

# Hiring the Least Qualified Applicant

by Vulgus

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## Chapter 1

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:23 PM

I'm a real prick to work for. I've been accused of being arrogant by people who were in the act of leaving my employ; not to mention cruel, short tempered, rude, crude, obnoxious, the list goes on like that. I proudly admit to that and more. I can be a total asshole. If that's what it takes to keep my employees in line ... aw, who am I trying to kid. That's just the way I am. If they don't like it they can quit. Unfortunately, that's what a lot of people working for me do. Not so much the people outside of my office. I don't come into contact with those people as often. Carl, my younger brother, is in charge of production. The biggest problem I have is keeping a decent secretary.

Whenever I hire a new girl I always tell them I'm an asshole right up front. I guess the broads who take the job anyway figure they can put up with anything as long as they get a paycheck at the end of the week. But the last few secretaries I've hired have all quit within two months. Except for Barbara, of course. I fired that lazy bitch.

Anyway, that's why I'm going to have to spend an already miserable Monday morning interviewing for a new secretary. As usual, personnel sent me folders for the women I'm going to have to interview. They always send me the top five candidates except that this time there's a sixth folder with a note on the front. It seems that one of the men who works on the floor asked Carl to put in a word for his wife. Carl spoke to Dupree in personnel. Dupree sent me her folder with a note that explained the circumstances but noted she isn't a top five candidate or anywhere near it. Under any other circumstances he'd never have sent me her file. He suggested, however, that if I have the time I might enjoy interviewing her anyway.

I found out why when I opened her folder. One of the first documents in the folder is a copy of her driver's license. I almost laughed when I saw it. She's just a kid; twenty years old. But she's damn good looking. Even her driver's license photo is hot; but in an innocent kind of way, not sex kitten hot.

I shook my head in amusement and put the folder on the bottom of the stack. I'm sure I'd enjoy the hell out of fucking her but I have no intention of interviewing her. I called out to my temporary secretary/receptionist and told her to send in the first woman to be interviewed.

By the time I finished the five interviews almost two hours later three women told me they wouldn't work for me for any amount of money. The other two left a lot to be desired but were too desperate to turn down any job.

I was reluctant to choose either one of them but I need to hire someone and I need them now. I wasn't even going to bother interviewing the sixth girl. She isn't really qualified. But just for the hell of it I decided to talk to her. I wouldn't have if there had been a more suitable applicant among the first five, or if she wasn't so damn pretty. If nothing else I might at least get a little entertainment out of this. I called out and had her sent in.

A moment later this hot little blonde is standing in front of my desk. She looks terrified. And she looks even younger than her twenty years. If I saw her walking down the street I'd probably put her age at a lot closer to sixteen than twenty.

I let her stand there while I looked her over for a couple of minutes. I can't tell much about her body because of the awful outfit she's wearing. To look at her you'd think nuns bought her clothes for her. But her frumpy clothing can't totally disguise her appearance. She has long honey-blonde hair, a very pretty face with those pouty lips some women have that look like they were made for sucking cock, bright blue eyes; all-in-all a very attractive package.

She glanced up at me a couple times but most of the time she stared at the floor at her feet and waited for me to say something. I recognized the look in her eyes as soon as I saw it, though, and a shiver of recognition ran down my spine. I saw much more in her expressive eyes than the fear that she won't be chosen for the job.

I stared at her for long enough to make her even more uncomfortable before I finally ordered her to take a seat. I watched as she sat down, careful to arrange her long skirt modestly over her knees. I sat back in my chair, picked up her folder and for the first time I examined more than just the photocopy of her driver's license.

According to her application she possesses only the most rudimentary secretarial skills. She's unfamiliar with the software we use. Her only work experience beyond working in fast food restaurants was volunteering at the library while she was still in high school and a short lived job working in the front office of a local trucking firm primarily as a file clerk. I can't help but notice the space where it asks why she left that job has been left blank. That's never a good sign.

I finally looked up and said, "Mrs. Orvis, you aren't really qualified to work here. What can you say to convince me I should hire you anyway?"

Before she could respond I said, "You look terrified. Are you afraid of black men in general or just me?"

She looked up then with near panic in her eyes. She exclaimed, "NO! NO, SIR! It isn't that! Honest! It's just that ... I really need this job. We ... I'm desperate. Things haven't been going well for us and ... please, sir. Just give me a chance. I know I have a lot to learn. But I'm smart. I know I can learn it."

There's more than desperation in her eyes, though. That's the only reason I haven't already laughed her right out of my office. I see something there I haven't seen in years. This cute little thing is a submissive! I wonder if her husband knows. Hell! I wonder if she knows!

I picked up the intercom and called Dupree. When he answered I asked him to send me her husband's employment records. While I was waiting I asked, "What makes you so desperate for this job?"

She commenced an almost incomprehensible tale of woe that might have brought me to tears if I gave a shit. I finally held up my hand to stop her and said, "Enough!"

She stopped in mid word. I think it was then that she figured out I'm just playing with her, that I have no intention of hiring her.

She whispered, "Please, Mr. Williams. I'll ... I'm desperate. I'll ... I'm willing to do anything."

I looked at her closely. I don't think she means that the way I'm inclined to take it. She's too young and naïve for that. But I have a feeling that whether she meant to imply she really will do anything or not, she's quite likely malleable enough that I can actually get her to do just about anything.

A girl from personnel showed up then with her husband's records. I took a moment to look them over. The kid is just a year older than his wife. He's been working for me for about eight months. He isn't overqualified either. Beyond the fact that he finished high school and worked at a few odd jobs there isn't much to recommend him. He hasn't screwed up since he started here. That's the best I can say about him.

I spent the next couple of minutes explaining what she already knows; why she's unqualified for the job. She looked like if she could have disappeared she would have. I finished telling her why she has no business even applying for this job and then I said, "But if you meant what you said earlier ... maybe we can work something out."

The look of surprise on her face when I jerked her back from the abyss so suddenly was comical. I think the meaning of my statement went right over her head, though. I'm about to find out.

I had to take another quick look at her application. I couldn't remember her first name. Riley?! What the hell kind of name is that for a girl?! Oh well. I don't plan to marry her. But I haven't fucked a little white girl in a long time. I might be able to take advantage of this little cunt and have a little fun until she wises up and runs away.

Reading from her license I said, "I have your age, your height and your weight from your driver's license. It doesn't tell me your measurements."

She was shocked that I asked. We're both well aware of how inappropriate, how illegal the question is. But still staring down at the floor she mumbled, "Thirty-four, twenty-two, thirty-five."

"Thirty-four what?"

"A."

I sat up in my chair and ordered her to come around my desk and stand beside me. The dumb broad still doesn't have a clue! She looks confused by my order. But she seems to have taken it as a good sign that I didn't kick her out of my office.

She stopped near the corner of my desk but I crooked a finger at her to indicate I want her to stand closer. A moment later she stood beside me with her hands clasped in front of her. She looks so much like a little schoolgirl that it's giving me hard on. I looked her over and said, "If I hire you you're going to have to make some major changes in the way you dress."

She furrowed her brow. Still no clue! She's probably standing there thinking this is her nicest outfit!

I looked up, looking right into her eyes. When our eyes met I calmly reached out and rested my right hand on the inside of her right calf.

She jumped and started to step back but she froze when I growled, "Don't you fucking move!"

I slowly moved my hand up to just above her knee while I continued to stare into her eyes. She didn't move. But she started shaking her head and muttering, "No. Please stop. Don't do that."

All the stupid bitch has to do is step back! But she stayed right there. If she can't muster anything stronger than a muttered plea for me to stop, a plea that was so quiet I almost missed it, then I'm not inclined to pay much attention to her.

I told her again that there are going to have to be some major changes in her wardrobe if she wants to work for me. But this time I was a little more explicit. I moved my hand up a little higher and said, "I suppose you're wearing pantyhose. I hate them. You'll not be allowed to wear them again. Your skirts will have to be much shorter, above where my hand is now. And that top! Is that a blouse or a bulletproof vest?!"

She's still shaking her head back and forth slowly as though she isn't even aware she's doing it. Instead of answering my facetious question she whispered, "Please, Mr. Williams. Please remove your hand from my ... please stop touching me."

I left my hand right where it was and said, "If you don't want my hand there all you have to do is take a step back. It's up to you, Riley."

She didn't move. She still didn't move when I asked, "Have you ever fucked a black man?"

She gasped loudly and exclaimed, "I'm married!"

"That wasn't the question. I know you're married. Your husband works for me. The only reason I'm talking to you now is that your husband asked his supervisor to put in a good word for you. You certainly aren't here because you're qualified for the job!"

She shuddered when I moved my hand up a little farther. It's on her upper thigh now, no more than two inches below her crotch. But she still didn't move. And she still didn't answer me.

"I asked you a question, Riley."

She moaned and quietly breathed, "No."

“No what?”

“No. I never ... with a black man.”

“Fucked, Riley. You never fucked a black man. And don’t forget your manners. You will address me as sir.”

Before she could respond I moved my hand the rest of the way up, not stopping until my fingers were pressed up against the sensitive flesh between her thighs and my thumb was resting over her slit. But there’s still the problem of those damn pantyhose. God I hate those things!

Riley jumped again when my hand reached her sex. But she still didn’t do the one thing she has to do to put an end to this. She didn’t take that step back that would take her out of my reach and at the same time disqualify her for the job.

The funny thing about this situation is that I don’t think she’s even thinking about the job now. She doesn’t want to do this. That’s obvious. But she’s such a submissive little creature that she can’t bring herself to do what she has to do to stop me. Somewhere deep inside of her she may even be excited by this situation and not even realize it on a conscious level. That isn’t important, though. The important thing is that I’m enjoying myself.

I thought her legs were going to go out from under her when I started moving the pad of my thumb over her clit. She reached out as if to grab me to steady herself. But she drew her hands back as though she nearly stuck them into a fire. Instead, she rested one hand on the corner of my desk and managed to steady herself.

She sounded like she was going to start crying when she quietly said, “Please, sir. Please stop that. Please stop touching me.”

As if she hadn’t spoken I commanded, “Remove that stupid vest and your blouse.”

Her eyes almost popped out of her head and she shook her head violently. But she still didn’t move back out of my reach.

I glared at her and snarled, “DO IT!”

You would have thought I slapped her. Her body stiffened up as though someone just shoved a stick up her ass. But she didn’t move out of reach. She stood right there and let me strum a tune on her clit. She didn’t move out of reach, but she wasn’t removing her clothes, either. I gave her a few more seconds before I growled, “Obey me or get out of my office.”

All she has to do is turn and walk away. I’ll be left with a raging hard on but this will all be just a bad memory for her. Instead, with tears running down her cheeks she reached up and slid her vest off. She stood there holding it for the longest time until I finally said, “Just drop the fucking thing on the floor! You won’t be wearing it again.”

She looked down at the floor beside her and slowly let the vest fall from her hand. Then, with no further urging from me she began to slowly unbutton her blouse. I’ve put the fear of me into a lot of the women who have worked for me over the years. But I’ve never seen hands shake like hers.

While she was struggling with her buttons I pulled my hand out from between her legs and, still under her skirt, I slid it up over her taut stomach. I had hoped to be able to pull her pantyhose down and get them out of my way. Unfortunately they extend up past her waist and are held in place by her belt and the waistband of her Mother Hubbard skirt. I'm tempted to just jerk them down anyway but I decided that watching her bare her body a little bit at a time is more entertaining.

I slowly moved my hand down and slid it back between her legs. My thumb just naturally came to rest on her clit and I resumed my slow strumming. To look at her face you'd think she's totally unaware of where my hand is and what my thumb is doing. But I noticed that the crotch of her pantyhose feels damp. I can't be certain. But I look forward to examining her panties closely and finding out if I'm right.

I wasn't surprised by the industrial grade bra she uncovered when she finally pulled her blouse off. It's laughable when you take into consideration the size of her pert little breasts. The bra may be an A cup but there might be more than a little wishful thinking there. Hell! With those tits she doesn't even need a bra!

I waited to see what she's going to do now. I only ordered her to remove her vest and her blouse. That has been accomplished. Now she's standing there with my hand pressing against her pussy, terrified, dreading the command she must know is coming next. I'm probably the only man other than her husband to ever see her in just her bra from the waist up. It's a god-awful bra; the last kind of thing you'd expect a pretty young woman like her to wear.

I let her wait, letting the fear and anticipation build for a long moment before I said, "That's the ugliest damn bra I've ever seen. But you can keep it on for a few more minutes. I want you to remove your skirt and those fucking pantyhose now. If you please me and I decide to hire you I'd better not ever see you wearing pantyhose again. That goes for those ugly damn bras, too."

She seemed to be weighing what I'd just said. It's obvious she isn't as keen to get the job as she was when she first walked into my office. But I'm convinced she isn't doing the things she's doing now in order to convince me to hire her. She's letting me humiliate her like this for a deeper reason. I suspect she's one of those women who have had submissive fantasies since puberty but never had the opportunity to experience the reality before now. I'm sure she never thought she would. I'm certain she has very mixed feelings about this. I don't doubt she hates what I'm making her do. I'm equally certain this is turning her on, though I doubt if she'd admit it. Not even to herself!

I've never met her husband. But I'm willing to bet he's a regular Casper Milquetoast. I wouldn't be surprised to find out he's one of those pussy white boys who gets off on watching his wife getting put to good use by a virile black man. I hear there are a lot of them around. Maybe I'll give him a chance to find out what his young bride looks like when she's getting pounded by nine inches of thick, black cock. It's pretty obvious now that, like it or not, this dumb cunt is going to let me do any damn thing I want to her.

She has hesitated long enough that I'm just about to lose my temper and she knows it. The tears are still flowing down her cheeks and dripping down onto her far too substantial bra. She's standing there partially undressed with a strange man's hand on her pussy while she cries silently. Christ she's turning

me on! I know she didn't expect to find herself in a position like this when she left the house this morning!

She quietly repeated her plea that I remove my hand from under her skirt. But she didn't step back and there's a total lack of conviction in her little girl voice. Not that she doesn't want me to stop. She obviously does. But even so, she's apparently willing to let me do anything I want to her; not in order to convince me to give her the job but for the simple reason that she's a submissive. Something in her brain is wired in such a way that she can't say no ... or at least she can't say it convincingly.

Rather than respond to her latest plea I pinched an inch of her thigh between my thumb and finger and squeezed until she squeaked and then held her breath. Her eyes slammed shut and under her breath she began to chant, "Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow! I'll do it! I'll do it! That hurts!"

I moved my hand back between her legs and pressed it against her taint once more. My thumb just naturally returned to gently massaging her clit which is now noticeably swollen. I can feel it even through her pantyhose and what I'm certain is a pair of thick cotton granny panties.

She exhaled loudly when I stopped pinching her sensitive upper thigh. Then she moaned when my thumb came back into contact with her clit. I had to smile at that. The little bitch is starting to get off on this! The realization that she's getting turned on by what I'm doing to her must be tearing her up!

I watched as she unfastened her thin, imitation leather belt and dropped it on the floor. Her hands went behind her back and seconds later I heard the quiet sound of her zipper being pulled down. She didn't move for a moment. She held the waistband of her skirt together and took a few loud, labored breaths. I assume she's gathering her courage. She's about to do something that would have been unthinkable to her an hour ago.

I pulled my hand out from under her skirt and watched as she finally brought her hands around to the sides of her skirt and pushed it slowly down over her hips. Once past her hips she let it go and it fell to the floor. She stepped out of it and pushed it aside with her foot.

I was right about her panties. They're just about as sexy as a pair of boxer shorts. But I have to smile. Even through the pantyhose I can see a small, dark, wet spot over her pussy. It's possible that's a purely physical reaction to what I've been doing with my thumb. But I doubt it. Even now, as embarrassed as she is, I can look into her eyes and see into the heart of a true submissive. She obviously has very mixed emotions about experiencing her fantasies. But that's alright. I'm more than eager enough for both of us.

She stepped out of her shoes and began to pull her pantyhose down off her hips and then work them down her legs. After a brief struggle she finally pulled them off her feet and straightened up. I got my first good look at her legs. I must admit they're impressive; long and slender, firm and athletic looking. I'm going to enjoy having them wrapped around me.

I ordered her to turn around slowly so I can get a good look at her. I could have made her remove her bra and panties first. But dragging it out like this is kind of exciting, for me at least.

Her ass isn't too bad for a white girl. It isn't as big as I like them. But it's high and firm. I could almost put my coffee mug on it and have it stay there. While her back was still to me I reached out, cupped one of those sweet cheeks and asked, "Have you ever been fucked in the ass, Riley?"

She gasped again. But then she caught her breath and in an irritating, whiny voice that grates on my nerves she exclaimed, "God no!! Never!!"

She means 'not yet.' She just doesn't know it yet.

I released my grip on her cute little ass and let her finish turning. When she was facing me again I asked, "Do you and your husband hate sex?"

She looked at me with that confused look on her face again. It was several moments before she stuttered, "N-n-no, s-sir!"

I sighed to let her know there's little doubt in my mind I'm dealing with an idiot and asked, "Are all of your bras and panties this sexy?"

"I ... I mean ... I thought..."

She has no idea what I'm talking about. Maybe she really is stupid. She has to know that underwear like she's wearing can take the starch out of a potato. I shook my head and exclaimed, "Christ, Riley! Even a fucking nun wears more feminine underwear than that shit! How often do you and your husband fuck?"

I wouldn't have thought it possible. But she turned an even darker shade of red before she finally whispered, "We do it every week!"

"Once a week?! How long have you been married?"

"Almost six months."

I rolled my eyes and said, "What's his name ... oh yeah! Brad. How big are Brad's balls? They can't be any bigger than a pea if he's only banging you once a week! Either that or he's gay! Any normal guy would be slapping the meat to you at least once a day for the first year or two. You could use some bigger tits. But you got a pretty nice ass for a white girl and you ain't bad looking. Maybe after I get you straightened out I should work on him! He'll never be anything but a flunky if he doesn't grow a set of balls."

She started to speak, to defend her husband I guess. I waved my hand to indicate I don't want to hear it and ordered her to finish undressing. It isn't as if she didn't know the order was coming. But the words seemed to cause the blood to drain from her head. Her face went from bright red to pale white in not much more than an instant. I thought at first she was going to faint. She stopped breathing for a moment and held her hands over her face as though by doing so she would disappear. It probably did nothing for her state of mind when I laughed out loud. I couldn't help it. Silly ass broad!

She dropped her hands for a moment and then reached behind her back. As she struggled with the clasp on her bra her face changed color again, back to bright red as she contemplated baring her tits to a man she just met. I'd be surprised if it isn't just a little bit more traumatic because I'm a very dark skinned black man. I noticed on her application she was born in Georgia. I've never met a white person from



Georgia or any of the surrounding states who isn't prejudiced to one degree or another. It's so ingrained in them that I think it must be in their DNA by now.

It took her long enough. But she finally unhooked her bra. She held onto the ends of the straps and slowly brought them down to her sides so that the cups remained in place for another moment or two while she gathered her courage.

She reached up and put her hands on the shoulder straps and looked at me, her eyes pleading with me to end this humiliation; to let her put her clothes back on. I had to smile. She doesn't seem to realize what my reaction is to that look on her face. She's just making my already erect cock a little harder and causing it to throb in protest against the constriction of my clothing. I can't wait to feel those pouty lips wrapped around my cock. I'm anxiously looking forward to feeling those warm tears running down onto my thighs while she chokes on my cock. That brings to mind another question!

She finally eased her shoulder straps down and the cups fell away from her little tits. They aren't very big. But they're sure as hell perfect. They don't even look all that small on her slender little body. Before she could drop the bra I grabbed it out of her hand. I grinned when I saw how hard her nipples are. But then I looked for the label on the bra. While I was turning it over to see what size the cups are I asked, "Have you ever sucked a cock, Riley?"

Again that sharp intake of breath. The label confirmed her statement, A cups. But only just barely to look at them. She's embarrassed about it, too. She's embarrassed about standing there in just her panties anyway. But I can tell she's even more embarrassed because her breasts are small. She watched me look at the label and she knew what I was looking for.

I dropped the bra and looked her in the eye. I'm still waiting for an answer. She could only meet my gaze for a second or two before she buried her face in her hands again. There was a long pause before she moaned, "Please don't ... I can't ... please, sir."

I almost had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing. God this is fun! I struggled to keep a straight face and growled, "Answer the fucking question, cunt!"

"Oh god! Don't ... once! I did it once! It was awful. I ... he ... when it was over I ... made a mess. I never did it again. It was nasty!"

I did laugh then. And then I said, "Yeah. It is nasty. I'd sure as hell never do it. But you're going to do it again. You'll be doing it fairly often from now on. I love looking down at my lap and seeing a pretty blonde head bobbing up and down. I'm warning you right now, if you make a mess in here I'll rub your nose in it and then take my belt to that skinny ass of yours. So make up your mind to get over that prissy shit now. Being a cocksucker is just part of your job description here."

There were a few seconds there when it looked like she was ready to run for it without even bothering to pick up her clothes first. But then she visibly gave in. She kind of slumped and there was a look of equal parts desperation and resignation on her face that would have broken my heart if I were a nice guy. But I'm not. Like I said, I'm a prick.

In that moment she had given up so entirely that without waiting to be told she began to peel her panties down. I wasn't surprised to see that no razor has ever been anywhere near her pubic hair. That's another change I'm going to make.

She stepped out of her panties and pushed them aside but I ordered her to pick them up and hand them to me. She bent, careful to keep her knees together as she did. I can't help smiling at that. She has to know it doesn't make a difference now; not after the crude questions I've asked and not if I've got her standing there naked. She knows she's only minutes away from having sex with a man who isn't her husband, a black man who isn't going to take no for an answer. But if bending down modestly helps her cope then so be it.

She picked her panties up again. She held them out to me with a shaking hand. I took them from her and turned them inside out. She groaned as she watched me sniff them and then run my thumb over the lining. I almost laughed out loud. Just as I suspected, the damn things are sopping wet!

I ordered her to spread her legs shoulder width apart and I looked more closely at her mound. It's obvious she's aroused. It's difficult to see through all the hair but I can see well enough to know that her vulva is red and swollen. Her juices are clinging to her tight little opening and glistening in the light from my windows.

It only then occurred to me that the blinds are open. I almost never close them. I never even think about them. Most of one wall of my office is glass. I don't have to worry much about a lack of privacy, though. Only the grounds crew are ever out there. They're out there fairly often, mowing, trimming the shrubs, weeding and whatever else they do. I just never pay any attention to them. If any of them are out there now they probably have a pretty good view of Mrs. Bradley Orvis in all her glory.

I reached out and ran a finger through her moist slit. She shuddered and her sexy little body jerked in reaction to the touch of my large finger on her sensitive flesh. But still she remained in place. She moaned as the tip of my finger explored her opening. I teased her, spreading her slick lubricant around her opening for a moment before I pushed one of my fingers slowly inside of her.

Even if I didn't already know it I probably could have guessed that she only gets fucked once a week. That's just about the tightest pussy I ever stuck a digit in. I found myself wondering if Brad's cock is any bigger than my finger. I've heard that a lot of those white boys ain't hung so well.

Another shudder ran through her body as my finger penetrated her moist little pussy until one of my knuckles was pressed against her swollen clit. Under her breath she exclaimed, "Oh Jesus! Oh god! Please don't! Don't do this to me!"

I moved my finger in and out of her several times and then left it buried in her tight little crevice. I started working on her clit with my thumb again. In hardly any time at all she began to mutter, "No. Oh god no! Please. I can't. I'm so sorry!"

And then she went limp. Only my finger in her pussy and her hand coming to rest on the corner of my desk kept her from falling to the floor as she climaxed. I smiled then, for two reasons. I smiled because of the mental anguish she's experiencing. It's tearing her up that she succumbed to the erotic sensations I caused her with my finger and my thumb. What a huge turn-on!

But mostly I smiled because now it's my turn!

I slowly pulled my finger free of her hot, throbbing pussy. I pushed my chair back, stood up and quickly stripped out of my pants and jockey shorts. She gasped and quietly exclaimed, "Oh my god!" when I uncovered my nine inch cock and it bounced free. I think she wanted to turn away but she couldn't. She couldn't stop staring at it.

I sat down, picked up the phone and called Dupree on the intercom. When he answered I said, "Hold on for a second, Dupree."

I looked up at Riley and said, "I've got Dupree on the line. He's the head of personnel. Do you want me to tell him to put you on the payroll?"

Her eyes closed and her head tilted back. She took a deep breath and asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"You know what you have to do. The minute you start sucking you're hired."

She dropped to her knees, or her legs gave out and she fell to her knees. It was hard to tell. I lifted the arm of my chair up out of the way. She shuffled forward and stared at my hard cock for a few seconds. It sounded very much like she couldn't believe her eyes when she whispered, "It's so big!"

She reached out, her arm moving in slow motion until her hand was close enough that she could carefully grip the base of my cock between her thumb and her forefinger. I heard her struggling to swallow. She's obviously terrified. That only doubles my excitement as I watch her face slowly approach my drooling cock. She stuck out her tongue and tentatively touched the tip of it to the head of my cock.

She paused to evaluate what she just did and then she took another cautious lick. I guess she decided it isn't going to poison her. In about a minute she managed to lick up all the lubricant that has been streaming from my piss hole since shortly after I placed my hand on her sexy leg. Accepting defeat she finally placed her lips against the knob and slid her mouth down over the head and about an inch of the fat shaft.

I warned her about her teeth and she mumbled something I couldn't make out. It's obvious she's going to need some instructions. She doesn't have a clue. I put the phone back up to my ear and said, "I've decided to hire Orvis. She's starting today. I want you to pay her double what we normally pay my secretary. She's going to earn it."

Dupree laughed and said, "I thought when I saw her that you might want to hire her. How long before you figure you get some of that?"

I grinned and replied, "She on her knees right now, buck naked and sucking on my cock. She doesn't have a clue so I'm going to have to hang up and start telling her how it's supposed to be done. Oh, and I'm going to need to keep that temp you brought in for a while. When this one isn't putting out she's going to need some pretty intensive training. She's going to have to be able to do more around here than fuck and suck cocks."

Dupree laughed again and said, "I can see that there ain't going to be much work getting done in your office for a while. Lucky bastard!"

I thanked him for sending her to me and then hung up.

As expected, the tears were streaming down her cheeks and falling onto my thigh. I love the way it feels. I love what it says about what's going through her mind. Knowing how much she hates this makes my dick twice as hard. I reached down and rearranged her slightly, pulling her sexy little ass a little closer. I stuck my finger into her juicy pussy a couple of times. Then I forced it between the cheeks of her cute little ass and began working it into her tight little asshole.

She cried out at the humiliating invasion but I held her head in place when she tried to lift her mouth off my cock to complain. She surrendered instantly. She tried to ignore my finger and concentrate on the mouthful of cock she's struggling with. I fucked her ass with my finger for a minute and then left it buried past the second knuckle. I started telling her how to give me a good blowjob. She needs all the training I can give her.

In one respect she's going to get off easy this time. I'm not going to be able to last for more than a few minutes. I'm divorced, as you might expect. I have been for quite a while. No decent woman is going to put up with my shit for long. It's probably been close to a month since I've had a piece of ass. As if that weren't enough of an excuse for not lasting very long I'm pretty much raping this sweet cunt and the sight of her crying face moving up and down on the first black cock she's ever seen is a wet dream come true.

That this won't last long is the upside for her. The downside is that my big balls are full. As turned on as I am right now I might just drown the poor bitch! I just hope I scared her enough that she manages to swallow it all and keep it down. I really hate it when a broad spits out my cum.

After about ten minutes I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. I told her to start using her hand on the half of my cock she can't get in her mouth and I warned her again about what I'd do if she made a fucking mess. Hopefully she ain't going to puke all over me. That would really kill the romance of the moment.

I sat back then and just watched for another few minutes. Just before I blew I warned her it was coming. Then I pulled my finger out of her ass, reached out and gripped her neck. I held on tight while I shot a huge load in her mouth.

She nearly lost it despite all my threats. She gagged and choked and tried to pull away. But she didn't have a chance. I held on tight and held her mouth down on my cock until my orgasm slowly receded. I let her up when my cock finally started to go soft and watched as she struggled to swallow and not lose her breakfast. There were twin ropes of cum running out of her nostrils but except for that I guess she did alright. At least she didn't puke. I decided to skip the spanking this time.

I took a tissue from my desk and wiped her nose and upper lip. She stared straight ahead with a kind of blank look in her eyes until I pried her jaw open. Then I had to try not to laugh at the shock I saw on her face when I forced the dirty tissue between her lips. I closed her mouth and watched the sick look on her face as she eventually came to understand what I have in mind.

I smiled and said, “Not bad, bitch. I didn’t think you were going to be able to do it. You only missed a little bit. You swallow that and I won’t have to take my belt to your ass.”

She still looks like she might get sick. But she chewed lethargically for a minute and then gulped the cum filled tissue down. I patted her on the head and then pointed out a few stray drops of cum on my dick and my balls.

She moaned again. But she leaned back down and licked my cock and balls clean. When I was satisfied, I lifted her head and stuck my finger in her mouth, the finger that only a minute ago was buried in her ass. She glanced up at me, her eyes full of despair. But she obediently began to suck on it until I pulled it free.

She stared down at the floor despondently and whispered, “Can I get dressed now?”

I chuckled and said, “Shit, girl! We’re just getting started! Stand up.”

She mumbled, “Oh god!”

But she stood up and waited in place for my next command. She gave every indication that she hated what I just made her do. And I suppose she did. But I looked down and almost laughed out loud. Her pussy juice has been oozing out of her and is now smeared all around the first inch or two of the insides of her thighs. She may very well hate me and what I’m making her do, but you’ll never convince me that this isn’t turning her on. I’m touching a nerve somewhere deep inside of her that no one ever touched before. I don’t doubt that I’m going to touch more of them when I finally drive my cock into that tight little hole.

But first I’ve got to taste this juicy little bitch. I’m willing to bet that once I get my tongue in there it won’t be long before that temp girl sitting on the other side of my office door learns just what’s taking me so long to interview Riley.

I stood up and turned to face Riley. I moved closer until my semi-erect cock was pressed against her belly. The head of my cock reached nearly to the sexy valley between her little tits. I’m nearly two feet taller than her so of course that’s no indication of how far it’s going to penetrate when I finally get around to fucking her. But I can see by the worried look on her face that she’s concerned.

I turned back to my desk and moved a few things around to make room for her. Then I picked her slender body up and sat her cute little ass down on my desk. It required almost no effort at all. She’s almost weightless. If she weighs over a hundred pounds it isn’t by much. She sat there looking like a naked little kewpie doll. Her soft, shoulder length blonde hair isn’t quite as neat as it was when she entered my office. But it still frames her face looking soft and touchable.

For the first time I reached out and cupped one of her breasts in my hand. She looks very youthful and her small tits only add to the effect. I’m normally a fan of large tits, especially when they bulge up out of woman’s top and wobble when she walks. I love the way big tits reach out, grab my eyes and scream “LOOK AT ME!”

These little tits have something different to say. They say “I’m a young girl. I’m virginal. You shouldn’t be looking at me. You shouldn’t be touching me.”

That and the look of despair in her eyes make her irresistible. Even at this point she could have stopped this, although to be fair I may not have made that entirely clear to her. She need only get up, grab her clothing and leave. I've been telling her what to do but except for holding her mouth down on my cock when I climaxed I've never forced her. I made it clear that if she didn't surrender she wouldn't get the job. But in my defense, she isn't qualified for the job and it would never have been offered to her if she didn't make my dick so hard.

Now, as my fingers moved over her soft, firm, pert, perfectly formed little tits and her incredibly hard nipples I find that suddenly I'm a fan of small tits. There is one drawback. I won't be able to fuck those tiny tits and spray a load of cum all over her pretty face. But hell, I'd rather stick my dick in her mouth and make her swallow it. I love how much she hates that.

I ordered her to recline and while she was lying back on my desk I pulled my chair closer and sat down. I pushed her legs a little farther apart and leaned forward until her pussy was less than two feet from my face. I would have known she was aroused if I were blindfolded. I can smell the intoxicating aroma of her arousal! But I'm not blindfolded. I can see how red and swollen she is. I can see the juices oozing from her tight opening. I suppose that a case can be made for calling this rape. But no one will ever convince me that she isn't enjoying this. Perhaps not on a conscious level. But this little bitch is as turned on as I am right now.

I leaned forward and inhaled deeply. My cock has risen to full erection once more as I sit here staring at her tight opening. The aroma of her unwanted lust permeates the air around me and only adds to my anticipation. I leaned closer. A shiver ran through her as she became aware of my warm breath on the most sensitive part of her body.

I touched my lips to her opening and she jumped as though I'd pressed a hot poker against her. She stifled a cry and tried to press her legs together to protect her pussy. I looked across her flat stomach in amusement. Her eyes are pressed tightly shut. Her hands are balled up in tight fists as she waits for the inevitable oral rape to commence. Looking at her I was suddenly struck by the certain knowledge that this is going to be a new experience for her. More to rub it in than because I want to know I lifted my face away from her opening and asked, "Does your husband eat your cunt? Has anyone ever eaten your cunt?"

She groaned and responded in a pleading, whiny voice, "Why do you have to make it worse?! Why do you have to ask all these questions?!"

I started to reach for my belt but hers caught my eye. I reached down and picked it up instead. I gripped it about five or six inches from the end and smacked it down across her cunt.

She cried out in pain and fear. This time her cry was loud enough that anyone in my reception room must have heard it. She clasped her hands over her pussy and looked down between her tits at me in shock.

I glared at her and struck again, on her hands this time. She cried out again but didn't move her hands. I continued to glare angrily at her and growled, "Move your fucking hands!"

As she slowly moved her hands out of the way I said, "You don't question me. You don't ever question me. You do what I tell you to do when I tell you to do it and you answer any fucking question I ask you without hesitation. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir! I'm sorry, sir!"

After a brief silence I impatiently exclaimed, "Well?!"

Her head fell back down on the desk. Her eyes closed and she quietly responded, "No. He wants to. But I won't let him. He's tried. But it's too embarrassing. I don't want anyone's face ... there."

"You really are a stupid cunt, aren't you?! Hell! I'm doing you and your pansy husband a favor! You thought you were going to live your entire life without sucking cocks and without getting your pussy eaten? That poor pussy whipped bastard must be going through life with blue balls. But I suppose if he's pansy enough to let you get away with this shit he has it coming. Do you even know what a frigid cunt you are?"

When she didn't respond I brought the belt up to smack her cunt again. Her eyes were closed but she must have sensed what I was about to do. Her eyes opened and she lifted her head to look down her body at me. Seeing the belt about to strike she cried out, "No! No I..."

She collapsed back down onto my desk and quietly sobbed, "Yes. Yes, I do know. But I..."

When she didn't finish the thought I prompted, "You what?"

"I can't help it. I don't like sex! It's ... it's dirty and demeaning!"

"Bullshit! You like sex well enough. Your fucking pussy is running like a faucet. You just enjoyed one hell of an orgasm. You can deny it until you're blue in the face. But you have some kinky fantasies that you've been keeping hidden from everyone. It ain't that you don't like sex. I think you just don't like sex with your pansy husband. What you need is a real man. I'm going to prove that to you."

I put her belt down beside her in case I feel like using it again. Then I leaned back down between her thighs. Before I started eating her cunt I said, "I want you to shave most of this fucking hair off tonight. Leave just enough to prove you're a natural blonde. If I'm not satisfied tomorrow I'll pull out the excess hair with a pair of pliers."

She moaned in despair but quietly answered, "Yes, sir."

I buried my nose in her soft, blonde pubic hair then and set about showing her what she's been missing. Watching her reaction was both amusing and extremely arousing. The concept of oral sex may be distasteful to her but she sure as hell enjoys the reality!

I've eaten my share of pussy over the years. I've loved it from the very first time I tried it. I love to watch a woman dancing around on the tip of my tongue and hear her crying out as her lust builds and her need overcomes her inhibitions. I find it particularly exciting with Riley. Her tight, lightly used pussy excites me. Looking across her flat belly at those two small mounds standing erect on her chest like two small, feminine mountains only heightens my excitement. But listening to her barriers being torn down as my tongue invades her body; watching her succumb to her passion involuntarily and knowing that later, when she thinks about how it wasn't her husband but a black man more than twice

her age who did this to her, it's going to bother her so much. There's no question in my mind, due in large part to the turmoil warping her little mind at the moment, this has to be the most exciting sex I've had since my first piece of ass!

I used every trick I've ever learned, licking and sucking her swollen clit and driving my long tongue deep inside of her while my hands move up and cup her tits and my thumbs and fingers tease her steel hard nipples. Her moans of unwanted pleasure became cries of encouragement. Louder and louder, she quickly reached the point of being totally out of control; probably for the first time in her fucking life. She has no idea that her passionate cries must surely be escaping the room and entertaining anyone in my outer office by now. She may not even be aware she's making all that damn noise!

I lost track of the orgasms she experienced before I couldn't take it any longer and stood up. She continued to lie there looking only about half conscious as I moved up between her legs and let my hard cock come to rest on her swollen slit. She moaned at the contact but didn't open her eyes. If she's aware that she's about to be penetrated by nine inches of thick, black cock she gives no indication of it.

I lifted her legs toward the ceiling. I let her calves rest on my shoulders. Inching closer I gently moved my hips, slowly sliding my cock back and forth through her juicy slit for a moment, watching her face for some sign that she's coming to her senses. I thought she must have recovered enough by now that she's aware of what I'm about to do to her. I have to admit that I'm a bit disappointed. I know I'll enjoy this more if her eyes are wide open. I really want to see the look of horror on her face when my cock first begins to invade her body.

I thought about waiting. I want to get the full effect of watching the little redneck bitch freak out as she watches me plumb her depths with my black cock for the first time. But if I wait much longer my next orgasm is going to shoot ropes of cum across her belly and her tits. That isn't where I want my cum.

Just as I pulled back to line the head of my cock up with her pussy I was distracted by something. I saw motion in my peripheral vision and turned my head. Two of the groundskeepers are standing about ten feet back from my windows watching me prepare to fuck Riley.

When my gaze met theirs they nearly panicked. But they calmed down when I smiled and waved them closer. I don't mind an audience. In fact, in this case, with this woman, it turns me on even more.

I waited until the two men were standing right in front of the large sheet of glass that comprises a large part of my office wall. They were standing no more than twenty feet away from my desk when I reached out and patted Riley on the cheek. Her eyes finally opened and I watched as she slowly came around. She looked at me and looked down at my cock, wedged against her opening and about to enter her body. I finally got to see the reaction of horror I was hoping for. But then I said, "Riley, look out the window to your right."

She was already getting so accustomed to taking orders that instead of pitching a fit and begging me not to put my cock in her she turned to look. She saw the two men and screamed just as I drove my hips forward and plunged my cock halfway into her tight cunt.



I've probably fucked close to two dozen women in the last twenty-five years. But I swear I've never felt a pussy as tight as hers. It clamped down on me like a vise and nearly squeezed the cum right out of me!

I paused there to savor the sensations of her superheated pussy gripping my cock. She forgot all about my cock for the moment. She turned her head back, covered her face with her hands and cried, "Make them go away!"

I laughed and said, "Fuck that! It turns me on to know they're watching. Put your hands down, bitch."

She didn't move. Rather than yell at her I reached down and picked up her belt. I gripped it just like I did earlier and brought it down smartly across her left tit, striking her right across the nipple.

She screamed in pain and her hands immediately moved from her face to cover her tit and protect it from the belt. Her right tit, however, remained uncovered. Before she could react I slapped her exposed right tit across the nipple, enjoying both the satisfying sound of imitation leather striking flesh and her sharp cry of pain.

She covered both tits and looked up at me. I could feel the helplessness I saw on her face all the way to my balls!

I snarled, "I told you to put your fucking hands down!"

She hesitantly uncovered her tits and let her hands fall slowly away until they rested on my desk at her sides. I smiled and said, "Now turn your head and look out the window like you were told."

She looked up at me for a moment. She wants to ask me why I'm doing this to her. It's written on her face plain as day. But she finally gave in and turned her head back toward the window. She lay there with half of my black cock buried in her tight pussy and her tits exposed while she looked through the glass at the two horny men watching her surrender her young body to her new boss.

There are half a dozen men charged with building maintenance and keeping the grounds in shape. I don't know any of them by name. I've never spoken to them and have no desire to. They do a good enough job, I suppose, but I appreciate them more than ever now. At the moment they're adding immeasurably to what I'm doing by their very presence.

The older of the two, the black man, is the supervisor. He's enjoying the show so much that he has begun to rub his cock through his pants. His younger white subordinate doesn't seem to have any objections to watching a pretty little white girl getting pronged by a large black man, either. Even though it has to be obvious even from out there that she's doing this against her will.

Looking at the lust on their faces as they watch our little sex show is as stimulating for me as it is horrific for Riley. Or at least that's what I thought at first. I began to wonder before long, though. I slowly slid my cock the rest of the way into her, watching her tense up and listening to her moans as her pussy is stretched more than it has ever been before. I pulled my cock almost all the way out and slammed it all the way back into her in one rapid stroke this time. She gasped and tensed up. I repeated the motion and she whispered, "Oh Jesus!"

I expected her to lie there and hate every moment of this. But I had only just begun to stroke my cock into her when she started muttering to herself, “Oh my god! This can’t be happening! Oh no!”

She continued to stare into the eyes of the two groundskeepers but her hips began to move as I fucked her and her cries became louder and less intelligible as I picked up the pace. Her movements became so violent that I had to wrap my arms around her thighs to hold her in position!

I’ll be a son of bitch! The stupid cunt is getting off on this!!

Even as horny as I am I wasn’t halfway to an orgasm before I felt her cunt grip my cock like a tight fist and she started crying out as she was racked by one giant climax after another. I smiled and thought, “The dumb cunt is gonna hate herself in the morning!”

I fucked her harder and harder for the next five minutes or so. I enjoyed the hell out of the sight of her little tits moving violently on her chest with every stroke. They wobbled around like cherry topped mounds of vanilla pudding until I tensed up and sprayed her guts with what felt like a cup of hot cum. She had stopped cumming by the time I climaxed. Her cries had faded to quiet moans. She continued to stare at the two men outside and grunt with every stroke of my cock.

I remained in place, panting and sweating from all the exertion. I enjoyed the feel of my cock slowly going soft, still buried deep inside of her. A minute or two passed before I let my cock slip from her tight little body. When I felt strong enough I picked her up off the desk and stood her on her feet. She’s a mess. Her pussy still looks like a tight little line drawn down across her mound, though it’s a darker red now and appears to be even more swollen than before. Now her well fucked pussy is also beginning to ooze cum. It’s mixing with the small sea of her own juices and the two fluids seem to be combining to make that entire area of her body glisten.

She stood where I put her with tears running down her cheeks again. She's all but overwhelmed by the realization of what she has just done. I reveled in her humiliation for a moment before I used a handful of her hair to guide her pouty lips to my semi-erect cock. I didn't even have to give the command! She knew what I wanted from her and there was no fight left in her. She started lapping up the slimy residue of our fuck from my cock and then, under the guidance of my hand and a fistful of her, she lapped my balls clean, too.

I have a pretty good idea what's going on in her head. But even so, I'd give anything to be able to read her mind in that moment. She must still be totally aware of the audience, which I notice has just grown to three as another of the grounds crew came over to see what the other two were watching so intently.

She finished cleaning my crotch, but her humiliation isn't complete yet. I guided her face to the pool of our combined juices on the glass top covering my desk. She gagged once. But then she began to lap my desktop clean. While she was doing that I pushed her legs apart and used a couple of tissues to sop up the mess on her thighs and her freshly fucked cunt. I can tell by the way she tensed up that she knows damn well what I'm going to do with those tissues.

She finished cleaning my desk and straightened up. Only then did she become aware of the fact that there are now three strange men watching me humiliate her. Her sobbing increased. Her shoulders shook. But she turned to face me and when she saw the soiled tissues nearing her lips she opened her mouth without even bothering to plead with me.

## Chapter 2

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:23 PM

I think I'm having the most fun I've ever had with my pants off. I need time to recuperate but that doesn't mean the fun has to stop. I ordered Riley to go stand in front of the windows and let the men have a better look at her.

I thought for a second she was going to balk at last. She glanced down at her clothes for a few seconds. I thought she might decide to get dressed and leave. She was thinking about it. I would have been very disappointed but I wouldn't have stopped her.

I smiled, though, when she turned away from her clothing and walked over to the panel of glass where the men are standing. She stood right in front of the three men who for the last fifteen or twenty minutes have been ogling her through the ceiling to floor window. By the time I finished putting my clothes back on another of the grounds crew had come over to see what's going on. I can't hear what they're saying through the glass. But I can see them talking excitedly. The supervisor is apparently describing the sex show they just witnessed in great detail.

I noticed that not one of them seems bothered by the obvious fact that Riley is extremely upset and completely humiliated. It has to be obvious to them that she's doing the things she's doing here against her will. That fact apparently turns them on as much as it does me. If they have any regrets at all I imagine that they only regret that there's a thick pane of glass separating them.

I picked up the phone and called down to my brother in operations on the intercom. Riley can hear me on the phone. I saw her tense up. But she remained there and said not a word while four strange men stare at her stark naked, freshly fucked body and discussed her recent ... well, her recent rape. I guess I have to call it a rape. She never said no and really meant it. I told her she could leave. All she had to do was step back and she was free. But there was never any question that these things are all being done to her against her will.

When my brother answered I said, "Hey Carl, can you get away for a few minutes? I really need to see you in my office."

He doesn't like it when I call him and ask him to come to my office instead of getting off my ass and going to see him. He's the junior partner in the company but only because I took him in and made him one. He's a little self-conscious about it and he resents being summoned. Unfortunately for him, I don't care any more about his feelings than I do about anyone else's. But to smooth things over I said, "There's someone here I think you want to meet."

He sighed loudly and made certain I could hear the exasperation in his voice when he said, "Yeah. I guess so. I'll be there in a minute."

We hung up and I devoted my full attention to Riley. I leaned back in my chair, laced my fingers behind my head and said, "Spread your legs shoulder width apart."

There was a slight hesitation. But then she obeyed.

I smiled and asked, "Are your eyes open? Are you looking at them?"

I could only just barely hear her timid response when she said, "Yes, sir."

They probably weren't. Her eyes were probably closed when I asked. But they're open now. She's looking out at the four men who are enjoying her little show immensely.

"Tell me, Riley, do you masturbate?"

"NO!"

A brief pause and then, "I mean no, sir!"

"Have you ever?"

She wants to lie. She wants to tell me that she's never done it. But she finally answered, "A few times, before I got married."

"Do it now. Reach down and play with your pussy."

Mechanically, as if it were moving without her knowledge, her right arm moved down until her hand is resting above her pussy. Her small audience went a little bit crazy when she began to lightly tease her

swollen sex organ with her fingertips. I wouldn't exactly call what she's doing masturbating but it amuses the men outside and humiliates her so I let it go at that.

I watched her for moment longer before I asked, "How many men have fucked you besides your husband and me?"

"NONE! None, sir! I've only been with Brad ... and you."

I chuckled and said, "So this is the first time you've ever had a real cock inside you. Did you like it?"

I wondered how she was going to answer that. She can't deny she just had more orgasms than she can count and she was nearly unconscious by the time I finally blew my load in her hot little pussy.

She moaned in embarrassment and exclaimed, "What do you want me to say?! I had an orgasm! I had a lot of orgasms! I couldn't help myself! Is that what you want to hear? I still hate you! You're an awful man!"

If she's trying piss me off it isn't working. This is all too amusing. But I know a good way to rub her nose in it. I nonchalantly pointed out, "You can't blame me. I didn't make you do anything against your will. I told you right from the start that all you had to do was take a step back. I only did what you let me do. You're problem is that you like being told what to do but you can't fucking admit it. Not even to yourself. I'm just giving you what you want, you stupid cunt."

"That's not..."

She wants to deny it. She doesn't want to believe it's true. But she stopped, knowing I won't believe her. Or maybe she finally, reluctantly, is beginning to accept what I'm saying as the truth. I noticed, though, that she continued to stand in front of the glass and play with her pussy, even after being reminded that she can leave at any time. And she's still staring out through the glass watching the watchers watch her.

There was a soft tap on the door and it opened. Even as I greeted Carl I noted that Riley didn't move. She didn't turn to look or even stop slowly strumming her pussy. Carl came in and closed the door. He noticed Riley right away and came to a sudden stop after taking only a couple of steps.

His frown turned into a huge grin and he exclaimed, "What the hell, Seth?!"

I laughed and said, "Carl, meet my new secretary, Riley. I just hired her, for obvious reasons. I believe you know her husband. He works for you. Brad Orvis?"

He nodded.

I had to ask. "What's this Orvis like? Is he a pansy? According to her they hardly fuck at all."

Carl shrugged and replied, "Yeah. That's my impression. He isn't effeminate. It ain't like he's a cocksucker or anything. At least I don't think he is. But he's a bit of a doormat. He's a little guy so I guess he's used to getting pushed around.

"How did this come about?! Damn! You bonin' the bitch already?!"

“Yeah. She came in here with some kind of sob story about being desperate for a job and offered to do anything. She isn’t really qualified. But I was in a good mood so I took her up on her offer. You want some? She’s got hardly any tits and she needs a lot of practice sucking cock. But she’s got a real tight cunt. Her husband must be hung like a mouse.”

He chuckled and asked, “Have those guys been out there all along?”

“It started with just two of them but their friends keep dropping by to see what’s going on and they can’t seem to get enough. You don’t mind having an audience do you?”

Carl chuckled and said, “I’m guessing she really hates that. You say she sucks at sucking and needs more practice huh? I can help with that.”

He walked over to Riley and turned her to face him. He looked her over, shook his head and said, “You weren’t kidding about her tits! What was she wearing, a training bra?!”

“That would have been sexier than the underwear she had on when she came in here. She says she has A cups and the label on her bra backs her up. But I doubt if it fits her all that tight.”

Carl teased one of her nipples for a moment. They’re standing very near the glass wall. Carl was careful to provide her audience with a good view of her body as he explored it; probably as much for their amusement as his own.

Riley stood there just as docile as can be, offering absolutely no resistance as yet another man she has never seen before prepares to fuck her.

Carl worked a couple of fingers into her freshly fucked pussy. He finger fucked her for about thirty seconds before pulling his fingers out and curling his lip in disgust. He stared down at his fingers and exclaimed, “Aw Christ, man! She’s nasty!”

I laughed and asked, “What the fuck did you expect?! You know you’re getting seconds! Shit! I thought I was doing you a favor. If you don’t wanna fuck her then go on back to work.”

He shook his head and stuck his fingers in her mouth. She gagged but he raised his other hand as if he was going to slap her and she settled down. She’s going to have to be careful with Carl. He isn’t nearly as nice or as patient as I am.

She sucked his fingers clean and continued sucking on them until he pulled them out of her mouth and said, “Pull my pants down. I’m curious to see just how bad you are at sucking cock before I fuck you.”

I saw her shoulders shaking and realized she’s still crying quietly, or she’s started again. But there doesn’t seem to be any resistance in her. She reached out listlessly and after struggling with it for a moment she unfastened his belt, unbuttoned his pants and pulled his zipper down. She slid his pants down to his knees and then pinched a little bit of material just under the waistband on both sides of his boxer shorts and slid them down, too.

This isn’t the first time my brother and I have shared some dumb cunt. I know what his cock looks like when it’s hard. It isn’t anywhere near as fat as mine. But it’s almost an inch longer. I know because we got to arguing about it when we were much younger and more than a little drunk. We ended up measuring them. I was more than a little pissed when he proved that his cock is almost ten inches long,

almost a full inch longer than mine. But I consoled myself with the knowledge that mine is much fatter. After all, I've always heard that girth is more important than length.

Riley didn't seem to react to the sight of his hard cock. Or at least if she did I couldn't see it from where I'm sitting. I can't see her face because Carl has her turned so that the guys outside can enjoy the show.

She stared at his cock for a long moment before he snarled, "What the hell are you waiting for, a written invitation?! On your knees, bitch!"

She glanced at the four men who, if the glass weren't there, could have reached out and touched her naked body. But then she sagged to her knees in surrender. She leaned forward and opened her mouth, preparing to wrap her lips around his cock. But he wasn't through playing with her. He popped her on the top of her head and exclaimed, "Not yet, stupid! Haven't you ever heard of foreplay?! You really aren't too bright, are you?!"

I didn't have to see her face to picture the confused look I knew must be on her face at that moment. She has no idea what he wants from her.

He looked over at me and asked, "Didn't you teach her anything?"

To her he said, "My nuts need some attention, too. Kiss them for a minute, nuzzle them, let them know how much you like them. Then lick them. Lick them all over and then carefully take each one into your mouth and massage it with your tongue. Then you do the same thing to my cock. Kiss it and lick it all over. Once you get me in the mood you can take it into your cunt mouth and start sucking like a good little sex slave."

She didn't even react to being called a sex slave! She took a deep breath and leaned forward again. The guys outside went nuts when she started kissing Carl's balls. The supervisor even pulled his cock out and started beating off. His three subordinates made room for him. They weren't quite that uninhibited and they wanted to make certain they were out of the line of fire when he got his nut.

I suddenly remembered I have a small digital camera in my desk. I took it out of the back of the drawer, got up and approached the strange but amusing coupling taking place just inches from the glass wall of my office. I know Carl won't mind as long as I don't get his face in the picture. I made certain to include the men outside in the shot, though. I took a dozen pictures of the "foreplay" and then a few more while Riley sucked his cock.

She looked right at me with a pleading look in her eyes. The stupid little cunt is making my dick hard again and that look in her eyes only speeds it along.

Carl didn't cum in her mouth. He fucked her face for a few minutes in his typical fashion; he wasn't gentle. I'm more than a little worried that she's going to puke all over the place with all that gagging she's doing at the end of every cruel stroke of my brother's slightly longer cock but by the time he got tired of slamming his cock against the back of her throat and pulled it out of her mouth her gag reflex had pretty much given up. Maybe he did me a favor.

He stepped back and pulled her to her feet. He turned her to face the glass and bent her over. He pushed her feet a little farther apart and slid his cock into the space between her legs. She put her hands on the

glass for support and I got a dozen more good pictures when he lined his cock up and slammed it into her.

The guys outside are really amused by this new pose. I guess they like the looking at the despair on her pretty face and the sight of her little tits swaying violently with every cruel stroke. I got right up against the wall and took a few good pictures of her face with her eyes open and staring at the four men outside. She seems to be staring at the supervisor's cock. He's still beating off, the end of his large cock only inches from her face now.

She grunted with every brutal stroke of my brother's cock but she hardly seemed to notice when he began slapping her ass after every few strokes. Or at least it didn't look like she was aware of it. For the first few minutes I had the impression that this entire situation is driving her right out of her mind. And maybe it is. Just not the way I thought. I heard her breathing begin to change and she has started to moan loudly. When I moved to get another picture of her face I saw a change in her expression. I had to smile. The horny little slut is going to cum again!

About a minute later the guy outside who has been unashamedly beating his meat sprayed his cum on the glass in front of her face. Her head jerked back but a split second later she cried out and succumbed to the first of another long string of orgasms. I captured it all on my digital camera but I couldn't help thinking it's a shame I don't have a movie camera.

Just before my brother filled her little cunt with another load he asked, "How about if I bust in that cherry ass for you, bro?"

"I may let you later. Not yet, though. Let her worry about it for a while. Now hurry up. Watching you bone the bitch has given me another hard on."

Riley was still climaxing when Carl shot his load deep inside of her. He pulled his cock out after a few seconds and I handed him the camera. I said, "After she cleans your nasty cock, I want lots of pictures."

She still didn't react. Not until Carl suggested, "We oughta get her husband in here to take the pictures."

I can't tell if he's kidding or not but I'm surprised at how much that mental image turns me on. She doesn't think much of the idea, though. She started to plead with us not to do that but she only got a few words out before Carl turned her so that her right side was to the glass and stuffed his semi-soft, very slimy cock into her mouth. I quickly shoved my pants and underwear back down and drove my hard cock into her with so much force I lifted her feet right up off the floor!

She nearly choked on Carl's cock. She reached up and held onto his hips for support and struggled to suck his cock while I pounded mine into her from behind. Carl laughed and exclaimed, "Shit! If my dick wasn't so soft when you did that I think it would have slid right down her fucking throat!"

I'm almost fifty years old now. It's been a long damn time since I had more than one or two orgasms in one session. But there's no question in my mind that I'm going to get my rocks off three times today. I can feel it building. It took a while. I must have fucked that tight little cunt for close to half an hour but



finally her pussy clamped down on me in the middle of one of her many orgasms and that was it for me. It may not have been as satisfying as the first two. But there's no such thing as a bad orgasm.

She still has her lips around Carl's cock. I don't know if she's sucking or not. That question was answered when I asked if I could borrow her mouth for a minute. He moaned and said, "Not quite yet. Give me another minute or two."

I waited with my cock still buried in her pussy until he grabbed her head and fed her another load of cum. I was amused to see that she didn't choke or gag this time. But this time he didn't try to ram his cock down her throat. That probably helped.

As soon as he pulled his dick out of her mouth I popped her on the butt and ordered her to turn around. She turned around like a mindless dick cleaning machine, took my cock in her mouth and sucked it clean. I had to tell her to clean my balls but she did a good job once I pointed it out to her.

Tears are still running down her cheeks. I have to wonder about that. If she hates this that much why is she having so fucking many orgasms?! The truth is, though, I don't really give a shit. I don't even care if she has orgasms. The important thing is that I get my nuts off in her tight, sexy little body.

I pushed her head away and stepped back. She fell to her knees, rolled over and then curled up on the floor in a tight little ball, crying like a fucking baby. Carl got half a dozen pictures of her like that and then he waved at the men outside to go back to work. We got dressed in satisfied silence except for her sobs and after he thanked me for calling him he went back to work.

I ordered Riley to get up and go into my bathroom to clean her nasty ass up. I pointed to the door to my bathroom and watched her struggle to her feet. She paused to look at her clothing on the floor by my desk but decided against going for them. I suspect she left her clothes on the floor because she wants to feel like she has no options here. Despite what I've said to her several times now she wants, or perhaps she needs to believe that it isn't really in her power to put a stop to this any time she wants.

Just before she closed the bathroom door I said, "Take a shower. You smell."

While she was doing that, I tossed everything but her shoes, skirt and her blouse into my trash can. She came back out, still looking like a traumatized rape victim but smelling much better. I called her over and when she was standing beside my chair I used a pen to place three dots in a small triangle over her pussy. I pointed them out to her and told her that if there's any pubic hair outside of that triangle tomorrow morning I'm going to pull it out with pliers.

She mumbled, "Yes, sir."

I let her put her blouse, skirt and shoes on. She saw her underwear in my trash can but didn't say anything. She looked at her vest when she had her blouse and skirt on and then she looked at me. I shrugged. What the hell, I can't see anything through that fucking blouse anyway. She slipped it on. When she was as dressed as she was going to get I stood up and unbuttoned the top three buttons on her blouse. She isn't blessed with a lot of cleavage. But with those additional buttons undone the inner curves of her little tits are now on display. While I was adjusting her blouse I said, "I'm going to take you shopping after work. Your clothes make me want to puke. You might want to call your husband during his lunch break and tell him you have a new job but that you'll be coming home late."

“Sir? I brought him to work this morning. I have the car. I’m supposed to drive him home.”

“Give me the keys. I’ll have Carl give them to him later.”

She dug her keys out of her purse and handed them to me. I put them on my desk intending to take care of that later. I led her out to my front office and informed the temp that my new secretary needs to be trained and that I intend to keep her on until that’s accomplished.

I noticed several reactions. She’s embarrassed enough when we came out of my office that I know she heard the sounds of sex coming from my office. That’s pretty amusing, or at least it is to me. I also noticed resentment. She obviously doesn’t have a very high opinion of Riley and resents having to train her. She nodded and in a strained voice responded, “Yes, sir,” but she didn’t look at me. She stood there glaring at Riley. I guess she doesn’t care much for the kind of slut who’ll spread her legs in order to get a job.

Before returning to my desk I said, “She apparently doesn’t know much and I’m assuming she’s as dumb as a red brick. Do whatever you have to do to get her trained.”

I turned to Riley and said, “Consider any order from her an order from me. If I get one complaint from her I’ll put you on the other side of the glass for a while.”

Tracy, the temp, had no idea what I was talking about. But Riley’s face turned white and she exclaimed, “Yes, sir! I’ll do whatever she says. I can learn, I promise.”

Tracy’s frown disappeared, replaced by a surprisingly evil grin when she saw the potential to have a little fun at Riley’s expense. I get the impression she’s suddenly looking forward to training Riley. Absolute power is a heady thing.

I returned to my desk but before I sat down I noticed Riley’s car keys. My curiosity got the best of me. I decided to go out to the plant floor and see if her husband is as big a pansy as I think he is. I picked up the keys and went out to the hallway that leads to the plant. Carl has a glass walled office just inside the large double doors that open onto the plant floor. I went in, entered his office and shut his door. With the door closed it’s just enough quieter that we can talk. I’m sure glad I don’t have to spend much time here. The noise would drive me nuts!

I handed Riley’s keys to Carl and asked him to give them to Brad. Then I asked him to point the kid out to me. He got up and pointed to a kid working a piece of equipment out on the floor. Just like his wife the fucking kid doesn’t look any older than sixteen! I doubt if he weighs more than a hundred and twenty pounds! It doesn’t look like there’s a muscle on him. I found myself wondering if he even has any pubic hair yet!

Carl smirked and said, “The other guys pick on him a lot. If I didn’t know he’s married I’d swear he’s a fairy. He never responds. He never defends himself. More than once I thought he was going to cry. He don’t have any balls as far as I can tell and I don’t get the impression he’s blessed in the brain department, either. He does a good enough job, I suppose. Thankfully, operating most of those machines doesn’t require a high IQ. But I wouldn’t be surprised if someone were to tell me his hobby was hunting for glory holes.”

I laughed and said, "He is a cute little thing. If his wife hadn't drained my balls I might let him suck me off. It might do him some good. He's obviously low on testosterone."

Carl looked around at the glass walls of his office and said, "Now you got me to thinking. I might have to requisition some blinds so I can have a little privacy every now and then. Since you won't let me fuck his wife's ass..."

I laughed and said, "Looking at him I have to say I doubt if you'd be the first to fuck that cute little ass!"

I know Carl's kidding about fucking Riley's husband. Or at least I'm pretty sure he is. But walking back to my office I got to thinking again about making the little fagot watch me put the meat to his wife. I wonder what he'd do.

I was just about to enter my outer office when I heard Tracy yelling at Riley. I couldn't understand everything she was saying. But the gist of it is that our word processing software is apparently more difficult than Riley anticipated.

I opened the door and stepped inside. Tracy stopped yelling and turned to see if she was in trouble. With a stern look on my face I suggested, "If you think it would help I can take a belt to her ass. I found it helpful a little while ago."

Riley couldn't have gotten any redder. Tracy, on the other hand, is obviously intrigued. She smiled and said, "It may just be necessary. You were right about her not being too bright. It's obvious she's one of those girls who've been getting by on her looks all her life. Is that what life is like for you, Riley? You bat your pretty eyes and the world gives you whatever you want?"

I shrugged and said, "Just say the word. I don't mind. In fact, I kind of enjoyed it."

I started to continue on toward my office when Tracy quietly asked, "Are you serious?"

I smiled and nodded.

"I'd kind of like to see that."

It's almost lunch time. I've already killed the entire morning. I might as well finish it off. I ordered both of them into my office and followed them. After closing my door I grabbed Riley by the upper arm and pulled her across to my desk. I ordered her to take off her belt and bend over my desk.

I was amused by the hopelessness in her voice when she whispered, "Please don't do this. I don't deserve this."

"That seems to be a matter of opinion. Now take off your belt. Or would you rather I use mine?"

She glanced at my thick leather belt and removed hers. She handed it to me. Just like that she surrendered again. She certainly gives up easily! She leaned over the front of my desk as ordered.

I kicked her legs apart about shoulder width. Then I reached down and lifted her skirt up over her back, baring her from the waist down. Tracy gasped and quietly exclaimed, "Oh my!"

I turned to look at her and knew I was looking into the eyes of a kindred spirit. She's getting turned on by this. And she isn't stupid. She knows damn well Riley is doing all this shit against her will. Tracy isn't nearly as prim and proper as she has led me to believe!

I wrapped the buckle end of Riley's belt around my hand and gave her six good licks with it. I took my time, giving her time to recover after each stroke. She cried out in pain and twitched around each time I lashed her with her thin, fake leather belt. But she didn't ask me to stop and she made no effort to stand up or protect her cute little ass.

By the time I finished it looked like Tracy was on the verge of an orgasm! I'm starting to think it might be amusing to include her in some of the fun and games I have planned for Riley. Tracy is in her early thirties. She isn't exactly pretty, or at least she isn't model pretty. But she isn't bad looking and she has a very nice body. Unlike Riley, she seems just a tad muscular for a woman. Not like one of those body builders. But it looks like she works out. And now, for the first time since she came to work here, I can see that she has a dirty mind. I like that in a woman.

I don't know if she's married. I don't know if she's gay or bi or just enjoying the opportunity to torment another woman. I don't really have anything to base it on but I suspect she's one of those girls who've been picked on all through school because she wasn't as pretty as the cool girls and she probably has a shitty personality. She might enjoy an opportunity to get a little payback. I'll have to have a nice long conversation with her and find out a little more about her.

I didn't bother to chastise Riley for her poor performance. The spanking was a sham and all three of us are well aware of it. But it was a pleasant and erotic interlude for Tracy and me and I suspect for Riley, too. Not that she'd ever admit it.

I'm tempted to stick my dick in Riley again. That beautiful ass is almost irresistible. But even if I could get it up again I doubt if I could climax, not for another hour or two. I gave Riley's belt back to her and sent them out so I can finally get a little of my work done.

I worked through most of my lunch hour. That isn't unusual. But I literally fucked around almost all morning. As a result, I have a lot of work to catch up on. I did take a little time to look up the address of a store I went to with a slut I hooked up with a few times three or four years ago. I haven't been back there since then and I want to make certain they're still in business. It's the kind of place you shop for clothes if you're a hooker, a stripper, or just a blatant exhibitionist. They sell the kinds of clothes Riley's going to be wearing from now on. She just doesn't realize it yet.

The place is called Flaunt It!. The owner is an old retired Marine Sergeant who obviously has a very dirty mind. I spent a little time talking to him when I was in there. It was all too obvious what he thinks of the women who shop in his store. Not much. But he's proud of the fact that he fucks a lot of them. The day I was in there he pointed out several reasonably attractive women he's had sex with in exchange for a break on the cost of their clothes.

The rest of the workday was more normal. I sent Riley to personnel to fill out all the paperwork in the mid afternoon. Right in front of Tracy I made it clear that she was to thank Dupree adequately for letting her interview with me for the job. She understood what I meant and quietly replied, "Yes, sir."

She isn't too happy about some aspects of her new job. But it may not seem quite as bad when she finds out she'll be making nearly twice what her husband is. She said they were desperate. Her new salary should provide them with some breathing room and provide her with some incentive.

Just before quitting time I called Tracy into my office and asked her to sit down. I asked her how Riley is doing.

She shrugged. But then she smiled and said, "The spanking may have helped. I guess she's coming along ... slowly."

"You don't like her much, do you?"

She looked at me for a long time before she said, "I don't like what she represents; girls who go through life skating just because they're pretty and have a nice smile. I've had to deal with them since I was a little girl. They think they're better than me because they're pretty and cool and daddy buys them all the nicest clothes."

She hesitated for a moment and added, "She got this job because she's pretty. Hell! I have a better body than she does! And I'm sure as hell better qualified!"

I mentioned a relevant point which she seems to have overlooked; she never applied for the job. She sighed and said, "I signed a six month contract with the temp firm. I can't apply for another job for two more months, or at least not with any of the firms they line up for me."

I didn't bother to tell her that I wasn't even going to interview Riley. I only decided to talk to her in order to amuse myself after deciding that none of the other candidates were really what I was looking for. But I can't deny that Riley's skills aren't what got her the job. She's young and cute. But more importantly, I saw something in her eyes that made me almost certain that she's a submissive. I quickly discovered I was right and I find that particular character flaw irresistible when the character in question is that of a very pretty young woman.

I knew a guy once who was living with a girl like Riley. That's how I was able to recognize the distinctive look in her eyes. This was years ago. He enjoyed showing her off, humiliating her and abusing her for his own amusement and the amusement of his friends and acquaintances. Just like Riley, she acted like she hated the things he made her do. But she never refused an order. I was never certain if she was going along willingly with the things he made her do. To look at her face while he was putting her through her paces you'd swear she was performing at gunpoint. But she didn't leave him and after I met her several times he explained in a private conversation that she craved that sort of treatment. He swore it was the only way she could enjoy sex. The things he made her do were the only things that turned her on.

I was married at the time, married to a strong willed woman who was a control freak. Sex with my ex was great. But she had to be in control at all times. She had a lot of limits. That may be a part of the reason I was so fascinated by a woman who would do anything and everything she was ordered to do no matter how degrading.

Now Riley comes along. Even if I wasn't already horny from not getting laid in a few months there's no way I can pass up the opportunity to have a submissive of my own to play with. It turns me on even more that she's white, extremely attractive, and married to one of my employees.

I looked at her for a moment, wondering just how honest I could be with Tracy without making myself vulnerable. Finally I said, "It may very well take most of the remaining two months of your contract to train Riley. If you're interested, I'm pretty sure I can find a position here that you'd enjoy at the end of that time. Maybe even something with a future. In the meantime..."

This is where it could get tricky. After a lengthy pause I asked, "Have you noticed Riley is a submissive?"

She grinned and replied, "I got that impression when you bent her over your desk and lifted her skirt up over her ass. It was pretty obvious what you guys were doing to her in here this morning. I heard the sounds of a woman having orgasms even through your heavy door. I just figured she was putting out to get the job. I figured it might be something even kinkier than that when your brother joined you. But the clincher was when she stretched out across your desk and let you beat her with her own belt."

She obviously isn't offended by my treatment of Riley. I don't have anything specific in mind yet. But the kind of fun I intend to have with Riley will be easier to accomplish if Tracy is in on it. I nodded and asked, "Would you like to help. I don't really have any firm plans yet beyond dressing her like a slut and fucking the hell out of her. I don't know what your role will be. I haven't thought that far ahead. We can play it by ear if you're interested and see what happens."

"I'm more than interested. Payback is going to be a bitch."

Okay. I'll admit she sounds a bit warped. Riley never did a thing to her and she has no reason to hold a grudge. But she's no more warped than I am. I have a feeling this is going to work out just fine. Tracy went out to her desk to get ready to go home. I followed her a few minutes later and ordered Riley to follow me to my car.

Carl caught up to me on the way out and asked where we're going. When I told him he smiled and asked, "Mind if I tag along?"

I didn't mind at all. Riley isn't very happy about it but that's just a plus.

While I waiting for Carl to go to his car I noticed how uncomfortable Riley looks. When I asked her what was wrong she said, "I've never been out of my bedroom or bathroom without my underwear before. I feel naked."

I almost laughed out loud. She still doesn't seem to realize how little she'll be wearing from now on. My dick is starting to stir in my pants just from thinking about the expression on her face when she gets a look at the kinds of clothes she'll be wearing from the time we finish shopping at Flaunt It!.

Carl pulled up behind me and followed us to the store in his car. Flaunt It! is only a couple miles away. It's stuck in the corner of an old strip mall. But thanks to rush hour traffic and a fender bender tying things up it took me close to twenty minutes to get there. By the time I parked it was only ten minutes before six. The store closes at six o'clock according to the sign I saw hanging from the door when we entered.

The old Marine NCO approached and asked if he could help us. He obviously doesn't remember me but I didn't expect him to. I shrugged and said, "Looks like we're a bit late. I need to buy my new slut a few decent outfits but I didn't realize you close at six. I guess we'll have to come back tomorrow."

He looked Riley over, intrigued by her youth, her beauty and the fact that I called her my new slut. He grinned and said, "I ain't got no plans. There's a broad looking around over in the corner. If you wait until she leaves I'll lock up and I'm certain we'll be able to find something more attractive than that nun's outfit she's wearing."

I thanked him and told him we'd look around a little until his other customer leaves.

We skipped the lingerie sections. I may buy some later. It isn't that I don't appreciate the sight of a sexy woman in a lacy bra and tight little panty. I certainly do. But the plan is to humiliate Riley as much as possible both in public and in private because I learned today that doing so turns me on more than I ever imagined it would. I enjoyed watching her play with her pussy in front of the four groundskeepers ogling her through the glass wall in my office nearly as much as I enjoyed fucking her!

I knew we were shopping in the right place as soon as we stopped at the first rack of clothing on display. The rack contained several styles of blouses. But they all have one thing in common. They're all so sheer that I could have held a dozen of them up and read a newspaper through all twelve of them. My only regret is that I won't be there when Riley is explaining to her husband of less than six months why she has to go to work with her tits on display. That's going to be one hell of a conversation! And we're just getting started!

I wasn't halfway around the first circular rack of almost invisible tops before the owner locked the door and joined us. I introduced myself and my brother. We shook hands and then I informed him that Riley will answer to cunt or any other damn thing he wants to call her.

He laughed and asked us to call him Gunny. Then he added, "It's customers like you who make this job interesting. Is there something in particular I can help you with?"

I explained, "I just hired her to be my secretary. But I sure as hell don't want her coming to work dressed like that! I want about a dozen outfits that show her skinny ass and her little girl tits off. The more skin on display the happier I'll be. She's going to hate it. But that's at least half the fun."

He nodded and said, "I know what you mean. I've broken a few in over the years. Breakin' in a new bitch is even more fun than shootin' gooks and rag heads!"

I wouldn't know about that. The closest I've ever gotten to military service is when I watch an old war movie on television. I doubt if I was ten years old when they did away with the draft. I sure as hell wasn't going to volunteer to go somewhere and get shot at when I turned eighteen! That would have defeated the purpose since my goal was to get out of the once middleclass but rapidly declining neighborhood I lived in to avoid getting shot at by the drug dealers and gang members who were beginning to move in and run roughshod over everyone.

Okay. I'll admit that's a bit of hyperbole. We started out living in a neighborhood like that. But my parents made something of themselves and by the time I was in my early teens we were living fairly well in an upper middleclass neighborhood. I'm not sure why I do it but when I describe my childhood

to people I tend to stress my early childhood and avoid mentioning that we were pretty well off by the time I was in my teens. I think I may do that in order to put people on edge but psychology wasn't something at which I excelled in college. I don't really give it much thought, though.

I ordered Riley to strip. She probably wasn't expecting to have to do it right there in the middle of the store but she must have been expecting it to happen before we leave here this evening. She turned bright red when all three of us turned to watch her but she obediently removed her vest. I took it from her shaking fingers and she reached up and began to unbutton her blouse.

Gunny asked me how I got her trained so quickly. I explained what happened in my office this morning and how I interviewed her with absolutely no intention of hiring her. Then I told him about looking into her eyes and recognizing the meek, docile, helpless look of the natural submissive that's been bottled up inside of her just waiting for the right asshole to set it free. I watched her face as I explained about her submissive tendencies. She acted as if she wasn't listening but I can't help wondering what she thinks of my description of her. I recounted some of the highlights of Riley's day, all of which Gunny found as exciting as I did when they were taking place.

She finished undressing long before I finished the story of her day of discovery. She stood between Carl and me, holding her blouse and skirt in front of her and staring at the floor. I took her clothes from her hands and handed them to Carl. When her hands were free she tried to cover her tits and her pussy. She moaned softly but dropped her arms immediately when I ordered her to keep her arms at her sides.

Gunny shook his head and asked, "Are you sure she's twenty years old?! Shit! Except for that big ol' bush over her cunt she don't look any older than thirteen or fourteen! Look at them tiny tits! Don't you kinda feel like a child molester when you fuck her?"

I laughed and replied, "Yeah. But I don't mind. I kinda like young stuff."

"I know what ya mean. She does look pretty fucking hot, don't she? I wouldn't mind porking her."

"I'm pretty sure that can be arranged."

Gunny looked down at her feet and said, "I got a buddy that'll be happy to give you a good deal on some sexy high heels if you're interested. And if she's dressed like that when she tries them on I know he'll cut you some slack on the cost."

I told him I was interested and he promised to give me the address of the guy's shop before we leave. Then we got down to dressing my new slut.

Gunny said, "I like all the blouses on this rack. They're all as close to invisible as I can buy. But I'm especially fond of this one."

He slid a few hangars out of the way to make room and pulled out a sexy little number that looked more like a vest than a blouse. He handed it to Riley and told her to put it on. While she was taking it off the hangar and getting into he said, "It's called a bolero top. It'll cover her tits and not much else. But like all the other tops on this rack, it's so sheer that everyone'll ask 'why bother?' when they get a good look at her."



He wasn't kidding. The thing only went down to just below her tits, leaving her flat stomach totally exposed. But Gunny wasn't exaggerating about how sheer the damn thing is. The first thing that catches your eye isn't her stomach. I can see every freckle on her tits! It's totally inappropriate for the office and I love it.

He turned to a rack behind him and said, "This is the perfect skirt to go with it."

For a retired Marine gunnery sergeant the old fart has a pretty good eye for women and clothes. Riley stepped into the tiny skirt and pulled it up over her hips as far as she dared. I loved it! She's naked from just below her tits to about three or four inches below her navel! It rides so low on her hips that the tops of her hip bones are exposed in the front. If she didn't have such an angelic face she'd look like the sluttiest street walker you ever saw!

The bottom of the skirt only extends down to just below her crotch. I told her to turn around. When her back was to me I could see a couple inches of the top of her butt crack. Just what I had in mind!

Gunny punched me in the shoulder and exclaimed, "What did I tell ya?! Is that hot or is that hot! If looking at that don't give you a hard on then you better lie down somewhere and cover up with dirt 'cause you're fucking dead!"

Riley turned around. I couldn't help but be amused at the look on her face. She doesn't exactly look like a young lady for whom a generous benefactor is buying new clothes. She looks a lot more like she's on her way to the gallows. I love that look of despair!

I nodded and said, "That's one. Eleven to go."

Gunny asked, "Do you want more like that or would you like to see what else we can find?"

"Let's see what else you have. We can always come back to these."

He seems to be enjoying this as much as Carl and I are. I ordered Riley to remove her first new outfit. I took it from her and we followed Gunny just a few feet to another circular rack. This one contained dresses in several styles.

He picked up the same dress in four different colors and asked, "Which do you prefer?"

I selected red and he put the others back. He gave the red one to Riley and we watched her struggle into it. It was as tight as a too small condom on an oversized cock. But it looked a whole hell of a lot sexier. The sides are open all the way from her armpits to the bottom of the skirt. It's held together by a pair of long laces all the way down each side like a pair of sneakers. She zipped it up in the back and Gunny ordered her to hold her arms straight up over her head. He began to adjust the laces while he said, "You may have seen dresses like this on some celebrity or other on television. They wear them drawn as tight as possible. They look pretty hot that way. But that's all wrong. The trick is to keep the laces loose. Let me finish here and you'll see what I mean.

The material of the dress is stretched tight over Riley's body and it looks sexy as hell but Gunny quickly adjusted it, loosening up the laces on both sides. The material was able to contract, more than doubling the amount of exposed flesh on each side while still managing to emphasize her tits and her

ass. Once he tied the laces off, Gunny pointed out that it can be loosened even more. It's possible to loosen it enough that the base of her tit is exposed as well as a good bit of ass cheek.

At my urging he demonstrated. By the time he finished adjusting the laces there was a six inch gap between the front and back of the dress. I could see nearly half of her tit and nearly two inches of the cheeks of her ass. That's the look I was going for!

Gunny pointed out that the dress is less than an inch longer than the skirt she just tried on. It's highly unlikely that she'll be able to cover her pussy when she's seated.

That's certainly interesting. But I can't get over the way that dress looks when she's just standing there. It looks like she stood there naked and a vandal with a can of spray paint ran up and painted her front and rear.

"That's two."

From the same rack, Gunny pulled a black, lace trimmed dress and said, "This little number is a deep V-neck jumper. It's made to be worn with a blouse or something like that bolero top under it. My personal preference is just the dress or the dress with a pair of thigh highs. It's so short that there'll be an inch or two of naked thigh between the dress and the stockings. I've always liked that look."

Riley put it on. Gunny was right again! The narrow straps that went up over her shoulders and fastened to the back of the dress left most of her tits exposed. Only her nipples and a fraction of an inch of flesh on either side of them are covered. It's cut so low down the front that her navel is nearly exposed. He demonstrated that the dress is so loose that if she doesn't stand up straight and keep the pressure on the straps they begin to wander. They don't have to wander far before her nipples are exposed. As an added bonus, his hand easily slides inside and straight down to her pussy. It would be more convenient to reach up from underneath. But as far as I'm concerned there can never be too much access to a cunt.

"That's three."

Number four was a dress that looked like a pair of bib overall shorts. Except it's a dress, not shorts and it's made from silk, not denim. She put it on and Gunny demonstrated that if she wears it with the straps over her shoulder uncrossed in the back it leaves a lot more tit exposed.

We selected a dozen outfits before we got to the end of the first aisle. On the way back to the cash register we stopped and picked out a couple more of those tiny skirts in assorted colors and a few extra sheer blouses, including another of those bolero tops.

I laid everything on the counter and asked Gunny to dispose of the skirt and blouse Riley was wearing when we arrived. With that taken care of I said, "Now it's time to talk about a discount. What do you have in mind, Gunny?"

Riley is naked again. He looked her over and thought about it for a moment. Finally he said, "You've probably got close to three thousand dollars worth of clothes here, maybe more. A couple of those little dresses are close to five hundred each."

He saw the look on my face, chuckled and said, "Yeah. I know. They're outrageous. But they cost me too damn much, too. How does this sound? Let me get a blowjob now as sort of a down payment. And

let me have the bitch at my house on Sunday for ... let's say from noon to four. I won't mark her and I won't harm her. But I'm going to fuck the shit out of her and I'm going to invite a couple of friends to help. Us old dudes don't get lucky all that often. If that's okay with you I'll let you have this stuff for ... how does twelve hundred sound? And I'll throw in half a dozen pairs of thigh highs."

That sounded more than fair to me. I don't imagine he's losing money on the deal considering the markup on clothing. But he isn't going to make much. And besides, it ain't like I'm the one who's going to be sucking his cock. I smiled and said, "We can't do enough to thank our veterans, Gunny. You got yourself a deal."

While he was ringing everything up I wrote out an agreement on a plain piece of paper. When I was satisfied with the wording I said to Riley, "I've made it clear from shortly after you entered my office today that you were free to walk out at any time. That changes now. I want you to sign this statement. It will become a part of your employment contract. It says that you agree to work for me for a minimum of one year. If you quit before that time you'll be required to repay me for the clothes I'm buying you today and the shoes we're going to get tomorrow as well as any money I spend buying you clothing in the future."

Riley took the pen from my hand. She looked at me for only the briefest moment before she sighed in resignation and signed it without even reading it. I put it in my pocket and ordered her to go around behind the counter and get on her knees.

Gunny finished ringing up the sale and while I was running my credit card through the machine he stuffed everything in four large plastic bags. He reached under his counter and handed me a business card with the address of his friend's shoe store on it. Riley was already sucking Gunny's cock by the time we finished our transaction.

Carl and I looked around for a few minutes while Riley completed her part of the arrangement I made with Gunny. I saw more sexy, slutty outfits I'd like to see Riley in everywhere I looked. I guess we'll have to come back in a couple of weeks.

It took my new secretary fifteen or twenty minutes to suck the juice out of Gunny. When she finished he wrote out his address on a piece of scrap paper and told her to be there at noon on Sunday. She nodded and came out from behind the counter. Carl and I each grabbed a bag leaving two bags for Riley to carry. We started to leave when Riley exclaimed, "Sir! I'm naked!"

I had to laugh. I've gotten so accustomed to seeing her that way I forgot that she can't go outside like that. I looked in the bag I was carrying and pulled out one of the bolero tops and an impossibly short miniskirt.

She put them on and grabbed the two remaining bags. We thanked Gunny for helping us out. By that I mean Carl and I thanked him. Riley doesn't seem to be as happy about her new wardrobe as we are. I promised to come back in a couple of weeks for more. I had no trouble believing him when he said he was looking forward to it.

Gunny unlocked the door and let us out. Then he stood there and watched Riley struggle along behind us in that short skirt. We put the bags in my trunk and Carl asked, "You taking her home now?"

“Yeah. I thought about taking her out somewhere for a while first. But I’m getting tired. I think I’ll drive her home, park in front of her house and get a blowjob, and then go home and have a strong drink.”

Carl looked at his watch and said, “Fuck it! I’m already in trouble with the ol’ lady. Do you mind if I get another nut before you go?”

I chuckled and said, “You deserve it after putting up with that cold bitch for all these years.”

## Chapter 3

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:24 PM

I waited in my car while Riley sucked Carl off in the front seat of his car. She climbed into the front seat of my car twenty minutes later. I smiled when I saw what happens to her new skirt when she sits down. It isn’t even really a skirt when she’s seated. Suddenly it isn’t much more than a wide belt! Perfect!

I have a general idea where she lives. I drove until I was close and then let her give me directions. When we turned onto her street she pleaded, “Please, sir. Please don’t make me do this in front of my house. Can’t you pull over here?”

It’s already dark. It’s after eight and there aren’t any people around. It’s unlikely anyone will notice no matter where we do it. But the idea of making her do it while parked in front of her house while her husband is inside waiting anxiously for her to come home appeals to me so I ignored her pleas and drove down the street, pulling over to the curb right in front of her house.

She glanced at her house. The porch lights are on, as are lights throughout the house. Poor old Brad must be worried about his cute little bride. Either that or he’s afraid of the dark.

I unfastened my pants and freed my cock. I ordered her to pull her top up over her tits and kneel on the seat. Of course she realizes how exposed she’ll be in that position. She glanced around quickly and groaned in dismay. But even as she made it abundantly clear how much she hates what I’m making her do she obeyed.

I grabbed one of her little tits and played with it while she sucked me off. I didn’t watch her, though. I watched her house, hoping for some sign that her husband is looking out a window and wondering who’s in the car parked in front of his house.

It took her a long time to get me off. It’s been an entertaining evening but I’ve already enjoyed an incredible number of orgasms today. I probably lasted half an hour. She was exhausted by the time I shot a little dab of cum in her mouth. I’m pretty tired myself and she did all the work. I started to order

her out of the car when I had a sudden inspiration. I asked her where in the house she thought her husband would be.

She didn't even have to think about it. She said, "Watching television in our sunroom in the back."

I glanced at the privacy fence and asked, "Is the gate locked, and do you have a dog?"

She closed her eyes and whispered, "Please don't do this" as if she were talking to herself. To me she said, "No. We don't lock it ... and there's no dog."

We got out and I helped her carry the bags to her front door. Then, while she was putting her new wardrobe inside the door I went through the gate and around to the rear corner of the house. I located Brad right where she said he'd be, sitting in the small sunroom watching television. His back is to me so I was able to slip around the corner of the house and hide behind a large bush near the sunroom. I was pleased to see that the windows are open for ventilation. I really want to hear Brad's reaction when he sees his bride in her new work clothes.

Almost as soon as I was in place behind the bush Riley stepped out into the sunroom. Brad looked up and exclaimed, "What the fuck?! Jesus, Riley! Where the ... I've been worried about you! What the fuck are you wearing?!"

She looked over his head, trying to spot me in the dark. I doubt if she can see me but she knows I'm out here watching and listening. She tried to steer the conversation to her new job and her salary. But Brad is more interested in why she's getting home at this late hour and, more than that, what the hell is she wearing?!!

I watched in amusement as she struggled to placate her husband. She explained that her boss hated her clothes and as a condition of her employment insisted on buying her a new wardrobe to wear to work. I'll have to remember to point out that those clothes aren't just for the office. She's to wear them exclusively now. From now on I don't want her wearing any of her old clothes and especially not her god awful underwear.

Brad may not be all that bright, at least according to my brother he isn't. But apparently he isn't so stupid he doesn't know that there's something not right here. Not just because her tits are prominently displayed and her pussy is only a fraction of an inch from being visible. Not just because I just bought her a bunch of slutty clothes to wear. Those things are undoubtedly a dead giveaway. But one of the first things Riley said to him when she entered the room finally sank in. Riley is now making twice what he is even though she will require weeks if not months of training before she'll be able to do the job for which she was hired. Then there's the fact that she came home from work almost four hours late with a guilty look on her face that made it clear she's hiding things from him.

Brad asked Riley to turn around. She tried to refuse but he insisted. She turned slowly in a complete circle. When she was facing him again he stared at her for a very long moment with a look of shocked disbelief on his face. Finally he asked, "Where are the rest of them?"

"In bags by the front door."

He said, "Don't move."

He walked around her and went into the house, returning a minute later with the four bags. He turned off the television and turned on a couple more lights. Then he started taking a few of her new dresses out of one of the bags. He held them up, looked at them, looked at her, then shook his head and quietly said, "Are you going to try to tell me you didn't fuck Williams for the job?"

Before she could decide how to respond he handed her one of the dresses and said, "Put this on. I want to see how it looks."

She shook her head and started to refuse but with more balls than we've been giving him credit for he ordered her to put it on. I get the impression she isn't used to being submissive to her husband. That's probably because this is the first time he's ever told her to do anything.

She groaned and took it from his hand. She turned and started for the door but he barked, "Stay right there! Put the damn dress on!"

She looked out through the windows. It's entirely possible that people in any one of five neighboring houses might be looking into their sunroom at this very moment. They both know it. But Riley gave in without another word. She removed her sheer top and the tiny skirt.

He laughed but it was an angry laugh. He shook his head and said, "I might have known. You won't even wear bikini panties for me. For your boss you go commando! You did fuck him, didn't you?"

"Brad ... please don't be mad! It wasn't like that."

"You didn't fuck him?!"

"It's hard to explain. I mean that. I really can't explain it. He ... he made me. He made me do things; terrible things I didn't want to do."

"Things? What things?"

"Brad, don't make me do this. You don't want to know. I did what I thought I had to do. It was awful. But..."

"But what?"

"But it ... it was more than that. It's hard to explain. I hated it. I hated every second of it. But..."

She shivered so violently I could see her entire body shake. She's still standing there naked with one of her slutty new dresses in her hand. At a loss for words she paused to put the dress on. I think, though, that the pause isn't so much to cover her naked body as to try to decide how much to tell him and how to say what she has to say. I'm curious to hear just how honest she's going to be about the things she did today and the way she reacted to them.

The dress he gave her to put on is a sexy little cowl dress that's cut to below the waist in both the front and back. Her navel is visible in front and although Brad doesn't know it yet, nearly two inches of butt crack are on display in the back. Just as exciting, her tits are so small that keeping them covered in that little dress will be nearly impossible once she starts moving around.

I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing out loud when I saw him reach down and adjust his cock in his pants. He may be pissed at her and even more pissed at me for fucking his wife. But he knows sexy when he sees it.

His tone of voice when he next spoke surprised me. He didn't sound quite so mad when he asked, "They're all like that?!"

She nodded and quietly replied, "In one way or another."

He stared at her for a minute before he ordered her to turn around again. She sighed and turned in a circle. She was moving much faster this time but when she had her back to him he cried out, "STOP! Kiss my ass! Or maybe I should say kiss your ass! Jesus, Riley! I can see your ass crack! You're going to go to work like that?!"

She turned the rest of the way around and said, "I have to. We need the money desperately and I ... I signed an agreement."

He stared at her for a minute or two before returning to his previous question. "What things, Riley? What did he make you do?"

She shook her head, covered her face and sobbed, "Oh god! I can't! You'll hate me."

"It can't be any worse than what I'm imagining!"

She dropped her hands, looked him right in the eye and muttered, "Much worse."

He looked at her for a moment, then walked slowly around her. I would have expected any normal male to have his hands all over her. He just stared. But there's more than shock, anger and disbelief on his face now. He's trying to hide it. But little ol' Bradley is getting turned on!

Another long moment passed before he said, "Sit down. I need a drink."

He left the room, returning a few minutes later with two tall glasses. He paused to stare down for a moment at her exposed pussy. Finally he reached out and handed one of the glasses to her and she gulped almost half of it down. He admonished, "Slow down! I made them strong."

She swallowed and sighed loudly. It was plain to see how badly she needed a drink. I guess I can't blame her. She has had quite an eventful day.

Brad sat down across from Riley and took a good sized sip of his drink. He continued to stare at his wife. He couldn't seem to take his eyes from her exposed pussy. After another big sip he asked, "What did you mean when you said that you hated it but it was more than that? I don't understand. You aren't making any sense."

There were tears in her eyes when she moaned and admitted, "I was excited! Oh, Brad! I'm sorry. They made me do terrible things. And I hated it. I really did. But ... he ... they ... those things he did, they turned me on! I don't know why. But they did!"

"I'm so sorry Brad. Please don't hate me. I don't know what happened ... I can't explain it. It was like ... I'm sorry. I can't explain it. I don't understand it myself."

“They?! They made you do terrible things?!”

She covered her face and almost whispered, “It wasn’t just him.”

He took another drink and said, “I can’t think! This is all jumbled up. I’m tired of asking stupid questions and I’m tired of asking questions and not getting answers. I’m going to sit here and shut up. Tell me what happened to you today when you went to Mr. Williams’ office. Tell me everything, Riley. I’m trying to understand this.”

“I am, too, Brad. I don’t understand why I did what I did. I honestly don’t.”

He may or may not believe that. I don’t. That little cunt knows exactly why she did those things. She spent a large part of this day living out her fantasies but she’s too scared to admit it; scared of her husband’s reaction to the truth and probably too scared to admit the truth even to herself. I suppose I can’t blame her for that. Living out fantasies like hers can’t be the best thing for a marriage, especially a marriage that hasn’t yet lasted half a year.

She seems to have forgotten I’m out here listening. Either that or she intends for me to know how she really feels about the things I made her do today. Hearing her describing the things she did today from her perspective as well as her reactions is both interesting and revealing. She tried to tell him what I made her do, or perhaps what I did to her is more correct, without dwelling on the specifics but he insisted on all the gory details. I found it interesting that although she’s trying to gloss over the details of the things I made her do she seems to be trying to honestly explain how she felt, how she reacted to everything I made her do. I also found it amusing that she failed to mention the fact that right from the start I told her all she has to do to put a stop to what I’m doing is step back, get dressed and walk away.

Brad’s still acting like an aggrieved husband. But it’s obvious to me now that he isn’t as upset as he’s putting on. Or at least he seems to be getting excited whether or not he’s upset. But the thing that really seemed to piss him off was when she told him she was forced to suck my cock.

He seemed not to hear the word forced. After she described it to him he exclaimed, “You fucking bitch! You swallowed his cum but the one time you suck my cock you puked all over me!”

She cringed as he beat her with his words. She slipped out of her seat and fell to her knees with an anguished look on her face. She quickly crossed the space between them on her knees. She moved between his legs, rested her hand on his crotch and exclaimed, “He made me! I didn’t want to. It was awful. But Brad, I can do it now. I can do it for you. Let me, please. Let me suck your cock.”

“You’re god damn right I’m going to let you!”

He stood up and jerked his pants down. He kicked them off and in the process I got a look at his already hard cock. Shit! It isn’t much larger than my middle finger! At the most he’s got about five inches of skinny, white cock for her. No wonder it felt like I was fucking a virgin today!

Brad sat back down. Riley started to remove her dress but he stopped her. He snarled, “Leave it on! If you’re going to be a tramp you may as well look like one.”

She chose to overlook his snide remarks. She inched back into the space between his legs and began to make love to his cock. It looked like the little cunt must have learned something today after all, even if



it wasn't how to type a business letter. She started out kissing his balls and then licking them, just the way she was taught at the office today.

He stared at her for a moment or two and then his eyes closed and his head lolled back. I took advantage of that opportunity to quietly move closer. I hid behind another bush that put me a little closer to the action. Now I'm behind a small evergreen shrub nearly in the corner where the sunroom joins the house. From here I can hear so much better. It's almost like I'm in the room with them! I also have a better view of what she's doing and now I can see his face in profile. I'm curious about his reactions. So far her little tale is turning him on. I can't imagine reacting the way he is if I were in his place. But somehow I'm not surprised that he is. He kind of looks like a spiteful little wimp.

He's acting like a typical wronged husband now ... well, except for the fact that hearing his wife tell him about being raped by her new boss gave him a hard on and now he's getting a blowjob. But I still don't get the impression that what I'm seeing is the real Brad. First of all, as I mentioned, he got so turned on by the things she was telling him that he had a hard on. And he's making her suck his cock. But I watched him at work this morning and listened to Carl tell me how the other guys treat him. I don't think Brad has revealed his true colors to his wife yet.

The kid couldn't have lasted longer than two or three minutes before he groaned and filled her mouth with cum. She swallowed easily but continued to hold his cock in her mouth for a minute or two. Finally she sat up. I could hear the urgency, the nervousness in her voice when she said, "We can do this anytime you want now. I'm sorry, Brad. I'm sorry about before. It was my first time and ... I should have tried it again. I..."

"Yeah, you should have. Get back to the story."

He should have been furious. A normal man would have been. But she told him how I ate her pussy on my desk and then fucked her and as she did she continued to tease his cock. Smart girl! I think, though, that it's her words more than the things she's doing with her fingers that are giving him another erection.

This time she didn't wait to be told. As soon as his cock was hard she started sucking again. It wasn't until he came in her mouth the second time that she finally noticed I've moved closer and that I now have a front row seat for her confession.

She thought about what she was going to say next while Brad recovered from his second orgasm. I wondered if she was going to tell him about being put on display for the groundskeepers. I got the impression she wanted to leave that out. He apparently realized she was trying to decide whether or not to tell him what happened next. He looked into her eyes and said, "Everything, Riley. I want to hear everything you did today."

She nodded almost imperceptibly. After a brief pause she told him about how I made her stand in front of the glass wall of my office and play with her pussy while I called my brother on the intercom and invited him to join us.

He sounded very upset when he exclaimed, "Jesus, Riley! I know all those guys! And Carl! Fuck me! You did it with my supervisor?!"

He sounded almost as upset as a young husband should sound. I noticed, though, that his cock was instantly hard again as she described standing there naked and looking out at the groundskeepers through the glass while her fingers strummed her pussy.

He groaned when she told him about the things Carl made her do in front of the glass and the men watching from the other side. In a peevish, whiney little voice he exclaimed, "Fuck! How am I going to be able to look those men in the eyes after this?! They're all going to be laughing at me because they've seen you naked and watched you having sex with Mr. Williams and my supervisor. They're going to laugh at me. And they'll probably tell every guy in the fucking plant what you did!"

She should have slapped the little toad as hard as she could. It sounds like he's more upset about everyone finding out that he's being cuckolded by me and my brother than he is about the fact that we fucked his wife and forced her to suck our cocks against her will. I guess I'm not surprised, though.

I noticed that he isn't so upset that he can't get it up again. He grew another hard on even as he whined about his own humiliation but Riley seemed all too happy to distract him by sucking his cock again. As it turned out, though, he had something else in mind for his latest erection. He lifted her head out of his lap and said, "Turn around and get down on your hands and knees."

She obeyed instantly, desperate to do anything to please him. He moved into position behind her and slammed his cock into her pussy. With his cock buried to the hilt inside of her he exclaimed, "Shit! You're getting off on this! Your cunt is sopping wet!"

More than a little unfair I think. He seems to be oblivious to the fact that he's getting off on this, too. He began fucking her slowly and ordered her to continue telling him what she did today. She told him about being ordered to service Dupree when she went to the personnel office and about our shopping trip and what she had to do, and still has to do to earn the large discount Gunny gave us for the clothing. She told him about sucking Carl off in the parking lot and finally about sucking my cock in the car after I brought her home.

He continued to fuck her slowly until she finished telling him about sucking my cock in front of their house for the final time today. Only then did he grab her hips and speed up. I could hear the sound of their bodies colliding as he pounded into her for a few more minutes before he finally climaxed for the third time.

She had been wet and ready when he sank his little dick into her. She was obviously turned on but I'm certain she didn't have an orgasm. I can't help wondering if she has ever had a climax from getting fucked with his little cock. Then I remembered what she told me while she was stretched out on my desk this morning. She doesn't like sex. It's dirty. She thinks it's degrading. Apparently she was frigid until I stuck my dick in her. I wonder if he knows how she feels or if she's been faking it to keep him happy.

They didn't move for several more minutes. But eventually he sighed loudly and leaned back. His little cock isn't much bigger than my thumb when it's soft. She turned around and sucked it clean as though it were the most normal thing in the world; as though it's just a part of the sex act. While she was doing that he stared down at her and asked, "Did you do that for them?"

Even with a cock in her mouth and her face partially blocked from my view I was able to see how guilty she looked. She nodded almost imperceptibly and continued to hold his cock in her mouth. She must be worried about where the conversation is going to go from here. Her marriage may be hanging by a thread. I've got to believe, though, that this kid can't be so stupid he doesn't realize that even with all that happened today, and all that's going to happen in the days to come, he'll never be able to do better than a hot little chick like Riley.

He got up and sat back down in his chair. He left his pants on the floor and took a big sip of his drink. Riley stood up and used some handy tissues to wipe her crotch clean. She started to sit down across from him again but he said, "No. Don't sit down. I want to see what the other dresses you're going to be wearing look like on you."

She took a drink from her glass first. Then she turned, removed the remaining outfits from the bags and laid them out on the love seat. She held up the other sheer blouses and miniskirts so he could see them. But when she held up the first of the dresses he said, "Put it on. I want to see it on you."

It's probably a coincidence that the first dress she picked up is one of my favorites, the jumper dress that doesn't cover much more than her nipples from the waist up. She pulled it on, adjusted the straps over her nipples and turned slowly so that he could get the full effect.

I noticed that his little cock twitched as she modeled the sexy dress for him. He's still glaring at her but if he's really as pissed as he looks his cock hasn't gotten the message. When she was facing him again he asked accusingly, "So you're going to keep fucking him?"

"I have to. I signed an agreement. I have to do everything he tells me to do for a year or I have to pay him back for the clothes. I'll owe him thousands of dollars if I quit. That little pile of slutty clothes cost nearly three thousand dollars!"

She didn't mention that she's paying the largest part of that with the blowjob she gave Gunny and by spending some of Sunday afternoon with him this weekend.

In a surprisingly calm and quiet voice he finally came right out and said what he's thinking and what she has been avoiding saying. "That isn't the reason your doing those things, is it? You enjoyed it."

He phrased it as a question. But it was a statement of fact. He knows. Of course she admitted earlier that the things we made her do today turned her on. That fact seems to have slipped both their minds.

She really doesn't want to answer that question honestly. It shows on her face. She doesn't want to admit it to him and I'm just as certain she doesn't want me to hear her say it. I suppose she doesn't even want to admit it to herself. And so she didn't. There was a brief pause and then she shook her head violently and exclaimed, "NO! I hate him. I hate the things he made me do! I was humiliated and degraded. But Brad! What else can I do? I signed the agreement. And you know how badly we need the money. Our income is going to triple!"

He glared at her and demanded to know, "Doesn't that make you a whore?"

There was a lot of venom in his voice. Too much, I thought, considering how many times he just got off in her mouth and her cunt. It's pretty obvious that she isn't the only one in that room hiding their true feelings.

She drew back as though he'd slapped her. A moment passed before she said, "Do you want me to put these things back in the bag? You can take them in with you tomorrow morning and explain everything to Mr. Williams. And you won't even have to tell him that I sucked your cock twice and then you fucked me while I told you the whole story. That part can be our little secret. Is that what you want me to do?"

After a long silence she asked, "Or do you just want me to leave?"

The dumb schmuck was torn between doing what he thinks is the right thing to do when he finds out someone else is fucking his wife, his feelings for his new bride, and the undeniable but obvious truth that hearing about the things I did to his wife today excited the hell out of him. He stood up and whispered, "I'm sorry."

He took her in his arms and they kissed. I smiled when I thought of all the cocks she sucked today. She opened her eyes and glanced in my direction as they kissed. She's obviously thinking the same thing. But they held each other and after they kissed he said, "I know it was hard for you. It's hard for me, too. Part of my mind is telling me all the things a real husband ... a real man would do under these circumstances. The other half of my mind, and my cock, are telling me something entirely different. I don't understand. I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I don't really understand how you feel about what happened today. I don't think you're being totally honest with me. I suppose I can understand that at least."

He continued to hold her for a few more minutes before he said, "I need time to think. I never imagined that something like this would happen to us. I honestly don't know how I feel about all this and I don't know what I should do. Let's go to bed. It's late and we both had a hard day."

I waited until they packed up the clothes, turned off the lights and left the room. I was on the way back to my car when I thought about ringing the doorbell and getting a last blowjob. I'm horny again after that little sex show I just watched. But I'm almost fifty. I've already had more than my share of orgasms today. It's probably better that I save it for tomorrow.

Forty minutes later I lay in my bed in the dark trying to figure those two out. I'm pretty certain I have Riley pegged as a reluctant submissive. I'm not sure about Brad yet. It looks like he's going to go along even if his manhood takes a hit. There's no question he got turned on hearing about the things I made Riley do. Maybe I'll kick it up a notch tomorrow and see how it goes.

## Chapter 4

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:25 PM

Riley must have nearly sucked the life out of me yesterday. I slept like a fucking log. I got up in the morning refreshed and looking forward to making her do it again.

I stopped for breakfast at the usual diner on the way to work. While I ate and sipped my coffee I decided I might as well have a little talk with Brad today. I don't much care whether he's resolved his feelings about what I did to Riley yesterday or not. I do know that listening to her last night when she told him what happened to her that day turned him on. I might as well see how he feels about watching it happen right in front of him.

The idea of fucking a man's wife right in front of him, especially a young white man's wife of only six months, turns me on more than I realized. I'm especially fond of the idea of fucking her in her marriage bed or calling him up and ordering him to deliver her to me in my house so that I can fuck her. Those aren't things I've ever contemplated in the past. But the more I think about the possibilities the more that sort of thing turns me on. I believe I may have mentioned what prick I am.

I entered my office fifteen minutes later still thinking about fucking Riley in front of her pansy husband this morning. In the last forty-five minutes or so I've been so preoccupied thinking about rubbing Brad's face in what I'm doing to his wife that I'd all but forgotten about her new wardrobe! That changed in a heartbeat. When I entered my outer office Tracy was seated at the desk while Riley modeled the first of her new outfits for her amusement.

She's wearing the same revealing dress she modeled for Brad last night. I would have thought that would be one of the last of the dresses she'd have chosen. I can see how much she hates it. She's blushing furiously and obviously upset that Tracy is having so much fun humiliating her. She expects to be treated that way by me. I think she's just beginning to realize what I learned yesterday, Tracy is almost as bad as I am.

Tracy smiled when I entered and said, "Watch this, Mr. Williams. Riley, get the boss a cup of coffee."

Riley glanced at me, then turned and went to the table in the corner. I watched a couple of inches of ass cheek peek out when she bent over. That was interesting. But when she turned around neither of the slender straps that are supposed to cover her nipples had remained in place. Both nipples are complete exposed. Now this is the way to start my day!

Riley didn't bother to cover her nipples. She already realizes how futile an effort that would be. Exposing her is, after all, the point of her new wardrobe. I took the coffee from her and asked her why she chose that dress for her first day. She's obviously very unhappy about having to wear it.

She stared at the floor and quietly answered, "Brad chose it. I wanted to wear something else."

I smiled and said, "I've got a phone call to make. After I do that I'm going to call you in. I want you to tell me anything I missed after you went to bed last night and what Brad had to say this morning. Leave your dress that way. I like it."

"But what if someone comes in?!"

"Check my schedule. If I have any appointments scheduled with anyone who isn't an employee you may cover your nipples ten minutes before they arrive. Except for that I like having them exposed. And let's be realistic. If you spend your day trying to keep those straps in place that's all you'll have time to do today."

I turned and entered my office. I returned a few phone calls. Then I called Carl and asked if he can spare Brad for a little while.

He chuckled and asked, "What happened? Did he smack your new girl around when she got home last night?"

I laughed and replied, "Hell no! He got a fucking hard on! She sucked him off twice and then he fucked her while she told him everything she did yesterday. I was watching and listening from the bushes in back of their house. He acted like he was pissed. But if he was he wasn't nearly as pissed as he was turned on."

Carl sighed and said, "You're a cold bastard. You know you're fucking up their marriage, right?"

"Probably. You know I don't give a shit, right?"

We both laughed and he asked, "You want the kid now? Damn. I'd sure like to be there to watch his face."

"If things go the way I think they will I'll invite you to join us in a little while. Yeah. Send him right up."

After we hung up I called maintenance on the intercom and told Tom, the supervisor, that I want the shrubbery outside my glass wall attended to right away. I could tell by the sound of subtle amusement in his voice that his men must have told everyone they work with what they saw through the glass yesterday. He promised to get them right out there.

Riley called on the intercom a few minutes later to let me know Brad is waiting to see me. She sounds terrified. I told her to send him in and to join us.

I struggled to keep from smiling when I saw the strange mix of emotions on Brad's face. He doesn't know why I sent for him and I want to keep him off balance. As I've said, I'm a real prick to work for. Just about everyone here is scared of me and for good reason. Being sent to my office is very rarely a good thing. It's obvious Brad is worried but just as obvious he's also curious and embarrassed because he's looking at the large black man who screwed the hell out of his wife yesterday and because his young wife is right behind him with her tits exposed. That reminded me of the strange fact that she's wearing that slutty dress at his insistence. This is definitely going to get interesting.

I pointed to the seating area in the corner near the glass wall and told him to take a seat. I got up, grabbed my coffee and sat across from him. I ordered Riley to stand near me, making certain she's facing the large expanse of glass beyond which our audience will very soon gather.

I finally smiled disarmingly at Brad to let him know he isn't in trouble. If he's relieved he didn't show it. I said, "Thank you, young man. I understand you chose this dress for your wife to wear this morning. I was especially fond of it when I selected it last night. It does look sexy on her, doesn't it?"

He nodded, still not entirely certain why he's here or if his job is somehow in jeopardy. I said nothing to reassure him. Instead I asked, "What did you think after Riley told you everything that happened to her yesterday?"

He wasn't expecting to have to explain his reactions. He didn't know what to say. He may not be the brightest bulb on the tree but he knows he's supposed to be furious with me if not with her. He knows how a husband is supposed to react when some guy screws his wife, especially when it borders on rape. I thought for a few seconds that he was going to try to pull it off. But at the last second he surprised me and went for honesty. Finally, trying to decide what to say even as he spoke he said, "It's hard to describe. I'm still not certain what I'm feeling. I know what I'm supposed to be feeling but ... I'm very confused."

I nodded. I can understand how he feels even though I would have had an entirely different reaction myself. In his shoes I would have gone on an ass kicking rampage, starting with my wife's ass!

I saw movement out of the corner of my eye just then and turned to look through the glass. All six men from the grounds crew are now making believe they're puttering around with the low shrubs near the glass.

I smiled and turned back to see both Brad and Riley looking out at the six men. I remember hearing Brad tell Riley he knows them. Knowing that is going to make this even more exciting, for me at least.

To Brad I said, "I suppose we should talk about this so that everyone knows where they stand."

Then I smiled at Riley and said, "Take that dress off and kneel between my legs."

She gasped and took a step back. Brad is already red faced. He has been since he walked in my door. But upon hearing that order his mouth fell open and he turned dark, dark red. I continued to smile benignly and ignore their reactions.

"Brad, I'd like to explain what happened yesterday. I wasn't even going to talk to your wife when I was conducting interviews. She isn't qualified for the job, not even close. I wouldn't even have called her in but I wasn't happy with the final candidates the personnel office selected for the job so I took a look at her application. The picture on the photocopy of her driver's license looked pretty hot so just to amuse myself I decided to interview her after all. I had no intention of hiring her when I had her sent in. I was just going to play mind games with her and check her out in person. I like looking at a pretty young woman as much as the next guy. Despite the god awful outfit she was wearing when she walked through my door she became a lot more qualified when I saw her for the first time. She's a sexy little bitch, even if her tits are much too small for my tastes."

I'm looking right at Brad but out of the corner of my eye I see that Riley has finally succumbed to the inevitable and begun to remove her dress. Brad's eyes are flitting back and forth between his wife as she undresses, me, and then the six men watching through the glass, though only rarely pausing to meet my gaze. The poor kid doesn't know where to look or what to think.

I continued explaining things to him while he watched passively as Riley knelt at my feet. I noticed that her pubic hair has been trimmed down to the tiny triangle I specified yesterday. It looks much sexier. I have a much better view of her pussy now.

"I decided I wanted to fuck your wife, so I did. And I liked it. She has a nice tight cunt and her cocksucking skills are improving quickly, though she still needs a lot of practice. I like fucking her so

much that I hired her. I'm going to keep fucking her for a while. The reason we're having this talk is to avoid any unpleasantness in the future."

I paused to unfasten my pants and slide them down and off. I splayed my legs apart and looked at Riley. I'm easily able to read the emotions with which she's struggling. They're written clearly on her face. She desperately doesn't want to do this, even more so now with her husband and six other men watching. But especially while her husband is here to witness her humiliation. I know that's tearing her up. That's why my cock is already as hard as a steel bar. God this turns me on! I knew it would but it's even more exciting than I expected.

I didn't even have to give the order. All that was required was a meaningful glance at Riley. She leaned forward and began to kiss and lick my cock and balls. It felt great but I got almost as much pleasure from the look on Brad's face. The size of my cock, the dark black color of my skin, and the sight of his wife's lips and tongue at work must all be a shock to his system.

I ignored Riley and calmly continued, "I could have let her continue to wear her frumpy clothes and try to keep all this a secret from you. But, well, to be honest it really turns me on to have sex with her in front of you. It turns me on so much that from time to time I'll be dropping by your house in the evening or over the weekend and fucking her there. There will also be times when I'm feeling horny and I'll call you and order you to bring her to my house. In fact, I'm planning a small party for a few close friends this weekend. I want you to drive her to my house and drop her off at ten o'clock Saturday morning. I'll call you later when I'm ready to have her picked up.

"You're probably wondering about other men since I've already let my brother, Dupree, and Gunny from the clothing store have sex with her. The answer to your unspoken question is yes, I'll be letting other men have sex with her. Oh, and women, too. I'm pretty certain Tracy out there wants to have sex with her. I've always wanted to see something like that, haven't you?"

He's either too shocked to respond or he doesn't know the answer. Or maybe he knows the answer but doesn't want to admit in front of his wife that the idea of watching her with another woman turns him on.

Riley is sucking on my cock now. She's performing a bit listlessly. She's horrified at having to do these things in front of Brad and the entire maintenance crew outside my window. Listening to the things I'm telling him about my future plans for her probably isn't helping. But that's okay. I'm not in a hurry to cum in her mouth. I enjoy what she's doing and I'm enjoying it even more because Brad is watching helplessly.

I can't help but notice he's trying to hide the fact that he has a hard on. I smiled and magnanimously offered to let him fuck his wife while she sucks my cock. He may have thought I was just trying to torment him even more. He didn't answer. He just stared at me in shock.

I let a minute pass before I said, "Look at that sexy ass, boy! You know you want to fuck her. I can see that your dick is hard. Go ahead! Fuck the little bitch!"

He either assumed he's been given an order and has no choice or he's so turned on that he can't resist. I watched him slide out of his chair and cross the ten feet of carpet between us on his knees until he was



directly behind her. I don't know if it was intentional, but I noticed that he never let me or the men watching us through the glass see his little cock. I can't blame him for that. I'd be embarrassed if I had a cock as small as his, too.

He waited until he was in position to fuck her before he unfastened his pants and slid them down to his knees. He inched forward another inch or two and reached down to line his cock up with his wife's pussy. Riley moaned when her husband's cock entered her. I grinned at him and said, "Her cunt was wet when you slipped your dick in, wasn't it? You can't tell me this shit doesn't turn the little slut on. She acts all frigid. But that's what it is, a fucking act."

This kinky situation is turning out to be just as exciting as I knew it would be. I'm incredibly turned on and it wasn't much longer before I proved it by filling Riley's mouth with another large load of cum. She gulped it down easily, proving that she only needed a little bit of practice all along.

Brad didn't last much longer after watching his wife gulp down my cum. He probably wants to be furious about what I'm making them do. But the little shit is enjoying this, too. He doesn't want to admit it. He may not even admit it to himself. But I watched him last night and it's just as obvious now. Watching his wife suck off a big black cock in front of six other highly amused men, men he knows and considers friends, this kinky shit turns him on, too. Or maybe it's just that he's young and like most young men he's always horny and everything sexual turns him on. I don't really care.

He let his cock slip from his wife's cunt and tried to put it away while it was still hidden from view behind her ass. When I saw what he was doing I said, "Hold off on putting that away. I'm going to have her use her mouth to get my cock hard again. Then we can turn her around and she can suck your cock while I fuck her. You know how it is when you fuck a woman. For the first few months it seems like you just can't get enough. All you can think about is slipping your dick into her hot little pussy."

I'm beginning to think the little toad is as submissive as his wife. Carl may have been right. The kid might even suck a cock if someone told him to do it! Not mine. I'm not into that. But he's sure as hell getting off on watching me use his wife. I've read about guys who are into that but I can't imagine it myself. If I still had a wife I wouldn't just sit back and watch with a hard on while she sucked some other guy's cock.

He blushed as he backed away and his little cock was visible to everyone for the first time. I looked at it and cocked an eyebrow as if to say, "Really? Is that all the cock you have to work with?!"

But I said nothing. I didn't have to. He knew what I was thinking.

He returned to his seat and watched his wife sucking on my soft cock for a few minutes. It didn't take long before she put the lead back in it. I let her suck on it for a minute or two after it got hard again before I lifted her head and nodded in the direction of her husband. We watched her turn and crawl across the floor. Her face is totally expressionless now. She's obeying all my commands like a zombie. That's okay, though. I know how much turmoil her brain is in. She hates this, but it turns her on; the perfect combination of emotions for a perverted fuck like me. And the biggest turn on of all, she hates it even more that she's doing this in front of her husband.

As his wife approached he looked up at me helplessly. I know what he's thinking. His cock is nasty. I don't know why that bothers him now. He enjoyed it when she did it out in their sunroom last night. I smiled and said, "It don't matter to her. As long as she has a cock in her mouth she's happy."

It isn't true, of course. Well, maybe it is on some level. Doing nasty shit like this appeals to something deep inside of her, something she has kept hidden since she became aware of it. But on a more conscious level she hates the things I make her do. As far as I can tell she'll do anything I tell her to do even though she thinks she hates it. That's why my dick is so hard all the time now.

She licked and sucked on her husband's slimy cock and balls while I moved into position to enjoy sloppy seconds. She grunted and then moaned loudly when I began sliding my cock into her tight cunt. If I didn't just watch the little bastard fuck her I'd swear she hadn't just been fucked. It's a wonder to me that she stays with him. He can't possibly satisfy her with that little dick of his!

I was able to last much longer this time. I fucked her like a madman for about twenty minutes. I watched his face when she started climaxing. He's obviously never seen that look on her face before or heard the sounds she makes. She went a little wild there for a while, crying out, almost screaming. She thrashed around like I was beating her instead of fucking her. Now he knows what it looks like when his wife has an orgasm.

I came in her pussy a few minutes after he shot off in her mouth. But we aren't done yet. I can be such an asshole!

I ordered her to clean my cock and balls. When she finished I ordered her to start sucking Brad's cock again. I put my pants back together while she went back to work on her husband's little cock. I glanced out through the glass for the first time in a long time. Sometime in the last half hour or so the six groundskeepers had been joined by the maintenance supervisor. I smiled at him and nodded. I suppose one of these days I'm going to have to let them all have a piece of her ass. It isn't right to torment them like this and then make them work all day with blue balls. Tom is coming to the party on Saturday. But the grounds crew could use a little bonus of the tight pussy which belongs to their good friend Brad; and me, too, now ... I suppose.

I went to my desk and called Carl. I asked him if he'd like to fuck Riley while she's sucking her husband's cock. He came busting through my office door almost before I had time to hang up the phone. I waited until Carl was fucking her. It amused me greatly to notice Brad is going through all the same emotions he experienced when he watched me having sex with Riley for the first time. It's probably even more embarrassing to see her get fucked by Carl since Carl is his immediate supervisor and he's going to have to see him every day. But it's about to get a little more embarrassing for both of them. I called Tracy on the intercom and told her to bring me in another cup of coffee.

She came in, smiling her evil smile and staring at the coupling and their audience as she crossed the room to my desk. She put my coffee down and I said, "Fascinating, isn't it?"

She continued to stare at them as she whispered, "I almost wish I had a cock."

I replied, "I'm glad you don't. But if you have the balls, you're welcome to have her eat your pussy after Carl is through fucking her."

She had to think about that. She wants Riley's face in her cunt. It's obvious the concept isn't new to her. She has already considered it. She's probably been daydreaming about it since she watched me spank Riley with her belt yesterday and realized how submissive she is. I think she's probably much less enthusiastic about doing it with ten men watching. I, on the other hand, am looking forward to seeing that strong, sexy body unclothed. I'm growing steadily more fond of naked white women.

She looked at me, still trying to make up her mind whether or not she can make herself do this in front of me, my brother, Brad and the seven men staring at us through the glass.

Finally she quietly asked, "I don't suppose you'd settle for just letting me have her stick her head up under my skirt?"

I think she already knew the answer. But I answered anyway. "No. I want you naked."

She isn't unattractive, not really. She's not even plain. She's attractive enough to attract attention. She's just not Playboy pretty. But she has a very hot body; a body that would not look out of place if she were to be featured in a men's magazine. And being a normal, red blooded male I want to see it.

She turned back and watched Carl fucking Riley sucking on her husband's cock. It's obvious that the sight and the circumstances both turn her on. Several minutes passed before she turned back to me and said, "I want to do it. You know I want to do it. But I'm not like her. You know that. I won't do all the other shit you make her do."

I shrugged and replied, "I have her for that. I think you're hot. You have a very sexy body. Being a normal, red-blooded male I want to see you naked. You can't blame a guy for that. It's in our DNA."

She tried to hide it but I can see she's flattered. She turned back and watched Riley again and whispered, "Okay. But no one else touches me. Just her. I'm not a lesbian. I like guys. But I'm not like her. I'm not into orgies."

I nodded. But as she watched my brother fucking Riley she whispered, "Not at the moment, anyway. Looking at your brother's big cock ... that's some piece of meat!"

I grinned and said, "Mine is larger."

She has been blushing since she pondered the idea of stripping in front of all ten men watching the sex show we're putting on here but her face was dark red when her head turned to look at me, obviously trying to decide if I was serious about the size of my cock. I wouldn't trade Riley for her but it's starting to look like it won't be long before I get to fuck Tracy, too! I've got her wondering about the possibilities.

I smiled and said, "Carl's cock is almost an inch longer than mine. But mine is almost twice as thick."

She shivered and blushed. Then, to avoid looking me in the eye and letting me see what she's thinking she turned back to the threesome taking place within two feet of the glass wall where seven men are eagerly enjoying the show and desperately wishing they could take part.

Carl finally busted a nut in Riley's already well fucked pussy. Seeing that may have been what set Brad off. He came in his wife's mouth again. Carl waited until she swallowed and tapped her on the butt. She's already trained well enough to know what he wants. She turned and cleaned his cock and balls.

She may be a bit dazed by everything that's happened to her this morning. I don't think she's even aware her drooling pussy is pointed right at the seven men on the other side of the glass behind her while she works.

She finished cleaning Carl's cock and balls and he stood up, dressed and prepared to leave. I suggested he might want to stay for a few minutes. Then I turned to look at Tracy. She still hasn't made up her mind. She looks very nervous, though, so I think she's leaning toward taking me up on my offer. Without glancing at the men outside she asked, "What about them. Do they have to be there for this?"

I just smiled.

She sighed and whispered, "You bastard!"

She hesitated a moment longer before exclaiming, "Aw fuck it!"

As much as she tried to hide it, I have to wonder if she doesn't secretly enjoy undressing for an audience. She must have worked very hard to get a body like hers. You don't work that hard on something without being proud of it. I'm sure she's embarrassed. But that doesn't mean she doesn't like being looked at ... being desired.

She quickly removed her clothing. I get the impression she's hurrying to get naked before she has time to change her mind.

It was worth the minor effort of talking her into it. She looks even sexier when she's naked. She has all the right curves in all the right places. Her tits look to be in C-D cup range. They're large enough that they don't stick straight out from her chest but she looks like she could pass the pencil test without having to study for it. Her nipples are the puffy kind. This is the first time I've seen nipples like that in real life. They look like medium size marshmallows. I wonder what it would feel like to have one of them in my mouth. I may have to start paying more attention to Tracy. If she's as curious about getting fucked by a big cock as she lets on I may soon be adding to my stable!

She has a very sexy ass, too. I've noticed it before, of course. But seeing it now, in the flesh as it were, it's even more striking. I don't know what she does to keep her body in such good shape but I'm impressed with the end result.

I complimented her again on her sexy body and she smiled but there can be no question she's still extremely uncomfortable about being naked in front of so many men, most of whom she has never even met. She held a hand over her pubic area and an arm over her breasts, foolishly attempting to protect her modesty while she took a seat.

She sat down near Brad, leaving an empty chair between them. She looked into Riley's eyes, smiled and said, "Get over here, Riley. You aren't done yet."

Riley looked at Tracy in shock for what seemed like a very long time before she turned to plead with me. "Please, Mr. Williams. I've never ... done anything like that. I'm not ... I don't ... please don't make me."

I shrugged and as if I really feel bad about it I said, "Sorry, Riley. I told her if she took her clothes off you'd eat her out. I'm afraid you're going to have to do it now. I gave her my word."

It made my cock twitch that she caved instantly. I'm beginning to wonder if there's anything I can't make her do for my amusement.

She remained on her hands and knees and crawled over to Tracy. Tracy spread her legs and a few seconds later I guess she realized how silly she looks trying to hide behind her arms. She lowered her arms to the armrests but she seemed to consciously avoid looking around at all the horny men leering at her.

Instead, she smiled down at Riley. Riley is sitting back on her knees staring at Tracy's pussy as if it's the ugliest, or perhaps the scariest thing she's ever seen. She looks like she might lose her breakfast. I don't see the problem, personally. It looks like a very sexy pussy to me. The two women are concentrating very hard on each other. They're both trying to forget they have an audience.

Their audience doesn't really care. Like many heterosexual males this has long been a fantasy of mine. It's obvious the other nine men watching with me are just as fascinated as I am. Even Brad seems to be holding his breath as we watch Riley's face slowly nearing Tracy's horny pussy for the first time.

The distaste, the reluctance and the humiliation that are evident on Riley's face are turning me on as much as the sight of her lips about to come into contact with another woman's pussy for the first time. My cock became hard again in an instant and they're just getting started!

All three of the men in the room seemed to exhale loudly at the same moment when Riley's lips came into contact with Tracy's pussy. The men standing around outside don't have quite as good a view. But they're able to see well enough. They probably all exhaled in unison with us.

In that same moment, Riley groaned in embarrassment at having to perform such a degrading act in front of everyone and Tracy moaned with pleasure. We all watched as Riley began to kiss Tracy's mound. She continued to kiss until Tracy finally ordered her to start using her tongue.

Riley finally surrendered to the inevitable and began to actually eat Tracy's visibly excited pussy. She knows what she has to do. She's had it done to her.

Before very long, Tracy closed her eyes and let her head loll back against the back of the overstuffed leather chair she's splayed out in. Her relaxed posture seemed to indicate that now that the fun has started she no longer minds having an audience. I took it as another hopeful sign that she isn't as uncomfortable about doing what she's doing in front of an audience when it became obvious she's rapidly nearing orgasm.

I know I agreed not to touch her. Those nipples are calling out to me, though. I just can't resist. I hope she doesn't freak out but I just have to touch them. I quietly moved around behind her chair. She looks really good all splayed out with her hands firmly gripping the armrests and Riley's tongue buried in her twat. Her eyes are shut tight and her attention is totally focused on what Riley is doing between her sexy legs. She doesn't have a clue that I'm looming over her.

I reached out and gently closed my hands over her tits. She didn't even seem to realize she was being touched at first. But a few seconds passed and her eyes snapped open. She looked up at me with a slightly confused look on her face. I smiled and whispered, "Relax. Your nipples fascinate me. I just had to touch them."

I released her firm tits and began to tease her puffy nipples with my fingertips. The confused look on her face disappeared after a moment. She smiled and closed her eyes again. That looked like permission to me!

I began to gently pinch and squeeze the fleshy cones that are her nipples. I suppose it's because I've never seen puffy nipples like she has before that they're really turning me on. Just as exciting, though, it's obvious that she very much enjoys what I'm doing. To show her appreciation she reached down and got a firm grip on Riley's head. She began to grind her pussy against Riley's mouth and soon she was crying out as orgasm after orgasm racked her sexy body, each more violent than the last. She must have had a dozen of them before she finally pushed Riley's face away from her pussy and lay there totally exposed, panting like a very hot, very sexy bitch in heat.

I expected her to push my hands away from her breasts now that Riley has accomplished her mission. But she didn't. Instead, she placed her hands over mine and held them still. I released her nipples and cupped her breasts until she finally caught her breath and opened her eyes again.

She smiled up at me and said, "You said you wouldn't touch me."

I shrugged and replied, "I know. But I've never seen nipples like yours. They really turn me on."

"You really like them?!"

My answer was to guide her hand to the erection in my pants and ask, "What do you think?"

Not only did she not pull her hand away in shock, but her fingers closed around my cock and she took a moment to gauge its length and thickness. Her eyes opened even wider and she gasped. But then she smiled again and exclaimed, "You weren't kidding! It feels huge!"

I smiled and with all the false modesty I could muster I said, "I've been blessed."

I knew then that it wouldn't be long before I got my dick into Tracy, too. I'm not certain, but after thinking about it I seem to remember her saying something about having a boyfriend. I don't know if she's in love. If she is in a serious relationship, if she's in love with some guy, it didn't keep her from stripping down and letting Riley eat her pussy and it isn't going to keep her from enjoying getting fucked by what will most likely be her first black cock. And you know what they say about white women and black cocks!

I'm not the only man in the room whose erection has been revived while watching the two women. But I'm the first one to do something about it. My conscience is starting to bother me. Not because I'm taking advantage of Riley and rubbing her husband's face in it. No. I'm enjoying the hell out of that. But this is two days in a row that the morning has been totally wasted; if time spent raping cute little white women can be said to be wasted. Not a hell of a lot of actual work is getting done around here. But I'll worry about that later.

I moved back around and stood right in front of Tracy. I watched her watch me as I unfastened my pants. I watched her stare unselfconsciously as I slid them down and bared my erection. I saw the corners of her lips turn up in a slightly lascivious smile. Yeah. It won't be long. She may or may not be in love. But she's curious. She can't help wondering what it would feel like to have a cock like mine stretching her out and driving deeper into her sexy body than any cock has gone before.

Riley is still kneeling in front of Tracy. I patted my thigh and said, "Here girl!"

She looked up at me with a dazed look on her face and I led her over to Carl's seat on all fours like a dog. I guided her lips to his cock and as soon as she started sucking I dropped down behind her and slammed my cock into her from behind. She grunted with the force of that first thrust and her knees came up off the floor. But the moan that followed was definitely not a moan of pain. Unfortunately, Brad is seated behind me now. I'd like to have seen his face when he heard that sound and saw his wife being penetrated by nineteen inches of thick, black cock.

Carl held onto her head and I fucked her hard and fast; probably harder than I've ever fucked a woman before. Her reaction isn't what I might have expected. Even with her mouth stuffed full of my brother's big cock I was able to understand her screams urging me to fuck her harder! She's getting raped for real now. And she loves it!

I wasn't half way to climaxing again when I saw Brad. He apparently wasn't satisfied with the view from the chair behind me. He's on his feet now and moving closer. He stared down at his wife as if he's never seen her before. There's a strange mixture of confusion and shock on his face but his little cock is hard again.

In between panting breaths I ordered him to kneel down beside her and play with one of her tits. Without being asked, Tracy dropped down on the other side of Riley and reached under her. She teased Riley's other tit for a few minutes but then her hand moved down to tease the young wife's clit. I felt it down there. My balls slammed into her hand with every violent stroke of my cock.

I can't help but notice that shy, self conscious Tracy has neglected to put her clothes back on. From the look on her face I get the impression she'd like very much to trade places with Riley. She's fascinated by the entire process. But mainly, I think, she is awestruck by the violence of the sex act she's so raptly witnessing. She hears the animal-like sounds that are coming from Riley and there's no question what they indicate. She sees Riley abandoning herself totally to a brutal looking sex act but the dazed look on Riley's face, the fact that this seemingly uptight young woman is totally lost in the lust of the moment; I think she wonders what it would be like to be in Riley's place right now.

Riley started cumming before either my brother or me. She thrashed around until she was nearly impossible to hold onto and Carl and I are both pretty beefy guys. She uttered loud, incoherent sounds but their meaning is obvious.

Carl climaxed next. She gobbled down his hot cum so eagerly it looked like she was trying to swallow his cock. I heard Brad quietly mutter, "Son of a bitch!" and then I felt my own orgasm taking over. Even after all the orgasms I've enjoyed since I first raped Riley yesterday morning I came so hard that it felt like I was pissing in her hot cunt! I think I came very close to passing out! This hot little blonde may very well be the death of me! I don't think I'll mind if she is. I'd rather wait a few years for it to happen but I can think of worse ways to go.

I slowly pulled my cock out of Riley's cunt. As soon as my cock came free, Tracy reached out, wrapped her thumb and forefinger as far around the base of it as they would go and stared down at it in awe.

I grinned at her and whispered, "You'll get your turn. Now hold it like that. Watch what a well trained cunt does next."

I slapped Riley on the butt and she turned around lethargically. She's nowhere near recovered from that violent fuck. Her face and neck are bright red and she's still panting loudly. She's covered in sweat and doesn't look totally aware. But she leaned down and seemed quite happy to lick my cock and balls clean with her husband kneeling right beside us and Tracy holding my cock in position for her.

While she was cleaning me I asked Brad, "Would you like a blowjob before you go back to work? It seems cruel to send you out of here like that."

He's standing there staring down at his young wife as though he doesn't even know her. And in a way I suppose that's true. But that didn't stop him from pulling his pants back down and freeing his cock. I thumped her on the head and said, "Suck him off so we can all get some work done around here."

It was quick and relatively effortless from the looks of it. He probably didn't last ten minutes. While Riley sucked her husband's cock the rest of us finally got dressed. When Tracy reached for her underwear I said, "I'd rather you didn't."

It wasn't exactly an order, more of a feeling out. I want to see what she'll do. She isn't as easy to read as Riley is.

She looked at her bra and panties. She thought about it for a minute. Then she looked at me, smiled, shrugged and put her blouse and skirt on. She stepped into her shoes and we all watched the coupling on the floor in front of us until Brad climaxed again.

I sent the girls into my bathroom to clean up. Carl went back to work. I told Brad to hang back. I want a word with him before he returns to work.

I sat at my desk and pointed to a chair. Brad sat down and stared at the front of my desk. It's obvious he's embarrassed about everything that just happened but it's hard to tell what he's thinking. I actually don't give a fuck about his state of mind or even the state of his marriage. I don't know him and don't care about him. I don't care about his wife beyond the fact that she's a good fuck and I'm intrigued by the opportunity to play around with an honest to god submissive for a while.

But not caring isn't the same as not being curious. I can't help wondering what goes through a man's mind after watching two well hung black men fuck his little blonde wife and even joining in when offered the opportunity.

I wondered first of all if he knows how this situation came about. I asked, "Brad, do you know what a submissive is?"

He finally stopped staring at the front of my desk and looked up. He looks confused. He either isn't too quick on his feet or he isn't too bright. I don't see him becoming a supervisor anytime in the near future. He struggled with the question for a minute before he replied, "Someone who does what you tell them?"

He said the words but he's obviously clueless. I nodded and said, "That's pretty much it. Your wife is a sexual submissive. I saw it in her eyes the minute she walked into my office yesterday. I recognized



that look because I knew a man many years ago who had total control over a sexually submissive woman. I've always been intrigued. I'm discovering now that a woman like that is every bit as much fun as I imagined.

"Basically, that's why this is happening to her, and to you. Are you upset? How do you feel about the things I'm doing to your wife?"

He sighed and answered, "It's hard to describe how I feel. Sometimes I'm mad at you. Sometimes I'm mad at her. But when she came home last night she told me most of what happened yesterday. I was shocked and I was pissed off. But my cock got so fucking hard! She had only sucked my cock one time before last night. She got sick when she did it. But last night she sucked me off twice and I fucked her. I know I shouldn't be telling you this. But you saw how I reacted in here this morning. I don't want to get turned on by this. It's humiliating. I just can't help it. I don't know what it says about me that I react this way. I haven't had time to figure it all out yet.

"But I've got some real concerns about all this. I worry about how it'll affect our marriage. I saw how she went nuts when you and your brother fucked her with your big cocks. You saw for yourself that I can't compete with that. And what if she gets all stretched out? She was happy enough having sex with me before you guys came along. She doesn't go crazy when we have sex like she just did in here but we enjoy it. I guess I enjoy it more than she does. But I've heard a lot of women are like that about sex.

"I have to wonder how long it'll be before she decides she'd rather be with you than with me."

He seems to be giving me his honest opinions. But he obviously still doesn't know for sure how he feels about this. I suppose I can understand that. I asked, "I guess that means you still love her?"

He hesitated, then looked me in the eye and nodded.

"I can set your mind at rest on a couple of points. You'll have to work out how you feel about the rest on your own. You probably already know some of this. But I remember how little I knew about women when I was your age and to be honest I don't know that much more now. Some things I have learned. A lot of women have fantasies that are similar to what Riley is experiencing now. They don't have any intention of ever experiencing them, but they have them. She enjoys, for the moment at least, being used and abused and humiliated. The idea of being made to do all these things against her will is an erotic dream come true. The idea of having someone like me take advantage of her and fuck the hell out her with my big, black cock turns her on, though she's trying very hard to hide it until she gets carried away and loses control.

"She feels an incredible sense of freedom to enjoy things she feels a "nice girl" shouldn't enjoy because she can't refuse; she can't say no. Give that some thought when you have some free time. If you look at it from her perspective it can be a life changing experience. She has a free pass to experience an inner slut she never even knew existed. But no woman, or at least very few women, want to live their lives this way. It's an exciting side trip but it's just a vacation. It isn't her life. Like everyone else she wants and needs someone to love her and cherish her and protect her. She hopes very much that she doesn't destroy what she has with you.

“You should keep in mind because it’s important for you to remember that she does these things for me but she can’t stand me. She loves you but she can’t lose control when she’s with you because she needs you to love her and respect her. Even if she won’t admit it to herself, she wants to spend a little time experiencing the terrible things I’m making her do to amuse me because in a strange way it sets her free.

“As for getting her pussy stretched out by my big cock, very few things in life are as elastic as a pussy. My cock is a little larger than normal but not so large that I’m going to damage her. The major difference between our cocks is the visual stimulation she receives when she looks at them. Did you know that only the first four inches of a pussy are sensitive to the stimulation of a cock? If she was blindfolded she probably couldn’t tell the difference between my cock and yours.”

I read that somewhere. To be honest it sounds like bullshit to me. And I don’t know why I’m trying to make him feel better about this situation. I don’t want him to accept it. I want him to be humiliated. Maybe I just enjoy talking to the husband of the young wife I’m fucking and it doesn’t matter what I say.

He doesn’t look like he believes what I’m saying, either. So I guess it doesn’t matter. The girls came out of my bathroom at that moment. We watched in silence as Tracy left the room and Riley went over to her dress and picked it up. I told her to put it on in the outer office. She glanced at me, then at Brad. Then she turned and walked out with her dress in her hand.

As soon as we were alone again I said, “I’m taking her to get some slutty shoes after work. Would you like to tag along? It might get interesting if you’re in the right frame of mind.”

It’s obvious from the sour expression on his face that he wants to stand on principle and say no. But it’s just as obvious he wants to be there even knowing in advance that he’s going to be humiliated. The devil in him won out and he finally nodded. I told him to meet us in the parking lot after work and follow us to the shoe store. Then I sent him back to work.

Riley came back in with a handful of phone messages after her husband returned to the work floor. The girl on the switchboard has been answering my phones while we’ve been enjoying our morning orgy. She asked the kid from the mailroom to deliver them. I smiled and asked her how he reacted to her new dress.

Instead of answering she exclaimed, “Why do I have to do what that bitch tells me to do?!!”

My smile was gone in an instant. I glared at her and growled, “Because I fucking told you to, god damn it! Do you need another dose of the belt?”

She instantly regretted her outburst. She shook her head and muttered, “No, sir. But ... she...”

She’s so furious she can’t even talk. It’s kind of amusing. I asked her what happened out there and even after everything we just did in here I felt my cock begin to stir in my pants in anticipation.

She tilted her head back and took a deep breath. Even with her small tits that’s an interesting sight. She struggled to keep her voice calm and unemotional as she said, “That b ... she made me leave my dress just like this when he came in. She introduced us and even told him that I’m your new cunt. When he

told her how much he likes my dress, Tracy made me stand up and show him what I'm wearing under it. She even let him touch me!"

I calmly asked, "So what's your fucking problem? I told you that you can't adjust your dress. You know I like it when you have to show your body off. Did you really think you were going to get any sympathy from me?!"

Then I sat up straight, looked at her accusingly and said, "Come around here."

She walked slowly around my desk and came to a stop where she stood yesterday when I first reached up under her skirt. I ordered her to lift her dress to her waist and spread her legs. She obeyed instantly and I slipped two fingers into her tight little pussy. Just as I suspected, they came out soaking wet. I held them up and snarled, "Cut the fucking act, cunt! Don't try to tell me you didn't get turned on. I've got the proof right here. Or are you trying to convince yourself? Is that it, Riley? Are you trying to make believe you aren't my little slut? Maybe I should have you take that dress off and let Tracy give you a tour of the building. Would that put everything in perspective for you?"

"Oh god no! Please, sir! Please don't do that!"

I held my fingers up and she obediently sucked them clean. As soon as she finished I sternly suggested that she needs to spend less time worrying about her modesty and more time worrying about learning how to do her fucking job. Then I sent her back out to my front office. I'm not really upset, though. If she didn't act like she hates this it would take a lot of the fun out of it.

The rest of the day was more like a normal day on steroids. I had a hell of a lot of catching up to do because of the distraction Riley provides. I buried my nose in my work to such a degree that I was startled when Tracy tapped on my door and stuck her head in.

I glanced at the clock and was surprised to see that it was almost fifteen minutes past quitting time. She smiled and asked, "Do you want me to stay late, too? I don't mind."

I shook my head and said, "No. I didn't notice the time. But thanks for offering."

There's obviously something else she wants to say. She's still holding my door open. I stopped putting my work up and asked, "Yes?"

"I was wondering if I could come with you. Riley said you're taking her to buy some slutty shoes. I'd just like to watch."

I don't have a problem with that. In fact the idea appeals to me. I nodded and said, "Sure. Do you know where we're going?"

She didn't. I gave her directions to the shoe store Gunny recommended and asked her how Riley's training is coming along.

She stepped into my office and closed the door. She grinned and said, "I wouldn't want her to hear me say it, but she's actually picking it up quickly. I guess she was just really freaked out yesterday after everything that happened in your office. She isn't nearly as stupid as I thought she was. It might take her more than one try. But if she had to she could prepare a letter for you. She has a lot more to learn, though."

I suspect Tracy is suddenly a lot more fond of working for a prick like me and she's becoming concerned for her own job here now. It won't do any harm to let her worry about it for a little while but I'm in no hurry to send her back to the temp agency. She's contributing to the humiliation of Riley but more importantly, I haven't fucked her yet!

I called Carl on the intercom to ask if he's coming with us. He was just leaving. He wants very much to join us but his wife is still upset about how late he got home yesterday. I have to smile at that. There are times I miss being married. But those times are becoming few and far between. Sometimes I'm struck by how quiet my house is on an evening when I'm home alone and I'm not watching television. I'm answerable to no one now. I can fuck who I want, when I want, where I want. No one nags me about the toilet seat or spending too much time watching football. I'm a better cook than my ex wife ever thought of being. I have a woman who comes in twice a week and cleans up after me. There may come a time when I meet a woman, fall in love again and decide to get married. But I doubt it. I'm pretty happy with my life as it is now, especially since Riley started working for me.

Riley and Tracy followed me out to the parking lot. Brad has pulled his car around and is waiting for us there. I gave him directions to our destination and we caravanned downtown to the store. I wasn't impressed by what I saw when we pulled up and parked. The store is one of the few businesses still open on a quiet street in a part of town that could really use some urban renewal. The only other business around that gives the impression of being open is a seedy looking bar. There are a couple of Harleys parked nearby and a handful of cars and pickup trucks. I can't say if the operators of those vehicles are in the bar or the leather shop.

## Chapter 5

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:26 PM

We got out of our vehicles and I stood for a moment, looking skeptically at the rundown store simply named Leathers. I finally decided, "What the hell. We're here. We might as well go in and check it out."

Our odd little foursome entered the store and stopped just inside the door to look around. It's bigger than it looks from outside. They've taken over the empty store next door and knocked out a wall. The pleasant smell of leather fills the air. It almost makes me wish I owned a motorcycle!

The first thing I saw on the racks in front of me was leather jackets, vests and chaps. There are two couples browsing through the display of biker gear. One of the men looked up when we entered. He spotted Riley and his face lit up. He quickly got the attention of his three companions and they all stared openly at Riley.

But bikers aren't their only customers. Signs hanging from the ceiling pointed out the locations of the other merchandise on display; men's and women's clothing, luggage, boots and shoes, and a section I'm going to have to check out that's simply labeled toys.

I was just about to lead the way to the shoes when a man came hurrying up with a huge smile on his face. He introduced himself as Sam, the owner. While I was shaking his hand he said, "You must be Mr. Williams. Gunny called me this morning to tell me you might be in to look at some shoes. Would you like to browse first or are you in a hurry?"

I told him I'm not in a hurry, but that I'd like to check out the shoes first and then take a look around his store. He stared at Riley while we talked. I glanced behind me and saw that he wasn't staring at her just because her little dress is so sexy. The strap has slid down off of her left tit leaving it completely exposed. Her other nipple is beginning to peek out, too. By the time we get to the display of shoes both of her tits are going to be totally exposed.

The funny thing is that I didn't tell her she has to leave her tits exposed here and she didn't ask. If she had just kept those straps in place over her nipples when they started sliding off I wouldn't have said a word. It isn't like she's unaware her tits are exposed in public. She's blushing. But she seems to assume that I want her to leave them exposed. Far be it from me to disillusion her.

Sam led the way to the far left corner of the store and as we crossed the room he said over his shoulder, "I'm looking forward to working with you on the price of anything you buy. Gunny told me I'll be very pleased with our deal if I'm willing to cut you some slack."

He sounds awfully needy. That could work out well for me. It isn't that I really need help paying for anything I might buy in here. But I like to save a buck whenever I can and I appreciate every opportunity to humiliate Riley.

We reached the shoe department and I pointed Riley toward a seat. Her skirt pulled up when she sat down, exposing so much of her freshly shaved pussy that I can see the little patch of blonde pubic hair that remains above it. She reached for the hem to try and pull it down but I shook my head and said, "Leave it alone."

Sam stood in front of her staring at her pussy as though he's never seen one before but it isn't just Sam enjoying the view. The two couples who obviously arrived on the motorcycles parked out front followed us to the shoe department, too. They seem to have lost all interest in biker gear.

I went around the row of seats to look at the shoes on display behind them. Gunny knew exactly what I was looking for when he suggested I come here. Sam has a selection of some of the sluttiest shoes I've ever seen.

I don't want to give the wrong impression. I don't have a thing for either shoes or feet. But I do like the way a woman's ass and her legs look in a pair of high heels. And since I'm going for full on slut with Riley's wardrobe the footwear is just a part of her new look.

I pointed out a couple pairs of shoes and a pair of boots, all with at least six inch heels. I told Sam I'd like to see her in those. I meant it, too. I can't wait to see what her ass looks like in those fucking shoes! Judging by the smile on his face, Sam's looking forward to that, too.

Sam sat down on his little stool and stared at Riley's totally exposed little tits and her pussy for long enough that I was about to say something to him. I don't mind him looking. But there's no call for him to slip into a trance for Christ's sake!

He finally came out of his coma and removed Riley's shoes. He asked her to stand and spent an inordinate amount of time measuring her feet. While this was going on I kept an eye on Brad. I can't help getting a kick out of the poor kid's mixed emotions. He feels sorry for his wife. He's embarrassed. But he's watching closely as Sam's hands explore Riley's sexy legs and it's obvious he's turned on. It's just as obvious he's pissed with himself for getting turned on from watching his wife being treated this way.

But most of the pleasure I'm getting out of this comes from watching Riley. She hates all this public humiliation. But I'm willing to bet that anything shoved in her cunt right now would come out sopping wet.

It will come as no surprise to anyone who has known me for a while to learn that I enjoy treating people the way I'm treating Riley and Brad. I don't pull the wings off of flies or torture small animals. But I've been a bully all my life. I was a bully all through school and that didn't change when I graduated. If anything I've probably gotten worse now. Teachers and parents no longer monitor my behavior. There's no longer anyone around who can lecture me on my evil ways and there are damn few people who can kick my ass.

My bullying isn't physical, though. I browbeat people or I coerce them in some other way into doing what I want them to do. If you don't count scuffles with Carl when we were growing up I doubt if I've gotten into more than three or four fights in my entire life. It hasn't been necessary. I've always been a pretty big guy. I'm not as muscle bound as I was when I played football. But there aren't very many people in this town I have to worry about. Even now as I rapidly near the half century mark, anyone in their right mind is going to think twice before taking a swing at me.

While Sam was groping Riley's legs and measuring her feet, one of the bikers came up behind me and quietly said, "I like the way you dress your Barbie Doll. Where'd ya get that dress?"

I told him about 'Flaunt It!' and the great deal Gunny gave me yesterday. I made it clear that it's an expensive place to shop. But as far as I know the selection there is the best in town if you're looking for slut clothes.

He thanked me and then asked if I mind if the four of them watch for a while. I smiled and said, "Hell no! That's half the fun! She hates it and so does her husband over there. But..."

"That's her husband?!! That little...!"

Brad had his back to us but he heard the biker. I saw his neck turn red. He didn't turn around and confront the guy, though. Smart move on his part. The biker would have kicked his ass without even realizing he'd been in a fight. Brad continued to stand right there with his back to us and watch Sam feeling up his nearly naked wife. I think he's making believe he's unaware of us.

Sam disappeared for a few minutes. While he was gone, with a sneer in his voice the biker told his three companions that although I'm the man in charge, the pasty little white guy is actually Barbie's husband.

Brad ignored their taunts and derogatory comments. No one can blame him for that. It's the only option he has that doesn't end with him in the emergency room. I think he's beginning to wish he'd gone straight home after work, though.

Sam reappeared carrying three shoe boxes and returned to his seat in front of Riley. He fitted her for the first of the two pairs of shoes and then slid his little stool back and asked her to walk around and see how they feel.

She couldn't even stand up! Sam finally had to get to his feet and help her to stand. She looked at me as she stood there with her ankles wobbling around like someone putting on ice skates for the first time and sobbed, "I can't walk in these! I've never worn heels this high!"

The biker turned to me with a huge grin and asked, "Want some help?"

"Be my guest."

We all watched as the biker and his male friend stood on each side of Riley and put an arm around her. She gasped and then gasped again when each man reached under her skirt and got a firm grip on the cheeks of her ass. The biker who has been doing all the talking ordered her to put her arms around them and they half carried her the length of the carpet. They made several trips up and down the narrow runner before standing back to see if she was getting the hang of it.

With her arms straight out to her sides she wobbled clumsily down the stretch of carpet on her own looking very much like she was walking on a high wire. She didn't even bother to pull her skirt back down over her ass at first. I learned that no matter how graceless she is in those shoes, they certainly have the desired effect on her legs and her pert little ass. She obviously needs a lot of practice. But women wear higher heels than that. If it can be done there's no reason why she can't do it, eventually.

She sat down after two trips up and down the carpet on her own and Sam put the second pair of shoes on her. She struggled to her feet and managed to walk on her own this time. She wasn't a picture of grace but she managed to walk the carpet without breaking any bones. When she sat back down I asked her if one pair was more comfortable than the other.

She thought about it for a few seconds and shook her head. But then she whined, "Can't I get something with a smaller heel? I'm going to kill myself in those!"

"No. I like the way you look in them. Let's see how you do in the boots."

Sam helped her into the boots. She was so intent on her footwear that she hardly seemed to notice how exposed her pussy is when Sam lifts her legs up and to the side far more than necessary to put something on her foot. As soon as she stood up in the boots I sighed and said, "Never mind. Maybe we'll come back this fall and get some boots. They just don't look right with that dress."

I ended up telling Sam I'd take both pairs of shoes. I ordered her to wear the first pair she tried on. She might as well start getting used to them now. Sam took the boxes away and we started looking around the store.

I have enough clothes and I prefer Riley in something less substantial than what they sell here so we skipped the clothing. We aren't in the market for luggage, either. I led the way to the opposite corner of the store where the sign says we'll find whatever passes for toys in a place like this. I have to assume they aren't referring to toys for kids.

I was right. As soon as we rounded the first aisle we saw three fifty foot long aisles of nothing but sexual paraphernalia. I was surprised by what I saw. I didn't know they sold this kind of "toy" outside of those adult bookstores. One quick look and I was inspired. I have a few friends coming over on Saturday to help me molest Riley. I'm not a pain freak or anything and it isn't my intention to hurt Riley. But some of this shit looks pretty fucking interesting.

I noticed Brad and Riley aren't all that interested in the display of adult toys. They're standing together talking quietly. They're hanging back and it's plain to see they'd rather be anywhere else. I decided to be a nice guy. I went back over to the counter and told Sam I'm not finished shopping but I want my purchases to come as a surprise to Riley. I suggested we talk discount and then he can get his rocks off and send her home with her husband.

Since I don't know what I'm going to buy yet we aren't able to talk numbers. Instead, he suggested that if I let him spend twenty or thirty minutes with her in the backroom he'd let me have a twenty percent discount on everything I buy tonight. That's a far more generous offer than I was expecting so of course I accepted.

It isn't anywhere near closing time yet but the bikers left when the show in the shoe department ended and we're the only customers left in the building. He put a "Be right back" sign on the door and locked up. I started back over to the toy section but Sam asked, "Can I take her husband back there, too. You brought him with you so I'm assuming you wanted to fuck with his head. I think I'd get a big kick outa fucking her in front of him."

I smiled and said, "I understand perfectly. I did it today for the first time and I didn't think my cock was ever going to go down. It's really a lot of fun. When they leave, if you don't mind, let them take the shoes with them?"

"Sure. No problem. Gunny vouched for you. Come on, you two. The storeroom is right down here."

Riley and Brad followed Sam to his storeroom, both looking pretty dejected. I wouldn't have it any other way!

Tracy and I got a cart and returned to the toy section. I spotted several items I intend to buy just standing at the end of the aisle a few minutes ago. I went directly to the largest item, a leather sling, and after looking over the erotic pictures on the box I put it in the cart. Tracy is standing beside me reading over my shoulder. I heard the unmistakable excitement in her voice when she asked, "Are you going to put her in that on Saturday?"



I grinned and nodded. After a long pause she nervously asked, “I don’t suppose I could come to your party without having to ... take part.”

The horny little bitch just keeps beating around the bush! She wants to play but she’s afraid. Finally I decided to give her a little shove in the right direction. “Follow me home when we leave here. We can talk about it after I fuck you.”

She has known just as well as I have since this morning in my office that I’m going to fuck her. She’s just having trouble accepting it. I imagine she’s always had a pretty vanilla sex life until I talked her into doing what she did with Riley in my office today. She probably doesn’t think she’s “that kind of girl.” She’s conflicted because she has a boyfriend. She may or may not be in love. If she is she isn’t so much in love that she feels compelled to avoid the sexual excitement I’m offering her.

Everything that’s happened since Riley entered my office on Monday has excited her. The sight of first Carl’s cock and then mine has her thinking thoughts she never thought she’d have. I’m willing to bet she never imagined she’d end up having sex with a black man. It probably never even occurred to her. I’m reasonably certain she’s thinking about it now, though and has been since the little orgy in my office this morning. All she needs is just a little push in the right direction.

She didn’t say anything for a moment. Most noticeable among the things she didn’t say is “no, I won’t do that.”

When she finally did speak what she said is, “I’d love to see her in that sling.”

I grinned and asked, “Do you want me to buy another one for you?”

A shiver ran through her and she admitted, “I can’t say that the idea doesn’t turn me on. But...”

She wants to say yes but can’t bring herself to actually form the word because she knows a “good girl” like she has always thought herself to be should say no. Stepping out of your real life and into a fantasy can be a difficult decision to make. I watched her face as I reached out, grabbed another sling and put it in the cart. They’re expensive. But I can afford it and assuming she doesn’t lose her nerve it will be a worthwhile investment. I have a feeling that if I just act like I assume she’s given in to temptation she’s going to end up in one of those slings on Saturday without the need for any more encouragement from me.

I kept an eye on her, watching how she reacted as I picked up a selection of leather restraints, blindfolds, nipple clamps, and even a few different kinds of whips. I bought duplicates of everything but the whips. She shows signs of becoming more aroused with every item I pick up. It’s as though she’s already accepted the idea that she’s going to end up in that sling and having accepted her fate she’s turned on by everything now.

We slowly went up and down all three of those long aisles. I added a few more items to the cart; ring gags that hold a person’s mouth open and available, an assortment of butt plugs, vibrators and dildos, and finally back to the first aisle where I selected a few of the more bizarre bondage devices just for the hell of it.

I consider myself a pervert. There isn’t much in the realm of sexual behavior I find offensive, whether I practice those behaviors or not. I don’t feel I have the right to tell others what they can and cannot do in

the privacy of their own home. I always thought I was reasonably knowledgeable in the area of sex toys, even though I don't own any at present and have rarely used them. But some of the things I've selected this evening are totally new concepts to me. Saturday has the potential to get pretty interesting in a hurry.

I put the last of the items I selected in the cart and smiled confidently at Tracy. She looks a bit feverish. She blushed when she realized I'm pretty much reading her mind. We stared into each other's eyes as I boldly reached out and lifted her skirt with one hand. She didn't move. She stood stock still while I cupped her mound with my free hand and felt the heat and the moisture coming from her.

Until that moment I forgot all about telling her not to put her underwear back on this morning. Her hot, bare skin is now resting in my hand and she looks like just the slightest touch on her swollen clit would send her over the edge right there in the store. I left her hanging, though. I want her next orgasm to come about half an hour from now while I'm sinking my hard cock into that hot, wet hole.

I pushed the buggy over to the counter on the other side of the store. Sam is sitting on a stool behind the counter with a silly grin on his face. As we approached he sighed and exclaimed, "That was some fine pussy! Thank you very much. I haven't enjoyed a piece of ass like that in ... shit! Never!!"

I couldn't argue with him. Riley may have started out as a frigid little thing. Whether she knows what to do with it or not, though, that's one fine pussy she has between her legs. But I'm damn glad he enjoyed it. The total for this little shopping expedition is going to be well into four figures. Some of the shit I put in our cart is very expensive, like those two slings for example. Twenty percent of the total is going to be a hefty chunk of change.

I was right. Just the two slings came to a little over a thousand dollars. I've seen them cheaper on the internet and in sex shops. But in my opinion the quality and versatility of these justified the extra expense. They're made of heavy leather and almost infinitely adjustable.

By time Sam finished ringing everything up, including the new shoes, the total came to almost three thousand dollars! My first new car only cost a few hundred more than that!!

Sam didn't seem to mind at all when it came to subtracting the twenty percent discount. I know Riley is a great fuck. But damn! No pussy I've ever had was worth six hundred dollars. Not to me, anyway.

I loaded everything in my trunk and told Tracy to follow me. I didn't ask her and I acted confident; as though there was no doubt in my mind she'd obey. I think that's all she needed, to have her options taken away. I'm starting to realize that she's a lot more like Riley than she cares to admit. She wants to do this but if given the choice she isn't certain she can. She won't admit it. But just like Riley, she wants to have the option to refuse taken away from her. She needs the illusion that she has no choice but to obey.

Without a word, Tracy went to her car and waited for me to drive off. She followed me all the way home. I wish that I really could read minds. I'd love to be able to enjoy the turmoil that must have been churning through her mind like a violent storm as she anticipates with mixed emotions the things that are going to happen to her when she gets to my house.

I pulled into my garage. Tracy parked in the driveway behind me. I left the toys in my trunk and waited for her to join me in the garage. She got out of her car and stood by the door looking at me for a moment. I don't have to be able to read minds to know she's wondering what the hell she's doing here.

She took a deep breath and exhaled loudly. Then she approached me and started to say, "Listen ... I ... I'll admit I want to do this. That's no secret. You learned a lot ... probably too much about me today. But if I do..."

"Stop right there! You can turn around and leave if you want. I won't try to stop you and it won't have any effect on your position at the office. But if you go into my house with me you're going to do whatever the hell I tell you to do. You don't set terms, you don't set limits, you don't say no. That's scary, I know. But we both know that's what you want. You came here to get fucked. I'm looking forward to it. I think you're hot. You turn me on. But once you step through that door whatever happens between us happens on my terms. And not just this evening. You'll be one notch above Riley in the food chain tomorrow. But if I tell you to strip, if I tell you to fuck me or to fuck someone else just because I feel like watching, you're going to obey just as quickly as Riley would.

"I know you're nervous about giving up so much control over your body. But let me tell you a secret. Giving up control is the most erotic, the most liberating thing a woman can do. You're going to love it."

I paused for a moment and added, "But you don't need me to tell you that. You've been watching Riley. You seem to have figured it out for yourself."

It's obvious that she's both nervous and skeptical. But when I turned and headed for the door from the garage into the house I heard her following me.

In the small foyer between the garage and the kitchen I turned and waited until Tracy closed the door. She turned to face me and I said, "Strip. I like the way you look naked. I don't want you wearing clothing in my home."

I've seen her naked. I've touched her sexy tits and groped her pussy. But she seems no less nervous as she steps out of her shoes and then quickly removes her blouse and skirt as if getting undressed rapidly won't hurt so much. She hung her clothes from the hall tree by the door and turned, awaiting my next order.

I've known I was going to fuck her since the things that happened in my office this morning. We both did. I don't think either of us expected it to happen this quickly or in quite this way. I think we both expected that when we had sex it would be as equals. Until this morning I didn't see this submissive streak in her. Not at first. I'm not the only one. I think she's as surprised as I am.

I looked her over, enjoying the sight of her naked body for a moment before I ordered her to turn around slowly. Her body is every bit as sexy as Riley's, maybe even more so. Her tits are large and full. I've always been partial to tits like hers. And those puffy nipples are surprisingly erotic, I suppose because I've never seen any quite like them before.

I told her to follow me, turned and headed upstairs to my bedroom. She didn't even hesitate. She no doubt realizes that if she's gone so far that she's standing in my house naked she might as well accept the fact that she has agreed to my terms; absolute surrender.

I climbed the stairs, extremely aware of my hard cock anxious to be released, freed to rape and pillage as cocks are so fond of doing. I can't help being amazed at the sudden turnaround in my sex life since yesterday morning when I hired Riley. All of a sudden I have all the hot young pussy a man can want. And I have it any way and any time I want it. I must have been very good in a past life because a prick like me doesn't deserve to get this lucky for anything I've done in this life!

I turned to face Tracy and stripped down as soon as I entered my bedroom. I watched her eyes as she focused on my hard cock. The horny bitch wants this every bit as much as I do. She may not be all that fond of me. But she can't tear her eyes off of my cock.

While I undressed I ordered her to sit on the bed. She turned without a word and headed towards my large bed. She had her back to me when I asked, "Am I the first black man you've fucked?"

She moaned as she turned and sat on the bed facing me. Just hearing the words struck a chord. Her eyes returned to my cock and she nodded almost imperceptibly. I moved over and stood right in front of her. Without being told she reached out and wrapped her small, white hand around the bottom four inches of my cock. The tips of her thumb and fingers didn't meet. Not even close. She whispered, "God what a cock!"

"Have you ever had one this large before?"

"Not even close!"

I took her hand away and moved closer. I guided the spongy head of my cock all around her face, leaving a trail of lube in my wake. I coated her lips with it and as soon as my cock moved on she licked her lips clean. I had to smile at the aura of lust she's exuding. She can't hide her impatience. She isn't even trying. She wants my cock in her mouth. I want that, too. But first I guided her mouth to my heavy balls and ordered her to start licking.

I let my cock rest on her face while she tilted her head back and began to lick my balls as ordered. I smiled down at her and said, "You look even prettier with a big black cock in your face. I should get a picture of this and have it blown up and framed. I'd get two copies; one to hang on my bedroom wall and one that you can hang on yours."

She moaned and then she moaned again when I reached down and began to play with one of those big puffy nipples I find so irresistible. I chuckled and said, "I wonder what these things are going to look like with those clamps I bought today dangling from them. Have you ever tried nipple clamps?"

She mumbled an unintelligible negative into my balls and kept licking.

Then, just to see how she'd react, I asked, "I wonder what they'd look like if I had them pierced."

She stopped licking then. She looked up past my cock, looking into my eyes to see if I'm serious. I've never been particularly interested in a partner with piercings anywhere. I don't really intend to pierce hers but it's fun to keep her guessing.

I waited until she started licking again and said, "Okay. Suck my cock now. Normally I'd cum in your mouth and then let you make me hard so I can fuck you. But I've had so many orgasms in the last two

days I'm worried about getting dehydrated. So suck on it for a few minutes and then I'm going to fuck that tight, pink little pussy of yours."

I watched her wrap her fingers around the base of my cock and lean back to admire it for a moment. She slowly leaned forward again and kissed my cock a few times before starting to worship it with her tongue. I had to smile as I watched her work. She looks like she's closer to having an orgasm than I am!

She stopped licking and caressed my cock with her cheeks a few times. I can just barely hear a low humming sound coming from her. It sounds almost like she's purring! The bitch is really getting into this!

Finally she pressed her lips against the head of my cock and slowly slid them down over the first three or four inches. She moaned with pleasure as though I was eating her instead of the other way around. I always enjoy the vibrations that result when a cocksucker moans with my cock in her mouth. Tracy swabbed my cock with her tongue for a moment before drawing her lips back up the shaft. She repeated that same motion several times, taking a little more of my cock into her mouth each time and getting adjusted. Then she started working her mouth up and down on about five inches of my cock, pistoning away as though she was fucking me with her mouth. She used her hand on the three inches she's unable to take in her mouth and I began to suspect that this is not the first time Tracy has sucked a cock! This girl knows what the hell she's doing!

We both got carried away. I almost forgot all about fucking her! Damn she's good at this! But as I felt my orgasm approaching I came to my senses and pushed her head away. She whimpered and struggled to take my cock back into her mouth until I said, "Oh no, bitch! I'm gonna cum with my dick buried in that juicy pussy of yours. Get up on the bed on your hands and knees so I can make you my bitch."

She moved so fast she was almost a blur as she stood up and crawled up on my bed with her butt pointed right at me. I adjusted her position slightly and just enjoyed the view for a long moment. She spread her legs a little farther apart, leaned down and rested her head on her arms, presenting me with a perfect view of her sexy ass and her tight, juicy pussy.

I took my time, letting my rapidly nearing orgasm subside before shoving my dick in her. I want this to last longer than a minute or two. I ran my hands over her ass and then between her legs, teasing her red, swollen pussy and listening to her sigh and quietly whimper, "Yes, oh god yes!" under her breath.

I edged closer to the side of the bed and pried the cheeks of her ass apart. I pressed my cock into her ass crack and slowly slid it up and down for a moment. The way she reacted you'd have thought I was already fucking her. Normally you'd expect a girl, especially one you're having sex with for the first time, to tense up when you get your cock anywhere near her asshole. If she's concerned it doesn't show. She just moaned and wriggled her ass around a little like she's trying to wag her tail. She even tried to grip my cock with the cheeks of her ass.

Finally she exclaimed, "Jesus Christ, Mr. Williams! Stop teasing me. I can't take it anymore. Please! Fuck me with that fat cock!"

I almost suggested that under the circumstances she should call me Seth. But then I decided I kind of like being called Mr. Williams by a woman I'm fucking. It reduces her options. It makes it clear that I have the upper hand. I want that to be perfectly clear in our relationship. This is all about sex. It's all about Tracy doing whatever I want her to do whenever I want her to do it; just like Riley except in her case I won't be involving her boyfriend.

I guided my cock to her hot little pussy and slowly applied pressure until just the head slipped inside. She shuddered violently and exclaimed, "Oh god yes! Do it! Fuck me! Please! I'll do anything. Just fuck me!"

I smiled down at her and growled, "You're damn right you'll do anything, bitch. As of today your fucking ass belongs to me for as long as I want it."

I gripped the cheeks of her ass in my hands and as I slid another couple inches of hard cock into her I said, "From now on you'll do anything and anyone, just like Riley. No more limits. Right?"

"YES!! I SWEAR IT!! Just please ... FUCK ME!!"

I held on tight and slammed the remaining five fat inches of cock into her. She tensed up, screamed and climaxed on that first violent stroke. I didn't wait for her to recuperate. I drew back and started pounding the meat to her, filling her with more cock than she's ever had before with one violent stroke after another. There was a moment or two when she only grunted with each stroke. But then she began to experience a string of loud orgasms one right after the other. She cried out, making so much noise I wondered if the neighbors might not be able to hear her. I don't care. I'm just curious. She cried out and she grunted and she climaxed like a mad woman, over and over and over until she was just kind of limp and used up.

She continued making unintelligible sounds as I fucked her until finally I couldn't hold back any longer. I reached up and gripped the back of her neck with my left hand. With my right hand I started spanking her ass as I sped up a little more and then came to a screeching halt and emptied my balls into her tight, clasping pussy.

When the sexual fog in which she has been cloaked lifted slightly and she felt my entire body convulsing she realized I was finally coating her insides with my cum. She sobbed, "Oh god yes! Oh sweet Jesus! Do it! Cum! I want to drown in it!!"

She shuddered violently and then she had one last orgasm and collapsed. With a firm grip on her hips I held her in place, her ass up in the air and my cock still buried in her to the hilt. I stood behind her with my slowly receding cock buried in her throbbing pussy while I ground my hips against the cheeks of her sexy ass. When I saw her naked in my office this morning I knew she'd be one hell of a fuck. She's all that and more! Jesus! Her and Riley, too! These two broads are gonna kill me!

I finally slid my cock free of her incredibly tight pussy. I patted her ass affectionately to let her know how satisfied I am with her performance and then I sat down beside her on the edge of the bed. She collapsed onto the bed without me to hold her up. Then she rolled over onto her side and looked up at me with a silly grin on her face. We looked at each other for a long moment before she said, "I don't

love you. I'm pretty sure I don't even like you. You're a real asshole and we both know it. But you can fuck me anytime! Jesus! I've never been fucked like that before!"

Then, looking me right in the eyes, she moved closer, lifted my limp dick and began to lick it clean. I smiled and said, "You've never done that for a man before, either, have you?"

Without stopping what she was doing she mumbled, "Uh-uh."

Then she lifted her head away long enough to add, "You made Riley do it. It was disgusting to watch and it was obvious she hated it. Yet for some reason it turned me on like crazy to watch her clean a nasty cock with her mouth. I'm trying not to think too much about what that says about me but I assume it's part of my job now."

"You're damn right it is."

I don't know anything about Tracy. We didn't hire her, the temp agency did. I don't know her exact age. I don't know if she's been married or if she has a kid. All I know is that she isn't bad looking and she has one of the hottest bodies I've ever stuck my dick in. She isn't as much fun to fuck with as Riley because with Riley it's also a mind fuck. But I'm definitely going to be keeping this broad around when her contract with the temp firm expires.

I watched her struggle to sit up. She looked down at her very messy crotch and then glanced at the clock on my nightstand. Her eyes got wide and she exclaimed, "Fuck me! I've got to get cleaned up!"

I nodded and watched her get to her feet and sway for a second or two until she got a little more blood going to her brain. She made a dash to the bathroom. She used the toilet and then took a thirty second shower. When she returned to the room she looked around for her clothes. I had to remind her that she doesn't wear clothes in my home. Her clothes are downstairs where she left them. As I escorted her back downstairs I reminded her that she's no longer permitted to wear underwear and I told her that from now on I want her to wear sexier blouses and shorter skirts.

She grinned and replied, "If I must I must."

I watched her get dressed and hurry out to her car. After she left I put on a pair of shorts and slippers and unloaded the trunk of the car. By that time it was getting to be pretty late; too late to make a dinner. I ended up putting together a couple of tuna sandwiches and eating them while I watched a little news. I didn't hear much of the news, though. I was more focused on the strange turn my life of near celibacy has taken in the last two days and on my plans for the two sexy women who are responsible for that change.

I took a shower and went to bed at around nine-thirty or ten. I was so tired, so worn out by those two sexy women, that I think I was asleep even before my head hit the pillow. I slept like a log until my alarm went off the next morning.

I normally jump right out of bed and get going when I awake in the morning. But not this morning. I lay there for a few minutes longer, enjoying the anticipation of another day of debauchery. Life doesn't get any better than this!

I made myself get up after a few minutes. I had to. It was either get up and go to the bathroom or wet the bed. I took a quick shower and got dressed. After breakfast at the little diner I drove to work with a huge smile on my face. I've always enjoyed my job. After all, I'm the boss. How bad can it suck?! But I've never been as excited about going to work as I am now.

There's going to be an entirely new dynamic today. I'm going to take it a little easy on Tracy to start out. After all, I don't have the hold over her that I do over Riley. But judging by the way she went crazy over my cock last night this is going to be a very interesting day as long as her conscience didn't start to bother her after she went home last night and she isn't having second thoughts.

I knew as soon as I saw her face and the way she dressed when I entered my outer office this morning that I don't need to take it too easy on her. She looked up from the cup of coffee she just poured for herself and smiled. I had to smile, too. She stood there in a sheer blouse and a skirt so short I could almost see her pussy. It must have been obvious that I approve. She blushed and explained, "I've never worn this outfit without underwear before. It's exhilarating!"

Just what I want to see and just what I want to hear. I turned to Riley then. She's looks a lot less comfortable wearing one of her tiny miniskirts, one of the sheer bolero tops I bought to go with it and those impossibly high heeled shoes in which she has so much trouble walking or even standing. I asked, "Did Brad pick out your outfit again?"

"Yes, sir."

"I may have to give that boy a raise. He's really getting into the spirit of this, isn't he?"

She shrugged and replied, "It's easy for him. He isn't getting fucked by a lot of strange men, parading around nearly naked and sucking cocks all over town."

She's trying to sound petulant but I don't think she's nearly as upset about her situation as she pretends. I told Riley to bring me in a cup of coffee. It looks like she's been practicing walking in those shoes. She no longer looks like she's walking on a high wire. And man! Does her ass ever look great now! But I'm going to have to leave the girls alone for a few hours and try to get caught up on the work that's been backing up since I hired Riley.

I sat at my desk and remembered that I have one personal phone call to make before I get to work. I called Tom, the maintenance supervisor, on the intercom and said, "I need a favor, Tom. Would you ask a couple of your men if they'd like to make a little extra money erecting a sturdy frame in my backyard? I need it right away. It's for the party I'm having on Saturday. I bought a couple of sex slings at a leather shop. I want to hang my two girls from them so the guys will have someone to do."

He thought about it for a moment and then, just as sincere as can be he said, "You want to erect a frame? I can't imagine you needing help with an erection!"

Then he got serious and said, "I know the slings you're talking about but I've never actually seen one. Let me come to your office and we'll spend a few minutes working up a plan. I know the guys will be happy to make a little extra cash and earn a few brownie points. But they're going to need a diagram to work from. I'll be there in about ten minutes."



I haven't really put much thought into how best to do what I want with those slings. I thought about it for a minute and then drew a rough sketch of what I thought would work best. I'm neither an architect nor a draftsman but I think I came up with something better than the flimsy frames they sell for those slings at a cost of close to two hundred dollars.

I had the drawing finished by the time Tom showed up. It's just a simple square frame made from 4x4s with a tarp over it to keep the sun off the girls. I'll want the 4x4s at the four corners cemented in place so they'll have to at least put the corners in today to give the cement time to set up.

Tom looked it over and approved of my sketch in general. He wanted to know how I envisioned the slings attaching to the framework. When I described the slings he suggested a piece of heavy pipe across the center rather than the beam I drew in. He suggested that I let the men take off now so that they can get the material they need and get to work right away. I gave him some cash and thanked him.

Tom left to find his volunteers and I finally went to work. I busted my hump all morning and all through lunch. I sent Tracy out for sandwiches and I ate while I worked. The expression on her face was pretty amusing when I told her that I want her to go get my lunch. I guess she wasn't planning on going out where anyone could see her in that sexy outfit. It was obvious from the look on her face when I first sent her to get my lunch that she was trying to think of some way to talk me out of it. She looked more than a little nervous at the thought of going out where she'd be seen by the general public. But after a short pause she smiled and exclaimed, "Oh what the hell! I didn't dress like this hoping no one would see me and nothing exciting would happen."

I chuckled and said, "I'm nearly caught up. Things should get a little more interesting this afternoon. Just remember the old adage, 'Be careful what you wish for, you may receive it.' We discussed this last night. What happens around here from now on is up to me, not you and not Riley. And you already know what a pervert I am."

She blushed even as she smiled in anticipation when I asked, "Are you going to have any trouble getting away from your boyfriend on Saturday?"

It has been pretty much understood that she's coming since the two of us were shopping for sex toys yesterday evening. She never said a word when I picked up the second sling and put it in the cart. On the other hand, she never actually said she'll be there.

She almost whispered, "I can't fucking believe I'm saying this!"

Then, in a normal but somewhat strained voice she replied, "I'll be there."

It was two o'clock by the time I got caught up with my work. I sat back in my chair and thought about what I want to do with all that sweet pussy just waiting for me in the other room. The last two days have been extremely exciting. But I don't want to keep having the same adventure over and over again.

While I pondered that delightful dilemma I called the girls into my office. I looked them over and decided Riley's outfit is the most revealing, though it's hard to decide between them. Although I have a small refrigerator in my office stocked with soft drinks I reached into my pocket and gave a dollar to Riley. I told her how to get to the break room used by the people working on the plant floor and sent her to get me a Coke.

She's not happy about being ordered to parade around the plant in her invisible top and tiny skirt. But that's exactly why I made her do it. After she left the office I told Tracy to sit down. She sat in one of the chairs in front of my desk and made me smile when she made no effort to keep her knees together. As soon as she was seated I said, "I know almost nothing about you. In view of the change in our relationship I think I should remedy that. I've heard you mention you have a boyfriend but I don't know how serious it is. I don't know if you're in love. Beyond the fact that you're dating someone I know almost nothing about you. Have you been married? Any kids? You have a boyfriend, but do you think it's serious? Do you live with him?"

She promptly replied, "First the answer to the question you didn't ask but I'm sure you're wondering about. I'm thirty-one. I've been engaged once. It lasted long enough that I finally realized getting engaged was as much of a commitment as he was willing to make. It took me a while to wake up. But eventually I figured out that we were never going to get married. I finally told him to shit or get off the pot. He got off the pot.

"No kids. I love kids, especially younger kids. But for some reason I'm not certain I want kids of my own. That's blasphemy, I know. But it's how I feel.

"I'm not living with my boyfriend. We've been dating for almost eight months and until last night we were in a committed relationship. The strange thing is that I don't feel guilty about what I did with you yesterday. I feel guilty for not feeling guilty, though. I have to wonder if I'm really as much in love as I thought I was or am I just with him because he's a nice guy and I don't want to be alone.

"I know that when it comes to sex, yesterday was the most exciting day of my life. I probably shouldn't admit that to you. It can't be wise to encourage an arrogant asshole like you. But I think you probably figured it out for yourself. You may be a prick but you aren't stupid.

"What else would you like to know?"

"Are you looking forward to Saturday?"

"I'm nervous. No. That doesn't even come close. I'm scared, very scared. But I'd be lying if I said I'm not excited, too. I'm excited because I've never done anything like this before and I'm excited because I don't trust you. But then, if I thought I could trust you, if I knew I was going to be safe and that I could just get up and go home any time I want it wouldn't be nearly as exciting, would it?"

I understand perfectly. And I don't want to ease her fears too much. But I thought I should say, "You're right not to trust me. But I'll go so far as to promise that you won't be harmed. I can't promise you won't be hurt. I'm not a pain freak. On the other hand, there are going to be some large, horny men there on Saturday and I've noticed in the past that in situations such as what I have planned, men tend to go further than they might without their friends there to urge them on. I would suggest that if you aren't already a big fan of anal sex it might be a good idea if you use a dildo or something when you get home tonight in order to get used to the feeling of having something shoved up your ass. It may not happen. But you have a very sexy ass and once you're helpless in that sling there's no telling what some well hung, horny old man might do to you."

She nodded and said, "Yeah. I already thought about that. I've never done it before, anal I mean. And I'd rather not. But if I could put limits on what's going to happen it wouldn't be the same, would it?"

Riley finally returned with my Coke looking a little less composed than when she left. She handed me the drink and said, "Your brother told me to tell you to check your email."

I turned to my computer and opened my email. I found the one from him and opened it. There were four pictures taken from outside his office from four different angles. In each one I could clearly see Riley's naked ass sticking out from under his desk while she sucked his cock. Any number of the people on the plant floor can see into his office. There's no telling how many of our employees saw their co-worker's wife sucking their supervisor's cock.

"Who took the pictures?"

"Brad."

She doesn't sound happy about it. I guess that's understandable.

Unlike her, though, the situation really appeals to me. She can see that, unlike her and no doubt her husband, I'm amused by the humiliation to which she was just subjected. Without waiting to be told she went on to explain, "Your brother and another man were coming out of the break room as I was going in. They stepped back to let me in but then your brother pulled me close and asked if I sucked your cock yet today. When I said no he pulled my skirt up, gripped my ass in both hands and kissed me. Then he pulled me back out of the room and down the hall to his office.

"When we got to his office he ordered me undress with probably dozens of people watching through the glass while he sat down in his chair and pulled his cock out. He ordered me to crawl across the room on my hands and knees and he took a bunch of pictures with a digital camera while he told me how sexy I look with my tits swaying back and forth. When I reached him he ordered me under his desk with all those people watching and made me suck his cock.

"As soon as I started sucking his cock he called Brad in to his office. He handed the camera to him and told him to step out of his office and take pictures from every angle. When Brad returned with the camera he made him stand there until he climaxed. After he put his cock back in his pants he made Brad help me get dressed while he took more pictures."

She sounds pretty upset but in only two days I've gotten a pretty good idea how her mind works. I called her closer. As soon as she was standing beside me I reached under her skirt and slid two fingers into her pussy. She's so wet it feels like she's already been fucked.

When I smiled she exclaimed, "That isn't fair! I can't help it!! The things you make me do here are bad enough. But what he's doing to Brad in front of all those people just isn't right! Brad's a good guy and he loves me even after all the shit you've made me do. He doesn't deserve that."

I chuckled and ignoring the main thrust of her complaint I replied, "I know you can't help it. Why in the hell do you think I hired you?!"

I lifted the arm of my chair and released my cock from the tight confines of my suit pants. She sighed and dropped to her knees without waiting to be told. While Riley was sucking my cock, Tracy got up

and dropped down behind her. She lifted Riley's skirt the rest of the way up over her ass and reached between her legs. She grinned at me and said, "Every time I see her like this I wish I had a cock."

I laughed and said, "They sell strap-ons. But I don't think it would be the same. I'm afraid you're going to have to wait until she finishes and have her eat your pussy."

Whatever Tracy is doing with her hand between Riley's legs is having a noticeable effect. She started moaning, wriggling around and sucking my cock like a vacuum cleaner! After everything that's happened in here since Riley showed up on Monday this is pretty mundane. But that doesn't mean it isn't pleasurable.

I reached out and slid my hand inside Tracy's blouse. I'm still fascinated by those puffy nipples. I played gently with the one I was able to reach and concentrated on the blowjob I'm getting. Riley is quickly getting pretty good at this. She should be with all the practice she's been getting since I hired her. I closed my eyes and let my mind wander. I'm looking forward to seeing what these two are going to look like once I get them into those slings going up in my back yard. I can almost picture it.

Carl, Tom and Dupree will be there. They know all about Riley but I don't think Dupree knows I intend to make pussy available to my friends. As far as I know only Carl and Tom know that I have my sights set on Tracy, too. They don't know that she came to my house last night and that I made a convert of her. The other guests at my little backyard party only know that there will be food and drinks and a television upon which we'll be able to watch our local baseball team get their ass kicked as usual. Our team is so bad now that I'm no longer a fan. I can't stand the frustration and the heartbreak any longer. I still watch them, though. It's often amusing to sit back, sip a beer or two and count the errors.

I think Riley enjoyed several orgasms before I came in her mouth. After she swallowed I invited Tracy to make use of her. She was all too happy to oblige. I watched as Tracy returned to her seat, pulled her skirt up the two inches that were necessary to bare her snatch and wiggled her finger at Riley.

Riley was a lot less reluctant this time than she was when forced to eat her co-worker's pussy for the first time yesterday. I don't know if she decided after trying it that she likes eating pussy or if she realizes that whether she likes it or not she's going to end up doing it. In any case, she moved around my desk on all fours and quickly buried her face between Tracy's legs.

It wasn't quite as exciting as it was yesterday when I saw it for the first time. One reason for that is that this time Riley isn't nearly as upset about having to do it. She didn't plead with me. She didn't have that look of near horror on her face. But even without the drama it's still exciting to watch two women having sex.

It didn't take long. I doubt if it was ten minutes before Tracy enjoyed a long string of increasingly intense orgasms. I almost laughed out loud a couple of minutes later when I realized that she was done and she was having trouble pushing Riley's face away from her pussy! I found it amusing that Riley is such an easy convert to eating pussy but still, I much prefer the way she reacted yesterday.

One orgasm was enough for me. I've gotten my rocks off so many times in the last three days that I need a break. I sent the girls back to work and I spent the rest of the afternoon acting like the owner of a business. If I don't stop slacking off like I have been I may have to fire me!

## Chapter 6

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:27 PM

For the rest of the day and in fact for the rest of the week I left the girls pretty much alone. I bent Tracy over my desk on Thursday afternoon and fucked her. But except for that I left them alone to do their jobs. Before we closed up shop on Friday afternoon I checked on the progress of Riley's training. Tracy reluctantly had to admit she's pleased with how quickly her sexy assistant/student is learning how to use our software as well as picking up the slack on the other tasks with which she needs to be familiar in order to be a competent secretary.

I saw the underlying concern on Tracy's face and I assured her that as soon as her contract with the temp agency expires she'll have a permanent job here whether she wants it or not. Her nipples turn me on too much to let her go. I even promised to pay her what I'm paying the temp company for the use of her. That will no doubt be a substantial increase in pay.

Before I sent them home I reminded them that they're both required to be at my home tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I went home then and checked on the support the men are building for the slings. The four posts were already cemented in place when I got home on Wednesday. Yesterday, they finished the frame and one of the men suggested that instead of a tarp they could put a permanent roof over the whole thing. He recommended a faux thatched roof. When the slings aren't hanging from it I'll be able to sit in the shade and it will look much less like a temporary structure. Considering how much I've spent on the pool and decking I thought that was a good idea.

The men were just finishing up when I got home. I couldn't be more pleased. They did a great job. They made it look very much like a cabana. It goes well with the nearby pool. It looks like it belongs there! I paid them for their three days of hard work and promised them a bonus next week. From the eager expressions on their faces I'm pretty sure they understood that I was referring to a shot at Riley and Tracy.

I went to bed early. I expect I'm going to need my strength tomorrow. Not as much as the girls will. But I'm looking forward to a day of debauchery. I don't want to be embarrassed by having to quit early and spend the day sitting on the sidelines watching while my friends spend most of the day shagging my two new pussies.

Saturday morning was not as hectic as you might expect for someone hosting an orgy. The food is being provided by a friend who owns a restaurant. The beer is in a refrigerator in the garage. I'll have the girls ice it down in coolers when they arrive. All I have to do is eat breakfast, hang the slings on the industrial grade support I just had built, read the morning paper and relax.

The slings were easy to attach to the heavy pipe across the top of the support. I pulled the picnic table closer and spread out the assortment of toys I bought at Leathers so my friends will have something to keep them from getting bored. That's all the preparation required of me.

Tracy showed up fifteen minutes early. She apologized but said that she couldn't wait to see the slings. I made her undress in the foyer and took her out to the backyard. She moaned in anticipation when she

saw the slings and my new toy collection. She smiled but I could see she was very nervous. She said, "You're an evil man, Mr. Williams. I can't fucking believe I'm doing this!"

I'm reasonably certain that at no time in her life has she ever imagined that she'd do anything like this. And being nervous is a natural reaction. But it's also plain to see that she's excited. It may be that when this day is over she'll never want to do anything like this again. But she wants to do it at least this one time.

In response to my question she told me she hasn't told Riley anything. She knows nothing about the slings or the sex toys I bought. She only knows that there's a party and she'll almost certainly end up having sex with some of my friends.

Tracy was still examining the slings when the doorbell rang just before ten. I was about to send her to answer it but at the last minute I had a better idea. I grabbed one of the blindfolds and went to let Riley in. I was happy to see that Brad didn't just drop her off and leave. He wasn't part of the original plan. But now that he's here the idea of making him watch and maybe even play a part in the festivities appeals to the prick in me.

I invited them both in and ordered Riley to strip in the foyer. As soon as she was naked I put the blindfold on her and led them out to the backyard. I instructed Tracy and Brad to fill the coolers in the garage with beer and ice and spread them around the backyard while I led Riley over to the slings and put her in one of them. I strapped her in securely, including putting her wrists in the leather cuffs that are already attached to the support straps so that her arms are raised over her head. I made a few minor adjustments but left her in a sitting position for now. I stepped back when she was strapped in and helpless to enjoy the effect.

Perfect! Just looking at her hanging there looking so totally vulnerable is giving me a hard on.

Riley hasn't said a single word since I opened the door. The look on her face was just what you'd expect from a young woman attending an orgy against her will. But looking at her now in that vulnerable position I can see that the expression on her face doesn't tell the whole story. Her nipples are erect and I know that if I stick a finger in her tight little pussy it's going to enter her easily and come out wet.

Brad and Tracy rolled out the first two coolers. Brad tried to look upset when he saw his young bride's naked body on display, ready for the first of what I'm sure will be many hard fucks throughout the day. He also tried to hide the fact that his dick started to get hard.

In contrast, Tracy hid nothing. She wheeled her cooler over and parked it by the picnic table. Then she spent a few minutes inspecting my helpless new secretary. She walked around Riley, running her fingers over her vulnerable body and no doubt anticipating what it's going to be like in a few minutes when I put her in the other sling and make her helpless, too.

That's not a look of dread I see on her face. She's looking at Riley and thinking about all the cock that's going to plunder her helpless body. She may not have ever imagined doing anything like this until I put her in this position. She may never want to do it again once this day is over. But it's obvious that she's highly aroused and looking forward to that moment when I put her in the sling and make her helpless.

It took the two of them another fifteen minutes to fill up and wheel out the remaining four coolers. Once that was taken care of I instructed Brad to put Tracy in the other sling and secure her the way his wife is secured.

It took him a few minutes to figure it all out. But he finally managed. He was very careful where he put his hands at first. But before long it didn't look like he was being quite so careful. He glanced at me to see how I felt about him groping Tracy. I didn't give him permission but I didn't object either. That was all the permission he needed. By the time he finished strapping her in he'd explored her body pretty thoroughly and his little dick was hard. Tracy seems to be enjoying it, too.

One last time I debated sending him home before my guests start to arrive. But I'm pretty sure my friends will get a kick out of fucking his wife in front of him. I told him I've decided I want him to stay. I want him to let my guests in as they arrive and then stand back out of the way and watch. Whenever it's needed he can go around picking up trash in the yard and performing any other tasks my guests or I might deem necessary.

He tried to conceal how he feels about that. He glared at me half-heartedly, probably because that's what he thinks he's supposed to do. But I think he's happy for the opportunity to see his wife getting gangbanged even though he knows how inappropriate it is for a husband to want to witness something like that. The prissy little boy-bitch who wouldn't even eat his wife's pussy is turning out to be a bigger pervert than anyone realized.

I ordered him to get me a cold beer and sat down to enjoy the view of my two bound beauties. It's immediately apparent that Tracy is much more attractive blindfolded, hanging naked in a sling and strapped down with her wrists secured above her head. A damsel in distress is exciting enough. But when you add in her toned body and the fact that she's even more unaccustomed to this sort of situation than even Riley ... am I lucky man or what!!

I felt a strong urge to try them out as they hung there suspended and vulnerable. But I thought it only proper that as a good host I keep them fresh and clean for my guests. I know they won't remain that way for long. Not once my horny friends arrive. But they should remain pristine until my guests have a chance to look them over.

It wasn't long before the guys started arriving. My brother was the first, then Dupree. They both knew what to expect. They already knew about the slings and Carl knows I've already fucked Tracy.

Tom showed up next. Tom is my token white friend. He was my neighbor growing up and we did everything together from the time we met when we were eight. We chased girls and we played football, baseball and basketball together all through high school. He's one of the few guys I know of any race who are able to look at someone and not form an opinion based upon the color of their skin.

Tom was one of the first men I hired when I finally started my own company. For the first few months the fact that he worked for me seemed to come between us. He felt he had to treat me differently because I own the company. But he finally got over that and we're as close now as we ever were. All the other men who are coming today are black. But I know he won't care or even really notice. A few of my black friends may have reservations about gangbanging a couple of tied up white women in front of Tom. But they'll either get over it or they won't. It doesn't matter to me.

Over the next fifteen minutes the rest of the guys arrived. That's when things started getting interesting. Except for the men who work at the plant, none of the men who came to the party realized that free pussy was on the menu. Once they got over the shock, however, they were all happy about it. And when I explained that the cute blonde's husband will be performing odd jobs I didn't see anyone who didn't find that curious but interesting.

About half my friends know Tom. Some of the others seemed a little uncomfortable at first. It probably sounded kind of corny but I told them that Tom is like a brother to me and if it came down to having to choose between them I'm going to choose Tom. If they had a problem with him after that they kept it to themselves.

The guys held back at first, not sure about the etiquette. A lot of guys make jokes about gangbangs. But not a lot of them have actually been to one. I got up and demonstrated how adjustable the slings are, putting Riley into several vulnerable positions everyone found inviting. I also pointed out all the toys on the picnic table that they're welcome to use. I made it clear that as long as no one is harmed they're free to do anything they want to the two women.

I returned to my seat. Carl and Tom pulled up chairs and together we watched as Dupree and my other eight friends began to examine the merchandise. As they began groping and exploring I had to answer a lot of questions about who they are, how they came to be here, and a lot of requests for more personal information about them.

It was quite a while before anyone finally pulled a cock out and made use of one of the women. First they drove the women just a bit crazy with fingers exploring everywhere. I noticed Riley, true to form, is trying to act as though she hates what the men are doing. She wants them all to think she isn't that kind of girl. Brad may have bought her act. I'm not fooled and I don't think anyone else is, either.

Tracy, on the other hand, didn't have to put on an act for anyone's benefit. She started right out enjoying the things the men are doing to her as much as they are. That will probably change before very long. The first time someone shoves a cock up her ass or tries to push one down her throat she might have second thoughts. But for now she's having the time of her life.

The men started using some of the toys on them before they got down to the actual sex. The nipple clamps were first. One of the men said, "I've heard about these. I've never actually seen them before."

He examined a set of them for a moment and then fastened them down tightly on Tracy's already very hard nipples. I think we were all surprised by her reaction. While the clamps were being tightened down on her puffy nipples she had a small orgasm. It so fascinated everyone that the other set was attached to Riley's stiff nipples while everyone watched closely to see how she reacted. She didn't orgasm. But she bit her lower lip and moaned loudly. It didn't sound like a moan of pain to me.

The guys started experimenting with dildos and vibrators next. It was difficult for those of us watching to decide whether the girls or the guys were enjoying it more. It wasn't long before Riley dropped her façade of reluctance. She began climaxing as often as Tracy, even when one of the guys started using a miniature cat-o-nine-tails on her stomach and then her tits!



Before the actual fucking started the guys tried out every toy on the table. I enjoyed the show and I enjoyed seeing which toys the girls enjoyed the most. I was shocked to see that both women enjoyed that miniature whip when it was flailing away at their tits. I bought that for my own amusement! I didn't expect the girls to get off on it! They were both greased up and subjected to various size butt plugs, too. While I don't doubt that both women would have preferred having something shoved in their pussies instead, they didn't seem to mind the butt plugs nearly as much as I thought they might.

Dupree was first to fuck one of them. He has always been pretty uninhibited so I wasn't surprised. He has already fucked Riley more than once since I hired her. So he took advantage of this opportunity to make use of Tracy's hot little pussy.

Not long after that, the ice having been broken, one of the men pushed Riley's legs apart. Ignoring the hands that were still groping her he pulled his hard cock out of his pants and slammed it into her in one violent stroke. She grunted and then sighed loudly, obviously not the least bit upset now that the gangbang is finally underway in earnest.

The others watched for a few minutes before one of them got smart and adjusted the sling so that Riley's upper body is horizontal. In a couple of short minutes her head was hanging down and her mouth was at just the right level to take a hard cock. Only seconds after the men saw how practical that arrangement is Tracy's sling was in the same configuration. The ring gags were put in their mouths and strapped in place and both women began servicing two hard cocks apiece.

The guys were being a little rough. I suppose that's to be expected in a situation like this. It became especially difficult for the girls when cocks started battering against the backs of their throats. Both girls gagged and choked at first. I probably should have suggested that the guys take it a little easy on them. Neither one of them is a porn star. But although they were obviously uncomfortable they weren't being harmed and it was kind of amusing to watch. Remember what I said when this all started? I'm a prick. I don't have a problem with being a little rough with the woman you're fucking, especially at a gangbang. If a woman goes to a gangbang willingly then she can't bitch about getting fucked.

The girls struggled at first. At least they struggled and tried to protest the rough face fucking. Tracy didn't mind the big black cock plowing her pussy nearly as much. Riley seemed to object; at least at first. I could see by her expression how much she hates being fucked by all those strange men. But once her mouth started getting put to better use I could no longer see what she was feeling ... or what she wants us to believe she's feeling. And once she settled down and got used to having her throat used like a cunt, once she stopped gagging and choking, she seemed more able to concentrate on the sensations those large cocks were causing between her legs. It wasn't all that long before I could see she was experiencing some pretty healthy orgasms.

There wasn't much they could do about the rough double fucking they were getting because of the way they were restrained. I think, though, that as expected, being helpless is a large part of the excitement they're experiencing. I waited to see what they'd say when the first two men finished fucking their faces.

As it turned out they didn't get a lot of time to complain. As soon as the men fucking either orifice climaxed they pulled out and were replaced immediately. But in the brief moment of transition neither

woman said anything. They gasped and they panted. They swallowed hard. But when the next cock was pressed against their lips they both submitted without a struggle.

Tracy didn't seem too pleased when Jarrod lifted her legs to the vertical and fastened her ankle cuffs to the sling support straps. She knew what was coming but except for resisting slightly when he lifted one of her legs to secure it to the support strap she didn't struggle. She moaned but didn't say anything when he began working more lube into her back passage and loosening her up. I think she was already pretty well prepared when the guys shoved those butt plugs in both women's sexy asses before the fucking started.

Jarrod was nicer about it than I would have expected. At least he started out taking it easy on her. But once he'd driven his cock into her ass a few times he quickly began to pick up the pace and started fucking her ass the way she's gotten used to having her pussy fucked. By the time Jarrod managed to work his cock into Tracy, Potts was adjusting Riley's legs and getting her ready, too.

The women remained in that position after that. Not all the men fucked their asses. But it looked like at least half of them gave it a shot. They laughed and joked about it, many of them obviously never having fucked a woman's ass before. Some said they didn't notice any difference. Others swore that the girl's asses were even hotter and tighter than their pussies.

Carl, Tom and I sat back and enjoyed the show until our friends were finally sated. It took them more than two hours to finish with the girls, at least for the time being. I ordered Brad to stretch the hose out and clean the girls inside and out. We watched in amusement as he cleaned the girls inside and out and sprayed the cement pad under them clean with the cold water from the hose. Then, while he helped Nug unload the insulated containers of chicken, ribs and the various side dishes he brought from his restaurant, the three of us took our turns. We enjoyed watching the live sex show very much so it didn't take us long to satisfy our own lusts.

My original plan was to leave the girls in slings until the party broke up. But they looked like they could use something other than cum in their stomachs. They could both use a cold drink, a light meal and a little rest so I let them up and took them inside so they could have a quick shower.

I led them to my bathroom and laid out fresh towels. I turned the water on for them and was about to leave when Tracy smiled and exclaimed, "That was fucking amazing!"

I smiled and said, "Yeah. But I doubt if it's over. So I'm going to let you relax for a while. Come out and get something to eat and drink when you're ready. But don't be surprised if you end up back in those slings before long."

Riley didn't exactly smile. But she didn't seem upset by the prospect, either.

There was a lot of laughing and joking while we ate, quite often at the expense of the girls. And they got asked a lot of personal questions. They did a lot of blushing but they seemed to answer the questions honestly enough. Brad was asked quite a few probing questions, too. The guys had a hard time believing he'd let his wife do the things she's doing, much less show up and take part in it. They didn't come right out and say that no man in his right mind would behave the way he is but we all knew

it was implied. Brad was much less forthcoming than Riley. He stared at the ground at his feet, shrugged and pretty much avoided speaking as much as possible. I guess I can't blame him.

We rested after we ate and drank a beer or two. But it wasn't long before the girls were back in the slings where they remained for the rest of the afternoon. Things calmed down for the second round of sex, though. Everything seemed a lot less intense. They didn't even bother putting the ring gags back in place. They were no longer needed.

The guys fucked the women one or sometimes two at a time throughout the afternoon but it wasn't constant. There were times when the girls just hung there relaxing and whispering among themselves. The toys were ignored after that first round of sex where everyone went a little crazy.

Those of us not getting laid at the moment would sit around and nibble on leftovers, drink beer, talk and watch the game on a portable television. Brad ignored us and avoided his wife and Tracy. If he wasn't picking up trash he sat off to himself and made believe this wasn't happening. After brief spate of embarrassing questions he was of little interest to my friends and they just ignored him.

After the game ended the guys began leaving. Some of them enjoyed one last opportunity to fuck one of the women before they left. But by then most of them had probably already climaxed more times than they ever have in one day before.

I let both women out of the slings and Brad helped me hang them in the garage; the slings, not the women. He made one final sweep of the backyard while the girls rinsed off those toys that needed it and put the entire collection in a box. It was just after six when I let them leave. I reminded Brad that he has to deliver Riley to Gunny tomorrow to repay him for the huge discount he gave me on her new clothes. He glared at me but nodded, took Riley by the arm and led her out to their car. I can hardly wait until Monday to find out what he has to say to her when they're alone.

Tracy looks exhausted, deservedly so. But as she was leaving she smiled, kissed me on the cheek and said, "Thanks. Great party!"

I noticed her voice was a bit raspy.

Sunday was a quiet day, a day of rest. I was grateful for that. I really need the rest after the week I've had. I was tempted to call Riley Sunday evening to find out how she and Brad are getting along now and to ask how things went with Gunny. But I decided that it'll be more fun if I can see her eyes while she's answer my questions and I'll be more apt to get the complete truth out of her. Over time I've noticed that some people who can't normally tell a lie to save their lives are able to lie quite easily on the phone.

I drove in a little early on Monday morning, anxious to hear all about what I missed over the weekend. I took a moment to enjoy the primo display of flesh when I entered my outer office. After a brief but pleasant scan of my two sex slaves I ordered Riley to get me a cup of coffee and told both women to join me in my office.

Tracy came in and I admired her long legs as she took a seat in front of my desk making no effort to conceal the prize between her well-formed thighs. While we were waiting for Riley I said, "You look great. But I think we need to pay a visit to Gunny and spice up your wardrobe a little."

I can tell from her expression that she has mixed feelings about that. She has seen most of Riley's new outfits and knows how revealing they are but she didn't say anything. I think she likes the idea of being "forced" to wear them around the office. She probably isn't as enthusiastic about wearing them outside of the office. If I order her to she will, though. I have no doubt of that.

Riley joined us with my coffee. I took a sip while she was taking her seat and then I asked her how Brad reacted after they left my house on Saturday.

I thought the question, or at least the answer to the question, would embarrass her. Instead, I got the definite impression that she's grateful for the opportunity to talk about it. She blushed. But she's obviously been anticipating the question and she already knows what she wants to say.

"He didn't react at all like I expected. I suppose I should be happy about that. But I'm not certain what it means. When we left your house I expected him to start ranting all the way home. I was afraid he'd want a divorce after what he saw us doing in your backyard. But we rode all the way home in silence. It was like the calm before the storm. It scared the hell out of me.

"I thought he was mad at you and at me and those other men. I expected him to ... I don't know. Anything but what he did. As soon as we got in the house he pulled me into his arms and kissed me so hard it hurt! He almost tore my clothes off and we were still standing right there in the living room with the lights on and the drapes open so anyone going by outside could easily see us. He bent me over the arm of the sofa, reached over my back and grabbed a handful of my hair. He slammed his cock into me and fucked me like he never has before. He fucked me more like you or your friends do, like an animal.

"I was so shocked I almost didn't notice how exciting it was! And all the time he was fucking me he was spanking my ass, pulling my hair and telling me what a hot slut I am and how much it turns him on to see me fucking big black cocks and taking them down my throat like a horny cunt.

"After all the fucking we did in those slings I didn't think I'd be able to cum again for a week. But damn! Brad made me cum half a dozen times before he finally slammed into me so hard we moved the damn sofa almost a foot! He told me one more time what a hot cunt I am and had a huge orgasm. It was fantastic! It would have been nice if his cock was a little bigger. But it's big enough. It certainly did the job on me!

"Everything was fine after that. We talked and we were totally honest with each other. He swore up and down that not only does he still love me, but if anything he loves me more because now I'm not so prissy. Until that moment I never realized he thought I was prissy before this all started! It wasn't until later that I started to wonder if it's really possible for a man to feel that way after everything he witnessed that afternoon. I didn't say anything. But I can't help thinking that a man can't possibly watch his wife doing the things he's seen me do in the past week and still feel the same about her ... can he?"

I shrugged and said, "I certainly can't speak for all men. But you have to admit, until I got my hands on you, you were one frigid bitch. I've heard of guys divorcing women for less. I suppose it's possible he loves you more. I've read about guys who are turned on by watching their wives doing shit like we do. I know they're out there. I've got to be honest, though. I don't really give a shit how your husband feels about it. I'm enjoying the hell out of it.

“I saw that look in your eyes when you first walked into my office for the interview and I knew what kind of fraud you were. You’ve been coming off like a fucking ice queen since you lost your cherry. Your favorite words have been ‘I don’t do that ... not even in the dark!’

“But I knew what you really were. I met a woman like you once before. You tell yourself you hate this shit. What you really hate is that you’ve never enjoyed sex more than you have since I stepped in and took over.”

She looked like she was going to try to deny it, probably out of habit. It’s ingrained in her. She can’t admit to enjoying being treated the way I treat her. But she’s starting to come around. I know I won’t enjoy it quite as much once she gives in to the inevitable. I like it that she’s resisting. I enjoy seeing that look on her face when I make her do something she finds humiliating.

In the end she said nothing. She doesn’t yet totally accept the fact that she’s a submissive. Or maybe she’s aware of it but would prefer to suppress that part of her. Or maybe she accepts the fact now but is too embarrassed to admit it. And she isn’t totally reassured that her husband isn’t going to want out after a week or two of this. But she can’t argue with me and she knows it.

I asked her about her Sunday with Gunny. She shrugged and said, “There isn’t much to tell. Gunny’s two friends are older than he is. I spent the day naked, bringing them beer and snacks. All three of them took me into the bedroom and had sex with me. But they only did it once each. None of them were able to get seconds. They were watching a ballgame on television most of the day ... well, I guess it was two different games. I wasn’t paying that much attention. In the middle of the afternoon, Gunny made me suck his cock in front of his two friends. He couldn’t cum again, though. Over the next hour or two I did the same thing to his two friends with the same result. Except for getting felt up a lot whenever I got near them that was it.

I was just about to ask Tracy if her boyfriend is getting suspicious yet when my phone rang. Riley answered it and then covered the mouthpiece and told me that I had a call from a Mr. Nakamura.

I’ve been trying to get that bastard’s business for a couple of years! I took the phone from Riley and said hello. Nakamura’s translator was calling to tell me he’d be in town tomorrow and would like to meet with me. She must be new. She sounds a lot younger than the translator he had the last few times we met. His old translator was an evil looking, scary old broad. This new one sounds more promising. I wonder if the old fart is fucking her.

Nakamura and I have met before on several occasions. We get along alright. He’s a prick, too, so we have that in common. But we’ve never been able to come to terms when we got down to talking numbers. It occurred to me, though, that I have an advantage now. That old Jap is as kinky as I am and one thing we have in common is that we both have the hots for young white girls.

The translator and I set up a time and I sat back with a smile on my face, already making plans for tomorrow. This should be both interesting and profitable.

I forgot all about Tracy’s boyfriend. I sent the girls back to work and started working up some figures for the meeting tomorrow. But after a while my mind drifted back to something I saw on display when I

took Riley shoe shopping. I think I know just how to take Nakamura's mind off the numbers and get him into the mood to make a deal.

I called down to maintenance and told Tom what I need done. He didn't understand why and I didn't explain. But two of the men who built the supports for the slings in my backyard showed up in a few minutes and I told them I want a sturdy length of pipe across the door frame leading into my bathroom from which I intend to suspend one of my secretaries from time to time.

They listened and after I told them what I have in mind for the pipe they pointed out a few problems with my plan. Most significantly, the pipe won't be far enough off the floor for what I have in mind and it won't be adjustable. As an alternative they suggested suspending the pipe from the ceiling and attaching it to a pulley. When there aren't any women hanging from it I can hang a couple of plants on it to disguise it. It sounded brilliant to me so I told them to go ahead.

They went back to the shop to get more material and within half an hour after they returned they were done. I was so pleased that I offered to let them use Riley for a few minutes if they were interested.

They were most definitely interested.

I called Riley in and told her she was to tip the men for doing such a good job. It's just two more men and there's nothing special about them. But I suspect she was thinking about what Brad said last week, that these men are all friends of his. She didn't say anything, though.

I indicated that they should move the party to the far corner of the room near the glass wall, the same area I've been using when we were all fucking her while the men watched through the glass last week.

I tried to get back to work on my figures but I was too distracted. I watched as the two men closed in on Riley and began groping her. I noticed that neither man kissed her. She probably prefers that they don't.

They had her about half undressed before she gently pushed them away and exclaimed, "Don't! Stop it! You're tearing my clothes."

They stepped back and all three of us watched as she made quick work of getting out of her skirt and blouse. As soon as she was naked they were all over her again. I heard her grunt from time to time. She didn't seem to be enjoying it but she let them do anything they wanted. Finally they got down to business. One of the men dropped his pants and sat down. He pulled Riley over in front of him. Without being asked she dropped to her knees and her mouth went right to his cock.

The second man watched them while he was shucking his pants down to his knees. He got into position behind Riley and repositioned her slightly. She'd probably deny it. But the sound she made when he drove his cock into her pussy sounded a lot more like pleasure than pain. I guess she just needed to warm up a little.

I was finally able to tear my eyes away from them now that it's all just nuts and bolts sex. I was just about to return to working my numbers when a thought occurred to me. I want to be able to make Nakamura a reasonable offer tomorrow. With what I have to offer him to sweeten the deal now I'm pretty certain I'll be able to get his signature on a contract without being too generous. But it's out of character for that old fart to call me out of the blue that way. I may have more leverage than I realize!

I looked through my rolodex and called an old friend who works for my primary competitor. I had to wrangle the information out of him, but eventually he admitted that Nakamura and my competitor have had a dispute and are parting ways. There aren't many companies that can step in and take over without an interruption in supply. And even fewer that have the reputation my company has. The numbers are still going to have to be right. But there's no doubt in my mind now. I've got this deal in the bag!

The two men from maintenance were just getting started fucking Riley when there was an almost inaudible tap on my door and Tracy slipped into my office. She looked over at the impromptu threesome in the corner for a moment. Then she crossed the room and stood behind my chair. Her hands began to massage my neck and shoulders and she quietly said, "I thought there might be sex going on in here! I started wondering if maybe there's something I could do for you while you're watching."

How can I say no to an offer like that?! I pulled her around and bent her over my desk. I flipped her skirt up over her bare ass and reached between her legs. The horny cunt is already wet! You gotta love a woman who sits alone in her office and gets wet just from thinking about getting fucked by the boss!

I dropped my pants and shorts to my knees, lined my cock up and slammed it home. That must have been just what she was hoping for. She moaned loudly and then tensed up and had her first orgasm before I could draw back and take my next stroke! God! I truly love horny women!!

The maintenance men finished first. They took their time getting their clothes back in order while they stood watching me bone Tracy. It took me a while. I'm still recovering from the party on Saturday. Riley watched for a moment before grabbing her clothing and walking calmly to the bathroom to clean up. I smiled when I saw her face. She didn't look all that upset about what just happened to her.

I was still fucking Tracy and she was still having an orgasm every couple of minutes when the maintenance men finally left. It was only a few minutes later that I finally climaxed. I stood there resting against the cheeks of her ass while my cock slowly returned to normal again. Before I finally stepped back she smiled and said, "A lot of people around here think you're a real prick. I'm one of them. I just never realized before that having a big prick for a boss is a good thing."

I let my soft cock slide out of her and slapped her on the ass. She moaned softly as she stood up. She turned to look at my cock and said, "I still don't like you. But you know you've spoiled me for normal men don't you? A week ago I was wondering if my boyfriend was ever going to ask me to marry him. Now I know that if he does I'm going to have to say no. I suppose that means I didn't love him as much as I thought I did. I wouldn't marry you at gunpoint. But I'm going to have to find a man who can fuck like you or I'll never be happy."

While she leaned down and began sucking my cock clean I replied, "I wouldn't marry you, either. But you're a damn good fuck. I see no reason we can't keep doing this until my heart gives out on me. Maybe you just need to find you a man like Brad. There must be another limp dick mother fucker around who'd like having his wife boned by her boss."

She finished licking and sucking me clean and straightened back up. She grinned, shook her head and said, "No. I'm in no hurry for this to end. I can't believe the things I've done in the last week. But I

can't deny I'm enjoying myself. You must have a pretty good idea of what I've always thought of girls like me; probably the same thing you think of them.

"Like most people I want to meet someone and fall in love. But I'm not going to marry a wimp. I want a caveman with a big dick. I just didn't realize it until a few days ago. It's kind of funny. That's almost the opposite of what I thought I wanted in a husband."

"I hope you have better luck finding the right man than I've had finding the right woman. It's harder for me, though. I'm a prick and I know it. And I have no intention of changing. No good woman in her right mind would want me for more than a night or two. I know damn well I couldn't live with me."

The rest of the day was more like a normal day in the office. I stopped at 'Leather' on the way home and picked up the accessories to go with the alteration that maintenance made to my office today and went home. Before I ate I sorted through the toys I bought on my last trip to 'Leather' and put them in an overnight bag. I left the bag by the door so I'd remember to take it to work in the morning.

The next morning I got ready for work, grabbed the bag of toys and drove to the little diner for breakfast. As I ate my breakfast I thought about what I have planned for Nakamura and smiled. I may or may not get that kinky old Jap's business today. But I'm certain I'll be entertained.

Fifteen minutes before Nakamura was scheduled to arrive I called Riley into my office and ordered her to undress. It made me a little sad to see how easily she stood there and removed her sheer bolero top and micro miniskirt. I miss the trauma she exhibited every time I made her do anything last week.

I watched her take her sexy little outfit off and fold it up. I got up from my desk and placed two of the four heavily padded cuffs I bought last night on her wrists. Even after I stood her under the length of heavy pipe suspended by chains from the ceiling she didn't know what I have in mind for her.

I ordered her to lift her arms up and I placed the heavy metal hooks on her cuffs over the pipe I had installed for that purpose. Suddenly Riley didn't look so comfortable! I used the pulley to raise her up until her feet were six inches off the floor.

I stepped back and admired my handiwork for a moment. She looks awfully sexy hanging there like that. I dug one of the O rings out of the bag and worked it between her teeth making her even more helpless and more uncomfortable. I removed the remainder of the toys I brought in from home this morning from the bag and placed them on a nearby chair where Nakamura will be certain to see them. This should get the old bastard's attention!

I stepped back again and admired the way she looks hanging from the pipe for a moment with her muscles all stretched and drawn tight. She looks sexy as hell that way but at the last moment I changed my mind. I lowered the pipe until her feet were on the floor and ordered her to lie down on her back. I placed another set of those cuffs around her ankles and lowered the pipe to the floor. I hooked her ankle cuffs around the pipe and used the pulley to lift her until she was hanging upside down with her face at crotch level. I tied off the rope and spent a moment admiring my handiwork.

Just looking at her like that is making my cock hard! Her mouth is just a few inches low to line up with my cock. But I estimate that she's at just the right height for Nakamura to stick his dick in her mouth. She looks even hotter in real life than she did when I imagined her like this last night.



Looking at my red faced new secretary now I decided that one thing was missing. I picked up a four inch metal rod with clips at both ends and used it to connect her leather wrist cuffs behind her back.

## Chapter 7

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:28 PM

Perfect! She looks beautiful! I got my camera out and took a couple dozen pictures, finishing up just in time to meet Nakamura at my door and welcome him to my office.

I greeted him warmly. I don't like sucking up to people. Not even to my customers. But these Japs have their own way of doing business. They seem to expect it and I'm looking to make a good bit of money out of this if we come to terms.

As soon as Nakamura stepped inside he spotted Riley and came to a stop. His face lit up like a Christmas tree. I, however, was having second thoughts. His petite little translator followed him into the room with her head down. She must have seen Riley, too. A naked woman hanging from the ceiling isn't the sort of thing that escapes one's notice. She turned as red as a bucket of blood. Her reaction would have been amusing if she didn't look like she's about twelve years old!

I thought I might have screwed up until I glanced at Nakamura and saw the look on his face.

Nakamura started to cross the room toward Riley when he noticed my consternation and stopped. He rattled off some rapid fire Japanese to his interpreter who turned to me and shyly said, "Mr. Nakamura asks me to introduce myself. My name is Aiko. I'm working for him this summer in exchange for living expenses and my college tuition this fall."

I've never been one of those people who start off a sentence saying, "I hate to be rude," because I don't mind being rude at all. So I went right for the question I had to ask. "How old are you?"

She glanced at Mr. Nakamura. He nodded, not for the first time making me wonder just how much English he really understands. She replied, "Sixteen, sir."

I've noticed that before about Nakamura. I don't know how fluent he is. But I know he understands some English. I've seen him follow conversations in the past. But he never responds to English. Every word has to be translated for him. I suppose it can be advantageous at times to pretend you don't understand what the people you're dealing with are saying. I don't buy it, though. Whether or not he's fluent in English, he understands enough.

Nakamura had turned back toward Riley and while I spoke with his translator he crossed the room until he was standing right in front of her. Without turning his head he spoke. Aiko listened and then translated, "Mr. Nakamura says that he likes the way you've decorated your office. He asks if he may examine your artwork."

“Tell him that I hung that particular work of art there just for him.”

She translated and then stood beside me staring at the floor in front of her.

Nakamura began to grope Riley. It was immediately obvious that he doesn't have a gentle touch. Riley began to gasp and grunt while he pulled, pinched and twisted her tits. Before long he was groping her pussy just as roughly. He held two fingers up to show me how wet they are and rattled off another sentence in his native tongue.

Aiko quietly translated, “Mr. Nakamura asks if you would be so kind as to describe this piece of art.”

I told her Riley's name and age. I told her that she's married to one of my employees and that she came in last week to apply for a job, a job for which she isn't qualified. But she let me touch her and she undressed when I told her to, so I hired her. She's being trained to be my secretary and sex slave.

I don't think Aiko could have gotten any redder. But her expression never changed as she relayed everything I just said to Nakamura.

Nakamura spoke again. Aiko shuddered but translated, “Mr. Nakamura wishes to know if your secretary is a good cocksucker.”

I shrugged apologetically and replied, “Not yet. But she's getting better. She needs a lot more practice.”

Nakamura reached for his fly. I assumed he was going to make use of Riley's mouth but before he could open his zipper he paused and glanced down at the toys I left on the nearby table. He picked up the smaller version of the cat-o-nine-tails and after first testing it out on his open palm he began to use it on Riley's vulnerable body. He started with her tits. They obviously fascinate him. Then he worked his way up until he was slapping her pussy with it.

Riley has become red as a beet just from hanging there upside down. Her blood is settling in her head and she's probably a little dizzy than usual. Then there's the embarrassment of being on display in that position for an elderly Japanese gentleman and a teenage girl. Toss in a liberal dose of pain over the most sensitive area of her body and I suppose she has a lot to complain about.

She's certainly trying. She's shaking her head violently and the look in her eyes speaks volumes. She's grunting and groaning through that ring gag and making noises that would be words without the gag there. I don't need to hear the words, though. It's obvious she wants me to stop the whipping my guest is giving her and let her down. She's squirming around like an eel and crying out with each painful but relatively harmless stroke of the whip.

Nakamura is certainly finding it highly entertaining. The girls both seemed to appreciate the mild discomfort that little whip caused them this past Saturday when they were in the slings. I notice, though, that Nakamura is exerting a lot more force. He's really trying to hurt her but he isn't breaking the skin so I didn't say anything. I doubt if that flimsy little whip is capable of doing any real damage. The “tails” on it aren't much more substantial than ribbons.

After whipping his way back down her torso and finishing up with another dozen blows to her tits, he put the whip down and picked up the nipple clamps. I kept an eye on him. I don't necessarily trust him not to damage her nipples but he was careful not to get carried away.

With the clamps in place he picked up the large, realistic looking black dildo and plunged it into her pussy. When not watching him I kept an eye on Aiko. Nakamura apparently has no qualms about subjecting her to this sort of kinky sexual scene but it's obvious the poor girl is too young. She really shouldn't be forced to witness such things. She's unable to hide her discomfort and she appears to be more embarrassed than Riley is!

On the other hand, for some reason her obvious innocence and her reactions fascinate me and I can't stop watching her. Her response to this unusual situation reminds me of Riley's reactions the first few days after I hired her and you know how I feel about that.

Nakamura continued reaming out Riley's surprisingly wet cunt with one hand while with his other he reached down, lowered his zipper and fished his hard cock out of his pants. From what I could see in the seconds before he drove it through Riley's ring gag there was nothing special about it. I don't know what average is for Japanese guys. His cock didn't look much bigger than Riley's husband's little dick. She's reached the point by now that she can handle a real cock so she didn't have much trouble with Nakamura's.

He wrapped one arm around her body and held on while he fucked her face. His other hand continued to drive that big, black dildo into her pussy. I doubt if Riley was getting off on it, not hanging upside down with those clamps on her nipples. But Nakamura was enjoying the hell out of it. He started making animal like noises and crying out something in Japanese that Aiko didn't bother to translate. She didn't need to. I think I got the point.

I think she assumed that no one was paying any attention to her at that moment; that all attention was focused on Riley. I was still watching her out of the corner of my eye, though. I saw her discreetly watching her boss now, and watching Riley's reaction. I was watching so closely that I almost missed the signs that Riley was actually having an orgasm ... and then the crazy bitch had another before Nakamura slammed his cock into her mouth one last time and stood there quivering as he shot his load down her throat!

As soon as he finished and staggered back I went over to the rope and lowered the pole. I freed her ankles and helped her to her feet. She stood there wobbling around like a drunk while I removed the nipple clamps. She massaged her nipples while I pressed down on her shoulders. She dropped to her knees in front of Nakamura, still panting like a bitch in heat. Without being told she leaned forward and licked his balls before taking his soft cock in her mouth and cleaning it.

Nakamura smiled at me and enjoyed getting his dick washed for a minute or two, moaning softly as Riley licked and sucked until his crotch was clean. Then he stepped back and put his cock away. As soon as he was out of the way I took a couple of steps and stood in front of Riley. She knew what I wanted. She reached up, opened my pants and pulled my hard cock out.

Before she drove her mouth down on my cock, Nakamura came closer. He watched in fascination as Riley caressed my hard cock while staring at it with a needy look on her face that surprised me. Nakamura snarled something at Aiko and she scurried over and stood on the other side so that they were standing on either side of us staring down as Riley leaned forward and took the head of my cock into her mouth.

She stared straight ahead; obviously uncomfortable with the two strangers staring down at her in amazement as she slowly worked more of my hard cock into her mouth. There was a pause when the head of my cock hit the back of her throat but she applied a little extra pressure and it popped in and continued until she had the entire thing in her mouth and throat. There's no denying that the time she spent in the sling on Saturday did wonders for her ability to suck a cock.

Aiko's eyes opened wide and she exclaimed something under her breath in Japanese. She's staring openly now. She obviously doesn't believe what she's seeing with her own eyes.

It took Riley almost twenty minutes to get me off. I'm still pretty well drained from Saturday. I waited until my cock was soft and the last few drops of cum drained into her mouth. Then I pulled out and took the ring gag out of her mouth.

She moaned in relief and struggled for a moment to close her jaw. I put my dick away and waved our guests to some comfortable seats in the corner, giving Riley a few minutes to recover.

I took drink orders and relayed them to Tracy. I waited until drinks were served and everyone had taken a few sips and calmed down a little. I let Riley have a quick drink and then ordered her to stretch out on her back on the floor in the center of the seating area before I began discussing with Nakamura the proposition I put together yesterday.

I went over my numbers and gave him some time to look over his printout of my offer. He thought about it for a moment and after he spoke in Japanese his translator said, "Mr. Nakamura is impressed with your offer. He respectfully requests that if he accepts he be allowed to fuck your secretary. However, he asks me to tell you that he is not a young man anymore. He won't be able to fuck her until this evening."

I smiled and suggested an alternative plan I thought he might find interesting. "Ask him if he'd like to fuck her in her marriage bed in front of her husband."

As soon as she translated, Nakamura's polite, satisfied smile became an evil grin from ear to ear. It wasn't necessary for Aiko to translate how he feels about my suggestion.

I suggested that I take them out to dinner and then we go to Riley's house for some entertainment. He nodded as Aiko translated and after a short exchange between them she turned back to me and said, "Mr. Nakamura accepts your generous offer. He asks if he might bring his grandson and his assistant."

After arranging to pick them up at their hotel I showed them out. I told Tracy to arrange for a stretch limo to pick us up after work and retain their services for the entire evening. While she was doing that I called the owner of the best Japanese steakhouse in town, Henry Koizumi. I don't know him well. I'm not a big fan of oriental food so I've never been to his restaurant. But I've met him a few times and I'm reasonable sure I can work with him. At least I know him well enough to know that if he can't provide me with what I need tonight he can probably send me in the right direction.

I told Henry that I'm entertaining some business acquaintances from Japan and due to the "unusual" nature of our business relationship and the plans I have for the evening I'm in need of a private dining room. I explained that it was very possible that some of my guests will be engaging in activities the general public would find offensive.

Henry seemed amused. He promised me complete privacy, a discreet wait staff, and an excellent meal. We worked out those details we were able to handle in advance and I thanked him.

I called Tracy back into my office and told Riley to get dressed. When Tracy came in I told her she'll be going with us to dinner tonight. I told Riley to let her husband know she's going to dinner with us and that he can expect company after dinner. I told her to have him make certain there are clean sheets on their bed. I figure the clean sheets are only polite and at the same time he'll have some idea of what to expect tonight.

It was hard to tell what Tracy thought about all this. It's obvious, though, that Riley is very unhappy about it. I'd be lying if I said I'm not happy to see her reaction. It's more fun for me when she hates the things I'm making her do.

I told both women to wear panties tonight. If they need time to go somewhere and get some I'll give it to them. Tracy smiled and said, "A smart woman always keeps a spare pair of panties in her desk ... or at least a smart woman who works for you does."

I sent Riley out to the work floor and told her to tell Carl that I sent her to relay a message to her husband. Then she's to return to her desk and get back to her training. She was gone a lot longer than necessary to deliver a message. I don't doubt that Carl had something to do with that.

The limo picked us up at quitting time and drove Riley, Tracy and me to the hotel to pick up Nakamura and the rest of his group. Through his interpreter he introduced us to his assistant, Mr. Kimura, and his grandson. Considering Nakamura's age, I expected his grandson to be an adult, not a boy of about the same age as the interpreter, possibly even younger! But if the boy gets a sex education tonight it isn't my problem. The boy, Shinzo Abe, was more than impressed by Riley's breasts which he can see plainly through the sheer bolero top she's wearing. But it became clear as soon as he sat down next to Aiko that his sex education began long before he climbed into the limo with us. As soon as he sat down he placed one hand on Aiko's knee and casually slid it all the way up to her crotch.

The poor girl didn't even flinch. She sat there blushing furiously, obviously distressed, but she's just as obviously accustomed to being sexually abused by the boy. She stared down at the floor, trying to make believe she isn't being molested by a boy she obviously can't stand as part of the price she has to pay for an education. I'm starting to like that kid already!

Mr. Kimura, who speaks heavily accented English, made it clear he's been informed of the events that took place earlier today in my office. He commented on the way I decorate my office and told me how sorry he is that he missed it. Then he asked about Tracy. He wondered if I have one secretary for sex and another to do the work.

I nudged a very reluctant Tracy closer to Kimura with a warning lift of my eyebrow and replied, "No. They both do both jobs. It just depends on my mood at the time."

Kimura's hand came to rest on Tracy's thigh and he smiled as his eyes looked her over more closely. He turned toward her in his seat and said, "I like American women. I especially like American women with big tits."

His hand unbuttoned the top two buttons of her dress and slid inside. He clamped down on her tit and said, "You have very nice tits. You shouldn't wear a bra."

I told her to remove her bra. I don't know when she put it on. She wasn't wearing it during the day in the office. I guess she put it on to provide an extra layer of protection from our guests. Silly woman!

She glanced at me, not quite glaring. I'm guessing she isn't real fond of these arrogant little Jap bastards. She unbuttoned the top of her dress, slid it off and removed her bra while we all watched. She isn't happy about this; or at least she's acting like she isn't. I think, though, that if it isn't already it will soon be turning her on. She's more like Riley in that respect than she likes to admit to herself.

Shinzo turned to Riley then. He spoke in Japanese to the translator. Her painful shyness; her obvious desire to be anywhere but here was written all over her face as she quietly said, "Mr. Williams, Mr. Abe wishes to know if he may touch your other secretary without offending you."

I nodded. That's why I brought them along. Shinzo removed his hand from the translator's crotch, reached out and pulled Riley closer. Riley and I stared into each other's eyes while the boy first groped her breast over her thin blouse and then reached under it to explore her bare flesh. She hates it that I'm letting the little pervert grope her like that. But hate it or not, just like Tracy, I can see the subtle signs that she's getting turned on.

The car pulled up in front of the restaurant less than ten minutes later. The driver came around and opened the door. He watched with a huge smile on his face while Riley and Tracy pulled themselves together. I knew we were going to enjoy a lengthy meal, or in my case partake of a lengthy meal, so after we climbed out of the limo I told the driver to feel free to have a meal while he's waiting. He has plenty of time.

He thanked me and started to get back in the car when Kimura pulled him aside and spoke to him quietly for a minute. He smiled, nodded to Kimura and parked the vehicle while we went inside. The hostess guided us to what I have to assume is a more or less accurate representation of an authentic Japanese dining room. The table is low to the floor, centered on a bamboo mat. Around it, instead of chairs, are a dozen large cushions. This should be interesting! Riley and Tracy are wearing micro minis. Aiko is wearing a short skirt. There's going to be a lot of exposed female flesh around the table tonight.

Following the example of our guests, we took our shoes off inside the door of our private room. Without putting a lot of effort into it I've learned a few things about Japanese etiquette. I know that as the guest of honor, Nakamura should sit at the head of the table. At his direction Tracy and Riley sat on either side of him.

Shinzo sat on the other side of Riley and Kimura sat on the other side of Tracy. I took a seat at the far end of the table so I can enjoy watching my two secretaries being molested. Aiko was directed to sit between me and Shinzo.

Some of the other things I've learned about Japanese etiquette I fully intend to ignore. I'll pour my own drink if I need a refill and I can't use chopsticks and have no desire to learn. I don't much care for fish in any form and I certainly won't be eating any raw fish. If I can't get a steak I'll settle for a hamburger.

We were still arranging ourselves around the table when Henry came in to make certain we were satisfied with the room. I was more than a little surprised when he carried on a rather lengthy conversation with Nakamura in rapid fire Japanese. Henry is a third generation American. He speaks unaccented English. I had no idea he spoke Japanese.

Not long after Henry left the room things started arriving. A young woman in a kimono came in and passed out moist towels. A waiter came in and served warm Saki. I've never had Saki before. I quickly discovered I like it!

As it turns out I never got my steak or my burger. Apparently our meal was worked out between Nakamura and Henry without any input from anyone else. I nibbled at this and that and some of it wasn't bad. For the most part I never did know what I was eating. But as I said, the Saki is good and the show was interesting.

Nakamura, Kimura and Shinzo were sipping their Saki and casually molesting Riley and Tracy; groping them, lifting their skirts, baring a breast from time to time and probably commenting on it. Or at least I assume that's what they were laughing and joking about. Several minutes passed before Nakamura looked up and said something to Aiko.

She acted like she'd been slapped! Her blush deepened. Her eyes closed and she took a deep breath and sighed loudly. When she opened her eyes again she looked like she was going to cry. She turned toward me but kept her eyes cast down. She cleared her throat and spoke so quietly I almost couldn't hear her when she said, "Mr. Nakamura wants me to tell you that my duties involve more than translating. I also serve as a comfort woman for Mr. Abe and from time to time I've been given to other men as it pleases Mr. Nakamura and Mr. Abe. This is what I must do in order to pay for my education at the school of my choice in America."

It's obvious the admission she was just forced to make was painful for her. That's probably a large part of the reason it excited me so. I took her expanded explanation of her duties to be an invitation. I smiled across the table at Nakamura and said, "Arigatou gozaimasu," one of the few phrases I know in his language, and turned my attention back to Aiko.

Her body fascinates me. I doubt if her breasts are an A cup yet. I don't know if that's because she's only sixteen or if she's just naturally small breasted. I don't care, either. She seems even more embarrassed than Riley was those first couple of days.

All three women are being groped now. I noticed that although she's apparently had the most time to get used to this sort of treatment Aiko is the most disturbed by the things I'm doing to her in a public place and the fact that no one stopped what they were doing when the door opened and two waiters came in with trays of some kind of Jap food. The waiters acted as though there was nothing unusual happening in here. Their expressions never changed as they went around the table setting little bowls of something or other in front of everyone.

Riley grabbed Shinzo's wrist and tried to draw back when the waiters entered the room. But Shinzo, the arrogant little prick, snarled something at her. Even though she doesn't speak a word of Japanese she knew what he wanted. She released his wrist and sat quietly while he returned to groping her under her skirt which at this point was no longer covering her panties.

I almost laughed out loud. Watching the waiters move around the table you'd have sworn that the women are invisible, that three Japanese men and a black man aren't groping the three women in the room at the table in a fancy private dining room like a bunch of horny teenage boys while the waiters went about their business.

I continued exploring and teasing Aiko's delicate little body while she sat quietly, obviously hating this as much as Riley and Tracy are. I smiled at her and asked, "How long have you been doing this, Aiko?"

She continued to stare in the general direction of my cock as she answered distractedly, "Mr. Abe took my virginity almost six weeks ago. For the first month I was only with him. In the past two weeks there have been three others; Mr. Nakamura, Mr. Kimura and a friend of Mr. Abe's."

The leisurely meal and the lust inducing groping continued for a surprisingly long time, accompanied by several bottles of sneakily intoxicating Saki. I expected the three of them to do a lot more than grope my two secretaries. That was a large part of the reason I requested a private dining room. But except for baring an occasional tit or flashing a brightly colored bit of silky nylon underwear the men seemed content to grope between bites of whatever the hell we're eating. I began to think nothing was going to happen until we move the party to Riley's house. I was wrong.

After the dishes were cleared away a young woman in a kimono entered the room. Without speaking to anyone she spread what looked like a plastic tablecloth on the floor not far from the table. She placed two short, bamboo stools in the middle of the four foot by four foot square tablecloth, bowed to us then and left the room.

Kimura stood up and ordered Riley and Tracy to their feet. He ordered them to put their disheveled clothing back in order. After they buttoned up and tucked in everything that's been disturbed by all the groping he sat them down back to back on the two stools. They're so close together their backs are touching. The stools are so short that their asses are less than a foot off the floor. Kimura squatted down, tilted their heads back slightly and in a stern voice he ordered them not to move a muscle unless ordered to do so.

Kimura returned to his seat and with an evil smile he turned to me and said, "I think you may find this amusing."

Only a moment passed before Henry returned to the room. He smiled, nodded to those of us sitting at the table and approached my secretaries who watched him nervously without moving a muscle. He walked around them as if judging an exhibit in an art museum. After walking around them twice he put a grin on my face when he pulled his cock out and touched it to Riley's lips.

Riley and Tracy are in the same boat I am at the moment. Well, not exactly. No one's waving a cock in my face. But not one of us has the foggiest idea what's going on here. It's starting to get interesting, though, for me at least. Riley doesn't seem to be enjoying herself.

Henry slid his cock in and out of Riley's mouth for about a minute. Then he went around and repeated the process with Tracy. He alternated back and forth between them for several more minutes before standing beside them, grabbing his cock and pumping it vigorously. Less than a minute later he was aiming streamers of cum at the hair and faces of both girls.



He wiped the end of his cock clean with a handful of Riley's hair, bowed and said something to Nakamura and left. The girls and I assumed it was over. Tracy started to get up, probably to go to the ladies room to clean up. As soon as she moved, Kimura growled, "I told you not to move! Return to your position! NOW!"

She sat back down but she wasn't happy about it. She leaned back against Riley and tilted her head back slightly. She was no sooner in position than our two waiters entered the room and approached the girls. Tracy glared at them. Riley ... I don't know. I couldn't read the look on Riley's face. The waiters were both amused, though. They pulled their cocks out of their pants. They were smiling in anticipation, probably happy for the opportunity to debase two white women this way. Or maybe it's just that this is a way to get a little payback for all the shit they have to take from their customers.

They fed their cocks to the two women, alternating between them for a couple of minutes before masturbating furiously and shooting their loads into the faces of their less than pleased targets.

The waiters stood there casually putting their cocks away, watching their cum oozing down the faces of the two women and dripping onto their clothing. Then they turned, nodded, smiled at us and left the room.

They were quickly followed by two more waiters who repeated the process and then two more. By that time the girl's hair and their faces were getting pretty well covered in slime. The men continued to file in and masturbate onto them. But no one touched them after that. They were too nasty.

At some point, Kimura asked me if I was familiar with bukkake. I nodded. I've read about it. I've seen pictures of it on the internet. I can't say that I find it erotic in the least. I guess I miss the point. I'd rather get a good blowjob or a piece of ass. If I just want to masturbate I can do that at home alone in my bed!

Every waiter in this very large restaurant must have taken a turn. They were followed by the cooks, the busboys, and apparently even some of the other customers were invited to take part. Altogether close to forty or more men must have sprayed the two women with cum while we sat there polishing off the Saki. There wasn't a lot of conversation at the table. Abe and Kimura made an occasional derogatory remark based on the tone of their voices when they spoke but I suppose it would have been difficult to hold a serious conversation with men beating off a couple feet away.

By the time all those oriental males were done with them the two women were covered in a thick coating of cum from the tops of their heads almost down to their knees. In places, like their faces and their tits, the coating appeared to be nearly half an inch thick! If the stuff weren't sliding down off their faces I'm sure it would have been at least that thick. It was pretty disgusting. But the girls and I seem to be the only ones who think so. It stopped being amusing to me after the second or third round of masturbators cut loose. Once the act lost its novelty it was just disgusting. And you know something is disgusting if it disgusts me!

Tracy and Riley continued to sit there after it was over as if they were afraid to move. I paid the bill and wondered how I was going to get them home in that condition. It turned out Kimura had anticipated that problem and made arrangements. We were escorted out through the back door where our limo is waiting. Behind it is parked an old pickup truck. Kimura informed me that before we entered the

restaurant this evening he asked our driver to arrange for a truck to transport the two women to Riley's house.

The women carefully climbed into the back of the truck. It was a bit of a struggle for them. They're covered in slime from the tops of their heads to below their knees and not one of the men was willing to offer them any assistance. Everyone watched the slapstick show they put on. Their skirts slid half way up their asses as they pushed and pulled each other into the back of the truck looking very much like any two of the three stooges. Once they were safely aboard they sat down on an old tarp. Following Kimura's instructions they leaned back against the back of the cab so that they'll be visible to everyone we pass, or who passes us as we slowly make our way across town to Riley's house.

It was late when we left the restaurant, but not so late that there weren't a lot of cars on the road. As humiliating as it must have been for them, though, they could take some comfort from the fact that they were totally unrecognizable. I almost couldn't tell which was which!

We pulled up and parked in front of Riley's house about twenty minutes later. Everyone got out of the limo and we stood around watching the two women in their slime cocoons carefully climb down out of the back of the truck. Kimura gave the guy in the pickup truck a handful of cash. He carefully wadded up the old tarp, stuck it in a nearby trashcan and drove off shaking his head and muttering something under his breath.

Riley tried to mumble through the thick coating of slime covering her mouth that she can't go inside in her present condition. I couldn't help but agree. But Kimura snarled, "Go inside and take a shower or undress right here by the street. You choose!"

I probably should have said something but I have a lot of money riding on keeping these men amused. I kept my mouth shut.

Brad came out to see what was going on. When he got close enough to realize what the slimy glaze covering his wife and Tracy consisted of he looked like he was going to be sick. He muttered something under his breath that was most likely not very complimentary. His eyes opened wide and he turned to glare at me. He offered to hose them off in the backyard but Kimura shook his head and loud enough to be heard in the surrounding houses if their windows are open he snarled, "Shower! Now! We want them clean so we can fuck them."

Finally, Riley took Tracy by the hand and they headed for the door. Brad hurried to get ahead of them and held the door open. We followed along at a more leisurely pace. We could have followed them with our eyes closed. The smell of such an enormous amount of fresh semen is overpowering.

Brad closed the door behind us and Nakamura said something to Aiko. She turned to Brad and said, "Mr. Nakamura wants to know if you have any tea. He would like a cup before he fucks your wife."

I thought Brad was going to lose it there for a minute. But he bit his tongue and bitterly replied, "We're Americans. This is America. We have coffee. Ask the ... ask him if he wants me to make some."

Nakamura rolled his eyes and shook his head. I noticed he didn't wait for Brad's response to be translated. We all sat down in the small living room of Brad and Riley's small rental house and waited. Nakamura, Kimura and Shinzo conversed in Japanese while we waited. There was a lot of derisive

laughter. I resented being left out of the conversation at first. But then I decided that it's probably better for my wallet if I don't know what they're saying. This would not be an advantageous time to take offense at their obviously disparaging remarks. I have a pretty quick temper and the idea of losing a great deal of money would not keep me from losing it.

Tracy and Riley came out about twenty minutes later wearing towels wrapped around their bodies. They stood just inside the room obviously wishing this night would finally end. Nakamura stood up and removed Riley's towel. He groped her for a moment and then spoke.

Aiko translated, "Mr. Nakamura wants this woman and her husband to lead the way to their bedroom now."

As soon as they were out of the room, Kimura ordered Tracy to drop the towel. He and Shinzo both got up and undressed. As he was removing his pants Kimura smiled at me and said, "Aiko isn't very experienced. But she does what she's told. I think you'll enjoy her."

Seconds later they had Tracy on her hands and knees on the floor and were attacking her simultaneously from both ends.

All this time Aiko has been standing quietly between the couch and a recliner, as out of the way as she could get. She moved over in front of me and put her fingers to the top button of her blouse. She stared down at the floor and quietly asked, "Do you want me?"

A principled man would have said no. It's clear as glass that's the answer she's hoping for. To her credit she showed no emotion when I stood up and started taking my clothes off. I need a good fuck to cleanse the images of that bukkake shit from my mind.

I watched her slowly, reluctantly undress. She looks even younger when she's naked! If I didn't know better I'd guess she was thirteen, fourteen at the most. There's no way her tits are even an A cup. I don't know if that's because she's only sixteen or because she's Japanese. Are Japanese women naturally small titted? I've never paid any attention.

I'm not into little girls. But there's something about her. It could be her diminutive size, her youth, her embarrassment; probably all the above. This little broad is really turning me on.

I stopped undressing to watch her. After she removed her panties I took my pants off. She stood there averting her eyes like a virgin while I finished getting undressed. But she was watching me. I heard her gasp when I slid my shorts down and off.

I grinned and asked, "You haven't had sex with a black man before, have you?"

She shook her head.

I chuckled and said, "Don't worry. I haven't killed anyone with my dick yet."

I pushed her to her knees and stood in front of her, my cock throbbing just a couple of inches from the tip of her little nose. I think in that moment she was probably wondering if attending an American university is worth this. She glanced up at me and then reached up and wrapped her hand around the base of my cock. She wet her lips and then started kissing and licking my cock.

She may be inexperienced my Kimura's standards. But I couldn't help but enjoy what she's doing. She started struggling to take as much of my cock as she could into her mouth but I stopped her after a minute or so and stretched out on the floor beside her. I pulled her down beside me and kissed her a couple of times. She didn't want to kiss me. I think she disliked kissing me even more than she hated sucking my cock. I don't care. It's not as though I'm trying to please her.

I worked my hand down her slender, almost boyish body to her pussy. Two things were instantly noticeable. Much to my surprise her pussy is oozing moisture. Her mind may hate what she's being forced to do. But her body has an entirely different opinion. That's something she has in common with Riley and Tracy.

The other thing that struck me is the nature of her pubic hair. It's soft and straight, unlike any other pubic hair I've encountered. I buried two fingers in her dripping pussy and began kissing my way down her body while I teased her clit with the pad of my thumb. She stared up at the ceiling and tried to fight it. She doesn't want to enjoy this but I can tell I'm getting to her.

I heard a noise and looked over at the other three people in the room. Kimura and Shinzo are making a Tracy sandwich. All three of them were lying on their sides now with Tracy in the middle. Kimura's cock is apparently buried in her ass, which I suppose explains the noise I just heard. I'm guessing he didn't use any lube on her before he forced his cock up her ass. I hope for her sake he has a skinny cock. Shinzo is in the process of working his cock into her pussy. She looks pretty unhappy about the whole situation.

Oh well! Life's a bitch and then you die.

I returned my attention to Aiko's immature breasts. Her little brown nipples reacted to my lips and my tongue, instantly growing hard. They still don't stick out very much, though. And she still looks like she hates what I'm doing. But she has begun to moan quietly. Her breath is beginning to catch and my fingers are getting covered in her juices.

I kissed my way down to her pussy, pausing for a moment to examine her pelt of incredibly soft, straight, blacker than black pubic hair. I removed my fingers from her pussy and started eating. No matter what she thinks of me, of my ethnicity or this situation, her body likes what my lips and my tongue are doing. Her thighs clamped down on my head and as if she was afraid I might try to escape, her hands closed over the back of my head, pulling my face even tighter against her small but very sexy body. She lifted her hips off the carpet and enjoyed a violent orgasm almost instantly.

I ate her to several more orgasms. It didn't take long. I waited until she was limp and helpless and then I got up on my knees and moved into position over her. I was surprised to see that the other three have finished, or at least the men are. Kimura and Shinzo were seated on the couch watching me and Aiko. Tracy is on her knees in front of Shinzo, watching me while she gently nurses on the kid's cock.

Aiko opened her eyes and turned her head to see what I'm looking at. She saw them watching us, waiting to see me put my big, black cock into that little hole between her legs. She turned her head, closed her eyes and muttered something in Japanese. Then she waited for the next episode in her long running soap opera, "A Fate Worse than Death."

I rubbed the head of my cock through her swollen, oily slit a few times, watching her body shiver in anticipation. Then I began to slowly enter her. I only had about half my cock in her when her eyes shot open in surprise. She looked down between us to see how much of my cock is still lined up for entrance to her tight little cunt. Her head dropped back onto the carpet, she shook her head and muttered more words in that incomprehensible language.

I don't have to speak Japanese to know what she's trying to say, though. It's pretty obvious. She's never experienced a cock like mine and as much as she'd probably hate to admit it, the experience isn't nearly as terrible as she feared.

By the time I worked a few more inches into her, her legs had come up and wrapped around my upper thighs and her hips are beginning to gently move up to meet mine. She continued mumbling under her breath almost constantly as I carefully worked my long cock into her little body. She thought she was going to hate this. And she probably does. I've read that the Japanese are even more racially prejudiced than most Americans. But no matter what her conscious mind thinks of getting fucked by a large, well hung black man, her pussy is eating it up.

By the time our pubic hair was entwined she was grinding her body against mine and muttering loudly. She sounds like she's losing control. Her eyes, when they're open, have a dazed, unfocused look to them. Her mind and body are now nothing more than extensions of her tight little cunt. For the next twenty or thirty minutes she's all cunt and her world revolves around my cock.

I fucked her with long slow strokes for the first five minutes or so. I held myself off of her and watched her going crazy with lust. She's no longer concerned with my race or the fact that a strange man who's old enough to be her grandfather is fucking her. All she knows is that she's never enjoyed sex before, not like this. She's lost in the moment, overwhelmed by the sensations beginning between her legs and rapidly consuming her. She no longer cares what anyone thinks of her, not now, not until it's over. It's all about the orgasm from this point forward.

Her arms went around my waist after about a minute and her arms and legs clamped down on me as she experienced what may very well be her first orgasm as a direct result of a plunging cock. She came twice more before I picked up the pace and began to slam my cock into her with feeling.

Her ass began to slide across the carpet with the force of my thrusts as I impaled her small body over and over with increasing violence. I reached up and cradled her shoulders in my large hands to keep her from getting away. She grunted a few times and then clamped down on me again, crying out loudly and scratching the hell out of my back. For the next twenty minutes or so I fucked her like I was raping her, which I suppose I really am. I knew from the start she didn't want to have sex with me. But want me or not, she enjoyed one violent orgasm after another until I finally shot my wad in her tight, clasp little cunt. I resolved right then that the next time I get the chance to hire someone to work in my office I'm gonna be looking for a cute little Jap broad, even if I have to import her myself! Maybe I can get Nakamura to send me one.

I slowly pulled my still erect cock out of Aiko and struggled to get up onto my knees. Nakamura was standing just inside the room with his arm around a naked and very despondent looking Riley. Brad is standing behind them looking none too happy. Nakamura, on the other hand, looks totally satisfied. He

glanced at my cock and then at Aiko. He shook his head and spoke to Kimura and Shinzo. They looked at each other, smiled and shook their heads.

Nakamura nodded and spoke again. Aiko finally sat up and said, “Mr. Nakamura wishes to thank you for your hospitality. He will come to your office tomorrow to sign the documents. He is going to return to the hotel now and wants to know if you want a ride back to your factory?”

I thought about it for a moment. After all the Saki I’ve had this evening I decided it might be a good idea if I don’t drive anywhere. I shook my head and replied, “I think we’ll spend the night here. Tell him I had a very good time tonight and I look forward to seeing him tomorrow.”

With an occasional groan Aiko slowly stood up and with her hand cupped over her pussy she translated for me. Then she hurried to the bathroom to clean up. She returned a few minutes later and we all watched as she got dressed. We saw them to the door and said goodnight. Brad locked the door behind them and Tracy and I followed Brad and Riley upstairs. They showed us to the guest room and went to bed.

Tracy and I haven’t said a word to each other since she started fucking the two Japs and I enjoyed the use of Aiko’s reluctantly shared charms. We didn’t speak until we were in bed together and the lights were out. Only then did I ask, “You hated that, didn’t you?”

“Jesus! Those assholes are disgusting! You’re damn right I hated it!”

“How many orgasms did you have?”

She sighed and answered, “I lost count. But the worst part is that I actually climaxed when all those waiters were painting us with cum in the restaurant! That’s without a doubt the most disgusting thing I’ve ever done. I thought I was going to puke. Instead, I climaxed several times! And I had several more orgasms when those two monkeys were fucking me out there in the living room, even though their dicks are so little! You’re turning me into Riley and I hate that.”

“I’m not turning you into anything, Tracy. Maybe you aren’t exactly like Riley. But you enjoy some of the things she does. You must have figured that out by now.

“I haven’t made you do anything against your will. All you can blame me for is giving you the opportunity to find that out about yourself. I made it possible for you to take advantage of a chance to experience something most women never get to experience, full on, nasty, no holds barred sex without guilt. Think about it. If you can’t say no, you don’t have to feel guilty about the things you do. You can enjoy sex the way most men do! How can you not be grateful?!”

“Only you would call what I’ve been doing lately an opportunity! But yeah, I guess I always knew I had a little of that slut in me. I suppose that’s something a lot of women feel they have to suppress. I’ve never done any of the crazy wild shit I’ve been doing in the last week since you hired Riley. But I’ll admit that almost from the time I discovered the joys of playing with myself I’ve masturbated to some pretty strange fantasies.

“Not as strange as the shit I did tonight, though! I’m glad those little pricks are leaving town tomorrow. They’re a bad influence on you. Who would have thought that was possible?!”

I chuckled but didn't respond. She's right, though. Some of the things we did this evening were over the top, even for me! I'm not sorry we did them. But I don't think I'd want to repeat them. I only had enough time to wonder for a moment how Brad is taking all this before I finally drifted off to sleep.

I awoke the next morning to find Riley standing beside the bed gently shaking my shoulder. It took me a minute to remember where I am. I finally sat up and woke Tracy. When she had our attention, Riley said, "Coffee will be ready in a few minutes. Are you going to want to take showers?"

I thought about it for a few seconds. I'm feeling pretty grody and I need a change of clothes. I imagine Tracy feels the same way. I shook my head and said, "We'll ride in with you to get our cars. I want to go home, take a shower and change clothes. I expect Tracy feels the same way."

Tracy nodded gratefully.

I looked at Riley in her short robe. She's obviously naked under it. I couldn't resist. I slid my hand up her leg until it was resting against her pussy and asked, "How's your husband doing?"

She shrugged and said, "He was pissed last night. He even talked about making me quit. He calmed down after the slants left and he got his chance to fuck me. He made me tell him everything that happened while he was fucking me. He climaxed twice so I guess maybe he isn't as upset as he's acting. I suppose he has some pretty mixed emotions about it all. You have to keep in mind that before all this started, Brad was even more narrow minded than I am ... was. I may be the one getting screwed. But sometimes I think it's harder on him. Every time you make me do something it's an attack on his masculinity."

I didn't say what I was thinking; that Brad has reason to be concerned about his masculinity. Instead I asked, "What about you, Riley? How do you feel about it all?"

"I don't know. I hate it I guess. And I hate you. That's the reason I can't understand why I get so turned on. I can't understand why I have so many orgasms. I know I should put a stop to all this. I'm afraid of what you're turning me into. I never wanted to be ... that kind of girl. I should quit. The things you're making me do can destroy a girl. If they haven't already they're bound to destroy my marriage. But when I think about quitting, about never doing this crazy stuff again ... I don't know; I get an empty feeling in my stomach that scares me."

Tracy quietly exclaimed, "Exactly! That's how I feel!"

They looked at each other for a few seconds. It looked like they were communicating without words. If this keeps up they may end up liking each other! Riley finally stepped back and said, "Brad should be ready. Coffee is probably on. I have to take a shower and get dressed."

I let her go and we got out of bed. Our clothing was still scattered around the living room so we had to go out there naked. Brad stood near the kitchen table, sipping a freshly poured cup of coffee and watching us get dressed. I suppose he was watching Tracy more than he was me but you never know with him.

I put on everything but my coat and tie and we joined him in the kitchen. There were two cups of coffee waiting for us on the table. I sat down and took a big sip from one of them. I put my cup down

and Brad and I stared at each other for a minute. He no longer seems quite as intimidated by me as he was. Strangely, though, he doesn't seem upset either.

I don't get that. I suppose I've read enough on the internet about guys who get off on seeing other men fuck their wives to sort of understand it. At least I understand that they're out there. I can't understand why he isn't still pissed at me, though. If I was him I'd want to kill me!

Riley joined us about fifteen minutes later. I gave her just enough time to drink her coffee. She rinsed out the cups and Brad drove us to work. I sent them inside and told her to let Carl know I'll be late in case something came up. I told her to start working on a final version of the contract I agreed to with Nakamura until we return. The details are lying on Tracy's desk. Tracy and I got in our cars and drove home to shower and change. I don't think Riley has the smarts to prepare the contract. But working on it will give her something to do until we get back and then Tracy can whip it out in about twenty minutes or so.

I showered and put on a clean suit. As I was leaving the house I called Riley to ask if she's heard from Nakamura. She hasn't. I didn't get a lot to eat last night and I'm feeling hungry so I told her I'll be in after stopping for a quick breakfast.

I arrived at the plant forty-five minutes later. Tracy was pulling into the parking lot at the same time. We walked in together and found the front office empty. Entering my office we found Riley bent over my desk naked. Carl was porking her from behind. He looked up and smiled but didn't bother to stop what he was doing. He explained, "I'm just keeping it warm for you. And I wanted to make certain you didn't wear it out last night. It's such a nice little pussy."

I sent Tracy out to get me a cup of coffee. When she returned a few minutes later she was carrying the coffee and a stack of papers. She was wearing an astonished look on her face. We went over in the corner and sat down on the couch. She looked through the sheaf of papers she was carrying and exclaimed, "She did it! The bitch finished the contract! I don't get it! I didn't teach her any of this!"

We looked through the contract for the five minutes it took Carl to finish fucking Riley. As soon as he let her go she rushed to the bathroom to clean up. Carl went back to work without even washing his nasty dick. He better hope he remembers to wash it before he goes home this evening. The bitch he's married to doesn't have a sense of humor when it comes to Carl fucking around.

Riley came back out and while she was putting her slutty little dress back on, Tracy held up the contract and exclaimed, "How the hell did you do this?!"

Riley looked at me and asked, "Is it alright? I used the figures you worked up yesterday and looked up some samples of contracts you've used in the past. I didn't know if I was doing it right. I thought there might be differences since this involves shipping to Japan. But I figured if there are, Tracy can fix it in a couple of minutes."

"I hate to say it, Riley. But it's perfect. I guess you aren't as dumb as I thought you were. But you're still a submissive and you're still a horny cunt."



She blushed and she grinned self consciously. She quietly replied, "I know that ... now. I still hate what you do to me. And I worry about how it's going to change my life. But I don't hate it as much as I should."

Nakamura and his translator came in just before lunch. We signed the contract. He fucked Tracy and I fucked Aiko again. She didn't seem nearly as reluctant this time as she was when I fucked her last night. He left an hour later, leaving me a much wealthier and much happier man. If I'd realized that giving out a little pussy would make contract negotiations so much easier and so much more profitable I'd have started stocking up years ago!

## Chapter 8

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:29 PM

Having made such a large profit earlier in the day I decided to celebrate by taking off early. After Nakamura left I told Tracy and Riley to close up shop. I called down to personnel and had them send a girl up to answer the phones and I took Tracy and Riley shopping for more sexy clothing at Gunny's store.

I drove straight to Flaunt It!. I figured we'd do a little shopping and then I'd take them to lunch. Shopping for sexy clothes wasn't quite as much fun today. There were other customers in the store so the girls had to keep their clothes on. We selected a few new outfits for Riley and two dozen new outfits for Tracy. Before we left I made Tracy change into a sheer blouse and a micro miniskirt. I made the same deal I made last time we were here. The girls are going to have to spend a couple hours at Gunny's house on Sunday in exchange for a hefty discount.

I didn't start thinking about where to have lunch until we were on our way out of the store loaded down with shopping bags. I want someplace that actually serves food. I'm definitely hungry. But it should be someplace that I can humiliate the girls for my amusement while I'm eating. That rules out adult bookstores and strip joints. We put the new clothes in my trunk and went around to get in the car. It was then that I noticed there seem to be an unusually large number of kids skipping school. Schools must be closed today. That's the inspiration I was looking for.

My brother's kid told me about a little luncheonette near the river. It isn't far from one of the two high schools in town; the predominantly black one. It's become a hangout for the kids before and after school and when school is out. On a nice day like this the outside seating area is probably teeming with horny, black, easily entertained high school kids. This should be just what I'm looking for!

Ten minutes later I was parking in front of the luncheonette. When my nephew said it was little he wasn't kidding. The building is about the size of a small travel trailer. There are a few tables inside but most of the customers sit at the outside tables and order through a window in the front of the building. There are about twenty tables on the patio around the front and one side of the building that seat four

per table. At the very edge of the patio near the drop off that goes down to the river about forty or fifty feet below there are three picnic tables to accommodate larger groups of kids. And that's who the customers are, kids. There are probably two dozen customers scattered around the patio. Not a one of them appears to be any older than sixteen or seventeen.

As I expected, most of the kids are black, though there are a few white faces scattered around amongst them. As far as I can tell, all those white faces are female.

Everyone stopped talking and stared when we got out of the car and headed for one of the many empty tables. The staring grew more intense when the kids got a closer look at the way Tracy and Riley are dressed.

I chose a table near the far edge of the patio near the drop off in order to be out of sight of anyone inside the little building. I gave Riley some cash and told her and Tracy to get me a couple of burgers and a Coke and to order whatever they want. I sat down and watched with an amused smile as every eye in the place followed the two sexy women to the window in the front of the building.

The girls were just about to the window when I heard a quiet voice behind me asking, "Hey Uncle Seth, aren't things going well at work? Have you taken up pimping on the side?"

I looked over my shoulder. My nephew, Terrell was standing right behind me with a huge grin on his face. I smiled and replied, "Quite the opposite. We just inked a huge deal. I decided to take my secretaries out to lunch to celebrate."

"Those are your secretaries! Shit! How the hell do you get any work done with those two hangin' around?!"

"It ain't easy. But it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make. What are you doing here?"

"As you can probably tell, there's no school today. I'm meeting a couple of friends here. We're just gonna hang out and maybe try and get lucky. As you can see, most of the customers here are of the male persuasion. The few girls here are almost all with someone. The odds aren't in our favor."

Terrell is Carl's only child. He drive's Carl crazy. I guess he's supposed to. It's what teenagers do, right? But I've always gotten along well with him, probably because raising him right isn't my job. Terrell tells me things he'd never tell his parents and he trusts me not to rat him out. I trust him, too. So I felt comfortable saying, "If all you and your friends want is to get laid..."

I looked over in the direction of the front of the building where Riley and Tracy were presumably waiting for our order to be filled and said, "I can make them available."

He cocked his head and looked at me as if waiting to hear the punch line. When there wasn't one he asked, "You're kidding, right?"

My cockeyed grin told him I was serious. I invited him to join us at our table. He sat across from me with an eager look on his face and almost whispered, "Man! Those two girls are hot! They'll really ... you know?"

I shrugged nonchalantly and replied, "They do what they're told."

“Why?! Why would they let you tell them who they have to... ?”

“Fuck? You can say it. Fuck. You and your friends are going to fuck them, if you want to that is. As for why, ask me that the next time we’re alone. Ask me to explain submissives to you. I think fifteen is old enough to understand something that important.”

The girls came around the corner carrying our order. As soon as they rounded the corner all eyes seemed to focus on their tits in those sheer blouses they have on. They were both blushing like crazy, no doubt even more embarrassed than they might otherwise have been because of the age range of the kids who are staring unabashedly at their boobs.

They put the cardboard trays down and sat down in the two remaining chairs. They divvied up the food and drinks. When they finished I introduced them to Terrell. They didn’t seem surprised to learn that he’s Carl’s kid. I guess it doesn’t matter to them.

The three of us ate our lunch in silence. I was aware of the buzz of conversation picking up around us. I couldn’t understand what they were saying but I think we all had a pretty good idea who they were talking about. From time we heard the words “pussy” and “tits” being bandied about.

I finished my two burgers and sat back, sipping on my drink and relishing the discomfort on the faces of my two secretaries. Terrell just about forgot I was there. His eyes moved back and forth between the two exposed sets of tits constantly. Not a word was spoken until the girls finished eating. I ordered them to clean off the table and while they were disposing of our trash I asked Terrell, “Which one do you prefer?”

He thought about it for a moment and said, “The one with the little tits is prettier. But damn! I love the tits on the other one. I’d love to get my hands on those!”

The girls returned to the table but before they could return to their seats I said to Tracy, “A couple of Terrell’s friends are going to be joining us soon. There won’t be enough chairs when they get here. I want you to sit in Terrell’s lap for now.”

Terrell shoved his chair back and stared in awe as an obviously reluctant Tracy sat down in his lap. His eyes got wider and rounder as she her tiny skirt pulled up and completely bared her pussy.

I turned to Riley and said, “You can sit down until the other two boys get here. Then you’ll have to get up and sit in one of their laps.”

I turned back to Terrell then and smiled. He was sitting there staring at Tracy’s tits but his hands were hanging down at his sides as if he thought he might get in trouble if he touched her. I chuckled and said, “Don’t be such a pussy, boy! She ain’t just eye candy. You can touch her. Or would you rather wait a year or two?”

He looked at Tracy and he looked at me. Finally, tentatively, he put one arm around her waist and rested his other hand just above her knee. Her tiny little skirt doesn’t even come close to covering her pussy or the little triangle of pubic hair above it. I think the eyes of everyone around us were watching Terrell’s hand as it slowly moved up her thigh toward her pussy.

It seemed to take a long time for his hand to cover the distance. But it was obvious when it came into contact with her sensitive flesh. She gasped and flinched slightly. When she flinched, Terrell pulled his hand back slightly and looked at me as if to ask if he was going too far. I asked, "Do you want to know how she really feels about what you're doing?"

When he didn't reply I said, "You can't judge by the expression on her face. If you want an honest answer to that question stick a couple fingers inside of her. I think you'll find that they come back out covered in pussy juice. You know what that means, right?"

Tracy's eyes closed and she gasped again as his fingers slowly probed her pussy. He pulled his hand back a moment later and held up his fingers to show me and everyone around us how wet they are. His eyes went from his fingers, to me, to Tracy's face and then down to her now exposed pussy and I began to wonder if my nephew is a virgin. I didn't think there was such a thing as a fifteen year old virgin anymore!

Terrell was still holding his fingers up, attracting the attention of every kid in the area when his two friends showed up and saw what was happening. They came to a sudden stop about fifteen feet away and stared in shock at ... well, at everything; Riley's tits which are plainly displayed under her sheer, bolero top, Tracy's tits and now her pussy, and Terrell's fingers glistening with pussy juice.

Terrell didn't notice his friends until he lowered his fingers back down to Tracy's juicy pussy. He looked down at her pussy, then looked up and grinned at me. Only then did he notice the two boys standing nearby staring in disbelief. When he did he exclaimed, "Dudes! Get over here! You gotta see this!"

They looked at each other, shrugged and approached our table. I invited them to join us and Riley stood up so that they'd both have a place to sit. After they sat down, Riley looked at me to see what I wanted her to do. I asked, "Would one of you boys like to offer my secretary a seat?"

They don't know what's going on but they didn't need convincing. The boy who just took Riley's seat was already shoving his chair back from the table and pulling her down into his lap when the other boy exclaimed, "Hell yeah!"

Terrell introduced us to his two friends, Noah and Jac, short for Jacques. I was more than a little surprised about Noah. There are a couple of white girls here. But Noah is the only white boy in the place. I wondered how he's going to react to seeing Tracy and Riley treated like a couple of sluts by a black man and his two black friends. But one look at the eager smile on his face and his hand on Riley's upper thigh and I knew I didn't need to be concerned. I guess things have changed a lot since I was in school.

Once everyone was situated, Terrell explained to his friends what little he knows of this strange situation. The important part of his explanation to all three of the boys is that they're all about to get laid if they're so inclined. And apparently they are so inclined.

Tracy and Riley didn't react to the news. They're pretty smart and they've had enough time to figure out how my dirty mind works. They must have already figured out where this display of female flesh is leading. Noah and Jac, on the other hand, had a definite reaction. They look like they just won the

lottery. Riley did react, however, when Noah's fingers began to enter her pussy. She moaned and a shiver ran through her body. I'm not certain, but it looked like she just had an orgasm!

Not long after Noah and Jac joined us, a couple of boys got up from a nearby table and came over to say hello. They stood where they'd have the best view of Riley and Tracy's exposed pussies and exchanged pleasantries with their friends. When they were greeted warmly instead of being rebuffed, others began to gather around one or two at a time until we were completely surrounded. Even the few girls in the crowd were struggling to get a peek at my two little sluts.

I decided it would be a good idea to get out of here before someone with morals and a sense of responsibility took note of what's going on and called the cops. But there's no way the six of us are going to fit in my Lexus. I explained my problem to the boys. It turned out not to be a problem at all. Jac suggested, "We can go to the island."

"What island?"

He pointed to a path behind us leading down to the riverbank and explained, "It isn't really an island. It used to be but the water stopped flowing down one side. There's a small clearing in the middle of it where kids go to party. No one ever bothers us there."

We stood up and the girls and I followed the three boys down the trail. There was silence behind us until one of the braver kids asked, "Can we come?"

I wasn't planning on this much excitement for Tracy and Riley. But they should be able to handle a couple dozen horny kids. I remember being that age well enough to know that teenage boys have all the staying power of a ... I was going to say gnat but I actually have no idea how gnats reproduce. I invited them to join us and we continued down the trail. I couldn't help wondering what the people in the luncheonette are going to think when they realize that their customers have all disappeared.

The trail turned right at the bottom of the hill and followed the riverbank for about a hundred and fifty feet where it turned onto the oval spit of land extending out into the river. It isn't very large, maybe half an acre. But there's plenty of privacy. It's covered in trees except for a round, grass covered clearing in the middle that's roughly twenty feet in diameter. It's easy to see that it's a popular party place. The grass is all trampled down and the clearing is delineated by a solid circle of litter of every description.

I waited until the entire group spread out around the clearing leaving a space in the center for the six of us. I noticed that the girls we saw up on the patio have followed us, too. They look just as eager for the show to start as the boys are. That kind of surprised me. I'm pretty certain that the girls with whom I went to high school wouldn't have been caught dead at a gathering like this.

I waited for everyone to settle down but apparently most of them have never witnessed a gangbang before and they're all pretty excited. I finally had to ask them to quiet down. The chatter finally trailed off and I said, "The first thing we have to do is undress our guests of honor. There are several ways we can do that, depending on which method you think might be more interesting. We could have them undress themselves. We could have them undress each other. We could ask for some of the guys to volunteer to undress them. Does anyone have a preference?"

There was quiet until the youngest looking girl in the audience, a white girl who doesn't look any older than twelve or thirteen, raised her hand and said, "Guys like undressing girls. At least the guys I go out with do. Let some of the guys do it."

There was a chorus from the guys in the audience that seemed to agree with her. But I thought I had a better idea. I smiled at her and said, "That's true. But there's something that a lot of guys enjoy just as much and seldom get a chance to see. Guys enjoy watching girls undress other girls. I've always found that to be a huge turn on. As most of you have already discovered my two secretaries here aren't wearing much, just a skirt and blouse. Would you and one of your girlfriends like to come forward and do the honors?"

She grinned. She's a spunky little thing. She isn't embarrassed in the least. She stepped out of the crowd and exclaimed, "Hell yeah! I'll strip one of your bitches! Are you serious? They're really your secretaries, not a couple of streetwalkers?!"

"That's right. They're both my secretaries. This one is married to one of my employees. They've haven't even been married for a year yet. Her husband knows the kind of shit I'm making her do and he hates it. The other one has a boyfriend who knows nothing about her extracurricular activities."

The little white girl started forward, still wearing that huge smile. She obviously enjoys the hell out of this strange situation. She was halfway to where Riley was standing when a slightly older black girl stepped out of the crowd and with a little less enthusiasm said, "I'll do the other one. My boyfriend thinks it's hot."

Actually, it looked like her boyfriend pushed her forward. I don't get the impression this is her idea.

The white girl came to a stop in front of Riley and smiled at her. She looked into her eyes for a moment before asking, "Do you really hate this as much as it looks like you do?"

Riley didn't know how to respond. She looked at the girl, then at me. She said nothing for a long time. That isn't the kind of question she likes to have to answer, especially in front of a crowd of horny boys. Finally she knew she had to say something. Everyone was waiting to hear how she's going to respond. She sighed and said, "Yes. I mean no! I mean ... it's complicated."

Then in a quiet voice that trailed off at the end she said, "You wouldn't understand."

But the little white girl grinned and quietly replied, "I think I do. I wish I had the nerve. My panties are soaking wet right now."

I didn't think Riley was going to say anything to that. But just as the girl was reaching for the buttons on her top she quietly responded, "It's not about having the nerve. It's about having someone else take control. Losing control can set you free."

The girl stopped what she was doing for a second and looked into Riley's eyes again. A violent shudder racked her body. In that moment something became obvious to me, though none of the others here know enough about women to realize it. This young girl has a lot of Riley in her. Of all the kids gathered around watching I'm reasonably certain that only this young girl knew exactly what Riley meant!

While the girl returned to unbuttoning Riley's bolero top I asked, "May I ask how old you are, young lady?"

She chuckled and said, "I get that a lot. I'm older than I look. I'm almost sixteen."

I was somewhat relieved to hear it. She's still too young for something like this but she's older than she looks. I asked, "Is one of these guys your boyfriend?"

She nodded.

"Most of these guys are about to get lucky. Are you gonna have a problem with your boyfriend dipping his wick in one of these young ladies?"

"Fuck no! I think it's hot! I'm gonna guide his hard cock into her sloppy cunt when it's his turn. I've never seen a gangbang. Just thinking about what it's like to be one of these two is almost enough to make me cum."

I laughed and said, "The world needs more girls who think the way you do."

The girl finished unbuttoning Riley's top and pulled it open. She grinned and said, "Finally! A woman with smaller tits than me! Thank you Jesus!"

There was a chorus of crude remarks from the audience as well as quite a few good natured laughs. I managed to catch her name as some of the guys called out to her. Chloe. She looks like a Chloe.

Chloe peeled Riley's top down and off. Then she calmly and confidently cupped Riley's small breasts in her hands. She announced to her appreciative audience, "You guys who are into big jugs are going to be disappointed. But these are some pretty nice tits. And they ain't gonna be hanging down to her knees when she gets a few miles on her."

She pinched Riley's nipples and gave them a friendly little twist. Then she went to work on the miniskirt. Seconds later Riley was naked. I pointed out to the boys standing around us that Terrell and his two friends are going first. I suggested that they work out some way to decide in what order the rest of them will follow that doesn't involve physical violence.

One of the older boys who seems to expect everyone to listen to him took charge and started lining all the boys up in some sort of order. They weren't happy about it, or at least the ones near the end of the line weren't. But it went pretty smoothly and I was relieved about that.

After the black girl finished stripping Tracy I ordered them down on all fours. Terrell and Noah knelt behind them. Jac opted for Riley's mouth. The first of the other boys in line came forward and knelt in front of Tracy and the gangbang began.

I noticed a lot of cell phones recording the action and said, "I don't care if you take pictures. Just make damn sure I'm not in them."

Just to be certain I stepped back out of the circle and watched as boy after boy took their turn with whichever orifice became available when it was his turn. I only had to interfere once after that. Tracy pulled her mouth off the dick she was sucking and exclaimed, "Hey! Wrong hole!"

He ignored her, still trying to force his cock into her ass until I said, “I don’t care if you fuck them in the ass, dude. But not like that. If you want to fuck a girl’s ass you gotta lube it up and stretch it out first.”

He stopped trying to force his cock into her ass and said, “Jesus, man! Her cunt is nasty! And I ain’t got no lube!”

“If you don’t want to do it right then I suggest you wait until her mouth isn’t busy. Good sex should be nasty and a gangbang is even nastier. If you’re too prissy, if you’re worried about getting some other guy’s cock cream on you, maybe a gangbang isn’t the right place for you to be getting laid.”

There was a chorus from the guys behind him in line telling him to get the hell out of the way if he isn’t going to fuck her. He glared at them and he glared at me. I was seconds away from telling him to get up and get the hell out of here but before I could he lined his cock up and shoved it into the right hole this time. I wanted to teach him some manners but decided to let it go.

As expected, very few of the boys lasted very long. Also as expected, most of them went through the line twice. But even so, it only lasted a little more than an hour. I didn’t think that was bad, considering how many boys are taking advantage of this opportunity to get their ashes hauled.

When the fucking finally came to an end and the drained and happy boys were just standing around watching, Chloe came forward again and dropped to her knees in front of Riley. Riley was up on her knees by then, looking very tired. Chloe smiled at her, then scooped up one of the trails of cum on Riley’s face and fed it to her.

For some reason, Riley opened her mouth and wrapped her puffy lips around Chloe’s fingers. She sucked them clean while the two girls looked each other in the eye. The entire crowd was watching this strange behavior in silence. I don’t know why but I couldn’t tear my eyes away, either. It was fascinating.

I stared at the two of them until Chloe took her fingers back. Then I stepped forward and stood in front of Riley. I pulled my semi-erect cock out and said, “My turn, Riley. Show them how it’s done.”

Chloe looked at my cock and exclaimed, “Whoa, dude! Lethal weapon!”

There was a spate of appreciative laughter from the crowd. Chloe ignored the laughter and called out, “Annette! Get your ass over here! You gotta see this!”

Annette laughed and replied, “I can see it from here.”

The boy whose cock Chloe guided into Riley’s pussy earlier sounded less than pleased when he called out, “Get away from there, girl. I got your cock over here.”

She continued to stare at my cock as Riley began sliding her lips down the quickly growing shaft and replied, “Shut the fuck up, man. You fucked both of these women right in front of me and you don’t even know their fucking names! I don’t want to hear you gettin’ all uptight now!”

I chuckled and said, “I like you. You got a lot of balls.”



She smiled and without ever taking her eyes off of my cock as it disappeared down Riley's throat she said, "When you're one of half a dozen white girls in a school full of horny black guys you either grow a set of balls or you disappear."

Chloe's eyes grew wide as my entire cock disappeared down Riley's mouth and throat. She exclaimed, "Jesus, Annette! Will you look at this! You can see the bulge in her fuckin' throat!"

She reached up as if hypnotized and gently placed her hand on Riley's throat. She left it there as Riley backed off and then took my cock back down her throat. A shiver ran through her body and she called out, "Annette! Get over here! You gotta feel this!"

Annette apparently doesn't agree. Or if she does her boyfriend doesn't. She remained where she was in the circle of teenagers watching Riley take my cock down her throat in amazement.

Everyone continued to watch as Riley sucked me off. Tracy apparently felt left out. Either that or she just felt like showing off. Without even being asked she crawled around behind me, spread my cheeks and began to eat my ass while Riley sucked me off. And then, to add to my pleasure, Chloe removed her hand from Riley's throat and cradled my balls. My fate was sealed!

Two minutes later I was cumming down Riley's throat. The four of us remained like that until my orgasm dwindled away. I shuffled back a few steps, careful not to step on Tracy, and I put my cock away. Riley and Chloe were staring at each other as though they were reading each other's mind again. Then the strangest thing happened. Riley reached up, grabbed a handful of the hair on the back of Chloe's head and pulled her closer. Despite all the trails of cum still streaking Riley's face and all the cocks she just sucked, Chloe allowed her to pull her face to hers without any sign of resistance. Their lips came together and they continued to stare into each other's eyes as they kissed violently!

Watching that obscene kiss nearly made my cock hard again! Chloe didn't resist at all. In fact, it looked like she was searching the inside of Riley's mouth with her tongue, looking for any traces of my cum that might be lingering in there!

I like this girl!!

That kiss lasted longer than some of the boys who lined up to take part in the gangbang that just ended. It seemed like everyone watching was holding their breath as the two women ... I mean the woman and the girl, kissed like long lost lovers. Riley finally released the girl's hair and they slowly separated. Chloe was panting and her face was red. But I'm pretty certain it wasn't from embarrassment. Nothing else that happened out here this afternoon embarrassed her. Neither one of them moved until I helped them both to their feet a moment later.

Riley and Tracy stood there looking at each other and down at themselves. Both of them have traces of cum in their hair on their faces and necks as well as streams of it running down their thighs.

One of the boys stepped forward and said, "I have a damp towel in my bag. I took a shower at the gym after my run. Do you want it?"

Tracy nodded gratefully and he handed it to her. The girls took turns cleaning each other off as best they could. For some reason, the kid didn't want his towel back. She tossed it into the trees when they

were as clean as they were going to get. She and Riley gathered up their clothes and finally started getting dressed again.

While they were putting their clothes back on I asked Chloe, "Are you a sophomore or a junior?"

"Senior, I skipped a year."

"What do you want to do when you grow up? Any plans?"

"I can't afford college and decent schools don't stand in line to hand out scholarships to the kids from our high school. I was thinking I'd find a job and go to Tech at night. With a little luck I might be able to save up some money and finish up the last two years at a less expensive state school."

I took out my wallet and handed her one of my cards. I said, "Give me a call when you're ready. I'll see if I can find a place for you."

She slipped my card into her back pocket and asked, "If I go to work for you will I end up doing the kind of shit you make them do?"

I looked her right in the eyes and said, "Almost certainly."

She smiled, giving me the definite impression she found the idea appealing. She turned away, walking back to the tall black kid with the sour look on his face. I have a feeling those two won't be going together much longer.

The kids all remained around us in a sloppy circle until Tracy and Riley were dressed. Only then did they begin drifting back up the trail to the luncheonette. Terrell and the three of us were the last to leave the clearing. I led the way up the trail, followed by the girls and then Terrell, no doubt enjoying the view. As we climbed back up to the patio Terrell asked, "Uncle Seth, would it be okay if I ... I mean, someday I'd like to ... you know, but without the gangbang. It was fun. But it wasn't really the same as ... you know."

Not very eloquent. But yeah, I know what he means. What the hell, it's no skin off my ass. I said, "Sure. I'll set something up for you at my house in a few days. Which one do you want?"

If he has a preference he didn't want to say so in front of them. He exclaimed, "Really?! Shit! I don't care which one! They're both smoking hot!"

"Okay. I'll take care of it. They're probably gonna want to rest those cunts for a few days. This coming Sunday Tracy has to fuck the old guy who sold us her new clothes today to repay him for the discount he gave me. I suppose I could have Riley come over to the house for a couple of hours. Is that long enough?"

"Um, how about an afternoon? Would that be a problem?"

"Nah, I suppose not. I guess you can use the experience."

To Riley I said, "You don't mind teaching Terrell all about sex do you Riley?"

There was a slight hesitation. Then, with resignation in her voice she replied, "No, sir."

She looks and acts like she's very unhappy about it. But Terrell is pretty well hung. I guess it runs in the family. I saw the way she reacted down in the clearing when he was fucking her. She didn't look so unhappy when he was slamming that cock into her.

I drove Riley home. I offered to let Tracy take a shower at my house before returning her to her car in the parking lot at the office. She hasn't provided many details about her boyfriend. I still don't know how close they are or what sort of relationship they have. They don't live together but for all I know he might be waiting for her to come home. She declined my offer. I parked beside her car, transferred the shopping bags containing her new wardrobe to her trunk and went home.

## Chapter 9

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:29 PM

Thursday was a nice quiet day. Tracy began wearing her new clothes and I began to wonder if having two willing sluts in my office is going to kill me. I fucked Riley in the morning and Tracy in the afternoon. I'm well aware that my life now is one that most men would kill for and I certainly do feel blessed. But it's a damn good thing I'm divorced and can get plenty of rest in the evening.

Two unusual things happened on Friday. The first is that the stone cold bitch who owns the temp agency employing Tracy stopped in for a surprise inspection to make certain that Tracy is living up to their high standards. When she saw the way Tracy is dressed she fired her on the spot.

Riley came rushing in and told me what was going on. I went out to the front office and a furious and very embarrassed Mrs. Freeman apologized for Tracy's behavior. She promised to send over a replacement immediately. I told her that I'm extremely satisfied with Tracy and don't want her replaced.

Freeman rolled her eyes to make it clear what she thinks of men like me and explained that she can't possibly have a woman like Tracy representing her firm. She glared at me haughtily and declared that Tracy has already been fired and there's no way she's going to change her mind.

I glared right back at the frigid bitch and told her that she isn't going to fire Tracy. Tracy is going to resign and she's going to send over a very nice letter of recommendation or I'm going to see to it that her business begins drying up. If I'm not satisfied with the letter she won't have a customer left by the end of the year.

Freeman looked like she wanted to separate my head from my neck. But she mumbled, "You'll get your damn letter. But you'll never get another temp from my agency!"

She stomped out of there and the oxygen seemed to rush back into the room in her wake. Tracy grinned at me and said, "Thanks. You were bluffing, weren't you?"

I smiled and nodded. I know a lot of people in the local business community. But I certainly don't have enough influence over them to have an effect on Freeman's temp agency. She provides a valuable service, albeit at an exorbitant price. But the business community needs her as much as she needs them.

I picked up the phone and called Dupree in personnel. I told him to stop paying Freeman for the use of Tracy and to begin paying Tracy what we were paying the agency. I sent her down to personnel to sign all the necessary documents. You never saw a girl so happy about getting fired!

The second event, which I'm happy to say is something that happens only very, very rarely, is that my ex-wife dropped by the office in the early afternoon. I had just hung up the phone when Riley called me on the intercom and told me that a Mrs. Williams is waiting to see me. She sounded mildly amused. I'm going to have to remember to make her pay for that.

I haven't seen Geri in over a year and to my way of thinking that isn't nearly long enough. She still looks good, though. I've got to give her that. I told Riley to send her in and I got up to meet her half way. She entered my office and I had to smile when I saw her. She may be a bitch, but she's a damn fine looking bitch.

We greeted each other as if we actually like each other. We're no longer the enemies we were when we were going through our very acrimonious divorce but we're far from being friends. Enough time has passed that we've reached a point in our relationship where we can be in the same room together without feeling the need to draw blood.

I escorted her to a comfortable seat by the glass wall and tried to sound like I actually give a damn when I asked her what I can do for her. I can be forgiven for assuming that if she's here she wants something from me. You'd understand if you knew her.

I was more than a little surprised when she handed me a sizeable check. Not long after our divorce I loaned her a good size pile of cash so she could start a business. I figured it was in my own best interest for her to be financially independent. And it worked out that way, too. Within a few years I no longer had to pay her alimony. Her little business has taken off to the point that she's probably making as much or more than I am now. But even so, I never expected the day to come when she'd return the money I loaned her. Here she is, though, paying me back with interest no less!

She laughed when she saw my expression and said, "I'm surprised, too. But what the hell, it's been a pretty good year. I don't like living with that nagging feeling that I owe you. Now I don't."

I thanked her and we talked about not much of anything for a few minutes before she asked, "What the hell have you got going on out there? Are you building a harem? Don't tell me you're fucking both of those sweet young things?!"

The one area of my relationship with Geri that was always good was the sex. By the time we split up we couldn't stand each other. But even then the sex was always fantastic. Geri has a sexual appetite very much like a man. There isn't much that doesn't turn her on. Or at least if there is I never came across it. Looking at her face now I can see that her interest is more than idle curiosity.

Before I formed an answer to her question I thought back to a movie we were watching one night and her reaction to it. Every now and then I'd buy or rent a dirty movie and we'd watch it together. As a

general rule she wasn't into the movies. There was an occasional exception but they were rare. She liked that I would get all hot and bothered but she seldom paid them much attention. They didn't offend her. She didn't hate them. They just didn't turn her on. I suddenly remember one, however, that really piqued her interest. There was one movie in which a statuesque black woman was dominating a submissive little white girl. Much to my surprise, Geri really perked up while that movie was on.

I smiled and stood up. I walked to my desk and picked up the intercom. Tracy answered and I said, "Send Riley in here."

A moment later, Riley tapped on my door and entered. I waved her over and when she was standing between us I said, "You sounded amused when you called to let me know that my ex-wife is here."

Riley blushed but said nothing.

"Geri is curious about you and Tracy. Rather than answer her questions myself I thought it would be more amusing if I let you explain our relationship and how it came about. Lest there be any confusion, your answer should be detailed and specific. Do you understand?"

"I didn't ... I wasn't ... I mean ... yes, sir."

Before she could begin I asked Geri, "Do you like her outfit? I bought new wardrobes for both of them."

Geri smiled and said, "You certainly know how to dress a slut to get a man's attention."

Then she sat quietly and waited for Riley to explain our relationship.

I've nothing upon which to base my opinion. But I suspect that Riley isn't so much embarrassed by having to tell Geri how she came to be standing here dressed the way she is as she's uncomfortable telling the story in front of me. I've noticed from time to time when someone has asked a probing question that it seems important to her that I don't find out what she truly thinks of everything I've made her do since I hired her. I think I already know. There have certainly been enough clues. I'd still like to hear it from her mouth, though.

Riley spent a few seconds thinking back to the day I interviewed her and gathering her thoughts. Finally she said, "My husband works here. He works out on the floor. Someone told him that..."

"Stop!" Geri interrupted, startling her.

She looked at my ex-wife to see what was wrong. Geri smiled sweetly and said, "I suspect that this is going to be an interesting story. Don't you think it would be better told naked?"

Riley looked over at me as though hoping I'd intercede. Silly girl! Given a choice I'm always going to opt for naked over clothed!

She sighed and quickly removed her sexy little outfit. She still blushes, but she has reached a point that she can undress in front of me and the men with whom I make her have sex without a lot of trauma. I found it amusing that she seems more embarrassed about undressing in front of Geri, though.

She tossed her blouse and skirt onto a nearby chair and began describing her job interview for Geri. It hasn't been that long since all this started and the details are still fresh in her mind. She told a good,

detailed story but Geri had to prompt her often for more information about her thoughts and feelings. She was much less forthcoming with those more intimate details.

I sat quietly. I listened and I watched the faces of the two women, gauging their reactions. Riley reluctantly admitted that most of what she's been made to do since she submitted to me on that first day has been exciting for both her and her husband, though Brad still has reservations and would probably put an end to this if he thought he could.

Geri made Riley tell her about all the more interesting things that have happened since she started working for me; the shopping trips, the backyard parties, the evening spent entertaining Nakamura and his entourage and the time she spent with the kids on the island.

Riley was only halfway through her story when Geri pulled her skirt up. She slipped her shoes off, peeled her panties and pantyhose down and off, spread her legs wide and began to play with her pussy. Riley was distracted for a second or two. She probably knew in that moment that she was going to end up on her knees between Geri's legs.

Riley finally finished bringing Geri up to date and answered a few more probing questions. By that time all three of us were highly aroused. Geri turned to me and said, "Before she eats me I want to watch you fuck her. Do you mind?"

Stupid question! Do I mind fucking my little slave girl?! I stood up and started undressing. I noticed three of the grounds crew making believe they were working outside my office. I don't think either Geri or Riley is aware of their presence yet. I couldn't help wondering what Geri's reaction will be when she discovers that she's being watched by three strange men as she masturbates.

I was almost naked by the time I suggested that Geri get out of her clothes. She stood up and removed her skirt. Her blouse came next. She was working on the bra when she finally spotted the three men watching through the glass wall. I had Riley on her knees by then. I was just working the head of my cock into her mouth when Geri noticed the men. She gasped and exclaimed, "You son of a bitch! You knew they were out there!"

I smiled, shrugged and replied, "That glass wall has become one of the perks of their job."

I didn't wait to see what she was going to do. I don't care if she stays or not. I drove my cock into Riley's mouth a few times before putting her down on all fours and kneeling behind her.

Much to my surprise, Geri decided to ignore the men watching on the other side of the glass. By the time I was on my knees behind Riley, Geri had finished removing her bra and panties. She dropped to her knees beside me and wrapped her hand around my cock. She grinned and said, "Marrying you was a huge mistake. You were a son of a bitch right from the start. There hasn't been a second since we separated that I've missed you. But god! I sure miss this cock. You may be an asshole but you were always good in bed."

She guided my cock into my new secretary and asked her, "Do you ever think of your husband when Seth is fucking you?"

Riley hissed, "Yesssss."

“Did it turn you on when they were fucking you in front of him?”

“God yes!!”

“You’re nothing but a fucking slut, aren’t you?”

Riley moaned and responded, “I am now.”

It’s obvious she has really mixed emotions about her reluctant but honest answer. But any negative thoughts floating around in her head are quickly dissipating. My cock pumping into her and Geri’s exploring hands left no room for self doubt. She didn’t even try to pretend she isn’t enjoying this.

Riley was on her fourth or fifth orgasm and I was nearing one of my own when Geri said, “I want to come back. I want to watch you and Carl fucking her in front of her husband. Do you mind?”

I couldn’t answer right away. I started filling Riley’s juicy cunt with what must have been a huge load of cum. I’m not certain if Riley was pushed over the edge in that moment because of what Geri just said or if she climaxed because she realized I was cumming. But we both enjoyed a violent orgasm, no doubt made more enjoyable for both of us by the audience enjoying the show.

I slowly pulled my softening cock free. Geri leaned over. I think she was curious to see what a freshly fucked cunt looks like. I don’t think she’s ever seen one from that angle before. I waited to see if she’s still interested in having her pussy eaten by a pretty young white girl, even with an audience watching through the glass wall beside us.

I know she’s turned on. But as much as she loves sex and even though she was always willing to experiment she was never so adventurous that she’d perform in front of an audience before. So I was just about positive she’d put her clothes on and return when the coast is clear. She fooled me! She sat on the carpet and leaned back against a chair. She gave Riley a minute to catch her breath. Then she slowly spread her legs and said, “My turn, bitch. Make it good and don’t stop until I tell you I’m done.”

Riley said, “Yes, ma’am. But I have something I have to do first.”

She spun around and quickly licked and sucked all our juices from my cock and balls while Geri watched in amazement. Riley made quick work of her cleanup chores. She turned back toward Geri and moved into position between my ex wife’s legs.

Riley has eaten Tracy’s pussy often enough since she started working here. She already knows that she enjoys it so this is nothing new for her. I’m almost certain, though, that Geri has never had her pussy eaten by another woman. If she has it’s been since our divorce.

I know from watching those movies together when we were still married that the idea of having a submissive white woman between her thighs appeals to her. I doubt she would ever have done anything like this on her own, though. She came here today with nothing more in mind than handing me a check. This, the sex, came about because she realized what I have going on here. She must have been reminded of those movies we watched together and she’s probably feeling horny. I imagine her sex life lately is as sporadic as mine was before I hired Riley. She decided to take advantage of a situation that’s very similar to some of her fantasies.

Come to think of it, that's how this all started for me, too! This situation came about because of the look in Riley's eyes when she first entered my office to interview for a job; a job for which we both knew she was unqualified.

I stood up and watched Geri quickly forget all about her surroundings and the men watching her. It's apparent that the reality of this situation is as erotic for her as the fantasy. She experienced the first of a long series of orgasms almost immediately. I watched her enjoy several more before going to my bathroom to clean up. Riley does a pretty good job with her mouth but I still feel sticky.

When I returned, Geri's hands were wrapped in Riley's hair. She was grinding Riley's face against her mound and still enjoying one orgasm after another while I slowly put my clothes back on. I glanced outside to see one of the grounds keepers in the middle of a self induced orgasm. The other two apparently still aren't comfortable following his example. The fact that they recognize Geri as my ex wife and aren't certain how I'd feel about it may have something to do with that. But maybe not. They didn't seem the least bit reticent when the show started.

Geri finally couldn't take anymore. She pushed Riley's face away and gasped, "Fuck me, bitch! Damn you're good!!"

She spotted movement outside and turned her head in time to see one of the men putting his cock back in his pants. I watched her; curious to see how she'd react. She turned to me, smiled sexily and exclaimed, "I can't believe I just did that! You bring the slut out in everyone, don't you?"

"I try." Then I smiled and added, "It's easier when a woman's inner slut is pretty close to the surface."

She chuckled and said, "I was serious about the other. I want to see you and Carl fuck this sexy little cunt in front of her husband. Will you set it up for me?"

"Just me and Carl? I could set up another party at my house this weekend and invite the guys from our last little gangbang."

After a thoughtful pause she asked, "How many men?"

"A dozen counting me."

She looked me in the eyes and said, "I'd like to see that. You know I would. But just to watch. I'm not going to get gangbanged by a pack of your creepy friends."

I didn't remind her that before the divorce they were her friends, too. I just grinned and said, "Tracy felt the same way. She just wanted to watch me fuck Riley, right up until the action started and she began getting turned on. Now she's just like Riley. But you can sit it out if you want. You're the one who will be going home horny."

There was just a glimmer of doubt in her expression. But she shook her head and said, "I just want to watch. Maybe I'll take one of your sexy little cunts into the house and ride her face for a while. But I've never been gangbanged and I'm too old to start now."

I shrugged and said, "The choice is yours. But if it's your age that concerns you, I can assure you that you're just as sexy as you were twenty years ago. You've held up pretty damn well for an old broad."



She shot me the bird but smiled and said, "I'm not that old, you old fart. You were a cradle robber, remember?"

Instead of acknowledging the difference in our ages I asked, "How long since you've had a nice fat cock, Geri? You must have been pretty horny to do what you just did with those three guys watching. And I notice that you're still naked and they're still watching. You never would have done something like this when we were married."

She was still sitting there, leaning back against the leather chair behind her with her hands resting on her flat stomach. The fingers of her right hand slowly moved down until her fingertips were trailing through her very wet slit and she said, "You're a real bastard. You know that?"

I struggled to keep a straight face and look innocent as I responded, "I just asked a question."

To the best of my knowledge there has never been a submissive bone in Geri's body. If she has one now it must have been transplanted since our divorce ... or maybe she has just been very horny for a very long time. Whatever the reason, I suddenly realized she's thinking about it! Now I know it must have been a while since she got laid. She's horny. She wants some cock but can't admit it, least of all to me. She's wondering what it would be like to cut loose and get fucked half to death. It didn't escape my notice that she didn't respond when I asked how long it's been since she got laid. I have to believe it's been a while. Who knows? She might decide she wants to do more than watch once the party get's started. Tracy couldn't hold out once she got a good look at a couple of hard, black cocks.

Geri finally got to her feet. She's more self conscious about her audience now that the orgasms are over. She reached for her panties and asked, "Shouldn't those guys be getting back to work now?"

"They aren't going anywhere as long as there are naked women to stare at and I can't blame them. You're lucky I didn't call them in to help. They've been especially helpful to me lately. I don't mind rewarding them every now and then."

She stepped into her panties and pulled them up. She's trying to act like she's unaware of her audience. I'm not fooled. I think she's as surprised as I am by her out of character behavior but unless I'm mistaken she appears to be getting turned on by the idea of three men standing outside watching her have sex and staying around to watch her get dressed.

She didn't hurry. She put her bra on and adjusted it. She took her sweet time putting her blouse on and then stepped into her skirt. She slid her feet into her shoes and wadded her pantyhose up before stuffing them into her purse. When she was finished I ordered Riley to get up, clean her pussy and get dressed. I told Geri I'd set up the gangbang for Saturday and call her when I have it arranged.

She nodded but she didn't leave right away. She stayed until Riley returned to the room and watched her putting her only two garments on. After Riley put her shoes on, Geri moved closer and caressed her cheek. Their eyes met and Geri asked, "How about you? How do you feel about this?"

Riley sighed and said, "I'd like to be able to tell you I hate it. That's what I'm supposed to say. That's what I'm supposed to feel. Just like I'm supposed to hate what I just did with you. But I'm not the same woman I was when I entered this office to interview for a job."

“Sometimes the things I do, the things he makes me do, concern me. I worry about how they’re affecting me and how they’re affecting my marriage. It’s only been a very short time since I wasn’t ‘that kind of girl.’ Before I came in here to apply for a job I’d only had sex with my husband.

“But the truth is, Mr. Williams is right. I must have had this inside of me all along. I like being a slut. I enjoy doing all the nasty things he’s made me do. I’ve always enjoyed sex. But it was always vanilla sex and I know now that my husband and I weren’t very good at it. The things that made up the sex life Brad and I naively enjoyed before I came to work here can’t compare to what I’m doing now. I’ve done some incredibly disgusting things and they’ve all turned me on. Do you know what bukkake is? God! It’s so sick!”

She had to stop and explain that bukkake is the name for what happened to them when Nakamura was here. Then she finished her answer.

“There may come a time when I have to put a stop to this. For the time being, though, I wouldn’t dream of ending it. I’m so horny all the time. I love being a slut.”

Geri looked into Riley’s eyes for a few long moments, then said goodbye and left. Riley went back to work. I started making phone calls. It’s pretty short notice but I didn’t think I’d have any trouble getting the guys to come over tomorrow for another gangbang. They all enjoyed themselves immensely at the last one.

It only took me about twenty minutes to line everyone up, everyone but Carl. I saved him for last because he’s the easiest to contact and I’m more certain of him than anyone else. He’s as big a horn dog as I am. I know his frigid ass wife ain’t putting out half as much as it takes to satisfy Carl.

After lining everyone else up I called Carl on the intercom. When he picked up I invited him to the gangbang. He was more than a little amused to learn that Geri is going to attend but disappointed that she won’t be available to fuck. I didn’t tell him that there’s just the slightest chance she’ll change her mind. No sense getting his hopes up.

I was just about to hang up the phone when he asked, “Would you mind if I brought Terrell?”

That surprised the shit out of me. I have to infer from the question that Terrell told him about the gangbang down on the island with all his friends from school. I was afraid to ask, though. If he doesn’t already know about it I might get Terrell in trouble.

He let me off the hook when he said, “It’s okay, Seth. He told me what happened after one of his friends let something slip when he was over at the house last night that made me suspicious. I thought it was kind of funny.”

What the hell. One more hard dick won’t matter to me. I had to wonder, though. I asked, “Are sure you won’t feel uncomfortable fucking around with your boy there?”

“Nah. We talked about it. Well, not about that specifically. But we talked about a lot of things. He knows what a frigid bitch his mother is. He knows I fuck around when I get the chance. And I gotta admit, the idea of him getting laid with Geri there watching kind of amuses me.”

I told him to bring the boy. I certainly don't mind. I suggested that he arrive about ten or fifteen minutes late. I didn't tell him the reason is that I'm still not certain what part Geri plans to play. I want her to decide before she learns that Terrell is going to be there.

I called Geri to tell her it's on for tomorrow. Of course I didn't tell her Terrell is going to be there. She might object to her nephew's presence. She changed the boy's diapers on more than one occasion when he was an infant. I can't help wondering how she'll react when she sees how much that tiny little dick of his has grown.

There was a long silence before she said goodbye. She gave me the impression there's something she wants to ask or something she wants to say but she doesn't quite know how to put it into words. I can't help wondering if images of an afternoon of letting go, an afternoon spent letting a bunch of men gangbang her; mental pictures of a dozen men fucking her until she can hardly walk, are beginning to play around in her head.

I didn't say anything, though. I waited until she finally said goodbye and we ended the phone call. I don't want her to feel like I'm putting pressure on her. Unlike Riley and Tracy I'm not certain that approach will work with Geri. On the other hand, getting gangbanged may be the sort of activity a woman can't really enjoy unless she's made to feel like she has no choice. Or maybe I'm just overthinking this.

Just before quitting time I called Tracy and Riley into my office. I let them know that they were to be at my house tomorrow at eleven to set everything up for the next gangbang. They nodded obediently. I looked at their faces, curious to see how they felt about it. They're both trying to look like reluctant victims. I suppose that's part of the game. I wasn't fooled. I told Riley to let Brad know he'll have to be there, too. I sent them out to clean off their desks for the weekend and I got in another hour of work before I went home.

I stopped for something to eat on the way home. While I was eating my dinner I got to thinking about tomorrow. Last weekend was pretty exciting. With Geri there tomorrow, even if all she does is watch, things might get even hotter. I can't help wondering, though, if deep down inside the idea of just once experiencing what Tracy and Riley are experiencing in that situation doesn't turn her on. I wonder if she isn't sitting at home right now imagining what it would be like to be placed in one of those slings, helpless, naked in front of a dozen horny males, unable to refuse anyone anything. Just thinking about her like that is giving me a hard on!

In fact, I got so turned on I decided to stop by Riley's house on the way home. I haven't fucked her in front of her husband for an entire week. I should be more considerate. Don't you think?

I drove over to Brad and Riley's house and parked on the street. I went up to the front door and was just about to ring the doorbell when I decided that would take some of the fun out of it. I opened the door and stepped inside as if I have every right to be there. I closed the screen door but left the front door wide open. I heard movement in the kitchen and assumed they were eating dinner. I went through the living room into their little eat-in kitchen.

Riley is still sitting down. Brad has pushed his chair back and is in the process of standing up. When I entered the room and they realized it's me and not a home invasion they froze in place with startled

looks on their faces. Brad is more than startled, though. He's obviously pissed. Riley seems relieved to know that it's just me and not a home invasion ... well, not a real home invasion. I'm only armed with a friendly weapon.

I waved Brad back into his seat and told him to continue eating his dinner. I didn't even bother to take my jacket off. I stood beside Riley, pulled out my cock and pulled her face closer. She started sucking immediately.

I sighed and said, "I got to thinking about tomorrow and how much fun we're going to have and got turned on. I didn't see any point to waiting. I had a hard on and your house isn't much out of my way. Brad, I said to go back to eating. I wouldn't want your meal to get cold."

Brad glared at me but he picked up his fork and half-heartedly returned to his meal. He didn't stop watching his wife suck my cock, though. And I'm willing to bet a brand new twenty dollar bill that as soon as I leave he's going to get up and dip his wick in one his wife's hot holes. He hates for anyone to know it but it's been obvious from the start that although he has mixed emotions about it, this shit turns him on. That became clear when I was spying on him in their sunroom after driving Riley home that first night.

As a general rule I much prefer having my cock sucked while I'm seated or lying down. I find that my legs aren't all that trustworthy while I'm in the middle of an orgasm. But the idea of walking up to their dinner table and having her suck my cock over her dinner plate really appeals to me. Brad watching with that glare of pure hate on his face made it just that much better. And in the back of my mind I can't help thinking about the possibility of strapping Geri into one of those slings tomorrow. It turned out to be a very pleasurable blowjob, not that there's any other kind.

I shot my load, filling Riley's mouth with an appetizer she wasn't expecting when she sat down to eat her evening meal. I watched her swallow while I put my cock away. Then I turned and left without a word. I enjoyed the hell out of that! As I was walking back out to my car I thought, "The only thing that could have made what I just did even more exciting would be if they'd had a couple of friends joining them for dinner. Now THAT would have been amusing!"

The next morning I awoke and made toast and coffee. I sat on the patio, sipped my coffee, read the morning paper and thought how great it is that I don't have to do a damn thing to get ready for the arrival of a dozen horny men in a few hours. I have three white slaves who are going to do everything for me! How fucking great is that! It puts slavery in an entirely different light when the slaves belong to me. I'm not saying slavery as it has been practiced in the past was a good thing or we should return to it. I'm just being honest about how much I enjoy owning two hot white women and a wimpy white man.

I suppose it isn't true slavery. They can quit if they want, though admittedly they would both find it extremely difficult to find new jobs, especially at the generous salaries I'm paying them, they have become two of my highest paid employees. Of all the people working at the plant only Tom, Carl, Dupree and I are taking home more than Riley and Tracy. I can't take a bullwhip to them; not that I'd want to. But they're still performing degrading tasks and submitting to all sorts of humiliating acts that

not a lot of people put up with, at work and at home. I still get a tingling in my cock when I think about Riley sucking my cock at her dinner table last night.

On the phone yesterday I told Geri that the guys will be arriving around noon. She knows my three slaves are coming at eleven to get ready. She surprised me by showing up at a little after ten. She apologized but gave no reason for arriving early. I think I know why she's here, though. And it isn't just so that she can watch my three slaves prepare for the party. She's trying to get up the nerve to ask to be put in one of those slings. I watched her face yesterday when Riley was describing what it was like. It was impossible to tell if she was fascinated by the idea of watching Riley in the sling, or if she was aroused by the concept of trying it out for herself. Something about Riley's story turned her on, though.

I offered Geri a drink or a cup of coffee. She asked for ice water. I gave her a glass and I escorted her out to the patio table. As soon as we stepped out into the backyard her eyes went immediately to the innocent looking little cabana where the slings will soon be put up. She was unable to hide the disappointed she experienced because they aren't yet up. I casually asked, "Would you like me to put them up so you can see them? It only takes a minute."

She doesn't want to admit it but I can see the truth in her eyes. I went into the garage and returned a moment later with the slings and a small stepladder. I hung the slings back up and put the ladder away. When I returned from putting the ladder in the garage, Geri was standing in front of one of the slings examining it closely.

She may not have made up her mind yet. She may not have the nerve to actually do it. It's what she wants, though. There's no doubt in my mind now. She wants to be strapped into one of those slings, helpless and vulnerable. She wants to be fucked over and over. She wants to have her "no" taken away from her. But as badly as she wants it, she still hasn't been able to work up the nerve to ask for it.

I decided to give her a few minutes to think it over and reach her own decision. She might react negatively if I try to influence her decision. Geri and I have a history of negative reactions. If she doesn't decide before Tracy and Riley arrive I'm going to try taking control and see what happens. I may scare her off and I'll be disappointed if that's how it turns out. But if she decides to chicken out and go home there'll still be plenty of very fine pussy here.

I sat down at the table and watched her. She knows I'm watching her. She knows me well enough after all these years that she must know I've figured out what she's thinking. But she studiously ignored me. She stared at the sling in front of her for a long time. She ran her fingers over the leather support straps and held one of the wrist cuffs closed over her wrist for a moment. I saw her inhale deeply, enjoying the sexy aroma of the leather. She slowly dropped her hand and almost visibly shook herself until she backed out of whatever scenario was playing in her mind and returned to the present. She avoided my eyes as she crossed the lawn and took a seat across from me.

There was a moment of silence before she quietly and calmly exclaimed, "You bastard! In all the time I've known you I think this is the first time you've ever been able to figure out what I was thinking!"

I smiled and waited to see if she has the nerve to ask for what she wants. She didn't. She sipped her water and stared down at her glass in silence for long enough that the silence was becoming uncomfortable. Finally I said, "I know something else, too. I know you don't have the nerve to ask for

what you really want. I'm going to have to take charge. You need me to tell you what to do or you'll chicken out."

She shivered but she didn't answer. She didn't deny it. I glanced at my watch. There isn't much time left before Tracy, Brad and Riley show up. If I'm going to get Geri in that swing I'm pretty certain I need to do it before they get here. It's now or never.

"Stand up, Geri."

Her eyes darted up to meet mine for only a second. I see the turmoil there but I know her well enough to know I can't say anything else without scaring her off. This isn't a normal behavior for her. She's normally a strong willed woman. She can't be talked, cajoled or wheedled into this. I can only wait and see what she does.

Time seemed to slow down noticeably. I began to fear that the others would start arriving before she could make herself obey. If I don't get her in that sling before anyone else arrives it'll never happen.

I struggled to avoid looking at my watch. I forced myself to sit quietly and appear calm while I waited. Finally, after what seemed like half an hour of heavy silence, she moaned and slid her chair back. She stood up, raised her glass and gulped down the rest of her water. I started to think she'd come to her senses and was going to leave. But she put her glass down and stood there waiting.

She's hooked!! Hot damn!

I calmly ordered her to strip. There was only the briefest hesitation before she pulled her midriff baring top over her head and dropped it on the chair in front of her. She didn't even look around first to see if it might be possible for any of my neighbors to see into my yard. She continued undressing rapidly, as though she feared that if she didn't she'd lose her nerve. She peeled off her shorts and panties, kicked off her sandals and stood before me naked. I found myself thinking once again that it's too bad we can't get along outside of the bedroom. She is so fucking hot!

I took a moment to enjoy the view, but I know I need to get her in that sling before the doorbell rings or she's going to lose her nerve and bolt. I led her back to the sling she just spent so much time examining and lifted her into it. I fastened the cuffs around her wrists and strapped her in at the waist. As soon as she was helpless I hurried into the bedroom for my box of toys.

When I returned I worked a ring gag into her mouth before she quite realized what I was doing. I'm not sure if she even knew of the existence of anything like a ring gag before I worked it between her teeth and strapped it in place. But I saw in her eyes that she understood how it works. I smiled, worked a couple of fingers into her incredibly juicy cunt and said, "You're mine now, bitch. You're going to get fucked like you've never been fucked before and there's nothing you can do about it."

I stared into her eyes for a moment, enjoying the conflicting emotions. She's going to get what she wanted but didn't have the nerve to ask for. But now that she's helpless, now that it's real, she's feeling the fear and wondering if she hasn't really fucked up. That's part of the excitement, though. That's why her pussy is so wet that it's glistening now.

I thought about it for a moment and finally decided to blindfold her, too. But before Terrell fucks her for the first time I'm going to make certain the blindfold comes off. I want to see her eyes when her

young nephew is pulling on her nipples and getting ready to slip his big cock into her. Just thinking about it is making my cock hard.

I slowly emptied the box of toys out onto the nearby picnic table while she watched. I reached for a blindfold but decided to take care of something else first. I used some lube to grease up her ass. While I worked some of the grease into her back passage I smiled and asked, "Is this hole still cherry, Geri?"

Her eyes got wide and she nodded vigorously. She tried to say something but the ring gag makes speech impossible. I didn't have to understand the words to know what she was trying to say. I ignored her, though. This won't be the same experience if she's able to determine what happens to her now that she's helpless.

I calmly worked a couple of fingers in and out of her ass for a minute and said, "I'm going to do you a favor. Some of the guys have pretty big cocks. I'm going to get your ass ready for them so it doesn't hurt as bad when they start sticking their dicks in you. I know you can't speak right now. But I'm sure you'll thank me later."

She began to shake her head violently and gurgle something unintelligible through the gag. I just smiled and continued stretching her out. When I thought she was ready I wiped the grease off my hand and selected the second largest butt plug from the collection of toys on the table. I held it up where she could see it and said, "This will hurt a little bit. But once you get used to it you should have no trouble at all taking all those cocks up your sweet virgin ass."

She continued to shake her head and struggle as I slowly worked the butt plug into her. She kept it up right up until I got to the last couple of inches where the plug is close to three inches in diameter at its widest. At that point her eyes got huge and she only whimpered through the large ring holding her mouth open.

It took a lot of effort. But I finally worked the fat end of the butt plug into her and got it seated. She stopped squealing and only panted when her asshole finally closed around the slightly narrower base of the plug and her body slowly began to adjust. I patted her flat stomach and then trailed my finger through her tight slit. Her juices are still flowing like crazy. I smiled and asked, "Would you like me to take your mind off of that for a while?"

She didn't respond. She stared at me with wide eyes but didn't nod or shake her head. I think she was afraid of what I might do to her next. I picked up a pair of nipple clamps and asked, "Do you know what these are?"

I don't think she's ever seen nipple clamps before but with just one look in her eyes and I knew she has a pretty good idea what they're for. I reached out and began teasing her nipples until they were nice and erect. I pulled and twisted them for a moment and said, "I always loved your nipples. I think you have the most sensitive nipples of any woman I've ever known. You may just enjoy this if you give them a chance."

She shook her head, but a lot less emphatically this time, and she moaned, trying and failing to hide her arousal. She slumped down and stared at my hands as I attached the clamps to her nipples. Her eyes got wider and wider as I tightened them down and then shut until I finished adjusting them.

When the clamps were in place we stared into each other's eyes for a long moment. I smiled and said, "This day is going to be everything you hoped it would be and more. Let yourself go and you may just enjoy the hell out of it."

Finally, I put a blindfold over her eyes and enjoyed the view for a moment. Now that she's strung up and helpless she looks even sexier than usual! I worked a couple of fingers into her pussy to see how she'd react. Because of the large butt plug constricting the channel her pussy is so tight I'm not certain I could get my cock into her. Not without removing the butt plug first. But despite her discomfort she's still running like a faucet. And when I started circling her swollen clit with the pad of my thumb she stiffened up and climaxed in less than a minute! She may never speak to me again after she leaves here this evening. But there's no longer any doubt in my mind that she's going to enjoy the hell out of this, whether she'll admit it to herself or not.

## Chapter 10

Posted: 11/26/2012, 5:23:51 AM

Updated: 8/7/2016, 5:49:30 PM

I left her alone to stew in her juices and anticipate the afternoon of hard fucking and sucking ahead of her. My coffee was cold by the time I finished with Geri so I took my cup and her glass inside. I was filling a large glass with ice and water when the doorbell rang. Perfect timing!

I went to the door and let Brad and Riley in. We waited in the foyer while Riley undressed without having to be reminded. They were on their way to the garage to start filling coolers when Tracy arrived. She undressed and I ordered her to give them a hand. I returned to my seat on the patio and waited to see how they'd react when they saw Geri.

They spent fifteen minutes or so filling the beer coolers and icing them down. They brought them out and spread them around the backyard and spotted Geri for the first time. Brad doesn't know her. I'm pretty sure Tracy and Riley recognized her right away. I saw the girls look at each other and grin but they quickly wiped the smiles off their faces and went about their duties without a word.

Brad took a little longer to recover. He stood staring at Geri until Riley nudged him. He glanced over at me guiltily and then returned to his chores. After they spread the beer coolers around the yard I ordered Tracy and Riley to fill a smaller cooler with soft drinks and sent them back into the garage. I asked Brad if he's ever fucked a black woman.

He turned bright red and shook his head. I wasn't certain I could expect him to give me an honest answer but I thought I should ask. "Have you ever fucked anyone but Riley?"

He hesitated for a second or two but then shook his head and I saw the truth of it in his eyes. I can't say for certain if I'm feeling generous or if I just can't wait to see Geri getting fucked. Whatever my motive, I called Riley over when she came back out of the garage. When they were both standing in front of me I told them to go over to Geri. I ordered Riley to remove Geri's nipple clamps and guide her husband's cock into my ex-wife's pussy. Once he has his cock buried in her I want her to shove her



middle finger up her husband's ass and keep it there while Brad fucks Geri. I figure he's the only man who'll be here today with a dick that's small enough to fit in her pussy while she has that butt plug in her ass.

I watched her face to see how she feels about helping her husband fuck another woman. She surprised me. I didn't expect her to be happy about it but she seems really upset. Good. She's starting to enjoy her new life far too much. It ruins it for me.

I ordered her to clean Geri up after Brad fucks her and watched as they crossed over to where Geri is suspended and probably wondering what's going on around her. She didn't react when Riley removed her nipple clamps, not at first. But she started shaking her head when she heard Brad unfastening his pants. I don't think it's getting fucked she objects to so much as she's concerned about getting fucked with that fist sized fucking butt plug in her ass.

Brad was standing between her legs while he got ready. He noticed the base of the butt plug and looked over at me. I smiled and said, "You can take that out after you fuck her. Her ass is cherry. I'm getting it stretched out so that when the guys start fucking her they won't tear her up. Am I a nice guy or what?!"

I could hear Geri whimpering quietly as the blood flow returned to her nipples. Riley massaged them for a moment to help get the blood flowing through them again. She dropped the clamps on the table and worked a finger or two into Geri's pussy. I guess she was checking to make sure she was lubricated. She seemed satisfied with the results. She stood beside Brad and guided his cock to Geri's pussy.

He didn't appear to have any trouble working his cock into her. Geri grunted and made a few strange noises. But she wasn't struggling. Brad stopped moving with his cock buried in Geri and waited nervously while Riley worked one of the fingers that she used to explore Geri's pussy all the way up into her husband's ass.

I know this won't last long. Brad's getting his first strange. That butt plug must be pressing hard against his cock and his wife's finger is probably pressing against his prostate or somewhere near it. Just for the hell of it I glanced at my watch when he started fucking her.

One minute and fourteen seconds! That's how long he lasted!

Riley cleaned Geri's pussy with a cloth from the stack of cloths I left on the picnic table for that purpose. While he watched his wife clean his spunk out of Geri, Brad stepped back with a guilty expression on his face and put his clothing back in order. When she was finished, Riley held up the nipple clamps with a questioning look on her face. I shook my head. The guys should start arriving any minute now. The clamps will just get in the way. I suppose it's time to remove that butt plug, too. Brad seems to have forgotten all about it.

I got up and went over to see how Geri's doing. I reached down and began to slowly twist the plug in her ass while I asked Riley, "How did she like it?"

"It's hard to tell. She groaned a lot. I think she enjoyed it but I don't think she had an orgasm."

"Good. I want her nice and horny when the guys get here."

Tracy had joined us by then. All three of them are watching me work the plug around in Geri's ass preparatory to removing it. They've all seen it and know how large it is. While I started to move it back and forth trying to loosen her up I said, "There's another sling to be filled, any thoughts on who I should choose?"

They looked at each other for a moment. I didn't expect one of them to volunteer. I pointed out that whichever of them isn't in the sling will still be taking part in the fun and games. The guys aren't going to ignore them just because they aren't tied down.

It sounded like Tracy was about to volunteer when she said, "You know being in that sling is harder than it looks. But the worst part is all that throat fucking. If you'd take that ring gag out sooner and give us a drink every half hour or so it would make it a lot easier."

"That sounds reasonable. I can work with that."

Just when it looked like Tracy was going to volunteer, Riley said, "I'll do it."

The girls looked at each other with a strange, undecipherable smile and shrugged in unison.

Everyone watched as I stopped screwing around with the butt plug and started working it out of Geri's ass. She threw a fit when it started opening her up again as the fattest part of the plug once more spread her open. Finally I reached up and slapped her on one of her tits and snarled, "Relax, damn it! Push! I'll never get the fucking thing out if you keep clamping down on it!"

She may or may not have relaxed. It's hard to tell. She started shaking her head back and forth and moaning in pain as I slowly removed it. I was surprised by the amount of force it required to pull it free.

I handed it to Tracy and told her to take it inside and wash it while I put Riley in the other sling. I told her to wait by the door and let my guests in as they arrive. I lifted Riley into the sling and told Brad to strap her in, fasten the restraints and put the ring gag in her mouth. I returned to my seat.

Nug arrived first with the food. Brad helped him unload his car and put our feast of finger food on the table. They were halfway set up when Nug noticed that one of the women hanging in a nearby sling is not white. At one time or another all my friends met my wife while we were still married. Only a few of them got to know her fairly well. Nug is one of those. We often went to his restaurant for a good meal and we invited him and whichever woman he was dating at the time to our house for dinner fairly often. But from this angle and under these unusual circumstances he didn't recognize her.

He shook his head and exclaimed, "Damn! You got another one?! How the fuck do you do it, man?!"

I just shrugged humbly. I can't wait to see the expression on his face when he finds out who's hanging there waiting to be gangbanged for the first time. I can't count the times Nug told me that Geri was too good for me and kidded me about taking her away from me. It was never a secret that he thinks she's hot.

They were still setting up the food when the others started to arrive. I asked everyone to hold off on fucking the girls until I give the word. I have something special in mind for Geri. So the guys would grab a beer and examine the girls for a minute or two and then join me on the patio. I noticed that there

didn't seem to be the sense of urgency that existed at our first gangbang last weekend. Those who recognized Geri were shocked but anxious to fuck her. But they all seemed willing to wait.

My cell phone rang before everyone arrived. It was Carl. When I answered he said, "We're on the way over. But I need to ask you something. Do you remember that little white girl named Chloe? You met her when you took Tracy and Riley down to the island the other day."

"Yeah."

I certainly do remember. She's one of life's most unforgettable characters. She impressed me so much I offered to hire her when she graduates.

He sounded pretty uncomfortable when he said, "She's good friends with Terrell. Apparently she keeps asking about you. Terrell let it slip about your little backyard party today. She's here now, begging me to bring her to the party."

I don't quite know what to say to that. She's a fucking kid! She's only fifteen! She's a cute little thing and I like her attitude. I'm looking forward to putting her to work in more ways than one after she gets out of school. But not while she's fifteen years old!

There was a muffled noise and Chloe came on the phone. She said, "Hey, Mr. Williams. Listen, I know you're probably a little freaked out. But my birthday is next week. I'll be sixteen. Sixteen is legal in this state. If you're worried about getting in trouble, I don't want to do the shit you make Riley and Tracy do for the guys. Not today, anyway. I just want to watch. Well, mostly I want to watch. I can help out, though. I can serve drinks and shit like that. I can clean up after you guys. And I can ... we could ... you know. We both know you wanna fuck me. And I ain't no virgin. It'll be a good experience for me for when I come to work for you. You can think of it as an audition."

I took a minute to think about the possible repercussions, something I'm not in the habit of doing when it comes to my dick. And I gave a few seconds thought to how my friends might react. I'm a reasonably intelligent guy. I know the smart thing to do is to wait, at least until her sixteenth birthday. But as usual my dick took over and overruled me.

"You can come, Chloe. But I don't want to hear that crap about you don't want to take part. If you come to the party you'll do anything I want you to do. You don't set the limits, I do. You can count on spending the afternoon naked and I can pretty much guarantee my friends are going to be groping you at the very least. Beyond that I can't really say. I have to tell you, though, they're a horny bunch of guys and I don't think they're gonna give a shit that you're only fifteen. Most of them will probably think it's hot that you're jail bait. Whether or not you come is up to you. But if you show up here this afternoon you can leave the word 'no' behind. It won't have any meaning here."

She didn't even hesitate. I think that was the answer she really wanted to hear. I could hear the smile on her face when she said, "It's no longer a part of my vocabulary. I'll see you in a few minutes."

Carl came back on and said he'd be right over. I knew from the sound of his voice that he doesn't have a problem with bringing little Chloe to a gangbang. He was probably more worried that I'd be upset because Terrell couldn't keep a secret. I probably should have been but what the hell, it turned out okay.

Carl showed up with Terrell and Chloe about ten minutes later and Tracy led them out into the backyard. As I planned, they were the last to arrive. Carl was about halfway through saying hello to everyone when he finally noticed Geri strung up in one of the slings. He did a cartoon perfect double take and went silent in the middle of a word. Then he muttered, "I'll be a son of a bitch!!"

When Terrell saw the shock on his father's face he started to ask what was wrong. I shushed him before he completed the first word. I'm not ready for Geri to know he's here. I told him I have a surprise for him and asked him to stay right where he is and keep his mouth shut for a few minutes.

I turned to Chloe. Everyone else is staring at her curiously. It's obvious she's nervous about all the attention. I pointed to a spot in front of me and she moved closer. I glared at her and demanded to know, "What did I tell you about wearing clothes?"

She's already blushing a little bit. I like that about white girls. She turned a darker shade of red and glanced around before turning back to me and asking, "Now?"

"Now."

She took a deep breath and peeled off her t-shirt. I like it that she isn't wearing a bra. I don't know if she frequently goes out without one or if she's braless today in anticipation of attending our little orgy. I think I'm going to assume the latter. I took her t-shirt from her and watched as she unfastened her shorts. She slipped her sneakers off and slid the short down over her cute little ass, down her legs and stepped out of them gracefully. She handed them to me and paused to take another deep breath before removing her sexy little bikini panties. She's embarrassed about undressing in front of all these horny men but I get the impression she's most embarrassed about getting naked in front of Terrell.

She stood before me with her thumbs hooked in the waistband of her last garment. She shot me an uncomfortable smile and murmured, "I feel like a fuckin' stripper!"

"Does that turn you on?"

With a lopsided grin she answered, "Yeah, kinda."

With that taken care of I waved Terrell closer. He stood beside me staring at Chloe's cute little body. I can't blame him for that. I grinned and quietly said, "You know Chloe and you surely recognize Riley and Tracy from last weekend."

He nodded.

"Do you recognize the other woman in a sling?"

He looked over his shoulder at the two slings hanging from the supports about forty feet away and shook his head. His jaw dropped when I said, "That's your Aunt Geri."

His head whipped back around and he whispered, "No shit!"

I nodded and said, "She doesn't know you're going to be here today. Would you like to fuck her?"

"HELL YEAH!!!"

I shushed him again and said, "Here's what I want you to do. Get undressed."

I didn't think that would be a problem for him. He didn't seem self conscious when he pulled his cock out in front of all those kids on the island. His dad is here today but that doesn't bother him. The two of them have obviously talked about it and they seem to be okay with having sex at the same orgy.

"We're all going to go over there and you're going to stick your dick in her mouth. She hasn't had as much experience as Riley and Tracy. She can't deep throat yet. I expect we'll correct that minor problem today. But this first time I want you to take it a little easy on her. Fuck her mouth for about a minute and then pull the blindfold off. Grab her tits and say hello. Give her a minute to freak out. Then go around and fuck her. You got that?"

He's grinning like crazy. He obviously appreciates the surprise I have in store for Geri. We all got up and went over to the slings. Carl and I adjusted Geri's sling so that she's now horizontal with her head hanging down and her mouth at just the right height. Terrell stood near her face and slowly undressed. Chloe stood next to him with a huge smile on her face, taking his clothes from him as he took them off. She was listening while I told Terrell what I want him to do and she seems nearly as amused as I am. I really like her attitude.

Geri knows we're surrounding her. She heard us gathering around her. She flinched when Nug reached out and caressed one of her tits but she didn't seem to mind. She's been in that sling for nearly an hour now and the tension must surely have been building as she anticipated the arrival of my friends and the start of the gangbang. I can't say if she's having second thoughts now that it's about to start. Fortunately, with that ring in her mouth she can't say either. I wonder, though, now that the gangbang is about to start if, she's having second thoughts. I wonder if she'd demand to be released if I took the ring gag from her mouth.

She moaned through the ring gag as Nug caressed her tit but then you could see her focus change when she heard some anonymous male move into position just inches from her face and begin to undress. In anticipation of this moment I provided Tracy with my movie camera. She's standing nearby with the camera rolling. We all watched in fascination as Terrell placed the head of his cock, which is quite an impressive organ for any male, much less a fifteen year old boy, at the wide open mouth of my ex-wife.

Geri flinched again when she realized that some unidentified male is about to plunge his cock into her mouth. Geri was always a good cocksucker but I'm reasonably certain this is going to be a first for her, in many ways.

Terrell eased his cock slowly through the ring, not stopping until he struck the back of her throat and she gagged. Less than half of his cock was in her mouth when her gag reflex kicked in. I doubt if she realizes that before she leaves here this evening she'll probably be taking cocks down her throat. If she thought that was the case she would probably not have come today.

Terrell pulled back when Geri started gagging. He gave her a few seconds and then started gently fucking her mouth with half his cock. He was staring down at her in awe and I started to worry that he's forgotten the plan. But he looked up at me and grinned after a minute or two and then he backed his cock out of her mouth, reached down and pulled her blindfold off.

She didn't react. Her eyes are closed but if they were open she couldn't see anything but Terrell's thighs.

Chloe took the blindfold out of his hand. He put his cock back in his aunt's mouth, reached up and grabbed one of Geri's still perfect tits with each hand and said, "Damn, Aunt Geri! You sure are hot! I love the way your mouth feels on my cock!"

We all started laughing at her reaction when she realized that it's her nephew's cock that's been fucking her mouth. She started squirming around like an eel in a frying pan. Terrell had to reach down and hold her head in place to keep her from spitting his dick out.

He fucked her mouth for a couple more minutes. Then he pulled his cock free and went around to her cunt. Carl and I grabbed her legs and lifted them in the air. We buckled the ankle cuffs in place, suspending her legs in that position and moved out of the way. Terrell shuffled forward until the head of his dick was pressing against her juicy pussy.

Geri looked at Terrell. She looked at me. She shook her head and plaintive but undecipherable sounds came through the ring gag. We all knew what she was trying to say. And we all smiled in anticipation as Terrell's big dick began to slowly penetrate her tight pussy.

She continued to shake her head and moan as Terrell began to stroke into her with more conviction. It wasn't long before the tone of her moans began to change into something a little more like "fuck me" and a lot less like "let me outa here!"

No one made a move on any of the other girls until Terrell fucked his sexy aunt to several climaxes and then swore loudly and pumped her pussy full of cum.

He waited a minute before slowly letting his soft cock slide out of Geri. There was a brief moment of silence and then everyone seemed to come to their senses and the gangbang commenced in earnest.

I grabbed Chloe's arm and we stepped back out of the way. We watched for a few minutes as the men moved in on the two women in the sling. With four men occupied there, two more men took the camera away from Tracy and put her on her hands and knees in the grass nearby.

I led Chloe back to my seat on the patio. I pulled her down into my lap and with my hand on her pussy we watched the gangbang progress for a few minutes. I'm not surprised to see that Geri is just as popular with the guys as the two women who are half her age. She's still a very sexy woman and a lot of these guys have wanted to fuck her for a very long time. It only adds to her appeal that they were friends at one time and now she's hanging helpless and they can do anything they want to her.

Finally I got Chloe's attention and said, "The next time we have one of these parties I'm going to put you in one of those slings."

She grinned, not intimidated in the least.

"Now, since this is a warped version of a job interview, I want to learn a little more about you. Go ahead, fill me in. A little later I'm going to fill you in."

She closed her eyes and moaned as I sank two fingers into her very wet pussy. She sighed and said, "I never dreamed a job interview could be this exciting."

She opened her eyes again, sat up a little straighter and said, "I'll tell you what I know of how I ended up here. I don't know everything. I wish I did."

“We lived in a very nice suburb of Atlanta. My parents owned their own real estate office and we were pretty well off. Then Bush broke the economy and everything went to shit, especially in the real estate business. But in our case something more must have been involved. I don’t know what. But when things started going south my parents started fighting like cats and dogs. Then one day I came home from school and it was just me and my mom.

“I didn’t find out until three days later that dad committed suicide. Mom still won’t talk about it. I think he either stole from the company or ... I don’t know. He must have done something illegal. He also spent all their savings without telling her about it. Whatever he did that was illegal must have been pretty bad. I know they shut down my parents business and my mother spent weeks talking to stern looking men in suits.

“We ended up losing everything. Our mini mansion, the nice cars, they took everything. Mom lost her real estate license and couldn’t even get a job waiting tables. We moved into a furnished apartment in a bad part of town but that didn’t last long. One day I came home from school and mom had packed the few things we still owned, basically just our clothes. It was all in the old beater car she bought. I had just enough time to change clothes and go to the bathroom and we hit the road.

“We drove here and moved in with a woman and her husband and two kids. The woman was mom’s best friend in college. She helped mom find a job. It wasn’t much but we saved up and got an apartment in the same building in about a month.

“Things are starting to turn around, but very slowly. Mom was finally cleared of whatever they thought she did in Atlanta. She’s working on getting her real estate license in this state now.

“It’s been a real learning experience for me. I lived in an all white neighborhood in Atlanta and went to an all white school. We came here and moved in with a black family in an all black neighborhood and now I go to an almost all black school.”

She grinned and said, “You may not believe this, but black people are a lot like white people! Who knew!”

She wriggled her cute little butt around in my lap and said, “But there is one major difference I’ve become aware of since we moved here. In many cases one of the stereotypes you often hear about black men is more than just a stereotype.”

Her story was of interest to me on several levels. It’s pretty much the opposite of my own in many ways. I started life in a poor, predominantly black neighborhood and attended an all black school for the first five years. My parents educated themselves and worked their way up from abject poverty. As a result we moved to nicer areas and attended better schools. I found myself moving from a nearly all black society to a predominantly white one. From the time I turned ten until this day if I find myself in a group of a dozen people the odds are I’m going to be one of the few if not the only black person in the group; except for these little orgies, of course.

I couldn’t help noticing that Chloe doesn’t seem traumatized by what she went through recently. She sounded pretty upbeat except when she was talking about her father and his suicide. She blames him

for their problems even though she isn't certain what really happened. A part of that may be that she's mad at him for deserting them the way he did.

Except for the way she feels about her father she doesn't seem to see her life as being such a big tragedy. She accepts that her life has gone from a crest to a valley but obviously doesn't think it's permanent. She has a really good attitude. I noticed, too, that when she was telling her sad tale she dropped the "gangsta" patois she's been putting on. I'm glad to hear she can sound like an intelligent human being when she wants to.

"You sound like a very intelligent young lady. Why don't you speak like that all the time?"

"You know damn well why I don't. If I went around talking that way around my new friends I wouldn't have any friends. They wouldn't trust me. They'd think I was putting on airs. I've made some good friends. I do what I have to do to get along and to fit in. I quickly learned that it isn't just me. Many of my black friends are doing the same thing."

"I'm curious about your sexual history. You're so young and you look even younger. Do you date much? When did you lose your virginity, and to whom?"

"What you really want to know is what color was his skin."

I smiled, shrugged and replied, "That, too."

"I fucked a boy for the first time about seven months ago. His skin is a delicious shade of chocolate brown. There are only two white boys in my school and none living anywhere near me. Of the two white boys I know one is gay and the other, well, the other guy really isn't dating material."

"I broke up with that first guy about two months after we did it. I didn't go out with anyone for a while after that. Now I'm going out with someone else, the guy you saw me with last weekend. And yes, we're doing it."

"Since I started having sex I've only been with two guys. But we've done it a lot. And maybe I haven't done everything, but I've done a lot of stuff. I like most of it, too. Sometimes I think maybe I like it a little too much. But what the hell, I'm having a good time and no one's getting hurt."

"Why are you here today?"

"I got very turned on by the things I saw on the island. Something happened when I was kneeling in front of Riley and we were looking into each other's eyes. It's almost like I could read her mind. I saw how excited she was; how much fun she's having. I want to see what that's like. I want to try things I haven't tried before. I have fantasies of being what she is, doing the things she's doing."

"Would you be doing all this if you still lived in Atlanta?"

She sighed and in a slightly impatient tone of voice she said, "Mr. Williams, you have two fat fingers moving around in my pussy and I can feel your very large cock pressing up against my naked ass. Don't you think it would be easier to talk about my past and how screwed up I am later ... after we've taken care of that hard cock?"



It's a good thing for both of us I'm such a fucking prick. A decent man would have figured that this pretty little teenage girl has been through enough. She should be protected from men like me. I'm self aware enough to know I'm not the kind of guy a girl should go to for protection, but of course, she didn't come to me for protection. I'm going to enjoy the hell out of fucking this hot little cunt.

I removed my fingers from her swollen pussy and lifted her out of my lap. I thought about taking her inside and spending some time alone with her. But that wouldn't be in the spirit of our little gangbang. I led her out to a lounge chair not far from where two guys are fucking the shit out of Tracy. I started undressing while she took the cushion off the chair and stretched it out on the grass.

I whipped off my t-shirt, shorts and underwear in about as much time as it took her to position the cushion. I put her on her knees on the cushion. But before I fucked her I dangled the end of my hard cock in her face and said, "I suspect a girl who would beg to be taken to a gangbang must be a pretty good cocksucker. Show me what you got."

She wrapped one hand around my cock and without taking her eyes off of it she said, "I like sucking cocks. And I've been told I'm pretty good at it when I'm in the right mood. But I've never sucked one like this before. This should be interesting."

As she wrapped her lips around the head of my cock I said, "It's only nine inches. Riley and Tracy can both take it down their throat. But don't worry. I won't make you do it this time. I should warn you, though; some of my friends may not be as considerate."

She backed off a little and said, "I can try. I suppose if it can be done I should probably be able to do it."

I'm more than a little bit embarrassed to admit to myself that I'm getting an extra little thrill watching her youthful, elfin little face slowly near the end of my hard cock. Knowing that she's only days away from turning sixteen is exciting enough. But to look at her you'd swear she was thirteen, fourteen at most. I've never had any desire to molest a child. But I can't deny that there's a strange, inexplicable thrill to watching this young, innocent looking girl kneel naked at my feet and wrap her lips around my cock.

Chloe has been sexually active for almost a year now. Her mother would most likely disagree but to my way of thinking there can be no question she has the right attitude about sex. Although she may be lacking in experience, her enthusiasm more than makes up for any lack of expertise. She really seems to enjoy what she's doing. I like that in a girl!

She managed to take a little more than half my cock into her mouth without much trouble. She took her time, getting comfortable with that, ignoring the fact that Terrell, Carl, Woody and Jarrod are gathering around to watch her work. I notice that all four have already availed themselves of one or more of the other three sex slaves available to them. But that doesn't mean they aren't anxious for a turn with Chloe.

My immature little cocksucker gathered her confidence and began to experiment, trying to take more of my cock into her mouth. I'll give her an A for effort. She certainly did a lot better than I expected for a girl so young and so petite. But she never managed to take any of my cock into her throat. That's

alright, though. I didn't expect her to. She stopped trying after a few minutes, apologized and then gave me a more than decent blowjob. She got me off quickly once she set her mind to it and she swallowed my cock cream easily.

She was still swallowing when I picked her up and stretched her out on the cushion on her back. I dropped to my knees between her legs and eagerly began to return the favor. I've never eaten a fifteen year old pussy before. I didn't get lucky for the first time until I was sixteen. And even then I was too young and stupid to think about anything but getting a nut. I was a typically selfish teenage boy. I didn't eat a pussy for the first time until I was in college. I was more than happy to stick my dick in some girl's mouth and let her work her ass off pleasing me. It never even occurred to me to repay her in kind. I'm not sure I'd have been smart enough to do it even if it did occur to me. Fortunately I have learned the error of my ways.

Chloe started climaxing almost as soon as I started eating her sweet little pussy. She didn't even seem to notice when Terrell dropped to his knees by her head. Nor did she seem to notice that the semi-erect cock he placed at her lips is obviously freshly removed from another woman's cunt, probably Geri's. If she did notice she didn't care. She opened her mouth and gobbled it down eagerly; still enjoying one twitching orgasm after another while I made up for my selfish youth by eating her pussy like it's never been eaten before. Now that I think about it, this could be a first for her, too. I'll have to remember to ask.

My erection was quickly revived by the taste of her juicy cunt and the view of my nephew's nasty cock plumbing the depths of her mouth violently enough that, at least at first, she gagged at the end of every stroke. I thought he might get his cock down her throat for a while. He was certainly trying hard enough. But he lost interest in the struggle and settled for fucking her mouth with only half of his man-sized cock until he came for what may have been the third time since he arrived. I know he fucked Geri's hot little cunt to get the party started. But enough time has passed that he must have either gotten her to blow him, too. Either that or he fucked one of the other two young ladies who are available.

After he climaxed Terrell remained in place, allowing his cock to drain into Chloe's willing mouth. My brother became impatient and growled, "Get the fuck out of the way, boy! There's others waiting a turn!"

Poor Carl is about to be frustrated even further. I raised my head from Chloe's pussy and said, "I'm afraid you're going to have wait, bro. I've got to get my dick in this."

He groaned but pulled Terrell back out of the way and the four of them watched as I climbed up over Chloe. She disappeared under my much larger body. But her hands reached for my cock and eagerly guided it to her needy cunt.

I think I expected that because of her small size, her youth and her relative inexperience I'd notice a difference when my large cock began to enter her. I didn't. But that doesn't mean I was disappointed. If there's such a thing as a cunt so worn out it's no fun sticking your dick in it I've never experienced it. Chloe's tight little orifice was hot and juicy and her reception was enthusiastic. I'd only begun to slide my cock into her when her arms and legs wrapped around me and her ass came up off the cushion, anxious for every inch of my cock.

I was more than happy to accommodate her. I slammed the last few inches of my cock into her and began to fuck her violently. She started screaming so loud I was certain the neighbors would hear her. But at that moment I didn't give a fuck. I was nearly as out of control as Chloe.

I nearly fucked that poor girl into unconsciousness. She enjoyed a long, loud string of orgasms as I pummeled her diminutive body. I was able to last quite a while thanks to the excellent blowjob she just gave me. I lasted until poor Chloe went limp under me, grunting with every violent stroke. But even then her arms and legs held me in place, her hands stretching down to squeeze and hold the cheeks of my ass until at last I tensed up and emptied my balls inside of her clasping little cunt.

I slowly pushed myself up onto my knees. Chloe looked up at me with a tired smile on her face and quietly said, "I think I'm going to like working for you."

Then she turned her head and looked past the men standing around us waiting to use her sexy body at the two women in the slings and the men still ravaging their bodies. It doesn't take a mind reader to know what she's thinking. I looked up at Carl and Woody and said, "She's all yours. But I think Geri needs a break. Let her out of that sling and let Chloe see what it's like."

Chloe's expression didn't change. She doesn't want me to know how much she wants to experience a little mild bondage and being helpless while a dozen men she's never seen before ravage her body. Or at least she doesn't want them to know. I think she and I understand each other pretty well.

I watched as Carl and Woody helped her to her feet and led her over to the slings. Terrell and Jarrod waited until Jimmie finished plowing Geri's ass and stepped back. They unfastened her cuffs and as they did her arms and then her legs succumbed to gravity and hung down uselessly. She has been strapped down in that sling for more than an hour while first her nephew and then a half dozen old friends fucked the hell out of her. It took a moment before she was able to move her limbs again. Jimmie removed the ring gag but her mouth remained open for several long moments as she worked her jaw and struggled to close it. I wonder if she's taken a cock down her throat yet. I think, though, that she must have by now. My friends are not gentle with the women in those slings.

Terrell and Jarrod lifted Geri out of the swing. Her legs wouldn't hold her at first so they guided her toward a seat on the patio. Carl and Woody placed Chloe in the swing, strapped her down and fastened her in place with the wrist and ankle cuffs. Jimmie held up the ring he just removed from Geri's mouth. Carl smiled and nodded. A moment later the gag was in place and the strap fastened behind Chloe's head. She's totally helpless and I'm sure she's thrilled. That will probably change when strange men begin shoving their cocks down her throat. But I'm not certain that she won't enjoy even that once the initial pain has passed.

I returned to my seat on the patio, grabbing a couple of beers from a cooler on the way. I handed one to Geri and she sipped it slowly. It's obvious that she's having trouble swallowing. I guess that answers one of my questions.

It wasn't long before Geri had recovered enough that she was able to drink normally. I asked her if she's able to talk. She cleared her throat and in an unusually deep and throaty tone she said, "I think so."

She took another sip of beer, cleared her throat again and said, "I can't believe how exciting it is to be ... to be used like that! I don't like it when they fuck my throat. I've started to get used to it but it hurts. I don't like it. And yet, I think it's the sluttiest, most exciting, most terrible thing that's ever happened to me. I think I must have had a thousand orgasms in the last hour or so!"

There was a brief pause and then, as if she suddenly remembered how it started she exclaimed, "You son of a bitch! You must have forgotten to mention Terrell was going to be here!"

I laughed and replied, "Yeah. I guess it slipped my mind. Wasn't that hot?"

She glared at me for a moment. But then she relaxed and said, "He's got a hell of a dick on him for kid that young. Carl's pretty well hung, too. I guess it runs in the family."

"I notice you don't seem to be in a hurry to leave. I never knew about this side of you. Did you?"

"Not really. Well, I'm embarrassed to admit this but there have been clues. I've had my suspicions; obviously or I wouldn't have come here today. I've seen pictures of women in bondage and ... and I knew they had an effect on me. And I've had the same response to hearing about or seeing pictures of women being gangbanged, even gang raped. I don't want to be raped, of course. I can't believe any woman really wants that. But in a relatively safe and controlled environment it's exciting to finally experience what I've been wondering about all these years. Being helpless, being unable to refuse anyone anything while a large group of men use my body..."

She shuddered violently and her eyes were drawn to Chloe and Riley still suspended in those slings, still being groped and sexually abused, still being fucked by two men at a time. I saw the look in her eyes. She wants to do it again. She wants to be put back in a sling and fucked.

I reached over and took the nearly empty beer bottle from her hand. She hardly noticed. She continued to watch the other three women being sexually abused and enjoying the hell out of it until I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her to her knees between my legs.

She stared at my cock, still covered with the comingled juices remaining after I fucked Chloe. The sight would have made her ill twenty-four hours ago. But not now; not after what she just went through in that sling. She leaned forward and easily swallowed my semi-erect cock. I watched her suck my cock more enthusiastically than she ever did while we were married and I said, "It isn't over. You can't leave, not until the party ends. And we're going to do this again. All of us are going to do it again."

Her eyes are looking into mine as she sucks my cock. I can see how happy she is to hear that this is all going to happen again, that she's going to come back and serve as a sex slave to a large group of men. It was a moment or two before I became aware of the fact that her left hand was between her legs, playing with her much abused cunt while she sucks me off and listens to my plans for her sexual future.

"I can see that I'm going to have to find more men. A dozen horny men were just about right for two women. So I guess I'll need to find a dozen more for our next party. I'll have to add on to my little fuck shed over there and buy two more slings."

The prospect of being gangbanged by twenty-four men the next time she comes over was enough to send her over the edge again. But even while she climaxed she continued to devour my cock. I wasn't planning to have another orgasm. Not yet. Not after just experiencing two very satisfying climaxes. But

watching her between my legs going sex crazy, enjoying sex like she never has before was too much. I lost it.

Geri has always been a very sexual person. We enjoyed a lot of sex while we were married. We even fucked when we were fighting and enjoyed it. But I don't think I've ever seen her this turned on. She gobbled down my cum and moaned with pleasure. She continued sucking eagerly until I couldn't stand it any longer. I grabbed her head and held it still. She sighed and held my shrinking cock in her mouth, happy to let the last few drops of cum drain onto her tongue.

Another hour passed. Everyone, including me, was beginning to slow down. There are already periods when no one is doing anything to anyone. The men are resting. Geri and Tracy have just finished serving beer to those who want one. I've been keeping an eye on Geri and I'm happy to see that she's enjoying her new slave girl status. She seems to really enjoy being gangbanged. She even seems to enjoy serving drinks to the guys and getting groped! I think that surprises me more than her reaction to the often times rough sex she's been experiencing.

I ordered the girls to release Riley and Chloe. When the four ladies returned I sent them inside to get cleaned up. Between them they're dripping with enough semen to fill a small bowl. Just as they started to go inside something suddenly occurred to me. I said, "Wait! Chloe, you are on the pill, right?"

I know. It's a little late to be asking.

She grinned and said what I was thinking. "It's a little late to worry about that don't you think? But yes. Somehow my mom knew the minute I got laid for the first time. We talked and she put me on the pill. She wasn't happy about it. But I thought she took it pretty well. Sometimes she surprises me."

While the ladies were in the bathroom making themselves presentable I went in and got a heavy blanket from the linen closet. I spread it out on the grass just off the patio and returned to my seat. Maybe a hot, sleazy sex show will get us all in the mood for round two.

The girls returned looking fresh and ready for more. I lined them up in front of the blanket and said, "This is nothing new for Riley and Tracy. Geri, I know you enjoy having a woman's tongue working on your pussy. But I doubt if you've ever returned the favor. Chloe, what about you? Have you ever made it with another girl?"

She shook her head. She obviously has reservations but she didn't say anything. I ordered Tracy and Geri to lie down on their backs on the blanket. They obeyed immediately. I ordered Chloe to get into position for a sixty-nine with Tracy. I ordered Riley to do the same with Geri. Riley was ordered to service Geri in my office. I thought it only fair that Geri return the favor.

With no further direction from me to the four women began eating each other's pussies. Tracy and Riley were enthusiastic right from the start. After a taste or two of Tracy's pussy, Chloe apparently decided she doesn't have a problem with what she's doing and began eating Tracy's pussy just as enthusiastically as Tracy is eating hers.

Geri seemed a bit more hesitant. But I think she started out enjoying the situation if not the act and after taking a taste she, too, discovered that pussy tastes pretty good after all. It was a long time before they started having orgasms. They may have been distracted by the crowd of onlookers and they've all had a

lot of cock this afternoon. But eventually Riley enjoyed a vocal orgasm and that seemed to be the signal that set them all off.

Chloe came next, then Tracy and finally Geri. That seemed to open the floodgates. They all began moaning passionately and climaxing like machine guns going off. It went on until Tracy cried, "NO MORE!!" and pushed Chloe's face away. Chloe rolled off of her and they lay side by side panting and gasping for breath.

Riley and Geri didn't stop for several more minutes. Finally Riley raised her head and gasped, "I can't!"

She rolled away and the four of them lay there. They're breasts heaved erotically as they gasped for air and slowly began to calm down. It was such a fantastic sight that I had to grab my camera from the picnic table and get a few pictures. While I circled them taking pictures I mentally kicked myself for not thinking to film the entire act. But I'm not too concerned. There will be many more opportunities.

I gave the ladies a moment to catch their breath and get a cold drink. But it was a short moment. After watching their little blanket party the guys were anxious for another round. The problem was deciding who should return to the slings. I decided to put Chloe and Geri back in bondage because Riley and Tracy spent most of the afternoon in the slings last Saturday. While four of the men escorted their willing victims to the slings, I talked to Tom about sending the men from maintenance back to my house next week to add on to the cabana for the two new slings I'm going to buy.

The rest of the afternoon and early evening were more of the same at a less frantic pace. There was another spate of sex. The men all enjoyed watching the erotic one thirty eight, that's two sixty nines, the ladies put on for us. They showed their appreciation by shagging the hell out of my growing stable of happy sex slaves.

One or two at a time the men started drifting away around dinner time. I told Carl to leave Chloe here. I want to talk to her. Brad and the ladies cleaned up the backyard. There wasn't that much cleaning up to do. Brad has been keeping up with it as the day progressed and I made certain the men did their part, too.

I know Chloe will be back and as she was leaving, Geri kissed my cheek and said, "I had a ball. Call me when you want to do this again ... or even if you just want to play around a little. You're still a prick. But I really have missed that fat cock of yours."

She reached down, gently squeezed my cock and said, "I can't say that I've missed you since the divorce. But I've sure as hell missed this."

I've been mildly concerned that her conscience might begin to bother her after she leaves here this evening. But it looks as though that isn't something I need to worry about.

Finally it was just me and Chloe. I let her get dressed. She joined me on the patio for a cold drink and I asked her again what her plans for her future are. Because I think I have an offer she won't be able to refuse.

For the first time today she seemed really nervous; more nervous than when she first undressed in front of the men who were here today. She sighed, shrugged and sat back in her chair. With a sad look on her

face she said, "In a perfect world I'd already be applying for admission to a college. I'm reasonably intelligent. In my entire twelve years of school I've never gotten a grade lower than an A. I enjoy school. But I couldn't even afford to go to college if I got a full scholarship. What little money I was able to save went to help support my mother and me when things went south in Atlanta. So I'm hoping you were serious about offering me a job after I graduate."

"What were you planning on majoring in?"

"Chemical engineering with a minor in math."

"That's a shame. I don't have much use for a chemical engineer."

She looked at me strangely for a second before exclaiming, "Of course you do!"

Then she smiled and said, "I'd be very surprised if there aren't all sorts of improvements a good chemical engineer could make at your plant. Do you even have an R&D Department?"

I shook my head.

She spent the next fifteen minutes telling me how hiring a chemical engineer could improve my life and increase my profits. I'm not certain she convinced me. But she impressed me with her enthusiasm and her knowledge.

Finally I held up my hand and stopped her. I said, "I'll make you a deal. After you graduate next month I want you to come to work for me as ... I don't know, an intern I guess. There will be a lot of the kind of work you did today. But you can also become familiar with the processes I use at my plant. I want you to start applying to colleges. I'll pay for your education, give you enough money to live on and provide you with a small allowance while you're in school. You won't be living high off the hog but you won't starve.

"In exchange, you'll come to work for me for at least four years after you graduate. You'll do the kind of work you want to do. And you'll spread those legs for me any time I want. There will be more parties like this and maybe a little stress relief during the day at work now and then. You'll almost certainly end up entertaining clients and prospective clients from time to time. I know a few Japs who are going to enjoy the hell out of you the next time they come for a visit."

If she has any misgivings about the kind of job I just described for her they haven't occurred to her yet. She jumped up and threw her arms around me. She planted a big kiss on my lips and exclaimed, "That sounds like the perfect job!"

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## Epilogue

Tom sent the same crew over to double the size of the cabana in my backyard. I bought two more slings and the weekend gangbangs continued, though after a few weeks we cut back to twice a month. I wouldn't want fucking four beautiful women to become a chore.

Chloe graduated from high school Magna Cum Laude and soon learned that she misjudged our nation's universities. In spite of the less than stellar reputation of her high school, several very prestigious

schools offered her full or partial scholarships when she applied for them. She ended up going to Stanford on a full scholarship. Both her mother and I would have preferred that she attend a school closer to the east coast. But she chose that school for its engineering program. I provided her with more than enough money to cover her living expenses and counted myself lucky for getting off so cheaply. It was a very worthwhile investment in more ways than one. The kid is a sexual dynamo. That came as no surprise. But what did surprise me is that she started making improvements at the plant half way through her second semester!

Brad eventually lost the attitude and learned to accept the fact that the things I make Riley do to please me turn him on. He eventually started showing a little initiative at work. It turned out that he isn't as stupid or as weak as he seemed. He's earned a couple of pay raises and if he keeps it up he just might start getting promoted.

Tracy and her boyfriend split up. She met a new guy eventually, an intelligent guy with a future who fits in better with our little group of perverts. He even enjoys attending our kinky little parties which is why I know how well hung he is. After she finished training Riley, Tracy moved down the hall to personnel where she became Dupree's assistant. It will be a while before Dupree retires, but when he does she'll take his place.

Geri eventually moved in with me. We haven't gotten married again and probably won't. We get along much better now since she discovered how much she enjoys being a submissive. She still has her dominant streak, though. She enjoys taking control of Tracy and Riley, and when she's in town, Chloe, too. But when it's just the two of us Geri no longer lives her life with her hackles up the way she seemed to when we were married. I guess all she needed to calm her down was a mile of cock from time to time. I wonder how many other women would sweeten right up if their husbands and boyfriends bought a sling and invited a dozen horny men over to the house.