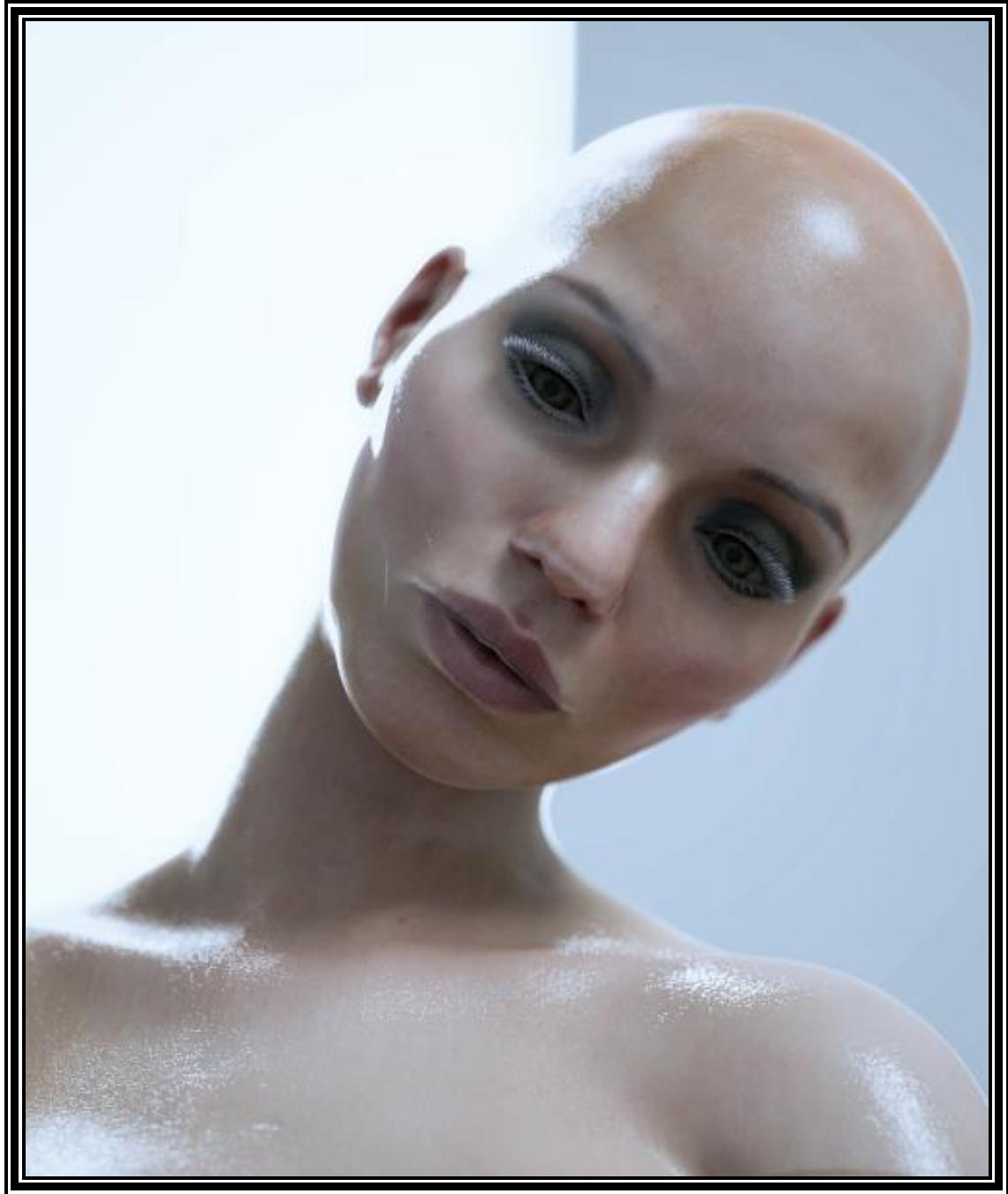


Bukkake Business

Bradley Stoke



It was a big day for her, Tachu reflected, as she glided the electric razor over her scalp, removing traces of blue stubble to expose the pale pinkness beneath. After all her efforts in securing the deal with the Taming Force Corporation, today was finally the day in which the client would sign and all her efforts would be rewarded. At last, she would be entitled to the handsome commission that she so often discussed with Kenchi when she had to justify those late nights in the office that filled her with so much guilt. She was so fortunate to have such an understanding wife: one who would accept the hours of waiting until the metro finally delivered Tachu home to their expensive suburban apartment.

She examined her shaven pate in the bathroom mirror reflection in which she could also see Kenchi dozing under the silken sheets, blissfully unperturbed by thoughts of her day in the classroom where she taught all those young boys and girls the intricacies of mathematics and who were wholly undeserving of her tuition. And how could they be deserving? Tachu was so grateful she was married to a woman so very beautiful, whose naked body was unquestionably the object of the desire of so many other men and women. And a woman who was hers to love and desire whenever she so desired. She smiled indulgently as Kenchi rolled over, her bluish scalp on the down-filled pillows and her arms stretched out in prayer-like formation in front of her.

Tachu sighed. Her bosom swelled with love. Kenchi was the perfect lover. No one could ever match her in beauty and cleverness.

But first, best not to neglect her crotch. It wouldn't do for the executives from TFC to see even the shadow of stubble there. She'd been so embarrassed that time when entertaining the DAL executives when she found that long hair that had so

sneakily evaded her razor.

And then, over the high-pitched whirr of her laser-sharp razor, she heard a grunt coming from the bed.

“Are you awake, Kenchi dear?” Tachu asked softly.

Kenchi stirred slightly, her eyes opened slightly and she smiled.

“I couldn’t let you leave on this big day without wishing you well, could I?” she almost groaned through her sleep-encrusted lips.

Tachu felt so much love at that moment. Oh Kenchi! However many times Tachu might declare her love it was never enough.

“Just a moment, sweetest. I’ve got to look my best today. I don’t want a single trace of hair on my crotch!”

Kenchi nodded.

“No. That wouldn’t do! What might the executives think? A senior female sales exec with hair? The very idea!”

Soon enough Tachu made sure to the best of her ability that she was as presentable as she could be. Kenchi was so understanding! As a school teacher she could risk a day’s, even several days’, stubble, but appearance was paramount in Tachu’s profession. And soon Tachu could leave the bathroom, in her full nakedness, and strode over to her wife who leaned up, supporting her weight on an elbow.

“Just a little nibble?” she pleaded.

Of course!” said Tachu. “But only briefly. I’ve got a train to catch!”

And so Tachu stood in front of Kenchi who leaned her face forward, her lips open and her tongue slipping seductively through the parted teeth. And Tachu received the full sensual delight of her lover’s tongue on the ragged inner lips of her

vulva, and then, more delightful than even that, the sharp nip of Kenchi's teeth on those same lips. Tachu put a hand on Kenchi's stubbled head, relishing this humbling expression of love.

"Enough!" commanded Tachu reluctantly. "I've got to get going!"

"It'll be alright, won't it?" asked Kenchi anxiously, just as reluctantly removing her lips from Tachu's genital ones. "They'll sign and the deal will be finalised in the traditional manner?"

"It will be a bukkake ceremony of unmatched excellence!" Tachu assured her, but remembering too well those painful occasions when the expected final ceremony did not happen. Those times when an unsuspected tender from a rival firm had undercut or overtaken that offered by the senior sales executive of United Leverage plc.

Kenchi nodded, but Tachu could see that her wife recognised too well the anxiety that she felt. Maybe this would be another yearned-for tender finalisation that would not be signed and sealed with the client's semen. The shame and dishonour would surely be too much to bear at the next board meeting. Perhaps she would again feel the full wrath of the CEO's anal penetration and chastisement. Although Tachu recognised the necessity of such ritual humiliation, the pain and sheer messiness of it forever haunted her as she endeavoured to do the best she could for her company's shareholders' interests.

She tried to take her mind off her anxieties as she sat on the metro while it thundered towards the city centre. Opposite her was a girl whose hair must have been at least a centimetre long. Tachu sniffed. What a slut! But there were just no standards amongst the young these days. She regarded her own reflection in the windows

opposite, acting as a perfect mirror against the darkness of the tunnel as the train rattled on. Her best suit, discreetly opened so that the full heave of her full bosom could be seen, a glimpse of the areola just about visible, and her short skirt under which today she was definitely not going to wear any knickers and through which any one leaning down might catch a peek of her smooth shaved crotch.

Tachu regarded the other passengers. A group of schoolchildren were gathered together, all identically dressed, girls and boys: blazers, ties, baggy shorts to the knees, long white socks from the knees to their black shoes and only the well-scrubbed knees showing. Like her and all the other passengers, except the slut opposite in her jeans and sleeveless tee-shirt, with their scalps neatly shaven. Tachu felt a small pang of envy at the boldness of the unshaven girl, who would probably be quite pretty if she'd paid more attention to her appearance. Why! Tachu was sure that she even had hair under her armpits. How disgusting! Unless she worked in a vegetarian café or a record shop, how could a girl like that possibly get a job?

When she got to the office, she immediately searched out Menga, whom she knew would have been in the office at least an hour before her, as custom dictated. She'd thought long and hard about which one of her junior sales reps should have the privilege of accompanying her on the deal finalisation ceremony, and she had decided that it was Menga who was the most deserving. Those long hours she had put in to preparing the tender! (Though she could never be sure how long after she left the office her staff might decide it was prudent for them to also leave).

Menga stood up from her desk as Tachu approached, as did the other girls in the office, but she could see that it was her that Tachu was most intent on approaching. She bowed her head slightly as Tachu came near.

“Good morning, ma’am!” she said, with a tremulous quiver to her voice.

“Are you prepared, Menga?” Tachu asked. “Have you shaved and scrubbed yourself?”

“I have indeed, ma’am!”

“You might consider another shower this afternoon. And I hope you remembered to bring your razor?”

“I have, ma’am!”

“Fourteen hundred hours. Executive suite Twenty Six. Make sure you’re there!”

Menga nodded, her face struggling to restrain any expression of her delight at the honour bestowed on her. Tachu turned around and left, and Menga and the other girls sat down only when the office door had closed behind the executive manager. Tachu could imagine the envy her other junior staff were at this moment feeling towards their lucky colleague!

It was a tense morning for Tachu as she ensured that all the arrangements were in place for the afternoon. She made sure that the caterer, the photographer and the seating arrangements were exactly right. She didn’t want a single thing to upset the big event. But most importantly she had to ensure that she herself was wholly presentable. And this meant, of course, that she would need to take a shower in the executive staff washroom.

As Tachu scrubbed herself vigorously with a loofah under the stinging spray of the shower, she could hear the clickety click of a pair of stiletto heels stride across the tiles and then heard someone sit down in one of the door-less toilet cubicles. She poked her head out of the shower and saw that it was Chenkun, the senior marketing

executive, who was carefully pulling off her clothes.

“Do you want a shower too?” Tachu called out.

“No. Not at all, Tachu,” Chenkun replied with a smile. “I’ve just been attending another tiresome meeting and I thought I’d relax by masturbating before proceeding with the rest of my duties.”

“Do you want to borrow my vibrator?” Tachu suggested amiably. “It’s a Caldron 19. A very fine model.”

“No, that’s fine, Tachu. But I appreciate the offer. Especially if you’ve already used it and I could share of your fluids. But I much prefer my Thunder 73. It has just the right rhythm for how I feel at the moment!”

Tachu smiled as her naked colleague pulled out her long purple vibrator from inside her handbag, sat on the toilet seat with her legs parted and worried the lips of her vagina with the whirring toy. However, as she returned to her ablutions, she dismissed the idea of accompanying her colleague in mutual masturbation by the consideration that the executives from TFC might not appreciate the smell or taste of a previously excited vagina. But it was a distraction for her to listen to her colleague’s ecstatic gasps as the buzzing sex toy aided her towards her solo climax.

“Are the executives from TFC here yet?” Tachu asked the receptionist anxiously on the appointed hour.

“Promptly, ma’am,” the receptionist nodded, keeping her eyes discreetly lowered.

“Thank you. Please escort them to the executive suite where I shall be waiting for them.”

With that, Tachu spun around on her torturously high stilettos and strode

towards the room where, as arranged, Menga was standing naked, except for her own stiletto heels, by the side of the spread laid out by the caterers.

“Is everything in order, Menga?” Tachu asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” her naked junior assented, bowing her head.

“The photographer?”

“She’s waiting in the anteroom, ma’am.”

Tachu nodded. Everything did indeed seem to be in order. And Menga was sweetly perfumed, her crotch and pate meticulously shaved, her lips rouged a very dark red and her eyes stylishly painted with kohl.

“So, we are sure that everything is as it should be for the CEO from TFC and his colleagues?”

Menga nodded. “Yes, ma’am!” she announced firmly and decisively.

And then they arrived, the CEO and his senior executives, their heads properly shaved and wearing expensive double-breasted suits, escorted by the receptionist, her eyes modestly averted, and the rings in her bare nipples linked by a company-approved chain.

“Welcome, Mr Chien, sir!” said Tachu. “And welcome also to your colleagues. We have prepared a small repast for your pleasure of which we would be delighted you partook before we finalise the deal.”

Mr Chien was a small stocky man in his early fifties who nodded and gestured to his silent coterie of executives. “You heard the lady!” he said. “Tuck in!”

The executives did so, crowding around the table where the food was presented and where Menga stood, naked and also silent, by the side.

Tachu gestured towards her junior sales rep. “Please serve Mr Chien with a

selection of what the caterers have so generously provided,” she commanded.

Only when Mr Chien had lifted a chicken leg to his mouth and took a bite from it did the other executives do the same with any of the food they had selected, while Menga fussed around them to make sure that not one of them would be without the serviettes and forks they might require.

“I see you are married,” remarked Mr Chien, glancing at the ring on Tachu’s finger.

“Yes, sir,” said Tachu, unable to suppress the pride in her voice. “And to a most beautiful woman, I am happy to say.”

“I’m very happy for you,” smiled the CEO. He chewed the chicken decorously, holding a serviette up to his mouth. “I have several wives and a husband. All are very pleasant, although my first wife is getting on a bit now.”

“Your other wives are younger, sir?”

“Very much so. And much more sexually active. Although my first wife does her best when the occasion demands of it.”

“She must be very pleased for you, sir.”

“Indeed she is.”

Soon enough, the food was consumed and everyone sat down at the executive table to sign the various documents that Tachu and her staff had prepared. Everyone that is except Menga who stood, naked and self-consciously, by the dining table. First each executive would carefully read the documents, sign it and pass it on to the executive to their left. Eventually the document would arrive at Mr Chien, seated next to Tachu, who would give the document only the most cursory glance before, with a flourish, signing the document in the section reserved only for him.

And then when all the documents were signed, Tachu pressed the little buzzer by her side and a secretary appeared, picked up the documents and without raising her head to look at the assembled executives scurried out on her high stiletto heels.

“And now,” said Tachu, at last permitting herself a smile, “we can complete the transaction.”

The executives looked anxiously at their CEO. He nodded and smiled, the first time since he had arrived in the room. “Yes, we can.” He looked at Tachu. “I take it that first I fuck your delightful colleague and then I complete the ceremony on your charming self?”

It was all Tachu could do to resist breaking into a grin of satisfaction. The ceremony was to proceed as tradition demanded. “Yes, sir,” she said, fighting off a gasp of excitement. “Menga is well-practised at the art of fucking. Her vagina as well as her anus is fully at your disposal.”

“She remains unmarried, I take it?”

“She is, sir, though she is very sweet with a gentleman from the Systems Development department.”

“He is a very fortunate man in having such a beautiful lover.”

Before the ceremony could begin it was necessary that the photographer be ready to take the pictures. Tachu summoned her in by intercom and smiled as she strode in, several cameras slung around her shoulders and a huge tripod in her hands. The company photographer dressed in a smart suit, with a skirt short enough that she could crouch with it being no obstacle to her and a torch secured around her shaven pate should extra light be needed for any of the requisite shots. She slightly bowed her head and almost immediately began snapping pictures of the executives.

Menga made her way to the futons laid out in preparation at the further end of the room. The larger one covered several square meters and Menga sat down on it. A smaller, more luxurious, down-filled futon lay a small distance away. Tachu strode up to it, and in a few practised movements removed her clothing and secured them on the executive hangers lining the wall. Once naked, she bowed her head reverentially and sat down on the smaller futon.

The executives from TFC were now confronted with the sight of two naked shaven women, still in their high stilettos, recumbent on the futons in the traditional manner: legs open and their weight supported by their arms. Menga young and slender, with pert, pointed breasts. Tachu filled out slightly by her relative maturity, large full thighs and a comely bosom: one that Kenchi so enjoyed licking and sucking. The executives were clearly excited, but they stood in a polite row, their eyes glancing towards the two women but their faces struggling to betray no feeling.

The CEO nodded and, finally, with his permission, the executives divested themselves of their own clothes, neatly folded them and arranged them on the executive hangers provided for the purpose. Nor all the executives were as ready as the others, as Tachu could deduce from the erectness of their penises. Indeed, one penis was a very sorry sight: a little walnut compared to some of the proud truncheons on display. However, the pills that United Leverage plc provided on the smaller table, along with all the vibrators, lubricants and creams, should easily resolve that gentleman's lack of apparent enthusiasm. In earlier days, Tachu reflected, such impoliteness could easily lead to an executive's instant dismissal and even now the executive was plainly self-conscious as he gamely stroked his penis.

Only when all the other executives were completely naked and standing in a

row by the larger futon where Menga lay, did the CEO begin to remove his own clothes, which he did at a significantly more leisurely pace than his juniors. But Tachu was pleased to see that his penis was fully erect and was quite a handsome one too. Naturally, it was to be expected that only the most virile executives could rise to his exalted position, Tachu never failed to feel anxiety that she might perform the bukkake ceremony with a client unable to properly finalise the deal in the traditional manner.

The CEO approached Menga as she lay on the futon and bade her turn onto her front. It was clear he was a man who preferred to enter from behind, which pleased Tachu. She glanced at a tube of lubricant on the table. She hoped that Menga had applied plenty of that to her anus. First of all, Menga fellated the CEO's erect penis but for less than a minute, so as to ensure that it was truly rock hard and lubricated by her spit. Menga was an expert fellater: it was one of her chief selling skills, and a skill that had often made the difference between a deal's success or failure, but in this case the CEO was clearly impatient for proper penetration, and perhaps reluctant for any early release of semen.

When Mr Chien was positioned with his penis thrusting in and out of Menga's well-lubricated vagina and apparently no longer paying attention to Tachu, the senior sales exec wandered over to the table of sexual aids and made her selection of lubricants and creams. She hesitated over which vibrator to choose, but, finally, recalling the pleasure it had given Chenkun in the executive washroom, she plumped for a Thunder 73. She only hoped that it would be as effective for her as it had been for the marketing exec.

As the vibrator whirred around her tender lips and clitoris, she regarded the

waiting executives, now all properly erect, probably having also taken whatever steps were necessary to ensure this was so, and, with rather more interest, the fucking between the CEO and Menga. Tachu had made a wise selection in choosing that girl, she could see that. Menga was truly a good fuck and well worth the CEO's attention, alternating as he did between vagina and anus, while she gasped and shrieked in ecstasy that even Tachu was unsure whether it was feigned or genuine. That girl would go far, Tachu reflected. Perhaps as a reward she might invite her to her suburban home for dinner and sex with her and Kenchi. If, of course, her wife assented.

However good Menga was as a lover, it would be inappropriate for the CEO to spend too long with such a junior staff member. She was, after all, intended only to warm up the proceedings and the reason for the tradition of the CEO fucking her so soon was to ensure that the other executives would share in the same intimate activity as their senior manager. The photographer fussed around the couple, discreetly taking pictures from all angles and getting quite close indeed when Mr Chien removed his erect penis from Menga's anus and the sales rep sucked and gobbled at it, relishing the taste of her own shit and vaginal fluids, mixed with lubricating cream and saliva, and guaranteeing that it was in a respectable condition for penetration into a senior sales exec. All the while, the other executives from TFC stood patiently in a row, masturbating themselves and staying very quiet.

It was only when the CEO stood up, leaving Menga slumped face down on the futon, that the ceremony began properly and the photographer was to be much more in demand. Mr Chien nodded at his executives and strode towards Tachu who lay down on her back, legs wide open, awaiting her own critical role in the ceremony.

The other executives nodded in return, and then, in an order determined by relative seniority, they took advantage of the squirming, gasping, grunting, sweating and politely vocal Menga. It wouldn't do though for just one executive to take possession of her: that was a privilege reserved only for the CEO. Two or three executives plied at her at a time, one in the arse, one in the vagina, whilst a third would enjoy the pleasure of Menga's throat, tongue and teeth on his erect member. And as each pair or trio thrust away, the other executives would stand politely by, masturbating in anticipation. And meanwhile, the photographer was occupied photographing the fucking, fellating and buggery.

That was when she wasn't engaged in taking pictures of Mr Chien enjoying Tachu's own sexual assets. First of all, Tachu took the CEO's penis in her mouth, smelling richly as it still did of Menga's bodily fluids, and used her own considerable talents at fellatio to bring pleasure to the client, but using other skills to ensure that he did not release his semen prematurely. That would be a disaster! Back and forth, back and forth, she bobbed her head, her nose occasionally brushing against the CEO's shaven groin, her hand gripped on the base of the penis and testicles whilst another applied pressure elsewhere to keep the final discharge at bay.

“Are you ready for penetration, Tachu?” wondered the CEO with a smile.

Tachu looked up with her eyes at Mr Chien's face above her and slowly withdraw his penis from her mouth, feeling it tickle against her tonsils as it slid out. She discreetly wiped the back of her hand on her rouged lips, the taste of his penis, together with the whiff of Menga's anus, encrusting her tongue and inner cheeks. “Yes, sir. But please recall that I am a married woman.”

Mr Chien nodded, but Tachu knew already that he was a man quite content to

ply only at the smaller orifice. She bent over on her front, head down, elbows in front and arse in the air, while the CEO positioned himself above her and bit by bit eased his penis into Tachu's artificially lubricated anus. The photographer hovered behind, taking picture after picture of Mr Chien's penetration, while out of sight from the camera and the senior sales executive, Tachu moaned and gasped, as much from genuine pain as desire. In actual fact, she still much preferred vaginal intercourse after all these years of marriage, but her vagina belonged to Kenchi and only she was permitted to take pleasure of it. To do otherwise would be an act of infidelity that Tachu loved her wife too dearly to ever risk taking.

The photographer jumped backwards and forwards from the two futons. Sometimes taking pictures of Menga as penis after penis pushed inside her, or slapped against her buttocks and face. Sometimes taking pictures of Tachu and the CEO, sometimes the face or torso, but more often the conjunction of penis and arse. These pictures would soon enough be selected and the better ones displayed in the company showcases, so that visitors would know of United Leverage plc's success in closing deals. And of course the executives would need photographs to take away with them, perhaps to show their wives or husbands, maybe to proudly display in picture frames on their executive desks.

But the main climax of the ceremony was fast approaching. The photographer was expert at recognising the signs. Tachu was pushing up and down, up and down, on the CEO's penis which was thrusting from behind, using the push of her thighs as much as the CEO's own thrust to keep the erect penis inside her arse, even as the thick lubricant streamed out and down between her cheeks and into the vaginal fluids released by her urgent attention with the trusty Thunder 73.

And then the photographer caught the nod from the CEO. He was ready! The executives who were not fucking Menga noticed too and discreetly drew the attention of their more active colleagues to the fact. And now was the bukkake climax that the whole ceremony was directed towards.

Tachu kneeled down in front of the director, her arms supporting her body, while the CEO's penis probed and poked around her face, his hand vigorously exercising it. And then, at last, the moment that Tachu and the photographer had awaited so eagerly, the moment which truly sealed the business transaction. Mr Chien spurted streams of pale globules of semen onto Tachu's face: principally her cheeks, eyes and over her shaven pate. It was warm, slightly creamy and certainly viscous, sticking to her cheeks but forming huge slow-moving tears, which seeped into her mouth and hang off the end of her chin to fall, drip drip drip, onto the futon below.

And then, the CEO having relieved himself, and, in a sense, his role being finished, and with the photographer no less active, it was the turn of the other executives to also seal the deal. Of course, even though the CEO was done, sitting naked on a huge leather armchair smoking one of the magnificent cigars that the company had provided for this moment of postcoital relaxation, the other executives needed to leave their mark. And this they proceeded to do, assisted by Menga, who used her skill in fellatio to keep the executives' penises erect and ready and, naturally, just about ready to ejaculate. None of the junior executives could actually fuck Tachu. That would go against all sense of propriety in a business setting for rank to be so boorishly disregarded, but custom demanded that they should release on Tachu's face, which was becoming increasingly coated with semen, the evidence of their role in the transaction.

Tachu had almost forgotten what this part of the ceremony felt like. In fact, it wasn't that pleasant at all, although she made agreeable noises and smiled at the camera as if in constant ecstasy, but after the first release from the CEO as far as she was concerned the deal was complete. This extra semen was more a reward to the executives, to show that their efforts had been appreciated, and a trophy of their business acumen that they could show as evidence to their own junior staff. And although there were many more photographs to go, her face thick with TFC sperm, Tachu was much more looking forward to retiring to the executive washroom to wash fresh her face and have a cleansing shower. She gamely licked the semen off, pretending to relish the taste of what was no longer her favourite bodily secretion and smiled as she posed with the naked executives and Menga for the final shots before the photographer could be dismissed and the business part of the transaction was over: signed, sealed, delivered and recorded for posterity.

After her shower, she returned to the executive suite where some of the junior executives were smoking cigars whilst others had returned to fucking Menga. She smiled. Her colleague was going to be truly worn out the following day, and she resolved to leave a message on her answer phone that she could take the following day off as leave. In any case, in only a few hours' time the executives would be driven to the exclusive brothel that United Leverage plc had hired in its entirety for the day, in anticipation of the success of the deal, and Menga would no longer need to provide her sexual services for the client (unless, of course, the CEO should expressly request it).

She walked over to Mr Chien, who was still naked and was idly stroking his penis. Now that Tachu had put back her suit, it was highly unlikely, and indeed

inappropriate, that more would be expected of her rather sore anus.

“We will ensure that you get a full suite of photographs delivered to your office, sir,” Tachu said.

“My wives will be delighted to see them. And I shall ensure that a properly framed picture of the final bukkake release will be displayed in the waiting room.”

Tachu blushed. So many times she'd visited clients and admired the photographs they displayed of women with their faces covered in semen as one deal or another had been finalised in the traditional manner. And now she too would be honoured in such a fashion.

“Thank you very much, sir. I shall seek it out when next I visit your office.”

“And what will you do with your own photographs, dear?”

Tachu blushed again. Mr Chien was a true gentleman. His wives were fortunate women. “I will display one in my office for other clients and colleagues to see, sir, perhaps the one where you so kindly ejaculated into my open mouth; but I shall choose my favourite to take home for my wife to see.”

“She is a very lucky woman to be loved by someone as beautiful as you.”

Tachu smiled as she thought of her wife. She could barely wait till that moment of return into her wife's arms to tell her of the success of the day's business. And indeed it was Tachu also who was the most fortunate: to be loved by someone as beautiful as Kenchi.