**Becoming His Slut**

by[**Ms\_Allison**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=736706&page=submissions)©

**Becoming His Slut Ch. 08**

As 5 o'clock approached I made my way into the bathroom, removed my blouse and skirt, then strode into Nick's office wearing a pair of very cheeky hot pink lace boycut bottoms and a matching shelf bra with a pair of black heels.  
  
"That time already?" He asked glancing up from his paperwork briefly.  
  
"Yes Sir." I replied as I stood next to his desk within easy reach of him.  
  
"Okay," he still hadn't looked up, even though I was pressing my body forward hoping he'd just grab me and fuck me again, "have a good night Sweetie."  
  
"Okay." I replied doing little to hide my disappointment as I turned and walked out of the office.  
  
With my skirt and blouse back on I walked out to the parking lot. Along the way I saw Ms. Victoria's girl, Denise, and tried to make conversation. Denise did little to improve my mood as she looked at me with disdain more than anything else. I drove home listening to the radio but not paying attention to much at all, I was on autopilot. Thankfully I knew what would fix my mood. I pulled into the parking lot making my way toward the front door of the building. As I did, I noticed a delivery driver returning from the building with a box under his arm. Feeling a bit needy for attention, I unbuttoned one button on the blouse making a bit more of my hot pink bra and cleavage visible. It worked; I immediately caught his eye as I walked toward him.  
  
"Uh, you don't happen to be Alicia," he looked away from my chest long enough to look at the shipping label, "um O'Moore?"  
  
"That is me!" I said excitedly.  
  
"Well this is for you," he pulled out his little electronic thing to scan the package then had me sign for it, "have a great night."  
  
"You too!" I replied looking over the package.  
  
Had someone ordered more slutty lingerie for me? Maybe some heels? I had ordered items but they were all in, my slut closet was now fuller than my regular clothing closet! Quickly making my way upstairs and into my apartment I tore into the box.  
  
"Well holy shit!" The words burst from my mouth at the sight of my new prize.  
  
As I removed my present from the box I heard my phone ding behind me. I didn't think of it too much at first, but eventually got to it. It was a text from Nick!  
  
"S, like your present? I didn't want to wear you out before you got home!" He texted.  
  
"I've always wanted a sybian!" I replied. "Thank you SOOOO MUCH!"  
  
"I'm emailing instructions now," he replied, "follow them to the letter or I'll take it away."  
  
My reply was a cascade of frowny faces. Taking my phone with me to check my email, I brought the toys that came with it to the kitchen, filling the sink with hot water and antibacterial soap to let them soak for a bit. Then I poured through his email, he'd thought of everything.  
  
"Oh you kinky man!" I said as I squeezed my legs tight, feeling my pussy tremble with excitement. "No time to waste!" I said looking at the clock on the wall.  
  
Carrying the sybian into the bedroom I placed it on the floor near my full-length mirror then pulled the items Nick wanted out of my slut closet. Next I stripped off my work clothes and heels, then went into the bathroom to work on my make-up, ruby red lipstick, smoky eyeshadow, and a bit of more prominent blush on my cheeks and I was all set. I quickly returned to the kitchen to finish cleaning off the toys which I brought back to me to the bedroom. He'd picked out an 8" dildo with thick veins and a nub sticking out underneath to tickle my ass, which I mounted onto the base sticking out of the top of the machine.  
  
Putting my iPad on a stand which would face me from the front, turning the camera I mounted the machine, leaving the dildo in front of me, then moved it until my ass was clearly visible in the mirror behind me. Just mounting the machine, and feeling the dildo in front of me, I could feel my excitement building. If only I had time for a quick orgasm, I was growing more desperate for one with each passing minute!  
  
"Shake it off girlie," I whispered to myself as I went to the items on the bed, "you'll get your world rocked soon enough!"  
  
My outfit for the evening would be a cupless black leather corset, long black leather gloves, a black choker with the words "slut" in white rhinestones and a D-ring hanging from the front, black lace top stockings and a pair of almost 6" black heels. As I dressed Nick texted again asking if I was almost ready. I replied I was as I looked myself over. I added the final piece to the outfit, a set of nipple clips with a long silver chain that hung loosely between them. Making a quick decision, I pulled my hair back on the sides leaving it down in the back, which would keep it out of my face as I expected I'd be thrashing around quite a bit. Moving my arms to do my hair caused the chain to swing from side to side, lightly tugging each tightly held nipple.  
  
With a few minutes to spare I hit the link in Nick's email, then logged in. The log in and password were pretty easy, both were the word "slut". On the screen there was a single camera screen showing me, leaning forward to use the iPad, while on the right there was a chat bar and counter. The counter already showed 20 participants! That was 19 unseen people watching me right now! I could see my tits and the chain between them, sway as the chill ran up my spine. Each time someone logged in there was a beep, as I backed up into view and mounted the machine as I'd done earlier, there were several more beeps. There had to be close to 30 of them now.  
  
I felt my face flush deeply at all those sets of eyes watching me right now. How many of them were stroking themselves already? How many were recording this? Who were they? Would I see them at work tomorrow? At the grocery store? Crossing the street? At the bar? Each and every slight smile from a guy I passed would make me wonder if he'd watched me ride my sybian! It was oddly, almost overwhelmingly exciting to know they were all logging in to watch me! I was soaked and dipping. Leaning forward, my nipples enjoying the chain swinging forward and back, I reached between my legs lowering myself onto the waiting dildo.  
  
"Hmmmm," I moaned deeply as I took more than half of it inside me in one push, "soooo nice!"  
  
My body was on fire. My legs were trembling already, the excitement was almost overwhelming. I could see myself in the iPad but it didn't feel like I was watching myself. I barely recognized myself, I watched intently as the slut in front of me plunged onto the fat shaft between her legs. Picking up the controller, I braced myself on my palms so I could manipulate the controllers with my fingers. Staring at myself, I manipulated the controllers, trying to build slowly, but it wasn't easy. Lifting my right hand from the controller, I brought the chain between my nipples to my mouth. Now by simply lifting my head slightly I could tug them. Another thrilling feeling to overwhelm my already overwhelmed senses! Groaning louder, the nub against my ass seemed to kick in.  
  
"Oh GOD!" I groaned letting the chain fall from my mouth. "OH FUCK!"  
  
The violent tug against my nipples was timed almost perfectly with the vibrations against my clit. I wasn't going to last long, I watched intently as the hot slut on the screen in front of me was obviously building to a big orgasm.  
  
"Ohhhhh! OOHHHH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHGAAAWWWDDD!" I screamed.  
  
The inner thighs of the hot slut on the screen rippled, her muscles reacting to the orgasm that was consuming her. Her body's vibrations caused the chain hanging from her nipples to bounce and tug at both of them only adding to the intense feelings ripping through her. Her mouth agape as she couldn't decide which was more important, moaning in ecstasy or breathing! Eventually she practically vaulted off the sybian, which was still vibrating and wiggling behind her, just to catch her breath and ride out he rest of her orgasm. It was the hottest thing I'd seen in forever, then I remembered I was still watching myself!  
  
"That was intense!" I panted, seeing not much beyond my boobs and chin on the screen. "Maybe another one is in order," I continued as I backed up slowly, "this thing can be addictive!" Turning down the controls, I sat on the sybian just behind the dildo. "I hope everyone is enjoying this as much as I am," I said looking at the small camera lens, "I wish there was a chat window! But then again, my hands are occupied!"  
  
Raising myself and sliding slightly forward, I hovered my body over the dildo again. It slid into my pussy as if it belonged there. In one slow and deliberate motion I was impaled again. My phone beeped announcing I'd received a text message. I looked at the notification, seeing Nick's name and the fact he'd let me see the comments later.  
  
"Ohhhh goodie!" I replied setting both controllers low and slowly turning them upward. "I get to read your comments later! Don't hold back!"  
  
I teased myself as much as I could stand, trying my best to slowly build again. It took all my effort though, this device was designed with one purpose, providing explosive orgasms, and I wanted one. Well, I wanted another! I managed to get myself very close before turning both controllers off. On the screen my skin glistened, my breasts heaved as I wound down, my nipples ached from the chain between them. Oh, what an evil device!  
  
"Mmmmmm, just a bit higher," my moan grew louder slowly, "a bit more." my fingers manipulated the controllers to perfection. "I wanna squirt!" I cooed.  
  
I could only imagine what they were saying, almost 30 guys watching me get off while dressed like I was. It was almost as addictive as the sybian itself!  
  
"Ohhh yes!" I groaned, my eyes growing wider. My body shook, the chain bobbed and bounced. "Oh fuck! Fuck me!" I groaned even louder. "Fuck! FUCK! FUUUCCCKKKK!"  
  
My body lifted off the dildo, my orgasm exploding painfully out of me as I squirted all over the dildo and the sybian. My legs felt weak, pins and needles running through them from my inner thighs to my toes. Landing on my elbows, the chain hitting the floor sending vibrations through my nipples launching a hard aftershock. My legs splayed out behind me out of view of the camera.  
  
"I swear," I panted looking into the small camera lens, "my aftershocks now are as big as some of my biggest orgasms before this started. I guess I'm a slut exhibitionist!" I reached back, thankfully finding my phone, looking for texts from Nick. "I guess that is it for tonight," I blew the camera a kiss, then gave my upper lip a lick, "night fellas! Oh, and ladies if there are any of you out there!"  
  
A moment later Nick's face came up on the screen, he was obviously beaming with pride.  
  
"That was quite a performance," he said with a wide smile, "ready to do some reading?"  
  
"Oh please!" I replied immediately.  
  
Nick's face went into a smaller window as the text from the group chat appeared on the right side of the screen. I scrolled through them, feeling myself get excited at their comments. It was obvious I was little more than a piece of meat to most of them, the commented on my chest, ass, legs and even the color of my nipples and pussy lips. Their comments were crude and degrading to say the least, still I felt my pussy ache for more as I read them! I was called a wanton slut, by far the most accurate description of me!  
  
"What do you think slut?" Nick asked.  
  
"I think I may need to cum again Sir!" I replied blushing deeply. "It definitely makes me hornier reading how they were talking about me," I continued, "it's kind of embarrassing to admit though." I felt my chest turning red, my pussy aching more even though I'd just had two massive orgasms. "Even the one that called me a whore," my voice trembled with excitement at the word, "who'd have thought that word would make me feel this way?"  
  
"I'll tell you what my slut," he said, his words making me feel like a loved possession, "bring that choker and those nip clips in to work tomorrow and we'll see what my calling you a whore does while I'm fucking you!"  
  
"Ohhhhh!" I moaned; I'd actually had a small orgasm just thinking about it. "Yes, Sir!"  
  
"As a matter of fact," he said with a gleam in his eye, "wear that outfit to work tomorrow, you can put the choker on when you get to my office." I moaned again in response. "Nip clips too," he smirked again, "it'll make your drive more fun!"  
  
"Yes, Sir!" I replied feeling goosebumps rise on my arms and legs.  
  
Nick then disconnected the call, ending my night as a cam whore. Before standing I made the smart decision to remove the heels I'd been wearing. My legs were way too shaky to try to stand on them. I carried the heels to the kitchen table where I removed everything but the stockings themselves. Wearing just those I went to the kitchen sink, where I took them off and washed them quickly. They'd gotten soaked from my orgasms, with them washed I laid them over one of the kitchen chairs then headed to my bedroom. I really wanted to put something on, but it just required far too much energy. Instead I crawled between my sheets falling dead asleep in minutes.  
  
My dreams were of faceless men calling me filthy names while using me anyway they pleased. Waking up, my hand was between my legs, my fingers slick with my wetness. Deciding to hold off this morning, Nick was obviously going to put me to use in his office, and bring a friend or two, so I was going to need to save my energy. I plodded off to the bathroom instead. After emptying my bladder, I headed to the kitchen for coffee and breakfast. Sitting at my kitchen table having breakfast, I looked over my leather lingerie and tried to figure out what I was going to wear with it? It was barely cold enough for a light jacket never mind long leather gloves! Those would have to wait until I got into the office. Making my way back to the bathroom I turned on the shower, catching my reflection in the mirror I noticed that I'd forgotten to take the chocker off before bed.  
  
"Good thing I noticed it now," I said removing it and setting it on the vanity, "I don't know how it will hold up in the shower."  
  
After showering I did my hair and make-up, the choker within my peripheral view the entire time. I'd decided I'd had enough and put it on. There was something deliciously naughty about wearing it, plus it was a definite reminder of the night before and the comments that came with it! I imagined what it would be like if I'd seen the comments at the same time as I was riding the sybian! I was sure my orgasms would have only been harder. If that was possible.  
  
Walking back out to the kitchen I put on my stockings first, followed by the leather bustier, gloves and heels. Finally, I reattached the nip clips. Even though my nipples were hard already I gave them both a firm tweak just because. I didn't have to check; I could feel I was soaked already! Taking out my cell phone I took a quick pic for Nick and sent it over to him, then went back to the bedroom to find a dress to wear with my outfit.  
  
"You look fucking hot, I bet your ass needs a plug in it too though!" Came his text.  
  
And just like that I went to my toy stash to retrieve a plug. Picking the medium size plug from the drawer and a bottle of lube, I was soon plugged just as he wanted. I made my way back to the living room, feeling even hornier than ever, with my dress over my shoulder. As I approached the front door to my apartment, I looked in the mirror.  
  
"I think that needs to stay for now!" I smirked at my reflection while fastening the dress I'd selected for the day.  
  
Stepping out of my apartment was a rush. I'd not only decided to leave the choker on but had also left on the gloves which ended just below the sleeves of the purple dress I wore. I felt every bit the slut my choker proclaimed me to be! Between the plug and nip clips keeping me aroused, the choker only added to my sense of total sluttiness. Walking down the steps to my building to the parking lot caused the plug and clips to ever so subtly tug at me. By the time I got to my car I was ready to orgasm, in fact, I was so close I had to wait a moment after I got into the car to compose myself. Then I started the engine.  
  
"Jeeeesus," I moaned as the vibrations seemed to set me on fire, "this is going to be a long drive!"  
  
Pulling out of the parking lot and onto the street my choker caught my eye in the rear-view mirror. Looking down, I considered hiking up my skirt, thinking maybe I'd give someone in a truck a bit of a treat. Instead, my hand moved between my breasts, slowly tugging the front zipper of the dress all the way down until all it covered were my shoulders and upper arms. It was wildly exhilarating driving with my chest out! Certainly, more of a wake-up feeling for me than even the strongest coffee! I felt as if everyone around me could see my jiggling chest and the silver chain that hung between my tortured nipples. In spite of my tan skin, the black of my lingerie seemed to make my skin seem that much more noticeable. While I'd been dabbling more and more with being an exhibitionist since the start of this odyssey, this was taking it to a new level entirely! Rolling down the windows, I let the cool early fall air enter the car and embrace my skin.  
  
"Oh goodie!" I said looking up. "A red light!"  
  
I waited in breathless anticipation as the lane to my left remained empty. Surely someone would pull up soon and get an eyeful of me! I didn't just want to be seen; I was aching to be seen! The car behind me honked, my light had turned green. Disappointed I pulled up, thankful that I'd been caught at another red light. Looking in the side mirror again a moving truck was pulling up next to me! I saw three men packed into the front seat.  
  
"Okay," I whispered to myself, "stay calm, just be calm."  
  
While I wanted to be calm my heart was racing, and my pussy was aching. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the front of the truck pulling up next to me. My leather clad hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, thankfully they hid the whiteness of my knuckle's underneath. Finally, I had to glance over at the passenger side window. This wouldn't be like the other times when unseen eyes stared at me, I'd see their faces as clearly as they'd see my chest! Looking up slowly, slightly turning my head, I was shocked to see three faces in the window!  
  
"Good morning boys!" I said brazenly which defied my inner terror and angst.  
  
"Oh, my fucking God you're beautiful!" One of them managed to blurt.  
  
"Enjoy your day!" I said as I pulled away at the green light.  
  
Pulling away I could see the three of them trying to get back into their seats, the driver struggling the most, cars behind them honking and trying to pull around them. I had to laugh as I turned onto the highway heading to work. The rush was undeniable! I felt as if I were sitting on the roof of the car as I drove, feeling as if I were on display for everyone on the road! Add to that the nip clips subtle vibration, and the plugs not so subtle one, which kept my level of arousal peaked. Traffic slowed, and while most people would see this as a sign of dread for their morning commute it was anything but for me! For the next twenty minutes I sat in bumper to bumper traffic, mostly with cars the same height as mine which was disappointing.  
  
Still, I was there on full display, in a rather normal setting, remaining fully aroused at the idea of anyone at any time being able to see me. Almost all of me. Ahead several lanes were closed, traffic shifted to the right, people dutifully merged while others tried to cut in at the last minute. The usual. With the exception of the line of three state troopers standing watch over the traffic, spaced well apart. My pussy quivered at their awaiting ogling. With my window still down, I put my arm outside the window letting my leather gloved hand play in the slight breeze.

"Good morning!" I called out as I neared the first trooper.  
  
"Uh, uh, good morning!" He replied as his eyes met my chest.  
  
Giggling, I squeezed my legs feeling my pussy quiver as I approached the next one.  
  
"Good morning!" I called out the number two.  
  
"Ohhhhh wow!" He responded.  
  
Traffic started to pick up, we were passing the accident as I approached trooper number three. My mind raced, should I slow down a bit? Could I without creating an accident of my own? Or should I just take my morning as it was and keep going? I'd be at work in ten minutes with barely a light between me and there. I'd slowed a bit, well, in reality I hadn't truly kept up with the car in front of me in order to give the boys in blue a better view. As I looked up, the last State Trooper stepped into the lane in front of my car pointing me to the right where he and his partners had been guarding.  
  
"Oh fuck!" My voice shook as the realization hit. "I'm getting pulled over!"  
  
I managed to pull over near the median, well away from the traffic making its way past the accident sight. I was a mess at this point, my mind could not focus. What did I need when I get pulled over? Should I zip up my dress? What the fuck do I do right now? I felt like a deer in headlights as a deep male voice startled me.  
  
"Good morning Ms." a rather large looking man in uniform standing by my car window said, "can I see your license and registration please?"  
  
"Um, oh, um, yeah."  
  
My mind was a blank. What the hell was a license? Oh, driver's license! That's in my, my, fucking shit it's in my purse! Grabbing my purse from the passenger seat I all but spilled the contents onto my lap digging out my wallet. I fumbled handing him my license, quickly realizing that the other two State Troopers were now by my window as well.  
  
"So, Alicia," the first trooper leaned down and asked, his eyes meeting mine, "is this how you dress for work?"  
  
"Actually," I felt my confidence slowly returning as their eyes swarmed my breasts, "I am on my way to work this morning, and this is what I'll wear all day!"  
  
"Will your dress remain open like that all day too?" He asked leaning casually on my window.  
  
"No," I replied feeling a sense of bravado as his eyes roamed down to my bare mound, "they'll make me zip it up, and I'll have to take my choker off too."  
  
"Choker?" He asked finally bringing his eyes back up above my pounding chest. "Oh, that is something else," he leaned back, "did you two see her choker?"  
  
"Is that your job title?" One of them laughed.  
  
"Kind of!" I replied snarkily, "Mostly it's my boss' pet name for me!"  
  
"Wow!" The third finally broke his silence.  
  
"You boys aren't going to ticket me, are you?" I felt much more in control now, half naked or not, they were eating out of my hands. "I would hate to be late," I watched their reactions as I spoke, sensing their arousal, "my boss might spank me!"  
  
"Well," the first one finally spoke, "you didn't technically do anything wrong, there's no real broken law here."  
  
"I'd hate to get cuffed like this," I pressed my luck feeling as if they were now eating out of my hands, "at least knowing you three can't fuck me on the clock." There was at least one audible groan to my comment. "Can I suggest a penalty for my inappropriate commute attire this morning?"  
  
"What do you have in mind?" The second one, who seemed a bit more forward than the other two, finally asked.  
  
"I'm sure you have a camera on your phone," I sat back, reclining the chair slightly, putting my right wrist over my eyes, "take a couple pictures so I'll learn my lesson!"  
  
I could see the second guy quickly move into position, putting his phone by my side view mirror and snapping away. The other two still fumbled for theirs as I lifted the nipple clip chain with my left hand bringing the chain to my teeth. Moaning a bit louder than I expected as I tugged my nipples left hand went to my pussy. They all reacted as my fingers lightly teased my clit, their excitement drove me on.  
  
"She's going to fucking cum right here!" One of them blurted out.  
  
My hips slowly moved as I humped my hand. All three of them were recording me now, surely my video would be passed around with their friends! More unseen eyes devouring me, watching me act like a total slut as I masturbated in front of three total strangers while countless cars drove by me only a few feet away! The whole idea, on top of the previous night, and my constantly elevated state of arousal this morning brought me very quickly to orgasm.  
  
"OHhhhhhhh I'm cumming! YES!" I moaned and cooed as my orgasm rolled through me quickly.  
  
"That was amazing!" One of them groaned. "I mean, Jesus!"  
  
"Cameras away please," I said raising the seat but keeping my wrist over my eyes, "I do prefer a bit of anonymity."  
  
"You're all set slut." The second one said.  
  
"Why thank you!" I replied putting my arm down. "Can I have my license back now please?"  
  
His hand came toward me, my license extended in his fingers, which he then quickly bent backward.  
  
"You did that to avoid a ticket," he said as he adjusted his crotch, "what will you do to get this back?"  
  
"I'll do two things," I replied leaning toward him, squeezing my tits together with my arms, "well, two things I can do on the side of the road, in the broad daylight, while people drive by." I reached for his hand, but instead grasped his wrist with one hand while pulling my license free with the other, guiding his fingers to my left breast. "Do you guys know that bar on the corner of Elm and Main?" I got three nods as Trooper number two fondled my breast. "I'll be there Friday and most likely Saturday night, feel free to stop by." I sat back, his hand slipping from my breast as I did, "Maybe you'll make it past second base if you do!"  
  
"Fucking right I will!" Trooper two said.  
  
"Bye for now fellas," I said putting the car back in drive, "be safe out there!"  
  
The rush as I drove off was amazing. Looking back in my side view mirror all three were making adjustments to their crotches followed by high fives! I could not get over how doing this had gotten my blood flowing, my travel mug was still sitting in the cup holder! This was a bigger rush than my morning coffee! Needless to say, I would be doing this much more often! Thankfully, traffic was very light after I made my way past my new friends in blue. In a few minutes I was pulling through the parking garage.  
  
I passed the lower levels going to the roof, while very few people were around, I didn't need my coworkers seeing me step out of my car with my dress wide open. Pulling into a space on the far side of the garage I shut the car off and paused to catch my breath. My hands were still trembling on the steering wheel even a full two minutes after I shut the engine off. Finally, I stepped out of the car with my back to the building so I could zip my dress. It almost felt odd to have my chest covered! Reluctantly I removed my gloves, stuffing them into my purse, then my choker.  
  
For whatever reason I couldn't bring myself to put it in my purse, instead I wrapped it around my left hand with the letters facing my palm. While the rush from my drive quickly faded, the movement of the plug, clips and sound of my heels walking across the parking garage got my blood flowing again. Because I'd parked on the roof I had to descend two levels to get to the entrance to the building as well.  
  
"Imagine that," I panted as I walked through the door exiting the stairwell, "I think I managed 30 seconds of not being horny!"  
  
In a few minutes I was in my office, unlike most office staff I didn't sit in front of my computer, put my lunch in the fridge, or do any of the other mundane tasks mine were far less typical. I made my way into my bathroom, making sure Nick hadn't left me anything else to wear, then removed my plug long enough to clean out my bowels before reinserting it. Putting my choker and gloves back on I made my way into his office and awaited his arrival. I felt as if I were in my natural environment as I strolled around Nick's office in what Ms. Victoria had called whore-couture! It seemed to fit. My mind went back to being in her office the day prior, how her sub had been able to practically touch her elbows behind her back. Standing by the window in Nick's office I held my hands behind me and tried to get my elbows as close together as I could. The more I tried the more lewdly my chest jutted outward.  
  
"You know those windows aren't mirrored on the outside or anything," Nick said from behind me, "someone from the other building may think I have a stripper in my office or something!"  
  
"I'm sure they've seen me from every angle if that's the case Sir!" I replied as I turned to face him.  
  
"What was that thing you were doing with your arms?" He said moving toward his desk all but ignoring the fact I was dressed for his immediate use.  
  
"When you sent my to Ms. Victoria's office yesterday," I replied walking toward him and trying to touch my elbows again, "her sub could practically touch her elbows behind her back. It was quite a look."  
  
"I can see that!" Nick laughed as I arched my body trying to touch my elbows. "Let me see if I can help you with that." Nick motioned for me to come to his desk, then turned me around. I heard a drawer open then felt him put cuffs on my upper arm by my elbow. "Just relax," he said in a soothing voice, "the idea is to slowly stretch the muscles that keep your elbows from touching." Another pair of cuffs went to my wrists, these must have been an already attached pair because my hands were immediately stuck together. "Tell me when it's too much," he said softly, "and keep in mind you'll be like this for quite some time today."  
  
I shuddered with excitement then took a deep breath as I felt him slowly pull my shoulders back. "Right there." I finally let out, feeling a distinct burn in my shoulders as my elbows were moved further backward then they ever had been before.  
  
"See how that feels for a bit." He said after a moment.  
  
I walked around the office slowly, feeling like a pornographic peacock strutting for his attention. He and I spoke about the prior evening's events, then I told him about my morning adventure not only with the movers but also the police. He was quite entertained.  
  
"Maybe my stripper comment from earlier wasn't that far off!" He said sitting back in his chair. "I mean, you apparently have zero issue being naked in front of strangers!"  
  
"It was a rush Sir!" I replied feeling my entire body shudder with excitement.  
  
"I bet those movers would be happy to see you tied up like you are now," he said studying my response to his words, "or even the cops." My body was on fire again. "Arms behind your back," he said as he stood up, "pussy surely soaked, mouthwatering and ready to be used." He was now walking around the desk toward me, unzipping his pants. "Any." He said scooping out his hard cock. "Way." He undid his belt pulling it from his pants. "They." He said as he pushed his throbbing cock into my mouth. "Wanted!"  
  
Sitting on the edge of one of his guest chairs, my legs spread, arms trapped, his cock now in my mouth. I couldn't see him do it, but soon his belt was behind my neck holding me in place as he slowly fucked my face. The feeling of helplessness only added to my situation. He started fucking my mouth faster, his balls slapping against my chin as he used my mouth like a pussy. I desperately tried to free my hands, straining at the cuffs holding me tightly, I needed to rub my clit so badly it ached! I could feel drool dribbling down my chin as his cock swelled. My body quaked. I was cumming!! I was so focused on the fact that I was cumming without touching myself that I was completely surprised by Nick exploding into my mouth causing me to gag slightly. Thankfully I recovered before his second spurt flooded my mouth. Nick squeezed and milked the last of his seed into my mouth before backing up, leaning on his desk with his flaccid cock hanging in front of me.  
  
"You are a horny little slut this morning, aren't you?" He folded his arms making me feel almost as if he were scolding me.  
  
"Yes, Sir." I replied honestly. "I came without even touching myself while you fucked my mouth."  
  
"Seems you're quite the exhibitionist!" He chided. "I don't think even you knew that!" I shook my head affirming that I didn't. "Of course," he continued relentlessly teasing me, "you also didn't know you were such a slut, either did you?"  
  
"No, Sir." I replied finding it impossible to take my eyes of his flaccid meat.  
  
"How many cocks have you had in a night of fun?" He asked shifting slightly to see if my eyes were following his cock. They were.  
  
"Um," I replied barely able to think, "four?"  
  
"Sounds like you don't know for sure!" He teased.  
  
I was sure he could see how wet and puffy my pussy was, goosebumps covered my arms, not that the nipple clips would let them be anything but hard and aching, but my nipples were crying out to be touched. I was a slight touch away from another orgasm and a hard fucking away from a flurry of them!  
  
"I can't really think straight right now Sir," I replied sheepishly, "I'm a bit wound up."  
  
"Yeah?" His voice tormented me. "Wound up how slut? Don't lie," he shifted his limp cock with his hand, "you can't take your eyes off my cock!"  
  
"Horny Sir," I blurted, "I'm so fucking horny I can't think straight!"  
  
"Well then," he said walking to me and helping me out of the chair by one arm, "I do promise not to make that any better today!" He started walking me to the window near the corner of his office as he continued. "I mean you're a smart girl and all," he said positioning me facing the window, my body on full display to the two buildings that faced ours, "but this brainless, horny, slut bimbo thing is a lot of fun!" I could only moan in response as he left me there.  
  
Behind each window in the other two buildings were an unknown number of eyes looking at me right now! My mind raced almost as fast as my heart! I lost track of everything around me as I teetered on my heels on display for the world. How many people were checking out my neglected tits right now? Time was now a lost construct to me, Nick returned putting something in my hand and aligning my thumb with it.  
  
"I'm going to put ear buds in your ears," he said putting the first one in my right ear, "they are noise canceling, just turn them up with your thumb until you can't hear anything then nod."  
  
With that he put the second ear bud in place. Pressing the button, the world around me slowly disappeared into a haze of white noise. At least as far as my ears went! After I nodded the MP3 player was pulled from my hand and tucked into one of the cuffs at my elbows. Now, not only was I bound but I was also deaf. Nick plucked and earbud from my ear.  
  
"Are those okay?" His voice was husky as his mouth was near my ear.  
  
"Yes, Sir." I responded hearing the desperation and anxiousness in my own voice.  
  
"Good," he replied, "now don't move a muscle, for all you know I'm standing right behind you waiting for an excuse to spank your ass!"  
  
"Yes, Sir!" I replied as excitement coursed through my body.  
  
"I'll let you know when you can move again." He said before replacing the ear bud.  
  
I was soon lost in the recesses of my horny mind. What did he have in store for me? Where was he? Who was looking at me right now? Were they touching themselves? Taking pictures of me? Calling their buddies to have a look at the slut in the window? What was occurring behind the mirrored glass I was facing? My pussy had yet to stop aching to be abused. It dulled the ache in my arms, feet, and nipples. When my arm was grabbed again I almost screamed in shock. I was moved to a padded platform by Nick, who helped me kneel with my legs spread just beyond shoulder width. He moved behind me without a word. I felt my arms being secured to something behind me, their limited movement now reduced to none.  
  
Next a stiff collar went around my neck. Even my ankles were cuffed together! I was completely immobilized; all I could move were my fingers and my eyes! The feeling had me on the verge of orgasm again. Nick reappeared in front of me, his cock was now semi hard and at the perfect height. Stepping forward, my mouth opened automatically, his warm flesh soon feeling my slithering tongue. He quickly grew in my mouth and was soon pushing his cock into me again. His hands were above me, holding onto something for leverage, then, just as suddenly as he started, he stopped. Standing there, he held just the head of his beautiful cock in my mouth. I strained forward but the collar held me tightly, I couldn't move, couldn't turn my head, couldn't do a thing.  
  
Then it hit me, I was nothing more than a fuck hole for him. My mouth was there, at the perfect height, for his use. Sure, I could close my mouth, but as soon as his cock approached it opened without my thinking about it. My mouth was his to enter any time his cock got near. He was fucking my mouth again, I could feel something behind my head as he did, a pipe of some sort. I was tied to it, practically mounted on it for his use! My body rippled with excitement. I was going to cum again! The orgasm wouldn't be nearly enough to sate my desire, but it would be amazing, even if I'd simply be horny again after a few more thrusts of his cock.  
  
I groaned around his shaft as I came, feeling my wetness dripping from my swollen pussy. I needed such a good fucking it wasn't funny! Hopefully I wouldn't have to wait until I got home to ride my sybian! Nick thrust into me again, holding his cock deep inside my throat, then pumping his hot seed down my throat. I had barely enough time to gasp for air before he plunged inside my throat again. There was a euphoric feeling that overcame me, one I can only assume was from his using me for his pleasure. It was almost more satisfying than the orgasm that followed. Nick milked his cock into my mouth for the second time that morning.  
  
Pulling back, Nick squatted in front of me, holding up his phone. He snapped a couple pictures of me before disappearing from view and reappearing in front of me. When he returned, he held his phone up so I could see the pictures he took. My slut choker was visible around the stiff collar holding my head in place. There was a silver pipe behind me that I was anchored to with a T handle at the top. I looked sexy, slutty and vulnerable! He also managed to capture the pool I'd created between my knees from my leaking pussy.  
  
"Holy shit!" I groaned at the sight of myself.  
  
Nick held his finger to his pursed lips signaling me to be quiet, put his phone away, and produced a black blind fold. My eyes went wide and my body trembled. I couldn't help but let out a long moan as my eyesight was taken away from me as well. Bound, blind, deaf and open for use! Every nerve ending screamed for attention. My concept of time was even more hampered by the blind fold. Then, time no longer became a thought for me. A cock was pressed and rubbed against my lips.  
  
"Oh baby!" I thought as my mouth opened.  
  
The first cock slowly screwed my mouth, gradually increasing in tempo. It wasn't a man or even a person to me, it was a cock and it was delicious! The tempo increased, my breathing timed with each invasion of my throat, until it swelled inside my mouth. I could feel the pulsing loads along my tongue rushing through the hard flesh casing before entering my throat. It was thick, salty and delectable! Even when it was pulled from my mouth, I strained to follow it, unwilling to let it go just yet. While time was still lost to me, I didn't have to wait all that long before I felt the soft tip of another cock brushing against my lips.  
  
The cock parade went on and on. Sometimes there were relatively long delays between them, other times, no sooner had one left when it was replaced by another. In between I was groped, fondled, and fingered as well. I rode more than a couple sets of fingers to much needed orgasms. No matter the intensity of the orgasm, within minutes I was horny again. Suddenly, the white noise that I'd grown accustomed to no longer filled my ears.

"How are you feeling slut?" Nick asked with a compassion that belied my current state.  
  
"My throat is a little sore," I answered hoarsely, "and I'm still horny."  
  
"Do you know when you get to not be horny anymore?" He asked as he removed the nipple clips sending a rush of blood to my tormented nipples. "When I say you don't have to be constantly horny anymore!"  
  
"Yes, Sir!" I replied, my voice cracking from the pain flooding my nipples.  
  
"Now, lets get you back on your feet," he said helping me up, "because you have actual work to do!"  
  
I'd become so accustomed to being bound I never realized that he'd undone the collar and whatever was holding my ankle cuffs together. Still blindfolded, and with very sore knees, I was unsteady on my feet to say the least. Nick kept a tight grip on my left arm as he walked me to the bathroom. Turning me to face him, he grasped both of my upper arms helping me down to the toilet seat.  
  
"Spread those sexy legs of yours nice and wide," he said with his signature cocky tone, "for all you know there could be five guys in here watching you pee!"  
  
"That's enough to give a girl stage fright!" I replied weakly.  
  
Thankfully, stage fright wasn't an issue, my bladder was ready to burst. I let out a sigh as my stream started, then began wondering if there were really five guys watching me pee right now? I quickly came to two conclusions. First, I wasn't about to stop peeing as my bladder had been in distress since the second to last cock filled my stomach with cum. Second, there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it! As far as I knew my urination was being captured on a camera as well which meant anyone that wanted to see me peeing was going to see me peeing. Why be bothered by it now?  
  
"That's better!" I relaxed slightly as my bladder was now empty.  
  
"How many cocks do you think you were fed today?" Nick asked leaving me on the toilet presumably to air dry.  
  
"I tried to keep count," I replied searching my brain for a reasonable number, "but I was a bit distracted through most of it. Maybe 6?"  
  
"So close!" Nick laughed before continuing, "but even sluts try to lower their numbers a bit to hide just how big a slut they are." I could feel my cheeks turning red. "It was a rather robust 9 actually," he continued, "it would have been 10 but the FedEx guy was in a rush."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah, those guys are always hustling," he chided, "they're on a clock you know."  
  
"I meant the 9!" I replied earnestly.  
  
"Oh yeah, it was 9," he took my arms helping me back to my feet, "and some of them you even knew!" Nick removed the blindfold, giving me a moment to let my eyes adjust to the light, "The FedEx guy does think you have nice tits though."  
  
"Oh my God!" My chest burned with embarrassment now, "I'll never be able to look him in the eyes again!"  
  
"Don't worry," Nick replied as he walked me back to his office, "he won't be looking in your eyes either!"  
  
On Nick's conference table were three new tell tail FedEx packages to boot! Had they guy been in here? I could ever ask him! How would you even bring that up in a conversation? "Hey, I know this is crazy, but did you happen to see me tied up in my boss' office blindfolded and sucking cock?" I felt an incredible sense of relief as Nick slowly released my elbows, which stopped my thoughts about the FedEx guy immediately. My arms all but fell limply to my sides as he released them. They ached to move, the muscles stretched and strained now protesting movement. Nick's right arm came around my torso just below my boobs, his left-hand cupping and squeezing my left ass cheek as he pulled me close to him.  
  
"Did that top your morning's adventures," he whispered coarsely in my left ear, "or did it just add to it."  
  
"Both," I replied huskily while painfully lifting my left arm to pull his head to me, "I didn't want either to stop!"  
  
"So that means you want to be a stripper slash glory hole slut?" he teased.  
  
"I'm not sure I could put that on a resume," I giggled, "but that would be an adventure!"  
  
"For right now," he said as he slowly released me, "I need you to clean up, put away your new purchases, and let me do some work." I playfully pouted at him as he spoke. "If you're a good little slut," he said cupping my boob and squeezing it lightly, "I'll take that plug out and give your ass a good fucking before you head home."  
  
"Mmmmm, I'll hold you to that Sir!" I replied feeling a chill race down my spine to the plug in my ass.  
  
Nick helped me take the platform apart, he then pointed me in the direction it went. There was a cabinet to the side of the bathroom which held a secret door, I was suddenly shocked and amazed to see his own collection of toys and other items hidden there. No wonder people rarely saw him far from his office! I was positive I wasn't the first woman, or maybe even the second or third, he'd made a slut in his office. The FedEx boxes contained some lingerie and one box surprisingly contained work items.  
  
"Everything is away Sir." I informed him reporting dutifully to the front of his desk.  
  
"Nice," he replied, "how do you feel?"  
  
"Honestly," I replied suppressing a yawn, "I'm a bit tired."  
  
Nick got up from his desk, motioning for me to follow him, toward the black leather couch near the corner of his office. From behind it he produced a small blanket, which he laid over the cushions for me.  
  
"Take a nap." He said in the most caring of tones. "I'll wake you up when I'm done."  
  
"Thanks." I replied lightly touching his face before all but collapsing on the couch.  
  
I couldn't even muster the energy to kick off the heels I'd had on all morning and was still wearing the three sets of cuffs I'd started my bound blow job fest in. Within a minute, I was out like a light. When I awoke it was definitely darker outside.  
  
"Holy shit! What time is it?" I blurted out as I sat up.  
  
"It's about 7." Nick said from his desk where he was still diligently working.  
  
"I figured you would have woken me by now!" I said slowly trying to get to my feet.  
  
"You obviously needed the sleep," he replied sitting back and rubbing his eyes, "and I didn't get much done this morning thanks to you."  
  
"It wasn't my idea Sir!" I retorted. "Speaking of that though," I sat on the arm of this chair across from his desk, "I'm starving, all I had to eat today was breakfast and cock!"  
  
"I ordered dinner," he replied pointing to the conference table, "and I'm at a good stopping point."  
  
What happened next took me a bit by surprise. Nick took me by the arm, not like earlier, but actually escorting me to the conference table where he pulled out my seat. He even served me dinner before filling his own plate. While I still sat bare chested, we had a relatively normal conversation about work and life while we dined. It was the oddest yet best date I'd been on in forever! Nick and I cleaned up our dinner, as I put the last of the items in the small fridge in his office, I felt him come up behind me, his hands lightly touching my hips. Then I remembered, he'd promised me an ass fucking before I went home!  
  
"Ready for some real fun?" He asked as he pulled my arms behind me.  
  
"Mmmm," I replied arching my back and sticking my butt into his crotch, "I've been having so much fun, I can't wait to see what real fun is like!"  
  
Nick folded my arms behind my back, it wasn't as uncomfortable as having my elbows trying to touch each other but it still arched my back and stuck my chest out slightly. I heard and felt him cuff my wrists to the opposite elbow cuff. When he was done he turned me around to face him, his hands squeezing and kneading my tits, thumbs mercilessly teasing my nipples.  
  
"We're on the fifth floor," he said as he continued to grope me, "and your car is on the fourth level of the parking garage." I bit my lip and moaned feeling my pussy ache for his touch. "I'll give you twenty minutes to get that sweet, fuckable ass of yours to your car," he said with the evilest of smirks, "without getting caught by security or the cleaning crew!"  
  
"What?" My mind raced and body filled with fear as he continued.  
  
"There are two security guys," he said releasing my chest then holding a short chain in front of me, "and probably six cleaning guys." To my horror Nick then knelt in front of me and clipped the chain to my ankle cuffs. "I can't imagine what they'd do if they found you in such a vulnerable position," he said as he stood back up and pulled me close to him, "but I'm sure all seven of you would be very, very tired before you left the building!"  
  
"Oh my God!" I replied as he simply released me. "You can't be serious!"  
  
He picked up my dress, then opened the door out to my office where he collected my purse and other belongings.  
  
"I see it as a win/win," he said with a chuckle, "you either get your ass fucked by me over the side of your car in full view of whoever is around, or you get caught by some random guy in the building, who calls all his friends to enjoy you every possible way they can!" My body quaked with excitement and fear as he walked to the outer office door. "I mean, you'll have to convince them to release you somehow right?" He opened the door, adding. "Twenty minutes starts right now!"  
  
"Fuck!" I blurted as I watched him disappear from view. As quickly as I could I walked through his office to my area, a glass wall was all that separated me from the office area. "FUCK!" I hissed as I watched him walk toward the elevator bank.  
  
Looking at the door to my office, and the handle which I would have to pull, I cursed again before turning my back to the door so I could grasp the handle with my right hand. Nick, standing by the elevators, had a good chuckle at my predicament. My closest stairway was to my left, as I made my way to the door, I heard a someone whistling a happy tune. Looking through the door's small window I could see a man turning the corner coming up the stairs right at me! Swearing again, I watched in horror as Nick disappeared into one elevator while the other elevator light went on announcing its arrival on our floor!  
  
"Are you fucking kidding me?" I hissed as I walked as quickly as the 6" heels and short chain allowed me to across the floor to the other side where another stairwell could possibly offer me safety.  
  
Just past my office was another small office, then an aisle to the right which allowed me to duck out of view of the security guard who was coming up the stairs. Thankfully the cubicle walls were 4 feet tall, which allowed me to walk relatively normally, without having to hunch over and hide my bare and jiggling chest. At the end of the aisle I turned left, following the windows to the end of the cubicle farm and another grouping of offices which faced them. Thankfully, all three office lights were off. As I looked past the cubicles toward my office, I could see the security guard walking toward the elevator.  
  
"Oh, thank God!" I grumbled.  
  
Across the wide hallway between the cubicles I'd just gone around were more offices, the bathrooms and, directly in front of me, the smaller hallway to the other set of stairs! Taking a big breath, I leaned around the corner of the cubicles looking down the wide hallway toward the area I'd started from. No one. Quickly stepping across the hallway, I stumbled slightly, then bounced off the wall in front of me left boob first. Cursing one more time, I leaned against the wall wincing in pain and taking a quick inventory of my predicament.  
  
"Let's see," I said taking another deep breath and letting it out slow, "I can't take my heels off because I won't be able to pick them up, I can barely open doors, if I fall I can't catch myself, and if I'm caught I have no way to stop them from fucking me any way they want." The last thought made my pussy tremble with excitement. "That about sums it up," I pushed myself off the wall with my shoulders, slowly opening the door to the stairwell with my hip, "with the exception there are 10 flights of stairs to the ground floor, and 8 more flights up in the garage."  
  
Sticking my head in the stairwell, I held my breath and listened as hard as I could. It was to the point I could hear the blood coursing through my arteries past my ears, but no voices. Barely catching the door with my hand, I closed it quietly behind me, then gripped the handrail as best I could to try to tip toe in my almost 6" heels down the concrete stairs. At first, I paused every few steps as any and every noise had to be the entire cleaning crew coming to pillage me, then I decided to stop only halfway down a flight and at each landing. On top of my already untenable situation, I had no idea what time it was or what time I'd started my own version of an escape room. Making it to the fourth floor landing I decided to go down the next flight a bit quicker. On the bottom step I stumbled again, thankfully catching myself right boob first on the wall.  
  
"That's gonna leave a mark." I seethed. "This had better be worth it!"  
  
Partway down the next flight I smelled it, the small was sweet and unmistakable.  
  
"I doubt security is smoking pot in the stairwell." I whispered to myself.  
  
Carefully looking down the stairs I couldn't see anything, however the smell did get a bit stronger as I leaned over the railing. I carefully took the next four stairs, then turned my back to the door to manipulate the door handle with my hands. Back into the office space of my old floor I had to figure out my course from here. The floors on the building were essentially set up the same way with four rectangular sections making up the larger rectangle of the building. The stairwells were in opposite corners on each floor, with an elevator bank on one side and a freight elevator in the middle.  
  
The cleaners used the freight elevator at night to take out the trash so that was out. The main elevators descended to the first floor which would put me face to face with the security guard, so that was out. This left me with the singular option of descending the stairs and traversing the floors whenever necessary. If you think of the four rectangles of the building like a clock, with the wide hallway running from 12 to 6 and another smaller and shorter aisle running from 3 to 9.  
  
On one side of the wide hall were offices, while on the other were cubicles, until they got to the shorter aisle were the floor plan flipped over. If you broke the floor plan into the four cubicles, with the one by the elevators being 1, then going clockwise around the building as you number them until you got to Nicks' office which was rectangle 4 it may be easier. Rectangle 1 and 3 were cubicles were 2 and 4 were hard walled areas.  
  
I entered the third floor in another small hallway by the hard-walled area of that floor. Rather than try to walk down the main hall in the middle, which would give me little time to react to people, I made my way across it and back to the windows along the front of the building. Walking back up the aisle, along the hard walls, I tip toes as best I could to make sure I wouldn't come around the corner into the hands of half a dozen guys. As I approached the corner, I heard a loud sound, a rolling sound.  
  
"SHIT!" I spit. "The trash guy!"  
  
Turning quickly on a heel I headed back toward the windows and around the corner ducking behind the cubicle walls. As I squatted behind them, I heard the gentleman pushing the cart slow, I also realized my pussy was a puffy, dripping mess! Cursing myself I peered as best I could around the corner, the trash guy was pulling bags out of waste cans in each cubicle. As he moved his way toward me I practically duck walked around the back side of the cubicles probably passing within mere feet of him. If he'd only known what was on the other side of the two inch cubicle wall and how horny I was!  
  
I stood slowly, making sure his back was to me before I ducked around the corner to the other section. Eyeing the elevators for a minute, I continued toward the stairs, leaning my head into the stairwell before fully entering.  
  
"Great idea slut," I cursed myself, "how the hell are you going to push the button to get to the second floor?"  
  
I didn't even realize at the time that I'd even referred to myself as slut! Making my way to the second floor I got to the landing by the first when another realization hit. This stairway exited right into the lobby barely twenty feet from the elevator right in view with the guard's desk. I would now have to go back up a flight to the second floor, then cross the building again so I could get to the other stairwell. Hopefully the pot smoker would be gone by that point. At least that stairwell exited outside the building, but that realization wasn't great either. I'd either have to walk around the back of the building to the garage or past the front to get there.  
  
"I guess we will see where the trash man is when I get there." I whispered as I reluctantly climbed the flight to the second floor.  
  
Listening intently again, I exited the stairs to the floor I used to work on. I hadn't been down here in a few weeks, ever since this entire adventure started! As I made my way past my old work area, I got to my old boss' office, and a naughty idea struck. His office door was unlocked allowing me to open it with my right hip and ass cheek. Ducking inside I heard the whistling security guard approach.  
  
Carefully, and quietly closing the door behind me, I leaned against it trying to stay as far away from the small window that was next to the door as possible. My heart pounded as the whistling security guard approached and eventually passed me. I couldn't help but hold my breath as I could hear him walk past the door and see his shadow cross the desk. When I was sure he was walking to the elevator again, another reason not to take them, I moved to look out the small window. As if the sun instantly rose in the sky the overhead light in his office sprung to life with the loudest click, I'd ever heard!  
  
Quickly ducking my head back behind the door, I could see the security guard stop and turn to face my direction as I did. I froze, praying he wouldn't see my shadow under the door, or come to investigate. I'd never be able to get the door locked in time without him seeing or hearing.  
  
"Shit!" I whispered to myself fiercely.  
  
Maybe he'd find me, maybe he'd just bend me over the desk and fuck me then send me on my way? Maybe he'd call his friend from the front desk so they could both fuck me? Maybe the friend from the front desk knew the cleaning boss' number and they'd spend the rest of the night fucking me? I shook my head remembering the idea was not to get caught!  
  
"Stupid automatic lights!" I heard him grunt.  
  
Counting to twenty I peered out the window again. Whistling security guy now had his back to me as he waited for the elevator. I moved my way around Tony's desk, leaning forward I captured his mouse with my nose, pulling it back toward the edge.  
  
"Well I certainly didn't think this thru!" I laughed as I looked at the mouse and my bound arms. "Oh well!"  
  
I turned my back to the desk, lifting my left leg as high as the chain would allow, and plopped my pussy on his mouse with a loud squish. Grinding into it for a moment, I dismounted the desk, then used my teeth to pull the mouse back into place.  
  
"Alicia, why does my mouse smell like pussy?" I giggled imitating his voice poorly. "Why I don't know Tony," I continued as I opened his office door, "where have you been putting that mouse of yours that it smells like pussy?"  
  
This time I made the bold decision to walk down the main hallway to the other side of the building. It was by far the shortest but the riskiest of routes, but I'd lost time trying to maneuver the building and bypassing the guys working there. When I stepped into the stairwell the smell was definitely strongest. Looking at the floor I could see a couple ashes, obviously I'd found the smoker's hide out and he was gone. I made my way down to the first floor and the exterior exit. There would be no turning back once I went through it as there was no handle on the outside.

"Here goes nothing!" I said with mock encouragement pushing the door open.  
  
Stepping outside, into the cool night air, I could feel the perspiration on my skin as well as my own wetness which was coating my inner thighs. I'd escaped the building; the parking garage was now just on the other side of it! The quickest route was past the dumpsters in the back, the question was whether or not the trash guy was there! Making my way to the corner I let out a frustrated sigh, not only was he there but the entire crew was by the van taking a break!  
  
"This has got to be a joke, right?"  
  
The good news was the whistling security guard was there as well! That meant the front was more or less clear! Well, save for the street that went past the building and the guy at the front desk by the door. I didn't have a choice though; it was either try to sneak by 7 guys or take my chances that no one would be paying attention to the half-naked woman sauntering outside her workplace. I started to make my way to the front of the building, which was spectacularly light at night as well!  
  
"Can you explain what you're doing miss?" I said in a mocking guy's voice making fun of my situation. "Oh, um, would you believe," I replied to myself in my best bimbo voice, "I was out walking my doggo and my dress fell off?" My heels sounded like cannons as I walked hurriedly across the sidewalk to the front doors. "Oh, I don't know where these cuffs came from," my voice continued as I looked at my shadow looming large on the building, "whatever will you do with me?" I tried to steady myself as the door got closer. "I don't care at this point," I said slowing down to ty to find the security guard, "so long as I don't have to kneel or stand on this fucking sidewalk!" The coast was clear, he had his back to the door and a paper in front of his face. "He reads a newspaper?" I teased as I tiptoed past the door. "Who the hell reads a paper anymore?"  
  
My next challenge was opening the door into the garage stairwell. The door opened outward, but it also stuck which made it more difficult. With a couple firm, tit bouncing, tugs I was able to open it and slip inside unseen. Happily, going up the stairs was easier than going down them!  
  
"Oh, you wouldn't mind letting me in my car would you?" I said in my bimbo voice. "I have no idea where my keys are," I continued as I neared the top floor, "but I'm almost sure they're not up there! Can your penis see? It's certainly looking for my keys very hard!"  
  
I burst through the door to the top floor where Nick awaited. I was truly ready to give him a piece of my mind! Who the hell does that? What if I'd been caught? What if they all fucked me every which way they wanted? What would he be able to do from here to protect me? Instead, when I got close enough to him, he grabbed me tightly, turning my back to him. My plug came out with a quick pop and was immediately replaced by his already lubed cock.  
  
"How many times were you almost caught?" He grunted as he slammed into me.  
  
"Four or five!" I moaned. "And I even managed to rub my pussy on Tony's mouse when I ducked into his office!  
  
"How many times did you think about what would happen if they caught you?" Nick asked as he continued to pound into my ass.  
  
"With just about every step!" I groaned loudly. "Eight of them," I continued feeling him getting off on the idea, "fucking me any way they wanted, fucking me late into the night, or even early into the morning, calling friends to come fuck me!" His hands pawed at me, his fucking becoming more animalistic as I continued. "Passing me around like a cheap whore," I strained my arms wanting desperately to grab him as I thrust my ass back into him with each thrust, "leaving me sore and full of cum in every hole!"  
  
"You're such a filthy slut!" He hissed, his fingers turning white on my hips as he gripped me tighter.  
  
"YES I AM!" I bellowed as his cock exploded inside me.  
  
His white hot cum filled my recesses and leaked out of my ass around his cock. I grunted and groaned as I came all but collapsing onto the concrete wall of the parking garage. He slammed into me five or six more times, pushing more of his thick seed inside me while more spilled and seeped down my legs.  
  
"Holy crap!" moaned loudly. "Look up," I nodded toward the building, "we have an audience."  
  
In the windows of our building 4 people were standing in the windows on different floors watching us. Three of them were from the cleaning company.  
  
"Well I'm glad you could give them a show," Nick teased as he slid his cock from my ass quickly replacing it with the plug, "now let's cap it off!" Nick backed me up slightly so I was no longer partially hidden behind the low concrete wall, then had me squat in front of him. "They all know I was fucking your ass," he said waving his cock in front of my face, "and now they're going to watch you suck it clean!" He popped his limp cock into my mouth filling it with the taste of cum and lube.  
  
"I think two of them just fell over watching that!" He teased. When I went to look, he grabbed a fistful of my hair to keep my head in place. "They may not have seen you running around the building in your slutty leather lingerie," he continued, "but now they've seen you getting fucked in the ass in it at the top of the parking garage, and taking my cock from your ass to your mouth like the sick little slut you are!" Nick popped his cock from my mouth, leaning my face back so he could rub his soaked balls around and in my mouth. "That's it slut," he said staring down at me, "show them how you love it!"  
  
I hated to admit it, but I did, the whole thing was getting me wet and making me horny again. As usual, I'd had a small orgasm when he was fucking my ass, but it was nowhere near enough to satisfy my desire. Nick pulled me up to my feet, looking at me as if I were a piece of meat, then spun me to face the building again. There were now five sets of eyes looking me over while he removed the chain and cuffs from my ankles.  
  
While they were too far away for a great view of my tits, the fact was I was exposed to them. When Nick removed the cuffs from my arms, I made no effort to cover myself or even clean myself up, instead I stretched my arms as best I could enjoying their feeling of freedom.  
  
"I put your dress on the front seat," Nick said as he walked between me and the building until he was facing me, "I don't want you to mess your seat up after all."  
  
"But what will I wear into my building Sir?" I asked hesitantly.  
  
"I'm sure you can make it to your apartment unseen," he laughed while massaging my left breast with his free hand, "I mean look how well you did here, and you won't even have a time limit!" He eyed my chest, and grinned. "You're missing one thing," he said as he slid his hand between my legs roughly massaging my pussy, "you're not quite completely cum covered yet!" Pulling his hand from my pussy he rubbed my wetness across my tits. "There we go! Perfect!" He then walked toward the nearest stairwell, turning back to say, "See you in the morning slut, drive safe!"

**Becoming His Slut Ch. 09**

I stood there in shock for a moment, how the hell was I going to get into my building. Suddenly I realized people were disappearing from the windows. Were they headed to the parking garage? I had to get the hell out of here before I really was passed around by them! My keys were thankfully in the ignition, pulling out quickly I drove through the garage getting to the exit just as the security guard came out the front door. He was alone so I gave him a quick wave and blew him a kiss before heading off into the evening.  
  
While my drive home was far less eventful than my drive to work, I felt even sluttier than ever. Each streetlight seemed to be a beacon highlighting my nakedness. Plus, cum had dried on my face, tits, ass and legs. Not only that, the taste of cum and lube filled my mouth and I could still feel what was left of Nick's seed inside my plugged and sore ass. I ached all over, but I felt amazing. My day and night had been a true adventure. I'd been rode hard and put away wet. Pulling into the parking lot of my place I found a spot as far away from the light which illuminated most of the lot.  
  
Looking at my building, which was relatively small, I felt fairly confident I could get into it unseen. Remembering to turn off the dome light, I collected my belongings and opened my car door. It was a quick walk across two rows of cars to the lawn, and up the hill in order to avoid the lit stairway leading to the front door. Looking back at the parking lot I stepped into the lit area around the front door and looked at the hallway inside.  
  
"So far so good." I whispered to myself.  
  
Slipping my key into the outside door, I stepped inside the building, quickly making my way through the inner door and up the side stairs. My apartment was the first one on the left, which meant it was a quick trip to my door. Halfway up the stairs I heard the two guys from down the hall enter the stairwell behind me.  
  
"Oh, fucking great!" I hissed pulling out the key to my apartment and quickening my steps as best I could.  
  
All but running down the hall to my door, I fumbled with the key, managing to open my door and practically spill into my apartment before they saw me. Standing behind the now closed door, I looked through the peep hole into the hallway to see if they made any comment or reaction passing my door. Both of them nonchalantly strolled by. I was safe. I tossed my belongings onto the couch, save for my phone, deciding to send Nick a text.  
  
"Got caught by the four football players down the hall," I texted, "may be late tomorrow."  
  
"LOL, tell them you like it rough and kinky!" He responded, followed by. "Don't park on the roof tomorrow or the cleaning guys won't get anything done, no bra, put your blouse on when you get here."  
  
"Yes Sir!" I responded.  
  
Finally removing my heels, I stretched my feet while plodding off to my bedroom.  
  
"Looks like I'll be driving topless again tomorrow!" I said as I pulled my new favorite toy out. "Come on baby," I continued as I mounted the sybian, "slut's been looking for an orgasm all day!"  
  
The rest of the week seemed to fit into a fairly normal rhythm, well, normal for me. Wake up at my usual time, typically with my hand between my legs. Orgasm, followed by breakfast, shower and possibly another orgasm. Pick out something easily removable to wear to work and put it on over some deliciously slutty lingerie. I'd taken to bringing a light jacket to wear on my way to the car so I could take it off easier as I drove to work topless the remainder of the week. Get to work, put on my top, see what Nick wanted me to wear and put that on, and prepare my ass for his arrival. Spend the day however he wanted, occasionally entertain one or two of his friends as well. In case you're wondering, yes, my old boss did figure out his mouse smelled like pussy the next morning and spanked me for it. The only real difference in the week was stopping by to see Rupert on Thursday night.  
  
"Lady Alicia," Rupert's face lit up as I entered his shop, "so good to see you again!"  
  
"It's great to see you too!" I replied walking up and giving him a big hug.  
  
Rupert's short stature and my 4 1/2" heels put his head right between my breasts as he hugged me. Something he definitely did not mind.  
  
"I hope I am not here too late." I said as he took my hand and kissed it.  
  
"Not too late dear," he replied, "but I do have a card game to get to this evening. Those old codgers can wait though! What can I do for you Lady Alicia?"  
  
"I have that bathing suit I mentioned," I said holding up a small brown bag, "you were going to make it fit better."  
  
"Oh yes," his eyes lit up, "I can do that." Taking me by the hand he led me toward the back but stopped short. "Hang on one moment though," he said as he walked to the front door, "such a seedy element out in this neighborhood these days." Rupert locked the dead bolt and another lock at the top of the door before flipping the sign to closed. "There, now we have privacy!" Taking me by the hand again he led me through a dated purple curtain to an area with two small changing rooms and a pedestal positioned in front of three mirrors. "You go put that suit on," he said pointing me to a changing room, "and we'll make quick work of it!"  
  
"You are so good to me!" I replied heading to the first changing room.  
  
Quickly removing my skirt and blouse, I pulled the bathing suit from the bag placing it on one of the faded brass hooks on the door. In a moment I was naked, with my lingerie neatly piled on a small bench, and stepping into the ruffled bikini bottoms. It had taken a bit of work to find a bathing suit in a pattern I liked that was as unflattering as this one. Thankfully, I'd managed to do both. Removing the tag from the full coverage bottoms, I pulled on the string top securing it in place. Stepping out of the changing room, I stepped onto the platform in front of the mirrors. Rupert was now wearing a fade and well-worn smock with a fabric tape measure hanging around his neck. I watched as his eyes trailed up my legs, over my butt and up my back. There wasn't enough material to spend that much time looking! He moved the changing room door which allowed me to see my back as well.  
  
"How are we doing the back here Lady Alicia?" He asked placing his hand on my right hip. "This is most unflattering as it is."  
  
"I agree," I replied while trying to sound disgusted, "I'd really like to show my butt off if you don't mind." Reaching behind my back, I slipped my index fingers into the bottom of the suit pulling them together and exposing my ass. "Something more like this!" I said loving his reaction.  
  
"So more of a thong then?" He asked while swallowing hard.  
  
"Yes please!" I replied. "You'll be such a life saver!  
  
"If I may Lady Alicia," he said as he moved my hands out of the way, "let me just mark this up."  
  
Rupert's fingers pulled the bottoms back to their normal position, with his fingers dragging slowly across my bare butt, before he adjusted it a couple times by way of giving my bottom a squeeze. He then held my butt with one hand while drawing the new line for my bottoms on the other cheek with a thin clothing marker. Once satisfied he turned and did the other side, still maintaining a hand on me, although this time his hand slipped inside the bottom and was on my bare flesh.  
  
"If I may suggest Lady Alicia," he said not removing his hand yet, "this seems to come unflatteringly high on your back."  
  
"Oh yes, please!" I replied embellishing how much he was saving me the embarrassment of wearing such an unflattering suit. "You're such a doll!"  
  
With his hand still inside my suit on my ass, Rupert traced another line along my lower back barely an inch above my butt. Even as he pronounced his work done his hand lingered a bit longer.  
  
"We will need to cut down the front too though," he said as if struck by inspiration, "or it will look off balance from the back."  
  
"Oh, I agree," I replied as earnestly as I could, "these feel too wide in the front as well!"  
  
I turned to face him, the only downside was that I was no longer able to see his face. His left hand went to my hip, his thumb slipping under the bathing suit as it did, while his right drew the far less modest outline of my bottoms.  
  
"Turn around and take a look Lady Alicia," he said giving my hip a squeeze, "let me know if that's enough."  
  
I turned slowly, making sure my butt was to him, so I could face the mirror. His lines turned the front into little more than an eye patch with the top of the suit's bottoms barely three inches above my clit.  
  
"Perfect!" I replied excitedly turning to him and kissing the top of his head. "You're amazing!" Rupert blushed deeply as I bounced up and down on the stand. "I do hate to ask this though," I feigned embarrassment knowing he was eating this up, "but I really hate the ruffles on the top too."  
  
"Well we should fix that then as well!" Rupert beamed as he stared at my chest.  
  
"I like the string top," I said as I tugged the material covering my left breast as far to the side as I could, "but I would love for it to sit more like this." I'd positioned the fabric, so it barely covered my areola.  
  
"Where would you want the outside to end?" Rupert asked after a brief pause.  
  
"Probably right along this line here." I said letting my fingernail drag down the side of my breast.  
  
"Pardon my touch Lady Alicia," he said as he placed his left hand on my breast, "but between my eyes and these old hands I need a bit to stabilize myself."  
  
Rupert's thumb landed squarely on my hard nipple as he drew the line outside the cup. When he pulled his hand away he gave his thumb a slight flick upward causing me to stifle a moan. As I began to tug the material of the other cup out of the way he went to stop me. That is until I "accidentally" pulled the material too far exposing my entire right boob to him.  
  
"Oh sorry," I playfully groused, "you'll need to draw this one too." I watched his eyes bore into my right breast as I pretended to try to fix the cup. "I'm slightly off size between these two here," I added as I pulled the material over my nipple and positioned it, "I won't tell if you won't."  
  
"I'm fairly positive Lady Alicia," Rupert said then swallowed hard, "that you have the most perfect breasts ever created."  
  
"You are just too sweet to me!" I replied touching his shoulder lightly.  
  
Rupert's hand cupped my breast this time, his face coming so close I could almost feel his breath on my flesh, as he drew the lines for my new top. Again, he had me turn to face the mirror. I was sure that more material would be cut off the suit than would be left on it, but that was the point!  
  
"That is perfect!" I replied giddily. Stepping down from the platform I gave him a big hug again, burying his head between my breasts. "You're such a doll!"  
  
"It is my pleasure Lady Alicia." He responded as I watched his face turn beat red.  
  
"I'll go change," I said slowly slipping from his arms, "no rush on these either, summer is almost over."  
  
"I can have them for you next week," he said through the changing room door, "it's no bother."  
  
"That would be fantastic!" I replied, making sure to open the changing room door enough to hand him my suit.  
  
"Lady Alicia," Rupert's voice conveyed his embarrassment, "I was wondering if I could ask a small favor of you though."  
  
"Okay, anything!" I replied as I got dressed wondering what he could ever ask of me.  
  
"My friends and I have our weekly card game," he started with his voice somewhat soft, "just some more seasoned gentlemen having fun and telling stories we've told a thousand times." I implored him to continue. "For the past year or so one of our neighbor's daughters has been kind enough to attend," I could all but hear his face turning red again, "she was very attractive and was very nice to look at." The picture was coming a bit clearer now. "Sometimes she would wear a pair of short shorts or a top that barely held things in place," his voice was almost dreamlike now, as if he were thinking about how she bent over the table or gave him a peek down her top, "but she is getting married in a month."  
  
"So, she can't come to your poker games anymore?" I said opening the changing room door.  
  
"No, she can't." He replied with the saddest eyes I'd ever seen. "So, I was wondering," his voice cracked, "you are just so beautiful and such a free spirit." His voice tailed off for a moment.  
  
"I'd love to come to your card night," I said as I touched his hand lightly, "and meet your friends."  
  
"That would be so lovely!" Rupert's mood perked up immediately, his face positively beamed with excitement and pride. "I have the perfect thing for you to wear as well," he said excitedly, "I'll just need to make a quick adjustment or two."  
  
"Well not too many adjustments," I teased, "I wouldn't want your friends to think you knew loose women!"  
  
"Oh no Lady Alicia," he replied matter of factly, "they are true gentlemen!"  
  
"If they are gentlemen like you," I leaned forward pressing my lips lightly against his, "then it will be an amazing evening!"  
  
"Thank you, Lady Alicia," he replied, "we cannot pay much though."  
  
"The first night you can pay me with the pleasure of your company," I said softly wrapping his arm around me as I led him to the front door, "we can negotiate the rest from there."  
  
With Rupert on my left, his hand on the right side of my waist, I took my right hand from his wrist to move the curtain out of the way. As I did, his hand slipped slowly downward to my butt. I began to wonder if all his friends would be this forward! I left his hand there until he had to remove it to unlock the door to let me out. In spite of his small stature, Rupert escorted me to my car, holding the door for me so he could look down my blouse and close the door like a true gentleman.  
  
"Is 5:30 okay next week for us to meet here" I asked after rolling down my window.  
  
"Yes," he replied with a gigantic smile, "that will give us plenty of time to try on the bathing suit and make sure your outfit fits perfectly."  
  
"Sweet dreams Rupert." I said feeling wonderfully attached to the sweet but slightly perverted man.  
  
"Sweet dreams Lady Alicia." He replied as he waved me off.  
  
On my drive home I wondered what type of outfit Rupert could possibly have for me to wear and what my night with his friend's would be like. He was certainly quite spry for his age; he'd taken every opportunity to feel me up that night after all! I couldn't imagine it would be anything like Jimmy's was or my workday, but it would certainly be a new adventure!  
  
Friday night I went to Jimmy's straight from work. While I did remember my bag this time, I barely had anything in it. Instead of going to the bar we stayed in. The delivery guy was thrilled when I answered the door with nothing on but a smile and had me wait patiently while he fumbled for change. He may have found it faster if he wasn't staring at me, but I didn't complain. Saturday was the bachelor party, aside from waking Jimmy up with his customary "good morning blow job" I was left unfucked. My steady diet of cock over the past few weeks meant my libido had gone through the roof, Jimmy not fucking me only got me hornier. Add the occasional grope from him and it only got worse.  
  
"Time to put some clothes on," he finally said midafternoon on Saturday, "we'll swing by your place before we go to the hotel."  
  
"I guess if you insist," I replied in a pouty tone while stomping my foot, "clothes are just so boring on weekends!"  
  
"You won't be wearing them for long," Jimmy replied with a smack to my ass, "and just think, you're getting your fill of cock tonight so it's worth the effort of getting dressed!"  
  
"That is true." I replied stepping into the denim skirt I'd brought.  
  
Pulling a blouse on and stepping into a pair of sandals I soon was following Jimmy out of his apartment to his truck. He was gentlemanly enough to open the door for me and grope my ass as I climbed into the cab. Jimmy closed the door, then got behind the wheel, only then did I notice his cock was out.  
  
"One for the road slut!" He said pulling my head to his lap.  
  
Laying across the center console of his truck I had little choice but to get up onto my knees on the passenger seat. Jimmy gave my somewhat short skirt a tug upward to make sure my pussy was in full view while I buried his cock into my mouth.  
  
"You are my favorite cock sucker!" He said as he rubbed my lower back and ass.  
  
He parked a bit later, leaning his seat back so he could raise his hips and fuck my mouth until he finally exploded. Only then did I realize we were in the parking lot of my apartment building. I would have been embarrassed but the likelihood was that my neighbors had already seen me naked already. On a whim I'd taken my blouse off on my way into the building the other night just for the rush of being caught.  
  
With Jimmy's cock satisfied and carefully tucked away we headed to my apartment. Jimmy had me shower and shave while he picked out clothing for me. After a nice hot shower, he had me do my hair and make-up, not letting me see what he'd pulled out or packed.  
  
"Go heavy on the makeup," he said with a wink, "you've gotta look the part of a hooker tonight."  
  
While I wondered why I needed to look like a hooker leaving my place I didn't bother to question. Over the weeks I'd realized the hornier I was the more agreeable I was to just about everything. Maybe it enhanced my submissive side? At this point if he told me to go out onto the front lawn of my building and do naked yoga, I'd do it as long as he fucked me after! With my hair and makeup done I followed him into my bedroom where a small bag sat on the bed next to a very tiny mini-dress and heels. With his nod I stepped into the purple satin looking dress pulling the small spaghetti straps over my shoulders. The dress had a plunging neckline and was low cut in the back. While the top portion of it fit loosely, so loose a quick turn would cause a boob to fall out, the bottom portion was very snug. The hem sat barely two inches below my ass and the snug fit meant the hem would ride up with each step.  
  
"So, if I'm the hooker tonight," I said stepping into the 5 1/2" black and purple heels he'd selected, "are you my pimp?"  
  
"You know it!" He smirked. "Add some jewelry and we'll get going."  
  
"Yes, Sir!" I replied.  
  
To go with the hooker vibe, I picked a pair of larger dangling earrings and some costume jewelry bracelets I'd picked up years before. I also added a delicate gold chain around my waist to try to pull attention from the fact I was going to fall out of the top or the bottom of the dress at any time. With a small purse that held my ID, lipstick and keys, I followed Jimmy out of the apartment then turned to lock my door while he stood nearby.  
  
"So, is it just going to be the guy from the band tonight?" I asked as I locked my door.  
  
"Yeah, just them." Jimmy smiled a bit. "You enjoyed the lead singer when he was over."  
  
"I did," I replied feeling a bit of a chill run up my bare back, "he's got a great cock!" Pulling the key from the door I continued still questioning what he was smiling about. "Not better than yours or Steve's though!"  
  
As I turned to walk to the stairs, I understood the reason for his smile. The two guys from down the hall that I'd narrowly avoided the other night had come up the stairs and were both staring at me as they slowly walked past. Unsure what to do I gave them a wink and stated walking to the stairs. I could hear them commenting about me as I entered the stairwell, suffice to say my look as a hooker had been achieved in a convincing manner.

"At least you know," Jimmy chuckled from behind me, "if you get locked out of your place they'll gladly help!"  
  
"I don't doubt it," I replied with a laugh, "I'm sure if I wanted anything, they'd do their best to help me out!"  
  
The drive to the hotel was close to 40 minutes, it was more of a motel, with a U shape that surrounded the parking lot that the rooms faced. There were two levels with an open walkway. It was the typical hotel you saw on the TV news where drug busts, murders and serial killer captures were always occurring. Jimmy parked by the front desk and had me join him to check in.  
  
"Checking in," the older gentleman with the bad come over started to say before looking us both over, "for the night or an hour?"  
  
"The night will be fine." Jimmy said not missing a beat while I blushed at the hour comment.  
  
"Nothing illegal happening right?" He asked while looking me up and down.  
  
"No." Jimmy sounded annoyed by the man at this point.  
  
"We just don't want any trouble here," the man said attempting to stand his ground, "we're not that kind of place."  
  
"If you were that kind of place," Jimmy said putting down the pen and leaning over the counter causing the man to back up a step, "then I wouldn't be here with my girl."  
  
"Yesssir." The motel clerk stammered, "Sorry."  
  
The guy behind the counter kept his mouth shut through the rest of the check in process, then handed Jimmy a physical key to the room. Jimmy grunted when the gentleman wished us a good night. Handing me the key I walked to the room while he parked, the room was on the ground level in the middle of the U. I wondered, as I walked down the concrete walkway, how many eyes were watching me make my way to the room and judging me? Just in case I put a bit more sway in my hips as I walked. Just before the corner of the walkway a door opened, and two gentlemen stepped out. Both were rather large with Harley Davidson T-shirts, baggy jeans and black boots on. As I approached the first nudged the other then nodded in my direction.  
  
"Damn Baby," the first said as I got closer, "you are mighty fine looking!"  
  
"How much for a bit of fun?" The other asked.  
  
"Hi fellas," I replied in my best bimbo voice, "you'd have to ask my boss over there, he keeps my dance card pretty full though."  
  
Meeting Jimmy at the door to the room I noted that I was now 5 for 5 in guys thinking I was a hooker! That was a perfect score. Looking over my shoulder the two guys that had spoken to me were heading the other way. Oh well. I let myself into the room with the key, it was everything I expected, the carpet was a burnt orange from the 70's and the furniture looked even older. Making my way to the bathroom was fairly thankful I didn't need to use it just yet. At least the sheets looked clean, the two queen beds looked sturdy and the bedding appeared to be less than a year old.  
  
"I brought you something for tonight." Jimmy said taking out the bag he'd packed for me.  
  
"Is there a penicillin shot in there?" I asked taking the bag from him.  
  
"Not quite," he chuckled, "but we can stop by the hospital on the way back if you want."  
  
I placed the bag on the bed while he unloaded some odd boxes from his truck bed. As expected, my outfit was minimal. In the bag was an enema kit as well, I made my way to the bathroom to use that then headed back to the room. Inside the bag was an ill-fitting waist cincher that was made of fake leather, my thigh high black boots, and a pair of black stockings. Considering the guys had probably spent the last few hours at a strip club or two I didn't need to wear much. With the room door still wide open I removed my dress and heels so I could change into something more appropriate for my evening. It didn't take all that long. Steadying myself I went to the bathroom while Jimmy started putting together the boxes, he'd brought in. Before I emerged from the bathroom, I put my hair up in a ponytail, I knew I'd never get a chance to fix it later. As I exited the bathroom, Jimmy was walking toward me. He quickly wrapped an arm around me pulling me tightly to him, cupping my ass with his left hand.  
  
"I could use a good fucking right now!" I cooed, pressing my body into him.  
  
"You're going to get all the fucking you can handle tonight slut," he said with a cocky voice while sliding a lubed finger between my butt cheeks, "and maybe a bit more!"  
  
"I guess we will see about that." I moaned softly as his finger slipped easily inside my ass.  
  
"I can feel how horny you are," Jimmy winked while fingering my ass, "I'm sure you'll wear them out!"  
  
"Will you be here?" I cooed as I rode his finger.  
  
"No," he said smiling as he saw me pout at his answer, "but Steve will be, and I'll come back and get you."  
  
"Okay." I gave him the best puppy dog eyes I could manage.  
  
"Now let's get you hidden." He said unceremoniously pulling his finger from my ass.  
  
The boxes he'd brought in were a cheesy looking cake with the word "congrats" scrawled across the part facing the door. Jimmy had a row of boxes pulled aside so I could walk to the center of the cake, but then I had to squat so he could seal me inside it.  
  
"Don't worry," he said placing the top over me, "Steve texted, they're on their way here."  
  
I heard Jimmy close the door behind him as he left. The minutes seemed to tick away slowly as I waited in the darkness for their arrival. I realized I wasn't even sure which one of Steve's bandmates was getting married. Oh well, it wasn't like I was in a position to exclude any of them. My pussy quivered and quaked with anticipation when I heard the door to the room open. The realization it may not be them quickly passed when I heard voices I recognized. They sounded rowdy and wound up, time to get my slut on!  
  
"Hi fellas!" I cried out as I stood up as quickly as possible out of the cake.  
  
"Ohhhhh yeah! Look at her!" Came one response.  
  
The caked covered me from the hips down, I leaned over the side, using my arms to push my tits together, giving my intent audience a wry smile. All five of them had phones out and were snapping away. This would continue throughout the night.  
  
"So, who is the doomed?" I asked as I swayed a bit. "I mean the groom?"  
  
"That's me!" One of the guys answered holding up his hand while others pushed him forward.  
  
"We have two rules for tonight," I said reaching out and pulling his head to my chest, "the groom gets the first go tonight, after that I'm all yours." Squeezing his face with my chest he motorboated my chest, cupping both breasts with his hands and squeezing them. "Secondly," I said releasing his head a bit and pulling his face to my nipple, "if you take your cock out of my ass you need to clean it off before you shove it in my pussy! Got it?"  
  
The answers were a few statements mostly confirming the fact they got to fuck my ass and didn't have to clean their cocks before shoving it in my mouth after fucking my ass. I noticed a few of them had open liquor bottles with them. Time to get this party moving.  
  
I pulled the groom's mouth from my tit, "Got a bottle Baby?" He held up a bottle of inexpensive whiskey which I took from his hand. "Time for a nipple shot then!" The guys behind him cheered. "Open wide!"  
  
Taking the bottle from his hand, I helped him position his mouth with my left hand then poured the cool brown liquor with my right. A good amount of it stilled off my tit but the rest made it into his mouth. He held his hands up as if he were proclaiming victory when I stopped pouring. Moving his head to my other tit I repeated the process.  
  
"Come on fellas!" I said sliding the groom out of the way. "And hand me another bottle!" Jimmy's roommate Steve handed me another bottle then pressed his mouth to my left chest while Jack put his mouth to my right. "Drink up fellas!" I said pouring booze over both of my tits while both guys groped and licked me. "Next!" I giggled as the final two got their turn. "Don't go far fellas," I could feel a couple hands on my ass as I spoke, "pussy shots are next!"  
  
Sliding my ass onto the side of the cake I slid my legs out of the hole I'd been hidden inside, placing my feet on the cake spreading my legs wide.  
  
"Come over here doomed," I said raising a finger to him while leaning back on my other hand across the opening of the cake. "and get that face between my legs!"  
  
He did just as he was told, without hesitation he started lapping at my pussy before I even started pouring. I gave him a bit, I needed to cum so badly and he was doing a decent enough job to make it happen. As badly as I needed an orgasm, I needed to pace myself. Soon the stream of brown liquor stared streaming over my folds, the combination of tingling liquid with his tongue was something I'd never felt before. He was soon replaced by Jack, who was replaced by the drummer, who was replaced by the bass player. Steve took his turn last, making sure to slip a finger into my ass as he took his "drink". With only a bit left in the bottle, I poured the last of it into my mouth.  
  
"Oh no," I said pretending to be devastated, "this one is empty!" Grabbing the groom by the belt, I led him to the other side of the cake. "Doomed here isn't going to have a strange woman undress him ever again," I said as I undid his belt, "you guys can undress yourselves!" Yanking his pants down, he pulled his shirt over his head. "Plus, I need a cock shot!"  
  
The groom stepped out of his jeans and sneakers while I retrieved another bottle from one of the other guys. Without a word, I poured some more whiskey into my mouth, then pulled his mouth to mine, grabbing his bare ass with my free hand. His hand went straight to my sopping wet pussy, slipping two fingers easily inside me while his tongue plunged into my mouth.  
  
"You wanna kiss," I said as our kiss broke momentarily, "or do you wanna fuck me?"  
  
"Oh, I wanna fuck you!" He replied.  
  
"Good!" I replied as I slowly fell to my knees, "Cock shot first though!"  
  
His 6-inch cock wasn't overly impressive for size, but it was thick, and I wanted it! Touching the tip to my tongue I could taste his precum, which made me want him inside me even more. Pouring some of the brown liquor down his cock I plunged my mouth onto him as I drank. Putting the bottle aside, I worked his cock with my mouth, taking him inside my throat and pressing my nose to his body. He groaned, cupping the back of my head, as I sucked him.  
  
"She sucks like a porn star!" He said pushing his forward.  
  
"She fucks like one too!" Jack called out.  
  
"Time to find out!" The groom said as he pulled me up.  
  
Pushing me back onto a cheap looking dresser, I wrapped my legs around his waist while he fed his cock into my pussy. It only took five or six hard thrusts for me to orgasm.  
  
"Ohhhhh fuuuuccccckkkkk!" I groaned as I came.  
  
"That's right fellas!" He said boasting at his ability to get me off so quickly. "That's how you fuck a woman!"  
  
I didn't have the heart to tell him that I'd been so horny a good breeze could have gotten me off! Unphased by my orgasm, he kept fucking me.  
  
"That's it Baby," I groaned, "fuck me harder!"  
  
"That's right, FUCK HER!" Came a nearby voice.  
  
"Fuck that slut!"  
  
"Fuck her ass!"  
  
"Oh that's right," he said looking into my eyes, "you take it in the ass don't you?"  
  
"I don't just take it," I said as I squeezed him with my pussy, "I love it!"  
  
He pulled his cock out of me, as I unwrapped my legs from his body. Setting my feet on the floor, I turned around, arching my back and sticking my ass out at him. He took no time pressing the head of his cock against my asshole. While the booze had washed some of the lube away, I could still feel it inside my hole. His cock was covered with my pussy juice, causing it to slide in easily enough.  
  
"That's it, Baby!" I cooed. "Give me that cock!" Looking to my right, there were four naked guys with hard ons staring at me stroking themselves. "Get ready fellas," I said as I pushed back into the guy in my ass, "I'm going to need more than one of you inside me!"  
  
The guy in my ass started fucking me harder, slamming his body into me and grunting.  
  
"That's it!" I groaned louder. "Fuck me harder! YES! FUCK ME!"  
  
I felt him swell inside me, he was going to cum soon. I wasn't sure if I was more excited about him cumming inside me or the four full cocks waiting for me! The comments didn't stop from the other side of the room. Comments about how I looked, how they wanted to use me, what they wanted to do with me and more. His cum flooded into my ass.  
  
"That's it!" I cooed. "Give it all to me!"  
  
He pushed into me a couple more times before announcing he was done. As soon as he slipped his cock from my ass, I gave the guys on the other side of the room a wink. Then, turning on my heel, I spun around and squatted in front of him. The look of shock on his face just before I took his cock into my mouth was unbelievable. I was sure there were a pair of other shocked faces to the side, but it didn't matter. I wanted them all and I wanted them right fucking now! Cleaning off the cock in my mouth I could feel them getting closer, like sharks circling their prey. A lubed finger teased my ass, causing me to moan loudly.  
  
"He's clean enough." I heard as a pair of hands gripped my upper arms. "Time for us to play too!"  
  
Standing up, one of the guys stepped directly in front of me. Lifting my right leg to his hip, he was able to guide his cock into my pussy. It felt like heaven!  
  
"There's my favorite ass!" I heard Steve say behind me. "I've missed you!"  
  
He pressed his lubed cock against my ass, easily sliding inside me. I could feel their cocks all but touching inside me as they both started screwing me. My feet, even in 5" heels, were barely on the floor as the thrust into me. Looking to my left, one of the guys had climbed onto the bed, his cock was now at mouth height for me as he stood on the crappy mattress. They guys moved me to him, now with three cocks in me, my hand was guided to the fourth. I mewled around the cock in my mouth, my head spinning. Whether my head was spinning from the alcohol or the fact I had three cocks inside me, another waiting to get inside me and a final one resting to go again I wasn't sure. It didn't matter.  
  
"Shit!" The guy in my pussy grunted as he burst inside me.  
  
I barely had a moment to recover from him cumming inside me before Jack, who I'd been jerking off, moved into to replace him. No sooner had Jack entered me than I orgasmed again, covering his cock and balls with my pussy wetness.  
  
"You have such a sweet, cum filled ass!" Steve grunted behind me as he came.  
  
The guy in my mouth stepped off the bed, ramming his cock into my ass as Steve climbed onto the bed so he could shove his cock into my mouth.  
  
"Fucking slut!" Jack blurted as he watched Steve rub his cock around and in my mouth. "Oh fuck!"  
  
Just like that Jack started cumming as well. I could feel his cum seeping from my pussy while Steve's and the grooms seeped from my ass while the third guy fucked it. Steve pulled his cock out of my mouth, making sure to wipe his balls on my face before getting off the bed. I could feel the wetness drying on my cheeks.  
  
"Turn us to the left Baby," I said over my shoulder to the guy in my ass, "and sit on the bed slowly."  
  
He managed to do so without completely coming out of my ass. As he lay back on the bed, I put my legs outside his, feeling my pussy ooze onto his balls as I rode him.  
  
"Come here Jack!" I said motioning for him.  
  
Jack's cum covered cock was soon in my mouth. With my hands on his hips I licked and sucked him feeling the guy in my ass starting to swell.  
  
"That's it Baby!" I groaned as I popped Jack out of my mouth and dove for his balls.  
  
The guy in my ass started cumming as well, he was cumming so much I wondered if he was going to stop! I was sure he had pools of cum on his abdomen from the torrent he'd released. Pushing Jack back with my right hand, I used my left as leverage to climb off the big cummer on the bed.  
  
"That was quite a lot," I said as I turned around to face him, "look at the mess you made!"  
  
Back on my knees, I started at his balls working my way upward. The cum on his balls was a combination of all five of them, my own and the lube we'd used. It was quite an intoxicating taste. Licking my way up his shaft, I felt someone settling in behind me. By the time I took his cock into my mouth a cock was sliding in and out of my pussy. I was glad my ass was getting a break, that was until the first spank landed on my left cheek with a loud smack. The guy fucking my pussy grabbed my ponytail, using it as leverage to slam into me in between repeated smacks to my ass leaving me howling.  
  
"Oh, fuck I'm cumming again!" I cried out as my nails dug into the hips of the guy whose cock was just in my mouth.  
  
It didn't matter, the guy who'd been spanking and fucking me just kept going until he finally unleashed inside me. As I delighted in the fresh deluge filling me, I leaned over the guy on the bed's cock, sucking up the pool of cum that lay just above it. Leaning up from him, I was turned to my left where the cock that had just been in my pussy was now forced into my mouth. The nameless guy kept a tight grip on my ponytail as he guided his cock and balls around my face and mouth. Only when he let me go was I able to get back onto my feet.  
  
"You're quite the mess." Steve said with a smirk. "Want a drink?"  
  
"Sure!" I replied grabbing the bottle he handed me and taking a big gulp. "Who's ready again?" I asked giving the bottle back to Steve.  
  
Things slowed down for a bit as the guys recovered. The groom decided to fuck my ass, then finish by fucking my tits and spraying his load over my face and neck. In between fuckings, the guys drank, fondled and fingered me. Eventually, one of them ordered pizza. I was starving but doubted I could manage to eat anything at this point. When the pizza guy arrived, I was on all fours on the bed while two guys fucked me.  
  
He must have asked one of the guys where they wanted the pizza because the statement, I heard in response was, "Well you can either put it on her back or the dresser, your choice!" The pizza didn't end up on my back so he must have chosen the table. "You wanna spank her ass," one guy offered, "go ahead!" The guy in my mouth pulled out long enough for someone to ask, "what do you think slut, can the pizza guy spank your ass?"  
  
"Sure!" I answered quickly before the cock went back into my mouth.  
  
I guess it was a good thing I didn't try to give a lengthy answer! A moment later I felt a couple light slaps to my butt causing me to grumble.  
  
"She wants you to do it harder!" One guy laughed.  
  
He did. My ass felt like it was on fire after two hard spanks landed right in the same spot. The guys cheered while my mouth was soon filling with rope after rope of white hot cum.  
  
The guys continued to eat pizza, drink, fondle and grope me and occasionally fuck me to exhaustion. I had to admit, I was ready for them to be done a long time before they were actually done. One of them called a ride share service which thankfully picked them up as no one was in any condition to drive. Standing in the doorway to the motel room I waved them off, much to the delight of their driver, then closed the door behind me. I was sore, sticky, and gross only got halfway to the bathroom before collapsing on the bed.  
  
"I'll just close my eyes for a minute." I slurred to myself.  
  
The next time I opened my eyes I hadn't moved an inch. My left leg and arm were still dangling off the bed, I still had on my boots and the pleather waist cincher, and there was a porno showing on the TV across the room. While I wanted to sleep, my bladder was making demands I could not ignore.  
  
"Oh, this is not going to be fun." I said as I lifted my head and felt the pillow case come with me.

Having my face stuck to the pillow wasn't that bad, I'd had that happen before, the problem was getting my boobs unstuck from the sheet without screaming. Dried cum is like super glue after all and I was covered in it. Just about all the exposed flesh on the front of my body, to include the upper part of my right arm, was stuck to the bedding and had to be separated from it. Only after I stood did I realize that I still had on my boots. Staggering to the bathroom I managed to make my way to the toilet, I'll save you all the details from that point.  
  
"You are quite the sight." I said to my reflection after I stood back up. "And your ass is a lovely shade of red."  
  
The waist cincher would certainly be thrown away with the stockings, the boots could be saved but would need a good cleaning. If there were a black light in the room I would certainly glow everywhere. I could see sections of my hair that were stuck together as well as bright spots of dried cum almost everywhere on me. I don't think they missed a single spot.  
  
"Too tired to care," I said turning the light off and walking back to the bed, "and sure as hell too tired to shower!"  
  
Looking at the bed I'd passed out in, I decided to make my way to the other one as it was less of a disaster. I managed to shut off the light, get one boot off completely, and the other boot off halfway before passing out again. The next time my eye opened I could see light around the curtain and heard Jimmy unlocking the door to the room.  
  
"Oh my!" He laughed as he looked me over. "You are a mess!"  
  
"It's nice to see you too," I said rolling over onto my back, not bothering to cover myself, "I hope you brought coffee!"  
  
"I did," he replied handing me a large travel mug, "and I promise there's no cum in it!"  
  
"I think I've had more than enough last night," I replied taking a sip, "and probably a bit extra!"  
  
"From what I saw you definitely did!"  
  
"Oh?" I sat up a bit more and took another sip. "You got to see already?"  
  
"This one is my favorite," Jimmy said as he scrolled through his phone, "I think it really captures your best abilities!"  
  
Taking the phone from him I hit play on the video.  
  
"Here we are at Rick's after party," the voice holding the phone said, "having just a bit of fun." The video panned over the abdomen of one guy then downward. "We have this lovely slut here," I could see the top of my head and left hand which was stroking one guy while I was sucking off a second, "who is doing her absolute best to accommodate all our needs!" The video panned further showing my right hand stroking his cock as well. "She has my cock in her hand," moving the camera he held it to capture the side of my face, "a cock in her mouth, and a cock in her other hand." The camera panned down my body showing a guys' body underneath me. "Not to be left out, she's riding another," he continued as the camera moved over my shoulder to show my back, "and has one more in her ass for good measure!" I felt embarrassed and aroused at the same time as I watched. "Oh, I think she's gonna cum again!" The guy quickly moved the camera to my face, the look in my eyes was lustful as I moaned around the cock in my mouth. "That's it slut," the guy in my right hand taunted, "show us how much you love this!" The video ended right after that.  
  
"You can see why obviously!" Jimmy said with a smirk. "Before I go any further," he said moving the bedding to the side a bit, "what the hell is going on with that foot?"  
  
"I didn't quite manage to get that boot all the way off." I replied as I pulled my foot free. "I was a bit drunk and very, very tired."  
  
"Well if that's how your night started; I don't doubt it!" Jimmy laughed in response.  
  
"Started?" I shot back. "That was easily halfway through the night when everyone caught their second wind!" Taking a sip of my coffee I continued. "I'm pretty sure the groom," it took me a second, "Rick, tried at least 4 times before his cock finally quit!"  
  
"That sounds like Rick." Jimmy laughed. "I hate to say this," he said pulling the boxes that made up the cake apart, "but it's 11 already, why don't you shower and I'll take this stuff out."  
  
"Holy crap," I said sitting upright, "it's 11 already?"  
  
"I figured you needed to sleep in a bit this morning," Jimmy said with a kind smile, "Steve texted at 3 am saying they were just leaving."  
  
"Three?" I replied as I slowly got to my feet. "Thanks for letting me sleep."  
  
Plodding off to the bathroom, I undid the zipper in the back of the cincher and disconnected the fasteners keeping the stockings in place. Depositing it in the small waste can in the bathroom, I turned on the shower, then slowly peeled the stockings from my legs. That was when I came to the realization that I hadn't brought anything as far as toiletries. The motel provided shampoo and conditioner would have to suffice, but I'd leave without any make up or ability to do my hair. Stepping under the stream of hot water I came to another realization.  
  
"Shit!" I hissed to myself. "I guess I'm wearing that slutty, hooker dress to go home!"  
  
It was the only article of clothing I had, unless Jimmy had brought something, which I seriously doubted. Instead of worrying about it, I focused on the hot water and trying to at least feel clean. The water stung a bit over my pussy and asshole but that passed in time. letting the water run over my body, I stayed in the shower as long as I could possibly stand before I got out. The motel had a crappy little hair dryer, which didn't do much other than make noise, which I tried to use. Running my fingers through my hair, I did what I could then just gave up. Thankfully, I'd stashed my dress and heels in the top drawer of the dresser. Before I retrieved them, I figured I'd ask Jimmy if that was my only option for clothing.  
  
"Jimmy, by chance," I said as he entered the room again, "did you happen to bring anything for me to wear today?"  
  
"I didn't think of it, no." Jimmy replied as he had out one of the last boxes for the cake. "I guess you'll be doing the walk of shame today huh?"  
  
"Like that wasn't planned." I whispered to myself as I pulled the dress out of the drawer.  
  
The dress had been barely appropriate the night before, at almost noon on a Sunday it was completely out of place. The one thing I had going for it at the moment was the ease at which it went on. Add to that, it didn't put any undue pressure on my pussy or ass. Carrying the heels and my purse in my hand I walked to the door.  
  
"Need me to do anything?" I asked as Jimmy loaded the second to last box into his truck.  
  
"Yeah," he said handing me the room key, "can you return this to the office for me? I'll pick you up there."  
  
"I guess so." I replied, rolling my eyes at knowing how much he was going to enjoy my walk of shame across the parking lot.  
  
Tossing my small purse through the open driver's side window of his truck, I pulled on my heels before walking toward the office. The sound of my heels on the pavement seemed to echo through the U-shaped motel area. To my left I could see a house keeping cart, the attendant walked out of the room she was cleaning as I walked past. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her looking me up and down, she didn't have to say anything, I knew what she thought I was.  
  
"Six for six!" I whispered to myself at my perfect score of people thinking I was a hooker.  
  
The guy from the night before was behind the counter and gave me a knowing smirk as I entered the office. It was impossible to deny, just the night before I'd been in this office in the same outfit. With my inability to do my hair and makeup, as well as feeling totally exhausted and hung over, I didn't need a lot of creativity to figure out what he thought of me.  
  
"Here's the key to my room." I said putting it on the counter.  
  
"Fun night?" He asked as he looked me over.  
  
"You could say that," I replied turning to leave as I wasn't prepared to have a conversation with anyone at his point, "but my nights are always fun!"  
  
He was saying something behind me but I really didn't care, I wanted was a nice soak in my own tub and a nap. As Jimmy drove toward me I quietly hoped he wasn't up for anything at all this morning as I doubted I could even handle a blow job at this point. Walking around his truck, I saw the motel clerk staring out the window, surely checking me out again as I left. I gave him a wave as I climbed into Jimmy's truck.  
  
"If we showed up again next week," Jimmy said as he started to pull away, "think he'll give us a discount?"  
  
"Probably not." I replied as I slumped into the passenger seat.  
  
Breathing a sigh of relief as Jimmy turned in the direction of my place instead of his, I was soon looking forward to a day of relaxation and loose clothing. Jimmy pulled into the parking lot, stopping near the walkway to the front of my building.  
  
"You did amazing last night." He said in a soft but meaningful voice.  
  
"I certainly couldn't do something like that all the time," I said feeling a bit of a tingle in certain areas, "but it was a lot of fun!"  
  
"Don't worry," he replied, "no one is getting married any time soon." He quickly looked up in the rear view mirror, his face getting that familiar wry smile. "Perfect timing," he said as I looked at the side view mirror, "I'm sure they'll be happy to see you again!"  
  
"Don't these two guys have jobs?" I quipped as the two guys who lived down the hall from me were apparently returning from their workout.  
  
"Have fun and rest up." Jimmy said giving my left nipple a quick squeeze.  
  
I had no response to him at that point as he was now getting me twice on the walk of shame. Opening the truck door, I swung my legs out, sliding off the seat and onto my feet. Of course, this caused my little skirt to ride up slightly just as the guys approached.  
  
"Oh, hi guys!" I said doing my best to sound bubbly in spite of my hang over, while I pulled my hem back down.  
  
"Good morning!" They almost said in unison.  
  
"I'll see you Friday Baby?" I asked back toward Jimmy.  
  
"Unless we need more material for our calendar!" Jimmy responded with a chuckle.  
  
"You know I'm good for it!" I responded with a wink before closing his truck door.  
  
By this point the guys were on their way up the steps to the front door of the apartment building. It would be very easy to determine if they had any interest in me at all as soon as they got to the doors. I'm sure they would be very "gentlemanly" and hold the door so I could walk through. This would also allow them to walk behind me on the way upstairs, with the way this dress constantly rode up they'd catch a good eyeful of my pussy along the way.  
  
"After you." The first guy said waving me through the front door.  
  
"Yeah," the second one said as he held the inner door, "go right ahead."  
  
I smiled to myself as I walked through the door and turned right at the stairwell. Wondering just how slowly I could walk up the stairs before they decided to walk around me, I took the first step and decided not to go too slow. They would get a bit extra hip sway though, which would cause the skirt to ride up a bit quicker, but I had a plan for that. With my left hand on the railing, I held my purse in my right along with a bit of the hem just to be sure. It would still ride up but it would at least stop somewhere along the way. I could feel it sliding up my left but cheek, easily showing the bottom inch of my ass as I climbed the stairs. Not a word was uttered behind me, which I took to mean they were too mesmerized to speak. At the top of the stairs I gave my hem a tug downward, then held the door for them. Both blushed a bit and adjusted the front of their shorts as they approached.  
  
"It's only fair that I return the favor!" I said as I gave them a warm smile.  
  
Both were athletic looking, tanned and toned legs, tight waists, and broad backs. It didn't take long for me to start having inappropriate thoughts about them having their way with me. It wouldn't be today though.  
  
"Have a nice day fellas!" I called after them.  
  
"Yeah you too!" One of them replied.  
  
Stepping inside my apartment, I kicked off my heels before the door even closed. Refusing to look in the mirror by the door, I pulled my dress off as well then poured myself a large glass of ice water. Looking outside at the small balcony just off my kitchen I decided I needed a bit of sun and a vitamin D recharge. Grabbing a towel from my hall closet, I wrapped it around my body so I could set up my recliner in the limited space. While I'd tanned outside before, I'd never done so in the nude.  
  
"No time like the present!" I said to myself.  
  
Laying the towel over the recliner, I lay face down on it while my body absorbed the warm rays of the sun. It felt amazing. I only ran into the house to grab my phone at one point, enjoying several hours outside basting myself in the sun. While I could be seen from the parking lot, whoever saw me would be too far away to see much of anything. Certainly not nearly as much as the two guys down the hall, the Uber driver, the pizza guy, Jimmy's pizza guy Friday night. Oh the list was seemingly endless. In short, another person seeing me naked wouldn't really impact my life all that much. When I decided I'd had enough sun, I made my way to the bathroom where I filled my tub with steaming hot water and some bath oil. I needed to pamper myself today and that was exactly what I was going to do. Twice during my soak I drained water from the tub to add more hot water. Out of the tub, I applied moisturizer then made my way to the kitchen to make dinner. An hour later I'd fallen asleep on the couch, which is where I awoke the next morning. Still feeling like I'd been hit by a bus, I picked up my phone to see that I'd been quite popular while I was asleep.  
  
"Let's see," I said as I scrolled through my messages, "Sabrina is coming over tonight, that'll be fun. No, Jimmy I didn't fuck the two guys in the stairway." I said rolling my eyes. "And oh my, what is this?" I reread the message again to make sure I got it right. "I get the day off! Woo Hoo!"  
  
Nick had something come up last minute and wouldn't be in the office. He didn't really need a secretary, so I would have just gone in and been bored. Pulling the blanket off the back of the couch I slept for another hour just because I could! Waking up again, and feeling a bit puckish, I made my way to the kitchen to make coffee a get breakfast. Seeing my towel still outside from the day before I decided to enjoy the outdoors a bit more. The back of my apartment building faces the parking lot with a small river beyond it and a large park beyond that. While I would be outside, and naked, people would need a fairly high-powered telescope to really see much of me.  
  
"The decision is made," I said pouring my coffee into a travel mug, "suns out, buns out!"

**Becoming His Slut Ch. 10**

I giggled as I walked out onto the small balcony with my bagel, some fruit and a cup of coffee. Adjusting the recliner so I could sit up, I made the decision that clothing was not going to be something I put on today. Well, maybe before Sabrina arrived. And that was exactly what I did. I cleaned my apartment, reorganized my lingerie and clothing, purged a few bras and panties I'd probably never wear again, ate lunch outside and started a book I'd been dying to read. The feeling was truly liberating and enjoyable. Taking another long soak in the tub, I then had to decide what to wear for Sabrina tonight. Unsure if she was bringing a friend, I decided to text her and see.  
  
"Hi Sweetie, are you bringing a friend tonight?" I texted.  
  
"Yes, I am, you'll love her." Was her response.  
  
"Trying to figure out what to wear."  
  
"Wanna be a big hit?" She replied.  
  
"ALWAYS!" I responded.  
  
"Slutty school girl, she's got a thing for those silly frilly ruffle socks too."  
  
"I have just the thing then! Bring food, I can't live on just pussy!" I replied.  
  
Sabrina's response was a bunch of licking emojis. Hopefully that meant she was bringing dinner! Hoping in the shower so I could shave and properly do my hair I then set about getting ready. Texting Sabrina one more time I asked what time they would be over but never got a response. Well, I didn't want to be naked when they arrived so I started to get ready quickly.  
  
"If I'm going schoolgirl," I said to my reflection, "then I'm going all out school girl!"  
  
Putting my hair up in pigtails I found a couple of older pink scrunchies I hadn't worn in forever. Adding a pair of big rollers to each ponytail, I'd wait on those a bit to make sure I had a nice deep curl. Keeping my makeup, a bit on the light side I went into my bedroom to find my outfit for the night. I started with the ankle socks that Sabrina's friend would go nuts for, they were bright white and almost sheer ruffle socks. Adding a pair of bikini panties, which had ruffles across the ass and were even thinner than the socks, I decided to skip the bra entirely. Instead, I put on the blouse that went with the rest of my outfit, tying a knot just below my boobs. Looking at myself in the mirror, my nipples could be just seen through the thin material of the top just as my bald mound could be through the panties.  
  
"Perfect!" I exclaimed with a giggle.  
  
Adding the pink and black plaid micro mini skirt and grabbing a pair of black patent heels I removed my rollers before I headed out to my living room to wait for their arrival. The tiny skirt was pleated, so I left it off until the last minute, but once I sat on the couch, I put the heels on. Instead of crossing my legs, I put one foot up on the coffee table while leaning back into the corner of the couch.  
  
"Good thing my clit doesn't ache." I whispered to myself as my hands slowly made their way around my body, my right hand delicately teasing my clit through the thin panties.  
  
Taking it slow, I watched as the front of my panties became more translucent as I got wetter. My breathing became heavier, my mouth agape, while I tugged and rolled my nipples through the thin top. It was a fight to go slow. Thankfully, there was a knock at my door.  
  
"They must have made it past the buzzer," I said standing up and putting on my skirt, "timing is almost perfect!" Adjusting my skirt so the slit was in front of my left leg and it sat low on my waist to show off the sides of my bikinis, I approached the door. "You two are here in perfect time," I said as I grabbed the knob, "I was just getting myself all worked up for your arrival!"  
  
Pulling the door open, I'd picked my pose almost perfectly. With my right hand on the wall, was leaning forward thrusting my chest outward, while standing playfully on one foot and holding the door knob with my left hand. What I hadn't picked perfectly was who was at my door!  
  
"Uh, you were waiting for us?" Asked one of the guys from down the hall.  
  
"Oh shit!" I exclaimed immediately putting my foot down and gripping the front of my skirt with my hand. "I was expecting company," I said trying to figure out if it were best to pull the skirt down or hold it up, "and I thought you were them."  
  
"Lucky them!" The other guy said s his eyes devoured me.  
  
"Well, you know," I stammered as I tried to figure out how to hide from them while their eyes darted around my body, "work hard, play harder."  
  
"We were just stopping by," the first one finally blurted out, "to see if you wanted to go out for drinks or something."  
  
"Maybe another night," I replied shifting uneasily on my heels, "when I have a bit more clothing on."  
  
"I think you look fucking hot!" One guy blurted out only to get elbowed by the other.  
  
"Thanks." I replied sheepishly.  
  
"Oh now, wait a second," Sabrina's voice came from down the hall, "that little girlie is all ours tonight!"  
  
Both guys looked Sabrina's way then back at me in complete shock. Obviously, they were not expecting that I was dressed for female company. Their mouths hung almost to the floor as Sabrina approached with her friend.  
  
"Excuse me guys." Sabrina said sliding past them and ending up in front of me. "Oh, damn girlie," she said putting her hands on my bare waist, "you look amazing!"  
  
I went to say thanks but Sabrina's mouth quickly although briefly covered mine as she kissed me. My eyes were wide open, I could see the guy on my left's reaction to the kiss, he was in more shock than I was! Sabrina then stepped to the side, pushing the door open more and entering the apartment.  
  
"This is my friend Paulette," Sabrina was behind me now with her hand cupping my left ass cheek, "come on in Paulette!"  
  
Paulette slipped around the corner as well, she was a stunning blonde wearing tight jeans, knee high boots and a black leather vest with nothing on underneath.  
  
"Oh my," she said delicately touching my sides, "what a treat you turned out to be!"  
  
"Thank you." I all but whispered.  
  
As Paulette made her way around me her left hand lingered, gliding slowly across my lower abdomen along the line of my low-slung skirt.  
  
"Maybe I'll let her play with you two another time," Sabrina said from behind me as her left thumb slid into the top of my skirt and panties then started to slowly slide forward, "but tonight is our version of girl's night in!"  
  
"Wow!" The first guy said. "Um, yeah, uh, okay."  
  
"Have a good night," I replied hearing my voice shaking, "thanks for thinking of me."  
  
Sabrina's hand was now directly in front of my pussy pressing against the front of my tiny skirt. She gave me a few pats, while squeezing my butt with her other hand. I jumped slightly when I felt a second hand on my ass, this one was sliding easily inside the bikinis I had on.  
  
"Have a good night!" I heard Paulette say next to me."  
  
I smiled as they turned and Sabrina closed the door. No sooner was the door closed than Paulette's hand crossed my abdomen to the side of my left breast. She pulled me to face her before pressing her lips to mine. Her kiss was just as dominant feeling as her touch and look, her tongue plunged into my mouth. Letting out a soft moan I melted into her body as her fingernails dug into my ass cheek and back. There was just something about a dominant woman that did me in almost immediately!  
  
"She is quite willing to please isn't she?" Paulette asked Sabrina as our kiss broke. "I can feel the submission pouring from you!"  
  
"Thank you, Ms. Paulette." I replied meekly.  
  
"See!" Her tone was triumphant as her hands squeezed me tighter. "I bet that mouth of yours will do wonders with my pussy tonight!"  
  
Before I could answer she released me. Walking into my living room she sat on the couch I had been reclining on not too long ago, Sabrina joined her in a nearby chair.  
  
"Would," I searched for my words as I stood shakily by my front door, "would you like some wine?"  
  
"Wine would be lovely slut!" Sabrina answered.  
  
Moving quickly, I went to the kitchen to get wine and glasses. Pouring three glasses, I could only manage to carry two of them to the living room where they waited. Giving Sabrina here wine first, I turned and went to hand Paulette hers. She didn't extend her hand to take it.  
  
"Come over to this side," she said patting the arm of the couch, "that way you're not in my line of sight with Sabrina."  
  
Walking around to her right side, which was closest to the arm of the couch, I moved in front of her to hand her the wine. Paulette moved her right hand, but instead of taking the glass of wine she pushed her hand between my thighs pressing her index finger against my pussy. With it all but buried there, she took the wine in her left hand and took a sip. Then began a relatively routine conversation with Sabrina while slowly moving her hand between my pussy lips.  
  
"You are right Darling," Paulette said looking me up and down, "she does have quite the stunning body!"  
  
"Thank you Ms." I said softly.  
  
"Oh no, no," she said pressing her right hand upward causing me to stand on my toes, "non-submissives are talking now. Just stand there and look slutty." She eased the upward pressure of her hand before continuing, "Good girl."  
  
The conversation continued about the details of my body, the size, shape and fullness of my chest, the flatness of my stomach, and the shape of my legs. Paulette moved her hand long enough for me to turn around, she slipped her hand between my legs, one of her fingers pressing against my clit, as she had me raise the short skirt so they could comment about my ass. It was humiliating but also incredibly arousing as well. I was wet when the guys knocked on the door, I was positively soaked now! Paulette pulled her hand away, telling me to turn around again, which I was more than willing to do.  
  
"What an obedient subbie you are," she said as she placed her thumb directly on my clit, "judging by how wet my hand is I'd say you're almost ready." Her thumb rubbed in a small circle pattern causing my knees to go weak. "When I release you," she said sounding somewhat stern and definitely commanding, "I want you to get on all fours."  
  
I was panting now, feeling remarkably close to an orgasm considering how little she was touching me. It must have been the whole thing, my outfit, her dominance, and the buildup of the day. She didn't do it right away, but waited a few minutes before she removed her hand from between my legs. I was barely 30 more seconds away from cumming, and she stopped. Snapping out of it, I quickly went to my knees, then placed my hands on the floor.  
  
"Back up a bit." she said barely looking in my direction as she put me in the position she wanted. "Arch your back a bit more," she continued, "fingers pointed out, and legs spread a bit more. We don't want you hiding anything."  
  
Paulette put her right hand in front of my mouth, I could smell myself on it, I didn't know whether to start licking it or wait for her to tell me. The anticipation was torture.  
  
"How obedient of you," she cooed softly, "you can lick my finger off now."  
  
As I started to lick her finger, Paulette turned he hand slightly and began fucking my mouth with her finger. My body was burning for her attention, I could feel my hips moving ever so slightly in anticipation and desire for her touch. I could feel my fingernails digging into the carpet as I all but tried to suck her finger into my body.  
  
"Do you want to lick my pussy slut?" She asked softly while lifting my head slightly with her finger.  
  
I could only nod and moan loudly in response while I felt my body surge in anticipation. My mouth watered around her finger leaving a trail of spit as she pulled it from my mouth. Her finger went to my pigtail, twisting it in my hair.  
  
"Sabrina," she said looking casually at the woman I'd all but forgotten about until now, "I'm going to take your friend to the bedroom now and smother her with my pussy." I could feel goosebumps covering my arms and legs as I watched her stand. She was so close her leg was almost against my face. "Now you be a good little pet," she said wrapping her finger tightly in my pigtail, "and crawl just like that to the bedroom."  
  
Just like that, Paulette led me down the hall by one pigtail to my bedroom, where she led me to the foot of my bed. Standing at the foot of the bed, she turned me to face her, spreading her legs she let go of my pigtail.  
  
"Undo the zipper of my boot," she said with a stern but soft voice, "with your teeth, and be quick about it."  
  
Leaning forward, I found the small zipper pull, flicking it up with my tongue so I could grasp the pull with my teeth. Thankfully the zipper came down relatively easily. Pulling it all the way to the bottom I quickly found the other pull, tugging it down as well.  
  
"Do you have a collar and a leash slut?" She said taking a seat on my bed.  
  
"Yes Ms. Paulette." I dutifully replied.  
  
"Go get it." I went to stand to go to my dresser but she stopped me. "No, no," she said pulling my pigtail, "crawl over there and get it."  
  
Doing as I was told; I retrieved my collar and leash from my closet. Unsure of what to do, I put the leash in my teeth and crawled back to Ms. Paulette who was now undoing her jeans. I was thankful I didn't have to try to undo her jeans with my teeth! She slowly peeled off her skin tight jeans and panties as I crawled back, it was all I could do to not stop and watch her. Paulette had the smallest blonde landing strip above her glistening pussy. I wanted to dive into it!  
  
"Over here on your knees," she instructed pointing to where she wanted me, "then sit up and beg."  
  
Oh, it was so deliciously humiliating. I knelt, sitting back on my high heels, pulling my hands up to my tits like a puppy would, still holding the leash in my teeth.  
  
"So obedient." Paulette said as she lightly caressed my face before taking the leash from my mouth. "Now sit still."  
  
Fastening the collar around my neck, she positioned the leash in the front so it hung between my tits. Watching intently, she turned so her ass was facing me, then bent forward so she could grab the leash between her legs. Before I knew it, she had yanked the leash forward pulling my face into her wet pussy. Arching and craning my neck, I got my mouth to her honeypot while she held tightly to my leash.  
  
"That's it, slut!" she hissed. "Lick that pussy!"  
  
My tongue darted in and out of her as quickly as I could manage while my hands went to my tits, tugging and rolling my nipples through the thin material of my top. Her wetness seeped down my chin, to my neck as I brought her to a hard orgasm causing me to orgasm as well.  
  
"Ohhhhhh yesssss!" She moaned as she came. "Do you eat ass slut?" The words didn't really make sense at first. Suddenly she leaned upward slightly, tugging my neck with the leash and grabbing a pigtail with her free hand. "Tongue my ass!" She all but bellowed.  
  
Without hesitation I jammed my tongue into her ass as far as I could focusing on the sounds of her pleasure more than anything else. Letting go of my pigtail, but still holding my leash tightly, she furiously rubbed her clit while I tongued her asshole.  
  
"What a wicked tongue you have!" She groaned as she orgasmed again collapsing forward on the bed.  
  
Paulette rolled onto her back, positioning her body so I was between her legs again. Staring at her pussy, I waited for her order while still torturing my nipples without even realizing I was doing it.  
  
"You can kiss my thighs," she said hooking her left leg over my right shoulder, "by the time you get to my clit I'll be ready for another orgasm."  
  
Pressing my lips to her soft thighs I did just that, slowly kissing and licking my way up them until I could feel the heat of her pussy on my cheek.  
  
"I bet you love to suck cock too huh?" She teased.  
  
"Yes, I do Ms. Paulette." I answered sweetly in between licks of her inner thighs.  
  
"You're probably horny enough," she continued as she lightly rubbed her pussy barely an inch from my mouth, "that you'll lick anything put before you."  
  
"Yes, Ms. Paulette," I replied, "and I have."  
  
For the next few minutes, I related the story of being bound in Nick's office and fed cocks throughout the day. Then about the bachelor party as well. I couldn't help myself. All the while she just sat there, teasing her pussy and smirking at me. In a flash her hand left her pussy, she sat up, gripped my pigtails with both hands leaning me backward until I was leaning so far backward my legs were trapped under me. The only thing keeping me from falling flat on my back was her grip on my pigtails. Managing to slide my legs out from under me, I reached behind myself to try to brace myself as she continued to move me onto my back while mounting me. My arms ended up trapped under her lower legs as she straddled my face. I was at her mercy, the look in her eyes revealed to me that she knew it as well. She was in total control.  
  
"Dig in slut," she said smothering my mouth with her puffy, wet pussy lips, "you know you want to please me!"  
  
I did just that, lapping and licking at her with abandon. Paulette lifted her legs, one at a time, just enough to put my pigtails under her knees pinning my head to the floor. Reaching behind her body, her fingers found my fluttering pussy causing me to jump the second she touched me. Looking down at me, she smiled and ground her pussy into my mouth.  
  
"Ohhhh fuck!" She groaned while covering my face, chin and neck with her orgasm.  
  
I expected her to stop, to take a breath and recover while she roughly rubbed my pussy through the thin material of my panties but she didn't. Paulette continued to grind her pussy into my mouth, all but drowning me as I furiously licked her to another. She lightly slapped my clit, I had no way of seeing it before it happened to brace myself. I simply felt the searing pain shooting from my hyper-sensitive love button screeching through my body like a freight train. The feeling was soon replaced by an almost euphoric feeling of bliss. That is, until she slapped my clit again.  
  
"Ohhhhh slutty girl likes that!" she moaned before slapping my clit again. "You're gonna cum when I do this!"  
  
My legs splayed open; my hips rolled upward waiting for her next strike. Her pussy muffled my scream after her next strike which was followed by my own orgasm.  
  
"I can see you came," she said with an air of condescension, "here's one more for not waiting until you had permission." With that she slapped my clit one more time before cumming all over my face again.  
  
Paulette leaned forward, the padding under the carpet giving way under her knees pulling my pigtails tighter. Her pussy dripped on my face, over my nose, forehead and eyes. It took her a few minutes to recover, when she finally caught her breath, she slowly made her way to her feet. She towered over me, leaving me on the floor as her pussy juice dripped off my jaw and dribbled behind my ears down the back of my neck. Paulette pulled off her top, and bra, standing over me with her perfect, naked body.  
  
"I need to clean up," she said before stepping over me, "meet me in the bathroom."  
  
It took me a moment to slip off my back and onto my knees. Unsure if I should stand, I crawled to the bathroom where I could already hear the water running in the shower. Crawling into the bathroom, I could see Paulette holding her hand under the water to check the temperature. Seeing me, she summoned me with her index finger as she stepped into the shower.  
  
"Stand up slut," she commanded, "you're going to wash me." As directed, I stood, stepping close to the shower, my toes touching the side of the tub. "Oh no slut," she said pulling me forward by the leash, "you are getting in here too."

Stepping over the side, I stood in front of her under the water stream still dressed, heels and all. Paulette handed me the body wash, then lifted her long blonde hair with both hands so I could wash her body. My soapy hands slithered over her perfect body starting at her chest. Her breasts were firm, round and amazing, with nipples that immediately hardened at my touch. I detected a slight giggle when I washed her toned stomach. Taking my time, I washed her entire body, even squatting so I could wash her lower legs. I was now soaked from head to toe, the bottoms of my pumps filling with water, my pigtails hanging lifelessly by the sides of my head.  
  
"So willing to please," she whispered softly lifting me back to my feet with a single finger under my chin, "I do love that in a girl."  
  
"Thank you, Ms. Paulette." I replied blushing deeply as she turned the shower off.  
  
"Go get a towel and dry me off." She instructed.  
  
Stepping out of the shower, I heard my shoes squish as I stepped to get her a towel. I dried Ms. Paulette, then helped her dress while I air dried, my body shaking as much from the drying water and wet clothing as from being so willingly subservient to her in my own home. With her boots back on, Ms. Paulette had me back on my knees, leading me back to where Sabrina waited by my pigtail.  
  
"How was she?" Sabrina asked as we entered the room.  
  
"She was magnificent," Ms. Paulette answered as she led me to Sabrina's feet, "we should have a bachelorette party with her as the entertainment soon."  
  
"Who's getting married?" Sabrina asked.  
  
"Who cares?" Ms. Paulette answered, "You want to lick pussies don't you slut?"  
  
"Always, Ms. Paulette!" I replied eagerly.  
  
"Walk me to the door slut," she said as she led me off by my pigtail, "maybe your boyfriends will be out there again." Only when we got to the door did she let me back up onto my feet. "Maybe I'll just come back and visit on my own one day."  
  
"Please do Ms. Paulette." I replied meekly.  
  
Ms. Paulette slipped out of the apartment, leaving me longingly waiting at the door. I have no idea what my attraction to dominant women is, but when one is present, I'm putty in their hands. Paulette and Victoria have a certain air about them, they hold power over me more than Jimmy or Nick could ever hope to do. Sure, I'll follow their instructions willingly but when one of the women says to do something it's a burning desire inside myself that builds to fulfill their wishes.  
  
As I turned around Sabrina was right behind me. She pressed me to the door, pinning me with her body, jamming her tongue into my mouth. I melted into her as her hands roamed my body, whimpering into her mouth as she kissed me. Without releasing me, Sabrina pulled me away from the door, walking me down the hallway toward the bedroom.  
  
"My turn!" Sabrina moaned between kisses before pushing me onto my bed.  
  
Laying on the bed, my legs hanging off, Sabrina lifted my legs into the air before ripping my panties off my body. She pulled me by my legs until they faced the corner of the bed, the pushed my thighs up and out so my pussy was lewdly on display for her.  
  
"Tease yourself," she practically growled, "but you'd better not cum until you make me cum first!"  
  
My hands rocketed to my pussy, which had been so badly neglected tonight. I wanted to orgasm so badly, needed to cum so desperately, but instead I rubbed myself slowly while Sabrina undressed herself slowly in front of me.  
  
"I bet the boys enjoyed fucking you this weekend, didn't they?" She hissed as she undid her skin tight jeans. I nodded quickly while thinking about how they'd fucked me. "They left you with cum seeping from your every hole, didn't they?" I nodded and groaned as she stepped out of her jeans. "And you fucking loved it, didn't you?"  
  
"YES!" I groaned trying desperately not to cum.  
  
"I know you did," Sabrina said slipping off her top while stepping out of her jeans, "I saw the video, you cum hungry slut!" Ashamed and aroused by how she was talking, my hands started to roam my body. "Maybe I should have had Jimmy pump me full of cum," she taunted further as she flung her bra at me, "then you'd have extra reason to lick me tonight!" I nodded as my eyes roamed her bare form. "Spread your legs," she practically hissed, "and your arms too, spread eagle!"  
  
Regretfully, I slipped my hands from my body, reaching my extremities to the corners of the bed. Sabrina slowly climbed across the bed, over my body. I could feel her warmth against my skin as she climbed my body. Her nipples grazed mine, causing me to jump and moan. She didn't stop there, she kept climbing until her legs were over my outstretched arms, her pussy mere inches from my mouth.  
  
"That's it, baby," she cooed, "lap those sexy lips of yours."  
  
Before I could speak Sabrina plunged her pussy onto my mouth, grinding into my mouth with her entire body. Staring down at me, I could see the lust burning in her eyes while her hands roamed her torso before she cupped and squeezed her tits, tugging on her nipples. I could feel her wetness streaming down my cheeks and trailing down my neck. Her right hand moved to her shaved mound, spreading herself for me, while I felt her left hand move down my torso, to my pussy. Her fingers roughly pushing between them, causing me to whimper as I furiously licked her.  
  
"Keep those legs spread!" She hissed as I reacted to her rough touch. "You don't get to deny me!"  
  
She pulled her hand away from my pussy, I wanted to beg for it back but I didn't have to wait long. Sabrina slapped my clit with her fingers causing my entire body to jump while I tried to scream through her body.  
  
"Oh, Baby liked that didn't she?" Sabrina hissed before stuffing two fingers inside me.  
  
My knees lifted involuntarily spreading myself further open for her. Sabrina smiled at my reaction, then withdrew her fingers from my pussy before slapping my clit again. Her fingernails slowly snaked their way up my torso, her right hand moving over her hip, until Sabrina had both of my rock-hard nipple pinched between her index fingers and thumbs. Squeezing my nipples tightly, she tugged and held them, all the while watching my reaction intently. I was ready to cum, even without her touching my pussy anymore I was on the brink of orgasm. My tongue had a mind of its own, rapidly flicking over her clit without pause.  
  
"That's it, Slut," She groaned loudly, "make me cum!"  
  
With my nipples still held tight, Sabrina wiggled her hands back and forth, my fleshy orbs swaying rapidly tugging my nipples. My hips bucked; my arms strained under the weight of her body. I needed to touch myself desperately, needed someone to touch me. If I could I'd have jammed my fist into my pussy!  
  
"OHHHHHH YEEESSSS!" Sabrina screamed as her head disappeared behind her arching body.  
  
Her pussy flooded my mouth, poured over my cheeks to the point I could feel it dripping off the back of my neck. Just then my orgasm let loose, blood rushed back to my nipples as Sabrina released them throwing me over the edge. My abdomen rippled while my orgasm rocked my body. My entire body tensed then went slack. Sabrina fell forward onto the headboard, her body still pinning me to the bed. I watched as her chest heaved, her forehead resting on her arm while she stared down at me.  
  
"You are such a wonderful pussy licker," she cooed reaching for my face with one hand, "some days I wish I had a real cock so I could feel what it's like to fuck you too!"  
  
"Me too!" I grunted from underneath her.  
  
Sabrina slowly climbed off me, dragging her body against mine until she lay half on top of me, half on the bed. Her left leg slid over my hips, her left hand cupping my sore right tit while her head rested on my left one. I could feel her pussy's heat against my thigh, her wetness coating my skin of my thigh as well as half my face and neck. It took effort to move my left arm to her back, my right hand to her leg. I needed to pee, but I wasn't going to make her move. It wasn't the first time I'd fallen asleep with bodily fluids drying on my skin and I was sure it wouldn't be the last. When I woke up the next morning Sabrina was gone.  
  
"Well that's unfortunate." I whispered to myself as I crawled out of bed.  
  
With my bladder empty, I made my way to the kitchen for much needed coffee. Eyeing my patio, I decided it was a nice day to sit outside and sip my coffee. This time, not only was I naked, but I could still feel my and Sabrina's combined fluids still coating my body. As I sat, legs in a decidedly unladylike position, I raised my cup to the drivers of the two cars I watched leave. Had they seen me? I had no way of knowing, but it didn't matter. I was out, and exposed. It was exhilarating!  
  
"You know what may be more fun?" I whispered to myself as I set my coffee cup down.  
  
My hands found my chest, my nipples still sore but not as bad as the night before. Straining my neck, and lifting a breast I could lick and suck my nipples. My left hand alternated bringing one then the other nipple to my mouth while my right traipsed its way down my abdomen to my pussy. Lost in my own actions, my surroundings no longer a concern or even a thought, I slowly teased myself. Lifting a leg, placing my foot on the railing, exposing myself to the building across the parking lot, I continued to tease myself by lightly touching my clit.  
  
"Ohhhhh gawd!" I moaned softly before taking my right nipple between my teeth then rubbing my tongue over it. "Mmmmmmph!"  
  
I tried desperately to fight the urge to cum, I wanted this feeling to last all day. The desire was almost overwhelming, like a rogue wave pushing against a weakened damn. I wasn't going to be able to hold back much longer, my middle finger slowly slithered over my clit sending ripples of pleasure through my body.  
  
"Ohhhhhhhh ffffuuuuucccckkkk!" I growled, throwing my knees as far apart as I could.  
  
My fingers slid easily inside me, hooking inside so the tips rubbed the front of my vaginal walls. It was the button that needed to be pushed, causing me to explode. My orgasm splashing against my palm, dribbling down my thighs and butt before dripping to the patio floor.  
  
"Ohhhh yeesssss!" I groaned, slamming my left hand on the arm of the chair, turning my knuckles white as I gripped it tightly.  
  
Collapsing in my chair, my fingers slipped from my pussy, lazily tracing their way up my torso before finding my mouth. My tongue wrapped around my fingers, licking them clean while savoring my taste. Lowering my left leg, I looked out in the parking lot, spying a man looking up at me. While I couldn't make out the look on his face, I was sure he was attempting to figure out if he was seeing what he actually thought he was seeing. I giggled and gave him a wave before he quickly got into his car.  
  
"Time to get ready I guess," I said to myself as I watched my admirer drive off, "time to find something work inappropriate to wear!"

**Becoming His Slut Ch. 11**

My week was fairly normal as far as my job and responsibilities went. Nick spent a considerable amount of time fucking me, having me suck him off, and finding new outfits for me to wear in his office. Thursday I was allowed to leave work a bit early as I had to meet Rupert, not only did he have my bathing suit ready, he had the card game and I was the hostess. Leaving work, I waved goodbye to Nick then headed to Rupert's shop. He met me at the door with the warmest of smiles.  
  
"Good evening Lady Alicia!" He said giving the top of my hand a light kiss.  
  
"Good evening Rupert," I replied softly kissing his cheek, "I hope I'm not too late, traffic was brutal."  
  
"We are tight on time," he answered ushering me into the back of his shop, "but we should be okay." He guided me toward the dressing room, "Your suit is hanging up in the changing room, I'll lock up while you put it on."  
  
"Okay!" I replied as I walked into the small changing room.  
  
What there was of the suit hung on the hanger behind the door. I'd ask him to make it small, and he'd definitely managed to do that! Stepping out of my work clothing, I pulled on the tiny thong bottoms he'd expertly cut for me. The back sat perfectly above my ass, not too high or too low and not too snug while the front plunged dangerously close to my pubic bone. If I had a patch or landing strip it would barely be concealed by the material in the front.  
  
"Perfect!" I whispered to myself as I pulled on the string top.  
  
The triangles were just large enough to cover my areolas but not by much. A few millimeters in either direction and part of them would be exposed. It was exactly what I'd asked for though, this wasn't an outfit I was going to wear to a public pool after all! Stepping out of the changing room, I stood on the pedestal in front of the mirror for him to look over. Just as he'd done during the sizing and markup, Rupert ran his fingers gently along the new seams of the suit. Biting my lip as his fingertips traced along my hips to the front of the suit, he stopped just before getting to my pussy.  
  
"These look perfect," he said looking at my face in the reflection, "turn around so I can check the front please Lady Alicia."  
  
Turning to face him, my breasts just above his face, his hands followed the hems of the tiny triangles covering my nipples.  
  
"Yes, yes," he said proudly while practically feeling me up, "these are perfect."  
  
"You do wonderful work Rupert," I replied as his fingers grazed the sides of my nipples, "is this what I'm wearing for your friends tonight?"  
  
"Oh no," he replied slipping his hands free, "I have that right over here, did you bring the socks and shoes as I requested Lady Alicia?"  
  
"Yes, I did!" I replied grabbing my bag from nearby.  
  
"Yes," he said turning back toward me, "this is it; I hope it's not too troubling for you to wear it for a group of old men."  
  
"I'm sure it's lovely!" I replied taking the hanger from him and heading to the changing room.  
  
Removing the bathing suit, I pulled a short skirt off the hanger. While it wasn't so short it was overly revealing it sat maybe an inch below my bellybutton and an inch below my pussy. It was obvious I'd have to be carful when I bent over as the skirt was white and the panties, I had on that day wouldn't work underneath it. The halter style top was low cut in the front, scooping and lifting my breasts for maximum cleavage, while clasping behind my neck and mid back.  
  
The top had a small bib in the back, attached to a blue bow which hung between my cleavage, that made it look like a "sailor's costume" but of the obvious adult variety. It also explained the decorative anchor style buttons on the front of the short skirt. As requested, I added a pair of thin white knee highs and white heels with a 1" platform. The platforms weren't requested but, as the hostess I assumed I'd be on my feet a lot and these would be better than a towering heel. Placing my clothing back into my bag I exited the changing room, stepping up onto the platform for Rupert's inspection.  
  
"Oh my," he said from behind me, "you are quite stunning Lady Alicia."  
  
"Thank you." I replied looking at him through the mirror.  
  
Rupert was seated on a small stool several feet behind the platform I was standing on. Looking at his gaze I could see exactly where he was staring. Rupert had figured out that I was bare under my tiny skirt.  
  
"You don't think my top shows too much do you?" I asked as I leaned forward slightly while scooping my boobs so they sat higher in the padded cups.  
  
"No," he replied without adjusting his gaze, "the top is perfect!"  
  
Turning around to face him I playfully scolded Rupert, "You're not even looking at my boobs silly!"  
  
"You do make it very difficult to focus Lady Alicia," Rupert blushed as he finally pulled his eyes from my pussy, "the top looks amazing as well though." Finally pulling his eyes from me, he glanced back with a shocked look on his face. "We are late Lady Alicia," he said taking my hand and all but pulling me from the platform, "quickly throw this coat on, we must go now!"  
  
The coat he handed me was a short trench coat that barely came to my mid-thigh, it would at least cover me a bit. Rupert led me through the back door to his car, as I slid into the passenger seat he locked the back door of his shop. He slid into the driver's seat rather well for a little old man, and within a couple of minutes. Once on the road, Rupert's right hand managed to come to rest on my thigh. It was then that I realized that I'd left everything in my bag which was still on the floor of his shop. My clothing, purse, car keys and phone were all in that bag. Had I just been kidnapped?  
  
Rupert's home was a cute single level that looked like a post card. He pulled into the driveway, then scurried around the car to open the door for me and help me out of his car. Giving me a brief tour of his place, he showed me where they would play cards that night and where his bar was located. He was also kind enough to give me a run-down of the 4 gentlemen that would be joining us and what drink each preferred. With exception of Rupert's Manhattan, they were all fairly straight forward. The boys liked their alcohol brown apparently.  
  
"They are just arriving now," I could hear the nervousness in Rupert's voice as the men walked down the driveway to the house, "I do appreciate this Lady Alicia."  
  
"Do you want me to greet them at the door?" I asked as I took his arm and hand in mine. "Or should I come out after they've walked in?"  
  
"Greeting them at the door would be lovely," Rupert replied squeezing my hand, "without the overcoat of course."  
  
Handing the coat to Rupert, I waited until he turned to hang it up before perking my breasts up once more. Counting to five after they knocked on the door before going to answer it, I didn't want to seem to anxious after all.  
  
"Good evening gentlemen!" I said as I pulled the door open. They stood and stared, seemingly unable to talk. "Won't you please come in?" I said finally coaxing them to move.  
  
Each man finally entered the house, stumbling over their ability to say "hello" while finding it even more difficult to take their eyes off my chest. Looking to my left, Rupert was positively beaming with pride. Obviously, this was important to him and he wanted to impress his friends.  
  
"Fellas," Rupert finally piped up, "this is Lady Alicia, she will be our hostess tonight." Each man took my hand, kissing the top of it and introducing himself before Rupert continued. "If we may move into the parlor," he motioned for them to head that way, "she already knows what you each would like to drink and will see to that presently."  
  
Instead of sitting at the poker table the men took seats around the room, two were on opposite sides of the couch, with one in the middle, while the other two were in chairs across from them. While the seats were not low slung, they were certainly low enough in combination with my heels that they would all soon get an eyeful of me! Finding a small tray I put the drink orders together, placing the glasses on the tray by order of where they were sitting. Teetering over to the first gentleman in a chair, I slowly bent forward at the hips while keeping my legs straight.  
  
"Good evening Sir," I said as I watched his eyes get bigger as my breasts came closer to spilling into his face, "I believe you're having the Scotch neat?"  
  
"Yes, my dear," he replied struggling to take the glass from my hand, "and please, call me Francis."  
  
"Pleasure to meet you Francis," I said with a smile while slowly standing, "as Rupert said, I'm Lady Alicia."  
  
The irony made me giggle a bit, here I was, being referred to as "Lady" while I'd just flashed my pussy at Rupert and the other gentleman on the couch! Making my way to the second gentleman in the chair, I readjusted the tray to make up for my novice waitressing experience. Two drinks from the same side made for an off-balance tray after all. Getting to him, I leaned forward again until I was almost eye to eye with him.  
  
"Good evening Sir," I said with a smile as his eyes briefly met mine, "I believe you're having the bourbon with two ice cubes"  
  
"Yes I am Lady Alicia," he said with a twinkle in his eyes, "please, call me Gene."  
  
"Thank you, Gene," I replied as I stood back up, "I most certainly will."  
  
Heading toward the couch I started on the opposite end of Rupert leaving him for last. Delivering drinks and making introductions to the last two, who both struggled to make eye contact as well, I finally ended up in front of Rupert who was still beaming.  
  
"Your Manhattan dear Rupert." I said leaning forward and placing my hand on the arm of the couch.  
  
"Lady Alicia," he whispered, "you don't have anything on under your skirt and, well, you've flashed all of us!"  
  
"I could go put something on." I replied with a smirk.  
  
"If you're comfortable like that," Rupert said now concerned he was going to stop a good thing, "then we will be fine."  
  
"That's good," I replied slowly standing back up, "because I doubt you have anything to fit me and my undies are in your shop!"  
  
He blushed like a child who'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Turning back to the bar, I set the tray down before facing the five men who were all watching me intently.  
  
"If you wonderful gentlemen don't mind," I said giving them a slight bow, "I must go powder my nose." All five stood as I walked toward the door to exit the room. "Plus," I said stopping at the door with my right leg cocked, "this will give you ample time to grill Rupert about me!"  
  
I was gone before any of them could muster a protest. It only took them a minute to start the questioning, poor Rupert, but he had practically kidnapped me so he deserved a little uncomfortableness for himself. Plus, I really did need to use the bathroom and they didn't know my make up was on the floor in his shop with everything else I had on today. By the time I returned they were at the table playing poker. Amazingly, they were able to focus on the game and their hands pretty well in spite of my constant distractions. Drinks were served as well as snacks. Knowing enough about poker to be dangerous I decided to take an opportunity on a trip over to the table to encourage a bit more playfulness.  
  
"Gene my dear," I said practically leaning into the man putting together a straight, "my hands are full, could you be a darling and itch my left leg for me?"  
  
"Sure!" he said quite eagerly placing his hand on the back of my left leg.  
  
"Oh, much higher Gene," I smiled as I set a drink next to the gentleman on his right, "it's my inner thigh."  
  
"Here my dear?" He asked while lightly touching just above my knee.  
  
"Warmer," I replied playfully, "but still considerably higher."  
  
Flashing a quick glance around the table the other four men seemed entranced by the luck of their friend Gene whose hand was slowly moving up my leg.  
  
"Oh, definitely hotter," I continued, "just a bit more." Gene's hand was dangerously close to my pussy at this point. "Right there!" I exclaimed as if he'd found an external G-spot on my thigh. "Yes please!"  
  
Gene itched the spot for a moment or two before I thanked him and moved on. Making my way around the table, I could tell from the hands everyone else had that Gene would win the hand and I'd make sure my thigh got the credit for it!  
  
"Read 'em and weep boys!" He said as he laid out his cards! "Lady luck must have been on my side!"  
  
Two of them turned to look at me while I blew Gene a kiss. I had a feeling that things would get a bit more handsy going forward. Although, they may need another round of convincing. Making my way around the table again I took a quick look at their cards.  
  
"Lady Alicia," Gene said with a wide grin, "can I borrow your leg again? I need a bit of help."  
  
That was met with protests from some of the others. I let it run for a bit, but eventually decided I would take a bit more control of the situation.  
  
"I will tell you what," I said as I slowly walked around the table while tracing my fingers over the shoulders of each of the men, "as it would be unfair for the best hand to have more luck, the worst hand from this round will get lady luck on his side for the next round. Sound fair?" Everyone nodded in agreement. "And no cheating," I said in a scolding tone, "you're playing for money after all! Maybe the big winner gets a prize as well!" There were plenty of looks around the table at that announcement. "So, play to win gentlemen!"  
  
Just like that my trap was set. There seemed to be multiple strategies going on between the players, no one wanted to lose, but if they didn't win the hand they definitely wanted to lose horrendously! Rupert ended up with a single pair while Francis took the hand with a full house.  
  
"Rupert my love," I said standing next to him with a hand on his shoulder, "if you wouldn't mind, could you slip your chair back just a bit more?"  
  
With a confused look on his face Rupert obliged me. Then, much to everyone's delight, I sat on his lap with my left arm over his shoulder. Half Rupert's view was now blocked by my cleavage as the next hand was dealt.  
  
"Don't worry," I said scooping up his cards from the table, "you just keep me from falling off your lap and I'll handle your cards for you!"  
  
"Oh, you won't fall Lady Alicia," Rupert said as his left hand slid between my thighs, "I can promise you that!"  
  
His right hand went straight to my butt, even managing to get up the back of my skirt as I got rid of two of his cards for him. The gentleman directly behind me muttered something to the one next to him. I could only assume he was pointing out the location of Rupert's right hand. My night was going to get better very soon! With some help from me Rupert won the next pot. I was kind enough to give the top of his head a kiss while smothering his face between my boobs.  
  
"Who had the worst hand?" I said as I stood back up and adjusted my skirt.  
  
"That would be me Lady Alicia!" The next gentleman said as he pushed his chair back slightly.  
  
"Well, let's see if we can fix that!" I said pulling up a seat on his lap.  
  
As I held his cards for him his right hand caressed my back lightly while his left glided over my thigh. He pulled two cards from the hand, then tried to figure out what to do with them next. He could have tossed them onto the table, but if he did and they landed face up everyone would know what he was getting rid of and would play away from that.  
  
"I, um." He searched for words while looking at my chest.  
  
"Oh, go ahead," I giggled, "then I'll get your other two"  
  
He tucked his cards into the left side of my top just above my nipple. I was able to pluck them free with my right hand and put them onto the table. Taking two more cards from the dealer I tucked them into my other bra cup, considerably deeper than he had, for him to retrieve. His hand slipped into my top, his fingernails grazing my nipple, as he removed his cards from my top. It took a few rounds but eventually I ended up in everyone's lap at least once. I still needed more though, and an idea came to me.  
  
"Tell you what gentlemen," I said as I slipped off Gene's lap, "why don't we spice things up a bit, or this game will go on forever!" I poured everyone another round of drinks, and took a shot of my own before continuing. "Francis," I said leaning over the table toward him while I deposited a drink for Rupert, "do you like my outfit?"  
  
"I do like your outfit but," he shifted slightly seeming a bit nervous, "I wasn't in the Navy like these guys, I was in the Army."  
  
"Interesting," I said dropping off the last drink, "who's dealing?" One of the men raised his hand. "Okay, let's get everyone cards then we can continue." The gentleman dealt very quickly giving everyone their cards. "Tell you what," I said walking over behind Francis, "I'll do two things to spice this night up, first, only winning hands get me on their lap." There were a couple groans to my news from the players who were not as good as others. "But, to keep it fair," I continued as I let my fingers trail over Francis' chest, "the person with the winning hand will be dealt out of the next hand." There was definite approval to that part of my plan. "And to make things more fun," I said as I leaned over Francis to give the other gentlemen a view of my cleavage, "if Francis wins this hand, I'll take my top off!"  
  
"Woo hoo!" Came one response among other cheers.  
  
"Well, I fold!" Said another gentleman.  
  
Just like that, three other players folded allowing Francis to win the hand in record time. Standing next to him, I made sure he collected his winnings and deposited his cards into the pile before I went further. With all five pairs of eyes on me, I reached behind my back to unclasp the bottom half of my top. Pulling the top over my head, I held my arms out to my sides, giving my chest a bit of a shake. All five men applauded my being topless.  
  
"Now, if you don't mind," I said stepping to the side of his lap then extending my right leg over it, "don't take terribly long, some of us have to work tomorrow."  
  
Reaching back, I grasped Francis' hands, pulling them to my hips as I slowly sat down on his lap with my back to him. Pulling his arms around me as I sat, I then positioned his hands so he would know immediately where he was allowed to touch me. My right hand brought his hand to my boob while my left pushed his other hand directly against my wet pussy. Francis was not shy, slipping a finger inside me and tugging on my nipple, he soon had me feeling amazing!  
  
"Someone better deal," I panted, "or he's going to wear me out!"  
  
The card game developed a new intensity as the men half paid attention to Francis groping me and half to the cards in their hands.  
  
"Read 'em and weep!" Rupert proudly announced.  
  
I didn't even look at the cards, the groans from the other men told me that Rupert was indeed the winner. Slowly peeling myself from Francis' grasp, I bent over, shoving my pussy toward the gentleman behind me, to plant a soft kiss on Francis' lips.  
  
"Thank you." I cooed softly before walking over to Rupert. "Ready Baby?"  
  
Rupert just nodded that he was. He needed no direction from my hands, his hands immediately slid up my legs, rolling my short skirt out of the way before gliding over my body as I lowered myself onto his lap. He picked up right where Francis left off, but instead put two fingers into my pussy. I was so close to cumming when I needed to move again I almost didn't. Going to my next lap, the gentleman stopped me from mounting him facing the table. Instead he took my hand, allowing me to straddle his lap while facing him.

"My aren't you forward!" I said as I sat.  
  
"Very!" He replied with a bit of fire in his eyes.  
  
His mouth went to one nipple, his hand to the other, while his fingers rubbed my clit quickly. Oh, here was a man who knew what a woman needed!  
  
"Ohhhhhhhyyeesssss!" I moaned as I coated his hand with my orgasm.  
  
The betting behind me was getting fast and furious. Pulling his hand from my crotch, I had him help me lick his fingers clean.  
  
"Can't handle the cards with sticky fingers, now can you?" I teased.  
  
"You taste better than my whiskey." I said before pulling my ring finger into my mouth.  
  
"I win!" I heard from behind me.  
  
"Oh, it looks like Gene's turn!" I said slipping off my latest lap. "Hang on Gene," I said stepping away from the gentleman I'd just dismounted, "this skirt is doing nothing but getting in the way!"  
  
Slipping the skirt over my hips, I pushed it to my ankles before stepping out of it and kicking it aside. Taking a slow walk around the table I ended up next to Gene, pressing my thigh against his shoulder while caressing his head in my hand.  
  
"Facing you," I said sweetly, "or facing away from your Gene?"  
  
"Facing me please Lady Alicia!" he replied eagerly.  
  
Swinging my left leg over his lap, I slowly slid down his body, pressing my body close to his face as I did.  
  
"You smell amazing." He whispered softly.  
  
Squeezing his head with my lower arms, I pulled his face into my chest while his hands explored my lower body. That seemed to be the position of choice as I made my way around the table twice, managing a couple more orgasms along the way.  
  
"It's getting late gentlemen," I said as I dismounted my last lap, "who is ahead in this little competition?"  
  
Each of the men piled up their chips before blurting out numbers. The debate seemed to get a bit heated, at which point I intervened.  
  
"Are all the chips the same dollar amount?" I asked stepping up to the table. I was informed they were. "Okay then," I started moving each stack into the center of the table making sure to keep the stack in front of the appropriate player, "it looks to me like this stack is the highest." Looking over Rupert had the largest of smiles on his face. "Do you cash these out or are you playing for fun?"  
  
"Oh, we play for cash Lady Alicia." The gentleman closest to me informed me proudly.  
  
"Well then," I replied, "as each one of you cashes out, I'll be a good hostess and will walk you to the door."  
  
Stifling a giggle, I watched as Francis cashed out, walking away with a solid 55 cents. As it turned out, each chip was worth a nickel! Taking a quick look, Rupert had won me for a little more than a buck! The always forward Francis walked me to the door with a hand on my bare ass. I gave him a soft kiss on the lips, while he continued to grope me, before opening the door for him and stepping outside.  
  
"Don't worry," I said seeing his obvious concern, "I don't think anyone will see me."  
  
"Will you be here again next week Lady Alicia?" He asked hopefully.  
  
"I just might," I said lightly touching his arm, "I did have a lot of fun."  
  
"As did we!" He replied as he walked down the stairs.  
  
Each of the men made the same inquiry. It seemed that I was quite the hit! Gene was the last guest to leave, it was obvious that he was a boob man as his kiss goodbye landed on both of my nipples.  
  
"Lady Alicia," he said turning at the bottom of the stairs to face me again, "if I may ask, what did Rupert win tonight?"  
  
"Well," I smirked with my hand on my hip, "he'll find out that I like my men hard and my eggs served soft in the morning!"  
  
The look on his face was priceless! I was positive he'd be spending the next week studying every poker video that he could find. When I reentered the house, Rupert was taking the glasses from the poker table to the kitchen and straightening up. Still wearing just my knee socks and heels, I washed the glasses and snack bowls before putting them in the rack to dry.  
  
"I cannot thank you enough for tonight." Rupert said while avoiding looking at me. "You were certainly a hit."  
  
"I have a feeling everyone is going to get better at poker very soon," I said as I walked toward him, "you'd better study too!" I put my arms on his shoulders, interlocking my fingers behind his head. "We haven't really figured out this whole what does the winner get thing," I said softly, "but I'm open to suggestions particularly If we do this weekly."  
  
"Weekly?" He said looking up at me wide eyed.  
  
"I assume you want me back next week to be the hostess again," I batted my eyes a bit, "don't you?"  
  
"Oh, Lady Alicia," it was fun to see him uncomfortable for a moment, "I know we'd surely love it, are you okay with it though?"  
  
"Absolutely!" I replied with a big smile. "But I'll need a couple new outfits to keep the fellas happy."  
  
"I'm sure I could manage that!" Rupert seemed to spring to life at the suggestion.  
  
"As you were my ride here," I coy fully started, "am I spending the night or are you driving me back to the shop?" I could see he wanted to say something but I stopped him. "Keep in mind," I continued as I put my hands on his shoulders, "you've said it's not the best neighborhood, and someone may try something with my lack of clothing." I could see the wheels turning as I was feeding him an excuse for me to spend the night. "Honestly," I turned my eyes downward as if I were embarrassed to make the suggestion I was about to make, "I'd feel a bit better spending the night here and getting my car in the morning."  
  
"I'm sure I could accommodate you Lady Alicia!" Rupert positively glowed at the suggestion. "I just have to clean up the back bedroom," his eyes darted around as he spoke, "I bring home work often and it's a bit of a mess."  
  
"I'm sure I'll be perfectly comfortable in your bed," his eyes went wide for a moment, "with you of course!"  
  
Rupert had just become a 5 year old coming down the stairs at Christmas. I knew enough about Rupert to know his wife had passed a number of years ago. He was kind enough to get me a toothbrush and allow me to get ready for bed on my own. It felt wonderful to get out of my heels. Slipping under the covers of his bed, I patiently waited for Rupert to join me. I was almost positive he was stalling; it had been years since he'd had a woman in his bed and even longer since he had one my age in his bed. Finally entering the room, Rupert played with his hands and shuffled slowly as he approached. He was wearing a light blue pair of pajamas with a noticeable bulge under the thin material.  
  
"Rupert," I said faking a yawn, "I'm not sure what your expectations are, but I'm absolutely exhausted."  
  
The look of relief on his face was undeniable. Rupert was more than twice my age, and while I adored him and his perverted friends, I didn't exactly go into the night thinking I'd be bedding one of them. Of course, I also didn't think I'd be molested by all of them either but things happen.  
  
"I am as well Lady Alicia," he breathed a sigh of relief as he spoke, "and I would hate to disappoint such a beautiful woman who was so loving and kind to my friends tonight."  
  
"Come on Sweetie," I said pulling the cover back and patting the bed, "it's not a massive bed so we'll have to cuddle."  
  
The 5-year-old was back in an instant. Rupert quickly made his way to the bed, pressing his body against mine. I pulled his head to my chest, just above my right breast, and felt him wrap his body into mine. It wasn't long before we were both out cold. In the morning I woke up alone, I could hear Rupert in the kitchen and smell coffee, which I needed desperately. After a quick stop in the bathroom I went to the kitchen to see how my friend was doing. While I was used to walking around naked, it took him a bit by surprise.  
  
"Oh my," Rupert almost dropped the carafe of coffee when I entered, "I wasn't expecting you up yet."  
  
"The coffee smelled amazing," I said pulling my hair back, "and I woke up alone so there was no reason to stay in bed."  
  
"I'm a bit of an early riser," he replied slightly embarrassed, "I have always enjoyed easing into my day."  
  
"How do you start your day typically?" I asked. "You know, when you don't have a naked woman roaming your home."  
  
"Usually out on the patio with coffee." He answered then realized the possible problem with that fact. "But we don't need to go outside for coffee!"  
  
"Can your neighbors see your backyard?" I asked as I walked toward the patio door.  
  
"No," he said looking at me in total shock, "they can see the yard but not my patio area."  
  
"Great!" I replied swinging the door open. "I love the feeling of the sun on my body!"  
  
Outside Rupert's garage blocked the view of the neighbors to the left, a crop of trees and a fence blocked the view of the neighbors on the right. He had all the privacy needed for us to enjoy breakfast outside without his neighbors asking questions. Helping him bring the coffee and other items out, we soon sat and relaxed on the patio under the slowly rising sun. Rupert left me only long enough to make breakfast for us. He was wonderfully sweet and doting as well as a complete gentleman the entire time. If you don't count his eyes lingering on my chest that is. Although, it wasn't like he hadn't handled them quite often while playing poker. I'd even woken up once with his hand on my left breast while he snored with his head using my right breast as a pillow.  
  
"Here you are Lady Alicia!" He said as he carried out breakfast and a carafe of coffee.  
  
It was a wonderfully relaxing morning. I remained outside, sipping coffee and enjoying the sun, while Rupert showered and got dressed for work. When it finally came time to leave, I put on the short overcoat and carried my heels and knee socks to Rupert's car. He was even sweet enough to hold the door for me as I got into the car. Once at Rupert's store I gathered my bag, clothing and purse.  
  
"I can assist you in getting dressed," Rupert said walking out of his back room with a nice black dress on a hanger, "so you don't have to go home before you go see Nicky boy."  
  
"Oh, that is pretty!" I said as I removed my overcoat, leaving me naked in his shop.  
  
Slipping into my heels, I took the dress from Rupert and put it on. I could use the office shower and my extra toiletries there to become acceptable for work. There was just one thing I wanted to do first. Following Rupert into his back room, I surprised him when he turned around by being so close. Pressing my body to his, I managed to press my tits to his face while cupping his crotch.  
  
"Lady Alicia," he breathed harder as he spoke, "I'm old enough to be your grandfather."  
  
"I didn't seem to complain about that last night," I said as I lightly stroked him through his pants, "and your cock doesn't seem to have an issue with it." Before he spoke again, I started to lower myself to a squatting position. "No problem with it at all by the feel of him!"  
  
His cock was already hard with just a jewel of precum on the tip. It was also delicious. I didn't have time to tease him or for foreplay, instead I immediately started bobbing up and down on his shaft which seemed to continue swelling in girth.  
  
"Oh, dear God!" Rupert moaned from above me. "Too quick! Just too quick!"  
  
I felt his cock surge in my mouth, enveloping him with my lips, I continued to pump his cock with my mouth as his body tensed. He quickly filled my mouth with his hot seed, his cock throbbing against my tongue with it's thick, milky cum.  
  
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