem right that I should just ask you, given that you're the prick that you are. But I didn't want to miss out, either."

Jack stood. "Well, you're not going to miss out on a thing, you little slut." He pulled his knit shirt over his head. "Why don't you do the rest?"

Hayley leaned up and sat at the end of the lounge. She could play the slut. She ran her fingers across his cock, feeling it tremble slightly under his shorts. She looked up into his eyes, giving him the fantasy of whatever he wanted her to be, as she undid his shorts and pulled them to the ground with his underwear.

"Suck me. You haven't done that before."

She just grinned at him, and began licking his cock. He was clean, at least, but she was annoyed by the hairs that caught in her mouth. She concentrated on the head of his cock, licking it and slurping at it, noisily. Then she grabbed the base of his cock and squeezed, causing the head of his cock to grow massively. She couldn't help but be impressed and gave him a couple more licks. With her other hand she grabbed his scrotum, just above his balls, squeezing them into their sac. Time for more acting. "Ooooh, Jack. Your balls feel so large and heavy. I hope you're just full of cum."

Jack started moving his pelvis, causing her hand to stroke his cock. "Now, now, big Jack. I don't want your cum out here. I want you to cum in my pussy. I want to feel this thick shaft inside me. I want you to fuck me," she licked her lips, ".HARD."

She leaned back and spread her legs. She gripped her cunt lips with both hands and spread them so he could see her most private parts. Then she stared at his cock and added in a throaty whisper, "Fuck me. Jack."

Jack went over to the deck chairs and removed two seat cushions. He threw them on the ground next to the lounge and said, "get on your hands and knees, slut."

She did, and looking coyly back over her shoulder, she settled on her elbows and raised her hips, giving him a clear view of her sex. It wasn't a second before she felt him thrust into her.

Her playacting worked extremely well. His cockhead felt huge as he pushed his way in. In fact, his whole cock seemed larger. She didn't have to act now. "Ooooh. That feels so good. So good. You're so big. Oh. Oh. OOOhhhhhhhhhh. Fuck me, that's it, fuck me, I want to feel you cum in me, that's it!" Her breath gave out, at least to

she could feel his balls slap against her, all the way on her mound, as if they were wrapping around each thrust. She was spread so wide, and he was stretching her, and it felt so good. Finally, he shot within her, three spurts that she could feel, and then she could only feel his convulsions. "Yes, that's it. Cum in me. I want every little drop."

She rolled over, looking at him. He was holding his back, trying to straighten in a way that didn't hurt. "Come here. I'll suck you. I want you one more time."

"Ahhh. No. I think I'm shot. Besides my back is killing me, and I've got to make a couple of arrangements for tonight."

She didn't know what that would bring, but decided to stay in character. "Well, I'm sure there will be some more cum for my cunt, won't there?"

He shook his head and stood. "Count on it. I need to get going." He began to dress, but still rubbed his back from time to time.

She waited a few moments, lying on the cushions. She kept her legs spread, so he could see his work. This caught his eye. Then she stood up, almost abruptly. "Hang on. I went to the quack doctor today. I'm feeling fine. You ought to give him a call; maybe you could last for two rounds then. I'll get his card."

She went into the kitchen and retrieved it from her purse. She hoped that would do it. Give him a solution to his pain and challenge his masculinity to make him go. If it didn't work today, then it would the next time. It was her only hope.

Jack looked at her crotch. "Look, you and Steven have fun with that. But when you go to the motel tonight, you need to be all cleaned up. VIP, remember?"

"Gotcha. No hints?"

He walked to the front door, turned and smiled. "None."

By the time Steven was home from work, Hayley was cleaned up. Steven would be going through enough that night, she was sure, that she didn't need to possibly make matters worse by having him lick her cunt. Although she had debated it.

They shared a rather quiet meal together. Salad, chicken, broccoli. Some bread. They didn't stock alcohol in the house, or that would have been included on this night.

Had it been raining, her choice of wardrobe would be easier. But it wasn't. So she selected her black dress. It more or less clung to her body. She wore a bra, and overall, it looked good. The absence of a panty-line was obvious, Steven mentioned. But she could tell he liked it.

They parked at the hotel, a few minutes early. "Are you sure you can do this?"

"Yeah. It's just one night. I'll get by."

"Hayley, if somebody should hurt you."

"I know. I'll handle it. It'll be okay, Steven."

There wasn't much to say that hadn't been said.

They left the car in the garage, and walked through the lobby to the registration desk.

"Scott, Steven."

"Ah yes, we have you in room 911."

"That will be fine." And just the way he had requested. If Hayley needed help, it was an easy room number to remember.

They finished sorting the registration details and went to the elevator, where Hayley pushed "9."

"This is sort of different from the last time I rode an elevator in here. How ironic that it would be the same hotel."

The elevator opened, and they found their room and entered. Hayley was happy to know that Steven would be nearby, and that she had a suitcase of clothes waiting. They sat on the bed, holding hands, not talking.

"It's time."

"It's quiet over there," Hayley said, standing. "Help me a bit."

Steven unzipped his wife's dress and unclasped her bra. She removed it, and he zipped her back up. Then she removed a shoe, and he slid a passkey to their room in it, in case she had the need and opportunity to bolt. She put her foot back in. The card was concealed well enough. "And here's the key for that room."

He opened the door for her. The elevators were a short distance to the left of the room, and her appointment was in 913. Steven had hoped that there would be a connecting door between the rooms, so that he could at least listen for signs of trouble, but there wasn't.

He held her hands in his and slowly embraced her, pushing her against the corridor wall, next to the room. They kissed, and he let go. Steven said, "I've got my room key. I'll be through these doors at

9:00, on the dime." Hayley nodded. "I love you."

"I love you, too," she said. Steven rubbed her hips for a few moments, feeling his wife's body, before letting her go.

Hayley nodded, and Steven unzipped the back of her dress. It fell to the ground, and she stepped out of it. He quickly picked it up and hurried the 20' or so to his room door, which was recessed in the hallway. He heard Hayley slip the pass-key into the slot. By the time he looked, he saw just a peek of Hayley, wearing just the black g-string and high heeled, black spaghetti-strap shoes, entering the room. Steven went in and fell on the bed. Leaving your wife practically naked to enter a hotel room was not a good thing to do. He just hadn't seen any options.

The first thing Hayley noticed was the cold. The temperature was really low. Her nipples were already hard, but the air made them almost painful, nevermind the goosebumps. She quickly closed the door behind her.

There was no one to be seen or heard. She had expected the opposite. She had expected some number of people, just waiting to fuck a party slut. Why else would she have to show up without any clothes on? She stepped past the closet and the bathroom, peaking around the corner to where the bed was. Only, it wasn't a bed. It was a living area. She was in a suite. The TV wasn't even on.

She stepped a little further and found a tray of cheese and crackers. Wine. Grapes. Strawberries. She wasn't hungry. She turned a corner to find the bedroom.

A king size bed lay in the middle. It was was fully made, but the sheets were turned down. There were no video cameras that were apparent. The window shades were open, but an inner curtain covered

the window. She was relieved, just cold. It wasn't the first impression she had been expecting.

"You look like you need to be warmed." It was a deep voice, a bass. She turned and looked. "My name is Henry." He was leaning against a doorframe to a second bathroom. She couldn't help but look him over from head to toe. He was perhaps 6' 6", huge. He had the build of Dolph Lundgren. His face was handsome, almost European looking. His body rippled with muscle, his abdomen pronounced. He was hairless from the shoulders down, and his body glistened. He could be Superman without a uniform. And he was without.

And it was obvious what he wanted with her. Everything about him spoke of strength. Long fingers, big hands. A wide chest tapering to a small waist, set high above long legs. And a cock that just hung from his crotch. She had never seen anything like it. It wasn't erect, it was just huge, hanging and marvelously black. It swung with his steps as he approached her. She tried, but she couldn't look away.

"I saw you with Jack, and I knew you would be a special treat." And with that, he grabbed her long brown hair and pulled her head back, to begin with a kiss. After a few brushes of the lips, she realized that he had a long tongue, too. But she could make do with hers, and she could tell he appreciated her fighting spirit. He broke off their kiss and smiled at her. Just as her romance novel fantasy had come true in a fashion, it appeared her recurring dreams were about to do so. It was as if her body had been waiting for this. This wasn't at all what she had expected. She looked up at him and reached for his cock. Then she had to look down again, to see what she was handling.

He grinned at her. "So, you're warming to your task." He wasn't hard, but he was hardening. Her fist was in the middle of his shaft, and she had room for hands on either side. 10 inches? 11? "It's 11 inches long...in case you were wondering." She just stared at the monster in her hand. She couldn't reach around it with her fingers. "And it's seven inches around at the thickest point. I'll bet that you've never

had a black man before, have you?"

Hayley found her voice. "Yes. Once. Not as big." It was all she could say.

"I'm surprised. But that's good. There's something about a white woman that I just love. Your hair, for one. It's nice. I like the way it feels, the way it sifts through my fingers. And I like the way your breasts look. Don't get me wrong. Black women look fine. But I like the pink nipples. It makes white women look more, feminine, and it makes your breasts look like they're asking to be sucked. And I like to see the color of my hand against your skin." He placed his hand on her abdomen. It seemed to cover her entire mid-section. He rubbed his hand around, as if he was feeling a baby inside. "But mostly, I like to." He was interrupted.

"Come on. Show me." Hayley was still looking at his cock as she put her fingers through the side of her thong, sending it quickly to her feet. She removed her feet from her shoes a little more carefully, not wanting the passkey to be obvious. She leaned back on the bed, her knees at its edge. She reached for his cock again, and began stroking it. The monster seemed to leap to life. As his cock began to rise, the view opened to his massive ball sac. It had to hang over six inches, longer than Steven's cock. And the size of his balls were huge. She gave a silent laugh remembering the lies she had complimented Jack with. But this.

The head of his cock frightened her. As he neared her cunt, it seemed to grow. There was no way it was going to fit. He dipped just the tip into her slit, and the sensation of heat was overpowering. He backed away slightly. The tip of his cock was wet with her juices. He reached his long black fingers towards her sex and parted her cunt, holding her open as he reinserted his cock. It was hard and straight. He didn't even have to use his hands for something so massive. The feeling was exquisite. The head of his cock just seemed to keep opening and opening her tight passage. Just when she felt like she

couldn't take any more, her muscles collapsed around the thickness of his shaft. He was in, and she felt full already. But he wasn't moving, so there was little satisfaction in it. But she just felt full. She couldn't imagine how this was going to work.

A "No!" came from somewhere inside her as he slowly retracted the head of his cock, completely exiting her, the sensation feeling like he was almost tearing her, yet it was still pleasure that washed through her. Even the slit on his cock was huge. He pressed inward again. It was intense. It would never bring her to orgasm, it just tightened every muscle in her body. She felt the head pass her inner muscles again before they constricted around his shaft once more, and she still felt stretched. He pushed probably an inch, and her body began to shake. It was hard to breathe. He removed himself slowly, once more. Even after withdrawing, her body continued to shake. "I'm not hurting you, am I?"

She shook her head, but she couldn't seem to stop the shaking. He gave a light laugh, and began again. "It's always like this. It's why I need all night, sort of. It takes a while just to get you ready." He went deeper this time. She was still shaking, and he kept pushing until she gave a slight wince, then withdrew, but not all the way out this time. He pushed again and seemed to find a different path. Maybe her organs moved. It felt better, and it felt new. She had never been touched there. He began to withdraw. She decided to distract herself from the shaking by doing some quick math. Let's see, about 2" for just the head, and maybe 5" farther. Four to go. There was no way.

She felt him push again, gently yet firmly, well past the point where Steven usually "hit." He had always seemed like a perfect fit, and now. She could feel the mass within her pull back again, then forward. She was breathing heavily now, searching for oxygen, her muscles throughout her body screaming due to the tension. He was pushing again, and she saw stars. He had found a place, somewhere, where he just fit. She looked up to see him smile.

"There's always a way. Patience." He withdrew again, then pushed back into her, finding the same place twice. And again. Then faster. It felt like he was in her abdomen. He was, she realized. His cock was where his hand was earlier. It was as he picked up speed and force that she began to feel his balls. She loved the feel of a man's balls slapping against her sensitive areas. With his cock so deep in her, it was like two time zones of sensation.

He held her tightly, and somehow, managed to turn her over, moving her leg across while still keeping part of his cock inside her.

Incredible. She was on her hands and knees when he gave his next thrust. The sensation caused her arms to collapse. His giant hands remained on her hips, keeping her cunt in position for his next thrust. And he had control. Her head was spinning. If she had decided to count his strokes, it would have been impossible. Maybe she couldn't count that high, and she couldn't keep a thought in her head anyway. He thrust into her again, the length of his tool giving so much continuous sensations. She started seeing colors through her eyelids. dancing. swirling. sparking. Then she started feeling warm inside. It took her a few moments to realize he was cumming. It was so different. She felt the twitching within her, but there weren't streams of jism. There just wasn't enough room. It was more of a flood, a hot one. He was just filling her up.

Finally, he withdrew. She rolled over to see his cock, still massive, still stiff, coated with shiny fluids. His balls still hung loosely. He had much more cum to give her.

"Watch," he said. He inserted a finger into her cunt. She didn't even feel him. "You're not watching."

She looked at his hand, and he reentered his finger. A wave of cum oozed from her opening. It made her dizzy thinking about it. He withdrew his finger so that only his fingertip was in her. And just like that, he found her sensitive spot, a slight ridge in her opening wall, well before her g-spot. He rubbed at it, pressing against the

ridge along it's length. She came hard. And noisily.

While she was recovering her breath, he moved up her body, squatting at the side of her head. He placed his warm cock across her lips. She normally didn't like sucking Steven's cock, at least beyond some playful licks, but this was deserving. She slid her mouth along its length, slowly, but still it took so long to reach the base. She was amazed at the texture of his shaft, the different sizes of veins, some of which were just huge. Then she worked her way back up. She didn't know how he managed to keep it so smooth, but it was like a treat. She tried scraping his cock with her teeth. She couldn't even fit the girth of his shaft between her lips. And she tasted their juices that she picked up along the way, but she didn't care. Maybe this was how Steven. The shock of the thought stunned her, that it could possibly turn him on. Steven. She had forgotten that he was just a room away from this.

His balls. They were huge, and like the rest of him, hairless. They were so low in his sac, she could grip her full hand around it, making his balls swell as they emerged at the bottom of her hand. She licked at them, and began sucking on them, amazed at how smooth the skin became around them. Henry shifted so that the tip of his cock was at her mouth. "I can't," she said. There was no way. She couldn't decently suck her husband's cock without an unpleasant urge. Henry nodded, and said, "Do what you can." So, she continued to lick the head, finding it hard to believe it took so long just to circle the head with her tongue, and enjoying the velvety smoothness of it.

She stopped suddenly. "I want to sit on it."

Henry laughed. "Alright woman, but I haven't recovered yet. It could be a long ride."

"Promise?" And she meant it.

He laid out on the bed and rolled onto his back. He held his cock in

position, a black tower. She thought she had a vibrator by that name, and here was the real thing. She had to squat from her feet. She couldn't just sit on her knees and get him to fit. It blew her mind. She lowered herself onto it, her hands on Henry's chest for balance. She watched his cock as she lowered herself, and she was amazed to see the cum pour from her cunt as he displaced it. She finally worked her way to the bottom, where she sat in a wet pool of his cum. She shifted to her knees, knowing that she would need his help to get off later. Unreal. It made her feel very earthy, very sexy, very alive.

She decided to take a stroke, and raised up about six inches before coming down hard. The feelings within her were too powerful. She tried again. And lost her breath. Again. She stopped herself. She might pass out. So she grounded herself again and decided to grind on top of him. That felt fine.

She felt his hands on her breasts, so she watched. He stretched her areole with two fingers, pulling the skin tight across her nipple. Then he leaned up and gave it a flick with his tongue. It felt good. Ohhh. Did it feel good. He felt the rhythm that she had with her cunt, and he was sending jolts at just the right time.

She closed her eyes. There was no dream to see anymore. The dream was nothing to compare with the feeling that she had within her. She opened her eyes, and saw his black torso lying underneath her pale pubic area. It was beautiful. And she could feel the hot stiffness of his cock all through her, so deep within her. And it made her cum.

As she recovered, she saw him reach over to the phone and dial. "Yeah. Hey, it ain't gonna work out. You go on. Yeah, I know. I'll see you then."

Hayley was still convulsing slightly, but trying to settle down and understand what he had been talking about.

The concern on her face prompted an answer. "That was Jack. He had

rounded up some guys and wanted to set up a gang bang." Hayley shivered involuntarily. She didn't want anything to do with Jack, but she had sort of expected a crowd, and she was only momentarily disappointed until the feeling of Henry within her reminded her that she was fully satisfied. "I think he wanted to be a roving cameraman. But I decided that I want you just to myself."

Hayley grinned, and said, "Thank you. I want you, too, Henry. I've never." She couldn't express herself.

"Few women have, .?"

This time she understood the look on his face, surprised he didn't know. She answered, "Hayley." She could tell that he didn't trust that it was her real name, but it didn't really matter.

She leaned over as best she could with his stiff cock inside her. Her breasts were met by his gigantic hands as she placed a kiss on his lips.

"Hey, I promised you a long ride." With that he wrapped an arm around her and stood, easily lifting her with him, still impaled on his shaft. She wrapped her arms around his neck, catching sight of her white body against his chocolate chest in the mirror. He carried her to the window, where he parted the curtains. He leaned her against the glass, which was cool to her back. She hoped the window was secure. It was a long way down. She held on tightly to his neck and shoulders. He held her under her thighs, lifting her slightly, spreading her, holding her in place. Then he started fucking her. Being held off the floor so easily, the sounds of the city behind her, the possibility that someone could see her. She came many times in her long ride. He came once, much later. Then the next ride began.

Steven was frustrated. He couldn't sleep. It had been over three hours. He had put a glass against the wall and couldn't hear any

sounds from the next room. He stayed by the door for the longest time, to see if anyone came or left. Nothing. Just quiet. He thought he could handle it better if just knew what they were doing. His imagination was making it all the worse. He knew his wife was getting fucked. He just had a great need to know who. How many? Were they being kind? Were they being rough? He couldn't wait any longer.

He closed his room door quietly, then inserted his key and reopened it. Good. There was hardly a noise. He went to 913 and inserted the key for their room. He turned the handle, peered inside, saw no one, and entered. He carefully shut the door behind him. He didn't see anyone. He moved forward, and very carefully peeked around the corner. No one. It was den furniture. A suite. He saw the connecting door ahead, which was shut. He moved closer, and listened through the door.

He heard Hayley giggle, then a deep voice. They were talking, or playing, or he didn't know what. And he couldn't possibly open the door without being noticed. He heard her squeal. Were they tickling? He heard what he thought was a "I'll shut you up," followed by what he knew to be one of Hayley's grunts. The kind she made when a cock entered her. This wasn't helping. He didn't particularly like that she was having a good time; he had expected that he would somehow save her from a terrible situation. He listened longer, just to make sure. Yes, she was getting fucked. And it went on. And on. It sounded like she had orgasmed at least three times, minutes apart each. He couldn't take it anymore.

Back in his room, Steven laid on the bed, looking out at the night sky which shone through the window. He played with himself casually. He wanted to cum, but he just felt guilty.dirty.

It was a night to remember. They slept a few hours, then the light entering the room woke Henry. And then he woke her as he ever so gently tried to probe her cunt with his cock. Hayley was exhausted,

but she was ready for one more ride. But she made him wait. Her bladder was full. And her cunt, too, as it would turn out. Some of Henry's cum leaked, but she decided not to clean herself up since he was about to fuck her again. Or was it that she was going to fuck him again? It had been a night of surprises. She hurried back.

When she returned, she found Henry stroking his cock. It was another memory to keep. His cock reached about four inches above his belly button. She would have to see Steven do that and compare, not that she would tell him.

She found that their last go didn't start as a comfortable ride. She was very sore, but as he picked up the pace, her passion overruled the discomfort. Surprisingly, Henry came rather quickly, but she was amazed to feel yet more cum fill within her. Steven would have been empty long ago.

He withdrew and petted her nicely as she regained her composure. She asked him to sit up in the bed, then she rolled over onto her stomach and placed both hands at her clit. She stared at the black tower, still erect at his crotch, remembering the feel of it, and she quickly brought herself to orgasm.

Henry stood and went into the closet, returning dressed in a suit and holding a small bag. "Just so you know, I'm going to buy Jack's company. You've been a great pleasure, but I'm actually sorry to say that you were part of the deal. He had a few conditions attached. One of them was these two video cameras. I'm keeping one, he's taking the other. But you'll know where I'll be. If you ever want a copy, just let me know."

"He'll blackmail you, like he's been blackmailing me."

"Nah. I'm not married, and I'm new to the area. I'll handle it if he does. But listen, I've always had a fantasy of riding in a limousine around town, a naked white chick in the backseat and more than a little

sex. If you ever want to make it happen, look me up. Your husband can come along, too. To watch, that is. Tell you what, you do the limo ride, I'll give you the video. I won't make any copies." It was a tempting proposition.

He opened the bag, spilling the contents on the bed. Hayley felt a wave of anxiety replace what had been a wonderful afterglow. He pulled the bedcovers off the bed, which were already hanging on the sides. "This is one of those terms." Hayley tried to relax as he restrained her arms and legs. "I think this was so you don't beat him up when he gets here."

"Jack's coming?"

"Yes, in about 5 minutes. Say, can I keep this?"

He was holding the g-string. "Sure, hang it in your office so I can see it when I stop by." She gave him a wink. "And Henry?"

"Yeah?"

"Thanks for last night. I was really scared about what could have happened."

"Ah. Thank you, Hayley. Thank you." And he left.

Like clockwork, Jack entered minutes later. "Well, look at you."

Hayley hadn't really had the chance. There was dried cum on her breasts and stomach. She could feel something dried and crinkly on her neck and between her legs, plus the full feeling she had of the warm cum inside her.

"Well, it was one guy, but it looks like you fucked an army!" She

didn't rise to his bait. He tested the knots that Henry had tied, then reached in his pockets and pulled out a small metal key. "Steven is going to need this." He looked at her cunt. "Well, it's a good thing I came prepared." He pulled out a toothbrush and placed the keyring in the bristles. Then he approached her cunt.

"What are you doing?"

"Like I said, Steven will need the key, so I'm putting it where he can find it."

Hayley's head sunk back into the pillow, and she let out a large breath. Poor Steven.

He inserted the toothbrush into her cunt. She assumed that she must be stretched still because she hardly felt it. She saw him turn the toothbrush and give it a shake, and she felt the key settle inside her.

He pulled the toothbrush out and made an unpleasant face. "Damn! I've never seen so much cum." She saw some ooze from the toothbrush, and could feel some dripping from her cunt. "I hate to waste so much, though." He flung the toothbrush at her cunt, so the cum hanging from it struck the inside of her thigh.

He then took off his pants and underwear, sporting what was, for him, a large erection. Her scales had changed, she realized. "Surely you're not going to fuck me?" she asked.

"I wouldn't think of it." He began stroking himself, and grinning as he did so. "A little more for that honeypot of yours, you know. Now he can eat cum from two people at the same time. If Henry hadn't changed the plan, it would have been from five guys. But this will do." He stroked himself very fast, and pointed his cock at her pussy just as he ejaculated. A few spurts of cum, then some drops. "There, that looks better. I can hardly see your pussy through all that. Hey, and Steven should be here any minute."

He bent over to pick up his clothes, a short grimace of pain as he straightened. Please, thought Hayley.

Jack left the bedroom and went to the other side, apparently waiting by the door for Steven. She heard him enter, and looked at the clock. 8:55. She was glad he didn't wait. She was ready to be done with this.

It took a few moments before Steven appeared in the door. Jack had apparently made him strip first. "Are you okay?" She could see that he hadn't slept much, but then, neither had she.

"Yeah, honey. I'm fine. I'll tell you later, but I'm fine." Jack followed him in.

"Good, alright, we're reacquainted. Steven, I want you to get between her legs and cum on her cunt." Jack got his camera, ready to take pictures.

Hayley watched as Steven started stroking himself, but he looked too tense to do what he had to do. "I'm okay, really. Go ahead, I want to see you finish." It was her pet word she used with him.

It took him a few uncomfortable minutes, obviously affected by Jack watching, before he came. Hayley was pleased to see that he shot more than Jack, but she was surprised he didn't empty himself during the night.

"Good. Good. All right, Steven, put your hands behind your back." Steven looked worried, but Hayley knew what Jack was going to do. She couldn't see it, but she heard the handcuffs click into place.

"All right, let's see." He pushed Steven forward, so that his face landed between Hayley's thighs. "I want one more picture, then I'm gone. Steven, take one good lick at that slut's pussy, and I want you

to hold your tongue out so I can see all the cum you lick up."

Hayley heard Steven sigh, then he moved enough so that he could do what Jack wanted. He looked her in the eyes, and she shrugged her shoulders and gave him a wink. Then he lowered his face to her slit. She couldn't see how much cum was on his tongue when Jack took the picture. Then Jack said, in an unbelieving tone, "swallow it."

Steven lifted slightly, so she could see.lots.and he did.

Jack just shook his head. "Alright. Steven, I'll leave your clothes on the front porch. Hayley, you tell him about the next step. I'll put the 'do not disturb' sign on the door." Then he left.

She hoped he put the right sign out, not the "send in the maid" sign. It would take over an hour before Steven found the key, and another 20 minutes before he could maneuver it out of her cunt. While he worked at it, she told him about the night, and by the time he had retrieved the key, they were laughing, of all things, somehow.

Hayley found her passkey, went to the next room, and changed. She drove home, got a change of clothes for Steven, and returned to the hotel. On the way home, she went to a drive thru for a burger. Steven wasn't hungry.

She and Steven checked the website regularly, and Jack was quick about updating the site. The video was converted to still shots, showing Henry's gigantic cock making its way into her.

Steven's head dropped. "You?.that?"

"Yeah, I told you he was big."

"It fit?"

Hayley grinned. And pointed to the picture of her sitting on top of Henry, nestled on the base of his cock.

Steven threw up his hand in exasperation. "I can't compete with that!"

Hayley saw that he need a little reassurance, and rubbed his crotch. "Honey, you don't have to."

It was three days later when the phone rang. "Hi, I was checking my appointments today, and I thought you should know I'm receiving a new patient."

The voice, and its purpose, were unmistakable. "Thanks, doc."

"Ah, if things work out, I hope you'll return the favor, as we discussed."

Hayley assured him that she would. Then she called Steven to tell him the good news, and the bargain that had accompanied it.

It was late that night when Jack knocked on the door. "Hi, sorry to bother you. I wanted to give you this. I don't remember what all is in here, but I know it's yours. I think you left it at our house."

"Thanks, Jack," said Steven. "We appreciate it. Good night, now."

Jack left, and Steven opened the box. They were amazed at the number of diskettes, CD's and videotapes that Jack had collected. If the doctor was right, then this was everything. They had to trust that the computer was wiped clean. They had checked the website earlier. It was blank.

The doctor had suggested Jack's punishment. For the next six months, Jack would have a little problem whenever he saw an attractive female. He would pee in his pants. But Jack would believe that chiropractic would help solve the problem. It wouldn't, but the chiropractor would cure him at a later time, when they were sure that everything that could be used to blackmail was either recovered or destroyed. Unless the doctor had his own designs, then it appeared likely that it was over. And they were about certain that the doctor was trustworthy.

It was worth a celebration. They went out to dinner that night. Evening dress. Suit and tie. And underwear. The evening ended with a long snuggle on the couch, with candles and light jazz.

Sandy asked, "How did you know about this trail?" It wasn't much of a trail, probably made from animals going to the water, but it was marked with red pieces of tape every 100 yards or so.

"Well, the property belongs to my chiropractor. He asked about my exercising, which helps my back, and he suggested I hike out here, if I was interested. He and his wife hope to build on the property someday, although the commute would be difficult." It was full of half-truths, but it would do.

"Well, it's beautiful here. How many acres?"

"I don't know. I think a couple of hundred, but it seems like more than that since it borders the National Forest. He said there's a small waterfall, too." Sandy didn't know it, but that was the reason she was here. She wanted to make sure she could find the waterfall later with Steven.

At last they came to it. The waterfall was narrow, with a drop of about 15', but it landed in a large pool, perfect for swimming.

It was Sandy's thought, too. "Oooh. If I were here with my husband, we might go for a skinny dip. Look, there's no trash around. That means that this is relatively undiscovered."

It was no surprise to Hayley that Sandy's thoughts were somewhat randy. They had talked about "the box" on the trip, and Sandy wanted a reciprocal favor. Hayley had remembered what had transpired, and she couldn't help but fire back, "Sure, but do I get to watch too?" Sandy's face turned red. Hayley didn't really mind, though. All things considered, lately, Sandy's voyeurism didn't even register as an issue.

They slipped off their shoes and socks, and waded in. It felt good after the hike, despite the cold temperature typical of mountain water. The hike had been about three miles, starting in the Park, but the doctor had given good directions on how to navigate to his property. It certainly wouldn't occur to anyone on the public trail.

The stones in the pool were smooth, but there were enough of them packed in that they weren't slippery. Aside from a few jutting pieces of larger rocks, it was almost like it was planned. Hayley looked at the rocks overhead. It would be over to the right from here, he had said. There. A large piece of rock with a flat surface, sloped gently towards the pool.

Sandy followed her eyes, and said, "And that looks like the perfect place to dry off!" There was a break in the trees that let the sun shine on a good portion of it, for several hours each day, Hayley guessed. To one side the hill rose with a high cover, but little underbrush. To the other, where they had hiked, there were lots of smaller trees and bushes. It was pretty dense. She knew that the doctor had invested some time and energy here, clearing out his view on the one side.

Sandy went ahead of her, climbing to the rock. "This is awesome! Look there." She pointed. It was the initials of two people scratched into the rock, with male and female symbols beside each. "I can guess what they did." Hayley could, too. Sandy paused. "Do you think it would be okay if I came back later?"

Hayley knew what she meant, but she couldn't really say. It wasn't her property, and the doctor's house was on the other side of the hill. But Sandy didn't know that. "Sure. I don't think he would have a problem with it. As a matter of fact, I think I'll come back with Steven, maybe tomorrow. So maybe you should wait until the next day, at least."

"Okay, but you know me, I might come and watch. Just kidding!"

They both laughed. Hayley said, under her breath, "I don't care."

There was a pause. "Really?" What? She didn't realize she had spoken out loud. Did it matter? No, not really. They had known each other long enough. She could trust her, although trust was becoming harder to place these days. But, no, it was just the creeps who had abused her.

"What, you want to?" Sandy didn't answer, but just looked at her, hopeful. "If you really want to, sure. But, no cameras."

"Awww."

"Hey, if you want a camera, I'll bring one and take pictures of you!" Hayley meant it as a joke, but Sandy looked like she was considering the idea.

By the time they had reached home, Sandy had pried from Hayley that she and Steven would leave around 11:00 in the morning.

It was about 1:30 when Steven and Hayley reached the little pool. Hayley didn't waste any time, stripping her clothes and entering the pool. Steven followed and met her for a shivering embrace. Although they had been through some of the wildest experiences, they had never had an opportunity for this simple one. A skinny dip. So they splashed, and played, grabbing at each other. Steven knew that the doctor and his wife were watching, from somewhere on the hill, and that he and Hayley were apparently one of a small number of couples that had been invited here.

And for the kindness that the doctor had shown them, he didn't worry about being watched. And neither did Hayley. It was great fun, and he hoped the doctor's wife got a thrill from it. Steven couldn't imagine what married life would be like if he were impotent, but he had to congratulate the doctor for finding ways to keep his wife's sexual needs met. Let them watch.

They were both beginning to get really cold, and they decided to climb up to the rock to sun themselves, taking a heavy bedspread with them. It was the perfect afternoon and the perfect setting, and he was with the perfect mate for making love.

Hayley's thoughts turned inward as she climbed the rock with Steven. She had changed. She had experienced more sexually than she ever could have dreamed. And with the nightmare over, she was surprised that there was a sadness. Would she ever feel randy again? A spontaneity? She realized that those were the things that Steven had desired from her, and that Dr. Gilliam indirectly fulfilled. Would he still feel that way?

She hoped so. And her problem was the reverse. Her thoughts had been too focused on reliving the night with Henry, the night at the doctor's house, and the elevator scene, of all things. But she saw the danger

in fantasizing about that, but at the same time, she desired a middle ground. Would Steven eat his cum from her cunt anymore? Would he today? Would Sandy be shocked if he did, if she were out there? Could she ever feel him thrust into her without thinking about taking a limo ride?

They laid down on the comforter, and she closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of the sun warming her body. She was aware of his kisses on her hand, and then her arm, and then her shoulder. This wasn't so bad. Steven began pushing all the right buttons. kisses on the neck, a breath in the ear, a lick. But it wasn't until he entered her that it all seemed to fit together. Only Steven knew what she liked, and it was only Steven that could look into her eyes as he made love to her and make her heart melt. Steven would always be enough.

They cuddled together, naked in the sun, hands on each other's bodies, heart rates gradually returning to normal. Steven whispered into her ear, "Now that we've made love, I thought you should know."

"What?"

"I brought body paint."

She laughed. Forget the fantasy. Forget the memories. Well, maybe not. But Steven wasn't just enough, he was all she needed.