**Becoming His Slut**

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**Becoming His Slut Ch. 12**

There were days I'd certainly wore more into work than just a jacket and heels, but it didn't matter to me all that much this morning. I walked in as if I owned the pace, feeling my tits jiggle under my coat and tasting cum in my mouth. My inner slut was now definitely becoming my outer nature. As I closed my eyes on the elevator, I could feel the hands of Rupert's friends on my body. Stepping out of the elevator, the lights on the floor sprung to life. I quickly realized I was the only person on the floor. My brazenness poured forth as I started to undo my coat while walking toward the office. Barely ten feet from the elevator I was slipping it off my shoulders, proudly and confidently walking toward my office door wearing nothing but my heels and a beaming smile! There was just something deliciously decadent about being naked, and even more decadent about being naked at work. I was definitely going to savor an orgasm in my shower very soon!  
  
"Well, well, well," I heard a chilling voice say from behind me, "aren't you quite a sight?"  
  
Turning quickly, I pulled my coat in front of my body as Ms. Victoria approached wearing black dress pants and a cream blouse.  
  
"Oh no," she scolded as she approached, "too late to cover up now, give me that!" She practically ripped the coat from my hands, leaving me standing in the aisle of cubicles totally exposed. "There, that's better," she said as she reached up with her right hand and cupped my let breast, "isn't it?"  
  
"Yes, Ms. Victoria." I replied meekly.  
  
All my bravado, my sluttish empowerment, had left my body completely. I now knew how a fish felt when it was pulled out of the water by a fisherman! There I was, dangling on a hook, with someone else in control of my life.  
  
"Nick isn't in today," she smirked as she rubbed my nipple with her thumb, "and I've given my slut the day off." I swallowed hard at what I knew was coming next. "So, you'll be my slut for the day." Her finger and thumb now squeezed my hard nipple causing me to moan quietly. "Doesn't that sound fun?"  
  
"Yes, Ms. Victoria." I answered with a mixture of fear and excitement.  
  
"I'm assuming you were going to shower," she said looking me up and down, "and that Nick lays out something for you to wear each day."  
  
"Yes, he does Ms." I swallowed hard at the thought of spending eight or more hours with her.  
  
"Good," she continued as she released my nipple sending the blood rushing back to it, "I'll lay something out for you to put on, then you'll come to my office."  
  
She didn't wait for an answer, she simply turned, taking my coat with her, leaving me there trembling. It took a few seconds for me to realize I could move. All but running to the office I ducked into the bathroom immediately feeling little relief in my finally being hidden as people started to arrive for their work day. Stepping into the shower, my thoughts of enjoying an orgasm or two were now long gone. Instead I rushed, not wanting to keep Ms. Victoria waiting. Showering and shaving as quickly as possible, I stepped out of the shower only to come almost face to face with her again.  
  
"I've left you clothing and instructions on Nick's desk," she had the wickedest of grins on her face, "don't keep me waiting and don't deviate from my instructions."  
  
Before I could answer she was gone again. Quickly drying and moisturizing I did my hair and makeup before walking to Nick's desk which would reveal my fate. My stomach sank as I looked over what she had laid out and read her note. Knowing I had zero choice in the matter I started to get ready. Pulling my hair back, I took the hair tie she'd left, putting it on my wrist so I could put my hair in a pony tail. The hair tie had two pale pink fuzzy pompoms on it which made it look like it was made for a pre-teen and certainly not an office setting. Next, I put on the black stockings, one had a Cuban heel and seam while the other was plain black. Stepping into the heels, a navy blue one for my right foot and a black patent for my left, I quickly discovered they were also two different heights.  
  
"Well this will be fun." I whispered to myself as I took a step and had to regain my balance.  
  
The next item was a red leather pencil skirt which felt one size too small. Before attempting the zipper, I pulled on the fuchsia blouse which was missing the top two buttons leaving the first button just below my breasts. It was then I noticed a delicate necklace which had two small clips dangling from it as well as a small Bluetooth earbud, which I put in my right hear.  
  
"How do you feel slut?" I heard Ms. Victoria ask in my ear.  
  
"A bit silly Ms. Victoria." I replied sheepishly.  
  
"Well I will give you two options then," her tone was condescending at best, "you can come to my office in the clothing I left out for you, or you can come to my office in what you had on when I found you this morning!"  
  
"I would rather not go to your office naked Goddess." I replied with a gulp.  
  
"I thought as much," I could hear her chuckle before she continued, "those are nip clips, let's give those hard nipples of yours a nice pinch."  
  
"Yes Goddess." I replied unbuttoning the blouse and attaching the snug fitting clips.  
  
After readjusting the thin blouse, the clips put my nipples on prominent display. Sucking in my stomach I zipped the pencil skirt behind my back. Not only would my steps be awkward with the mismatched heel heights but the skirt would also limit my steps.  
  
"I bet that skirt will be tough to walk in," she said tauntingly, "too bad the elevator is off limits!" My stomach sank so much I believed the skirt was the only reason it didn't fall out. "Walk to the opposite stairwell," she instructed, "you know, the one you went to last week when you were sneaking around the building naked, then down to my office."  
  
"Yes, Goddess Victoria." I said taking as deep a breath as possible to steady myself.  
  
My steps were barely a foot as the skirt limited the movement of my thighs. The looks I got were a combination of humor, disgust and the occasional leer of a male coworker watching my nips rub against the inside of the blouse. I could hear the occasional comment of disapproval at not only my clothing choices but the tightness of the skirt I had on as well. I looked like I'd been dressed by a color-blind pervert. Finally making it to the stairwell, I realized it was not quite the relief I was hoping. The skirt also made descending the steps a bit difficult as well, it required me to hold the railing for dear life and "hop" the last inch or so of each step. All the while I could hear Goddess Victoria enjoying the entire endeavor. As I reached her floor, which was thankfully only one flight down, she changed plans.  
  
"Actually slut," she said unable to contain her glee, "go to the mailroom, there's a package there I need you to get."  
  
"Yes Goddess." I replied cursing the fact I had to hobble down two more flights of stairs.  
  
My descent seemed to take forever. Each step was a new and painful reminder not only that my skirt and heels were not ideal for much of anything but also that there were a pair of clips attached to each nipple. Each tug downward caused them to also rub against the blouse to the point they were on fire and aching. I could feel perspiration on my torso as I finally stepped into the mailroom.  
  
"Um, hi," said the very confused man behind the counter, "can I help you?"  
  
He gave me a look as if I were having some type of medical emergency, and how could I blame him? I was dressed in an outlandish outfit and obviously perspiring.  
  
"Yes, I'm here to get a package for Ms. Victoria," I blushed at my words, "I mean Victoria."  
  
"No problem." He replied looking me up and down again.  
  
Returning with a brown box, he had me sign for it before being kind enough to open the door to allow me to exit the mail room.  
  
"Um, miss," he said as I stepped past him, "you do realize you have on two different color shoes, right?"  
  
Victoria howled in laughter in my ear at his statement as I answered, "Yeah, it's an office gag thing."  
  
"Oh, that's rich!" Ms. Victoria laughed as I made my way back to the stairs. "Hurry your ass up," she said taking a more serious tone, "I want to gag you in my office!"  
  
"Yes, Goddess!" I replied quasi-hopping my way back up the stairs.  
  
By the time I made my way back to the floor her office was located I no longer cared what I looked like or who saw me. Just like I'd accepted my being a slut as I walked into work, I now accepted that I looked like a jackass as I did my best to walk across the floor to her office. It was a relief when I entered her outer office, but that relief was short lived as I realized I would not be leaving her office any time soon! I would be her captive prisoner, when and if I left, I'd more than likely have to put what I was wearing now back on as well. Then I realized, she still had my coat. I'd certainly have to earn my coat back! That wouldn't be easy, but I was more than ready to do whatever it was she wanted in order to forgo wearing this outfit again!  
  
"Oh aren't you a sight!" Ms. Victoria was still laughing as I entered her office.  
  
"Thank you, Goddess Victoria." I replied unsure of how else to reply.  
  
"Place to box over there," she said pointing to a small conference table, "and strip. I need you in something more appropriate now."  
  
She enunciated the word strip in such a way it sent a chill up my body. I happily removed the outfit she'd picked out for me, the surging of blood back to my nipples was painful but also a relief as I was soon naked in her office. Naked and helpless, which I felt was a welcoming place all of a sudden. Ms. Victoria returned a moment later with a pile of black tucked under her left arm. She approached, thrusting her right hand between my legs, pressing her fingers against my soaked pussy.  
  
"Hmmm, I wonder," she said staring into my eyes, "was it the humiliation that got you this wet or is it the fact I own you until I decide I'm done with you?"  
  
As I went to try to answer her wet fingers were thrust into my mouth. She was making a point, my opinion didn't matter, she was in control and that was all that mattered. Withdrawing her fingers, she wiped them across my breasts before moving behind me. Two items were tossed over my left shoulder.  
  
"Put those on." She ordered.  
  
The black latex items that had been tossed over my shoulder were long gloves. Rolling one down to the hand, I finally slid my left hand into the glove then rolled the length of it up my arm finally running out of material just before my armpit. Repeating the process with the second glove, I felt the odd sensation as the material seemed to adhere to my skin. While I could still feel it on my body, it felt like another layer of skin more than a separate article that could be removed. Next came a pair of matching black latex stockings, thankfully Ms. Victoria allowed me to sit in order to put them on. The stockings stopped within a couple inches of my pussy, as had happened before, the thin latex felt as if it became a part of me. Before I could stand a pair of black patent heels were dropped on the floor in front of me. The heels were easily 5 1/2" and took a bit of concentration to stand in. Next came a black latex corset that zipped in the front. The cupless corset was put on me, then I was turned so Ms. Victoria could tighten the strings behind me. I felt an inch or slightly more being nipped from my waist as she snugged the strings and knotted them.  
  
"Kneel." she instructed coolly.  
  
Carefully lowering myself to my knees I awaited her next command anxiously. Ms. Victoria pulled my hair back, securing it in a high ponytail behind my head. She then slid a black latex hood over my head, the hood had holes for my eyes, mouth and nasal passages. The hood covered most of my neck as well and zipped behind my head. Soon I regretted not masturbating earlier, I was horny and needy! I felt something around my neck followed by a metallic click. Banded metal cuffs were then added to my wrists as well as my ankles. Looking at my right wrist, the two-inch-wide chrome cuff had a small padlock and a silver ring hanging from it. My captivity was reinforced by the fact my latex outfit was now locked on my body. One last click happened, as I looked down, I noticed a matching chrome belt was now secured to my waist trapping me inside my corset as well.  
  
"How do you feel slut?" Ms. Victoria asked as she reappeared in front of me.  
  
"Helpless, Goddess Victoria." I answered honestly.  
  
"Almost." She said leaning forward. "Open wide."  
  
Just as I opened my mouth a large red ball gag was pushed into my mouth, it felt almost too big to fit, but was soon somehow trapped between my teeth. One more click and the ball gag was now as much a part of my mouth as my tongue! Already I could feel the saliva building up in my mouth, soon I'd be drooling as well. Ms. Victoria hooked a finger inside the chrome ring hanging from my neck.  
  
"Stand up slut." She said as she pulled upward.  
  
I'd never realized, she'd hooked my cuffed wrists behind my back. Bound, gagged and exposed, my pussy twitched and pulsed as I rose to my feet. Ms. Victoria turned me to face the small conference table, guiding me with her finger, but mostly with my desire to follow and obey.  
  
"Bend forward." Her commands were soft but stern.  
  
Without thinking I bent forward at the hips, keeping my legs straight and letting my ass move back to maintain balance on my heels until my shoulders rested on the cool surface. The wooden table had a section that was cut out for electronic items, they were covered with a small metal lid that flipped inside the table when opened. Ms. Victoria flipped the lid open then extracted a thin metal cable with a clip on the end which she fastened to my neck. Just like that, I was bound to the table. My feet were pushed outward until I awkwardly moved them, leaving me in a precarious position where falling off my heels became a very real possibility. The feeling of my throbbing pussy lips spreading open, the cool air making me even more aware of my vulnerability and desire, flooded my brain with possibilities. Something was added to my ankle cuffs, I wasn't sure what, but the sound of metal clicks was something I'd become very aware of recently.  
  
"Try to move your right leg." she instructed pulling my left leg to her so I could safely lift my right foot.  
  
Not only could I not move my leg inward more than an inch, I couldn't move it outward any further as well. Releasing my leg, I remained in place unable to move much beyond my fingers and eyelids. Not that I needed more reinforcement of my position, but Ms. Victoria's hands moving unabashed over my body drove the point home. Whether on purpose or by mistake, her fingernail grazing my clit made me whimper causing her to surely smile behind me.  
  
"It's a funny thing about body position," she said as her hand roamed my bare ass and pussy, "when a person is bent over like this, their leg and butt muscles stretch, specifically their gluteus and hamstrings. Do you know why that is important to know slut?" I could only grunt an answer as saliva pooled beneath my head. "It's important because when you spank someone in this position," her hand lifted then returned violently crashing against my taut skin, "it hurt more when they are spanked."  
  
My left ass cheek felt as if it were on fire! My eyes watered while my pussy leapt for joy.  
  
"Not only does it hurt my hand more," she said as her hand returned with equal violence to my right ass cheek, "but from what I'm told it hurts the person I'm spanking more too!" The searing heat of my ass confirmed that to be incredibly true! "Oh, don't worry," she said as her hand crashed against my ass again, "I'm not spanking you for no reason." I tried to ask why she was spanking me but only produced mumbled sounds and slurps around the big red ball in my mouth. "Why is that you ask?" Her hand striking my ass again. "If you think about it," she said as her hand turned my ass glowing red, "there I was going to see you and finding you strolling naked through the building." A third strike to my right cheek punctuated her words. "Instead of leading you down to my office stark naked, which I could have done easily given how submissive you are," she said delivering another scorching spank to my ass, "I selected something for you to wear to cover yourself." She paused momentarily to lean closer to my ear, her fingernails slowly dragging over my burning butt. "And you didn't even thank me!"  
  
My eyes went wide as I desperately tried to thank her around the gag. It was a panicked response as I tried desperately to give my boiling flesh a break.  
  
"What's that dear," she laughed before her hand collided with my burning ass again, "I can't understand you." I'd lost count of how many spanks she'd delivered, as much as I'd have loved to be off my feet, I couldn't imagine that sitting would be all that attractive right now either. "Let's try this," she said finally moving outside of arms reach of my tortured ass, "were you happy I dressed you today?" She stared at me, then spoke again as if she were explaining herself to a toddler. "You can nod, can't you?" I nodded as quickly as I could. "There we go," her voice was condescending, "so you're happy I rescued you from parading naked in the building?" I nodded briskly again. "And spent my valuable time picking out something for you to put on?" I couldn't stop nodding at this point. "I'm sure you'd gladly go home dressed like that rather than be sent home naked too right?" Again, I nodded.  
  
I'd honestly agree to anything at that point. Wash her car in the parking lot dressed just like this? SURE! Deliver the daily mail to everyone in the building with my tits, pussy and ass hanging out? ABSOLUTELY! Anything I wouldn't do? Yes, I wouldn't disobey her!  
  
"Well that makes me feel better." She said as if she could read my mind. "I'm going to leave you like that for a bit to contemplate your fate," she stood then placed her left hand on my shoulder, "I have a conference call too, don't move!"  
  
As she slowly disappeared from view the fingers of her left hand slithered over my arm, to my lower back and finally my ass before flicking across my puffy pussy lips. Her hand left me, and just like that I felt alone and desperately wanted her to return. My mind wandered, focusing on my body and how it felt, the burning of my ass, the soreness of my toes, the dull ache rising in my calf muscles and the burning need between my thighs. I ached for her to return mentally and physically. Time was an unknown to me, it could have been minutes or hours for all I knew. I could hear her speaking on the call but not make out the words. Occasionally, I'd feel an odd sting around my ass or even near my pussy, was it my imagination or was it real. Suddenly, something undeniable whizzed past my head. A moment later another. Then finally, almost as confirmation that I wasn't losing my mind, something struck the ceiling above me then fell to the conference table directly in front of my face. It was a rubber band!  
  
"I get so bored on these calls," I heard her call out behind me, "thankfully, I have this to keep me from being too bored!"  
  
I heard the rubber band streaking through the air, then the delayed sting as it struck my pussy. She was shooting rubber bands at me! More specifically, she was shooting rubber bands at my pussy and ass! I wasn't sure whether to be humiliated or aroused. As it turned out, I was both. My legs strained to try to protect myself as an almost never-ending stream of rubber bands were shot at my most sensitive parts. The occasional sting was quickly replaced with an increased desire and want for more. Soon after struggling to protect myself I was struggling to point myself more in her direction. I swore, if she hit my clitty just right I'd surely orgasm!

A dozen rubber bands missed the mark, until finally one hit the mark. It did not have the intended outcome. After the pain passed I was brought one step closer to cumming but it would take a few more shots to do the trick. There was no way I'd cum this way, instead, I'd only get more frustrated than I already was. Eventually the rubber bands stopped, leaving me aching for more. Anything more. Soon lost in my thoughts again, I jumped at the feeling of warmth between my butt cheeks. At first I thought it was my mind playing tricks with me, then I felt the warmth and pressure against my ass. I couldn't help but moan as the bulbous head of a dildo started to enter my body. My moan became louder as a second one was pushed into my pussy as well. Both my holes greedily allowed their entry. I braced for a good, hard pounding, one I desperately needed. My mind begged for Ms. Victoria to fuck me to unconsciousness. Trying to push back into them was futile, but I strained and pulled as best I could. Oh what a pair of good seven or eight inch dongs would do for me!  
  
"What the fuck?" My mind raged as I could feel the base of whatever held the dildos touch my body.  
  
They were maybe, if I was lucky, three inches in length and under-impressive in their girth as well. The clip holding my collar was released, Ms. Victoria stood me up by my arm then secured the belt holding the two dildos to the corset. Looking downward, I could see the silver bar holding my legs apart still in place while Ms. Victoria cinched the belt in place.  
  
"I heard you like two cocks at once, if not more," she chided, "so I got you a couple little ones." I groaned again while my hips tried desperately find more dildo. "Wasn't that nice of me?"  
  
I wanted to cry, wanted to protest, wanted to rage and shake my head no! No, I wasn't nice of you! I want COCK! Big cock! Fat cock! the only thing better than one fat cock is TWO fat cocks! Maybe even three or four! In spite of what I truly wanted I shook my head yes while my eyes surely conveyed my desperation.  
  
"I don't know that I'm convinced with your answer," Ms. Victoria said with a gleam in her eye, "let's see if you can convince me." She quickly unclipped the silver bar between my ankles, hooked her finger in the collar, and led me to the door to her office. Each step was a reminder of the small phalluses inside me which increased my frustration. Stopping me just before her office door, she swung it open, then stepped aside. I was now facing the outer office where her secretary sat, while the room was empty, just beyond it was the rest of the office building. People who had no idea what was going on in Ms. Victoria's office or how I was dressed and bound. "So, convince me slut," she said sternly, "wasn't it nice of me to put those two cocks inside you?"  
  
Furiously nodding my agreement while begging internally not to be led another step further forward, my eyes desperately pleading for her not to humiliate me further. What would my coworkers see first? My bare tits, the big ball gag filling my mouth, my latex slut wear? Or would she turn me to show of my bright red ass?  
  
"I would say that answer is marginally acceptable," Ms. Victoria said with a gleeful smirk, "plus, I wouldn't want my staff to know what a freak you are being in my office."  
  
As the door closed my knees buckled so badly, I almost fell face first onto the floor. Ms. Victoria led me back into her office, but instead of bringing me to her desk she led me to the side where a large closet was located. Her office was a smaller arrangement of Nick's, the closet was located where the bathroom would be. She opened the door, revealing an assortment of toys and outfits on one side as well as longer coats and relatively normal clothing on the other side. Ms. Victoria pushed me into the closet and instructed me to kneel, which I obediently did. Reaching behind me I heard a pair of clicks; I was now surely cuffed to my heels and would not be able to stand until she decided she would allow it.  
  
"These heels," she said dumping 5 pairs of heels onto the floor in front of me, "need to be cleaned and put back in the rack." She undid the lock holding the gag in place, then worked the gag out of my mouth. Working my jaw, a bit I cursed not being able to rub it for some relief as she proceeded. "I have a meeting," she said stepping back and pushing one door closed, "so you'll have to clean and organize them in the dark!" She then shut the first door before stopping. "Don't fall over," she said scoldingly, "if you fall out the door, the fifteen some odd people coming into my office will see you and that would be very bad." I shuddered at the thought of falling out of the closet face first, tits hanging out, red ass on full display, bound and unable to hide or right myself. "If you do a good job," she said stroking my closest breast, "I may make you cum."  
  
"Yes, Goddess Victoria." I replied feeling my body tingle at the prospect.  
  
Ms. Victoria shut the door, leaving me in the dark to nose around 5 pairs of heels. As I leaned forward, I understood the precariousness of my position. It was so precarious that I fell face first into the shoes as I leaned forward. It took considerable effort to get back onto my legs, then figure out how to carefully lean forward enough to lick one of the shoes while not falling into it. Feeling relatively confident that one shoe was clean I attempted to pick it up with my mouth to put it into the unseen rack somewhere in front of me. It took all my focus to try to accomplish my task. At some point the closet door was opened. As if the light weren't blinding enough Ms. Victoria shone a flashlight in my eyes as she spoke to at least two other forms with female voices.  
  
"See," I heard her say triumphantly, "I told you there's a slut in my closet!"  
  
"What the hell are you having her do?" One asked.  
  
"She's cleaning my shoes," she laughed, "it looks like she only has one pair done, better get a move on slut!"  
  
"Yes, Goddess Victoria!" I replied quickly surveying the shoes in front of me.  
  
"Show us how you clean a heel." She ordered.  
  
Leaning forward I picked up a shoe in my mouth, moving it where I needed before slowly dragging my tongue over the soft leather. As the shoe flipped over, I continued by licking the bottom, tasting the dirt and feeling the grit against my tongue. The comments made me more willing to please and more excited. Wrapping my lips around the heel, I took it into my mouth like a tiny pointed cock much to their delight.  
  
"Make sure you do a good job slut." Her voice beamed with pride at how I debased myself for their pleasure.  
  
One woman reached in, cupping and squeezing my breast before Ms. Victoria closed the door leaving me in the dark again. Thankfully, now I had an idea of which shoes were where in the closet. I set back into my task, trying to ignore the fact there were people just outside the doors next to me, or the two small dildos teasing me to the brink of insanity. Lost in my thoughts and the darkness, I focused singularly on the shoes and cleaning them.  
  
"Let's see how you did!" Ms. Victoria said as she opened the door again.  
  
I didn't look at her, instead I looked at the shoe rack, which had all 5 pairs back in it. The only downside was two of the pairs didn't match. I was fairly proud of myself given the fact I couldn't see a thing while I'd been cleaning and organizing them. Add to that, my state of horniness made concentration next to impossible.  
  
"On your feet slut!" she said as she unclipped my wrists from my ankles. Lifting me by my arm, she walked me back to the conference table before laying me onto my back. "Knees in the air, feet on the table." She instructed.  
  
Ms. Victoria pulled my arms down my side, using a short chain to attach the wrist cuffs to my ankle cuffs. She repeated the process on the other side so that my legs were bent back as if I were squatting. She then placed the spreader bar between my knees, extending it until my inner thighs strained and stretched. Leaving me there for a moment, Ms. Victoria returned, staring me straight in the eyes.  
  
"Lift your chin." She instructed. "Higher."  
  
I felt something against my neck and shoulders then heard an all too familiar click. She then added my ball gag again, stretching my jaw open and pinning my head so my eyes were pointed away from my body. Her hands moved over my chest, tugging and teasing my nipples.  
  
"I'm going to have some fun with you in a bit," she said giving my nipple a hard twist, "but I have some work to finish first."  
  
One more tug of a nipple and she was out of sight again. I could hear her in the office, most likely at her desk, but couldn't turn my head to see her. Again, I was lost in my thoughts, my decadent, deviant thoughts of being put on a spit by multiple cocks over and over and over again. I needed to cum so badly it wasn't funny. When she finally did return, I felt something unfamiliar dragging across the underside of my nipples like a bow of a cello but ribbed. Ms. Victoria looked down at me, smirking as she watched my body react to whatever she was doing. My nipples ached and bent to whatever she was doing to them.  
  
"Ever seen a crop slut?" She asked lifting the crop from my chest so I could see it.  
  
It was long, black with a leather flapper at the end which laid limp to one side. I could see the nubs I'd felt were the twisting spine of the crop. Trying to speak wasn't easy, the ball was again locked behind my teeth, filling my mouth and the collar held my jaw firmly to it. I made an unintelligible grunt at best.  
  
"Well then," she said with an evil grin, "you just sit back and enjoy this."  
  
The only part I could see of Ms. Victoria was the top of her head, what I could feel was brisk raps of the crop over my nipples. The raps were light but set my nipples on fire. I could feel my body bucking and writhing against my restraints but there was nothing I could do to protect myself. She then unclipped the belt holding the aggravatingly small dildos inside me, exposing my pussy to her touch. She didn't utter a word, instead I felt the bumpy shaft of the crop rubbing through my pussy and over my clit. Groaning around the gag loudly I couldn't decide whether I wanted to spready my legs further or close them together tight! The good thing was choice had been removed, my legs were locked open.  
  
"It's a good thing I gagged you," she said quickly slapping the crop over my mound, pussy and clit, "because you're going to scream really loudly when you cum!"  
  
The crop hitting my clit was almost a blinding pain which was then quickly replaced with outright euphoria. She was right, I would have screamed, loudly. My orgasm surged forward; it was going to explode out of me like a freight train. I felt it building from my fingertips and toes. She simply kept rapping and rapping away with the crop.  
  
"Need to cum slut?" She cooed.  
  
I groaned, moaned, and cried around the gag trying desperately to say yes. To beg yes. I needed to orgasm so badly I felt as if my soul needed it too! My eyes were wide open but all I could see was static, they'd whited over as my orgasm tore through my entire body. It felt as if every single nerve ending were involved in cumming and it simply wouldn't stop. I couldn't hear, couldn't see, couldn't anything but live in my endless orgasm. To make matters worse, Ms. Victoria was still torturing my clit with the crop. I went right from one orgasm to another! Screaming loudly in my mind I prayed for relief. Finally, her unrelenting torture stopped. My eyes closed, my body, devoid of energy, went slack.  
  
Opening my eyes, the gag was removed as was the collar, but my legs and arms were still bound but my head now rested on Ms. Victoria's leg as she caressed my latex covered face.  
  
"Wasn't that fun?" She said looking down at me.  
  
"Yes, Goddess Victoria." I answered with a raspy voice.  
  
"You did very well today," she smiled slightly then continued, "I'm glad we had this time together, but I won't be giving up control just yet." I swallowed hard wondering what she was going to do now. "But you have earned a choice," the backs of her fingers stroked my latex covered cheek as she spoke, "you can either go home with the two dildos inside you, or the ball gag in your mouth." My eyes went wide as I realized she was going to send me home in latex! "But chose wisely," her fingers trailed lightly over my lips, "because you'll be in them for a while."  
  
"The dildos Goddess," I answered barely loud enough to hear my own voice, "please."  
  
"That's probably a wise choice." She teased as she pushed her index finger into my mouth.  
  
My lips wrapped around her finger; my tongue swirled around it as I sucked on her digits. The look of pleasure in her eyes let me know I was doing what she wanted, sucking her finger like a cock, and being an obedient slut for her.  
  
"I'll let you nap a bit longer," she said softly while pulling her finger from my mouth, "good sluts deserve a little rest."  
  
"Thank you, Goddess." I replied feeling her slide my head from her lap as I closed my eyes.  
  
Ms. Victoria reattached the belt, trapping the two small dildos back inside me, as I dozed off on her conference table again. My mind filled my dreams with scenes of latex bondage, sensory deprivation and being used in any and every way possible. When I woke, I was hornier than when I'd fallen asleep. The spreader bar had been removed from my knees but my wrists and ankles were still bound. As I moved, Ms. Victoria returned to my side, unclipping my wrists from my ankles and helping me sit up.  
  
"Time to get going slut." She said holding up my coat.  
  
Slipping my arms into my short overcoat, she slid it up to my shoulders, turning me to face her again. While she buttoned my coat, she gave me instructions, I was to leave work and get to my car, as if nothing was going on. As if I weren't wearing a latex hood, gloves and stockings that were still visible. Without a care, she walked me by my arm to the door of her office, then stopped me there.  
  
"I almost forgot," she said leaving me there to contemplate my fate, "here are the keys to your cuffs." Ms. Victoria handed me a small can and laughed. "It may be a bit before you can remove them though."  
  
It didn't register to me that the can was cold in my latex covered hand. Ms. Victoria pushed me out her office door, closing it behind me. The last thing I heard was her laugh as she went back to her day. Peeking around the corner, I was delighted to see that no one was sitting at the low cubicles outside her office. Quickly making my way to the elevator, the only sound was the metallic click of the chrome rings on my cuffs. The elevator seemed to take forever to arrive, when it did it was empty. Making my way to the first floor, the security guard wasn't at his desk either. Safely making it to my car, I slid into the seat, feeling the pressure against my pussy and ass of the small intruders still inside me. I'd been so anxious leaving the building, I hadn't even felt them. Until now that is. The vibrations of the running engine would make my drive home adventurous to say the least.  
  
While I may not have avoided all the bumps in the road, I didn't really go out of my way to avoid them either. I told myself, if my two friends down the hall happened to be in the hallway on my way into my place, I would definitely invite them in! All I'd have to do is take the key out of the can she'd handed me. Pulling into my parking lot I lifted the can so I could see it in the light.  
  
"You're fucking kidding me, right?" I yelled out loud. The can was filled with ice with the key suspended by fishing line so it hung in the middle. "At least they can fuck my mouth I guess."  
  
Slipping out of the car, I slowly made my way into the building and up to my place. No one was around. For the first time I walked into the building with no one around to witness it! I was now horny and livid! Stepping into my apartment I tore off my coat, tossing it over the coach, then tried to figure out how to get the key out of the ice. Suddenly my phone rang, it was Jimmy on video. At least now I could have a little fun! After several minutes of Jimmy laughing at my predicament and the way I'd spent my day.  
  
"You seem to be enjoying yourself," I said as I sat on the couch with a glass of wine, "will you be back tomorrow?"  
  
"I get in late tonight," Jimmy answered as he wiped tears from his eyes from his laughter, "but I'll have you come here in the morning."  
  
"Hmmm," I replied while lowering my phone so he could see my bare chest, "do you have a slutty nurse outfit at home or should I bring my own?  
  
"I'll work that out and will let you know," he replied obviously enjoying the new angle of the camera, "I'm sure I have something less comfortable you could put on here. How is your ice cube coming?"  
  
"Slowly." I answered in frustration. "I may put it in the oven for a bit if it doesn't melt soon."  
  
The ice had melted enough so I could pour it out of the can and into a bowl. Microwaving it was out of the question still because of the key, so either the stove top or oven would be my best options. Truth be told I was enjoying my captivity a bit still.  
  
"I'm surprised you haven't done that yet," he continued, "although you seem quite comfortable."  
  
"Well the wine helps," I said taking a sip, "but I also have food on the way and would hate to have an orgasm interrupted by a delivery guy." The look on his face was priceless. "Can you imagine?" I gave him a teasing wink but felt myself react to the idea as well. "There I am, fucking my brains out," I said taking a brief sip, "and some guy knocks on the door. I don't think I could be held responsible for my actions after that!"  
  
"Think so?" He smirked.  
  
"Well, you guys go about getting my libido all cranked up," squeezing my legs as I spoke only highlighted my need, "what do you expect to happen when I don't get cock for a day?"  
  
"Interesting point," he replied, "I'm sure last night's poker game didn't help either."  
  
"Not at all!" I said as I stood up. "That's the ringer, the cock delivering food will be here in a minute," walking to the door as I spoke, I positioned the phone on a side table pointing the screen at the door, "wanna watch?"  
  
"Well, I'm not going to hang up!" he replied. "Good angle by the way, I'm surprised the heels are still on though."  
  
"The ankle cuffs have straps that lock them on," I replied turning the back of my foot toward him so he could see the strap, "so they are on until the ice melts too!"  
  
"Well, if it's any consolation," Jimmy teased, "they do complete that look!"  
  
"Thank you," I replied kicking one of my feet behind me, "now time for you to be quiet, my cute delivery guy is here."  
  
Giving Jimmy a sultry lick of my upper lip I tugged my already hard nipples just a bit to make sure they were ready. The delivery guy knocked on the door, looking through the eyehole I could see he was kind of cute. He was tall, easily 6'4", thin and no older than 19 years old. Pulling open the door, I watched in delight as his eyes all but popped out of his head at my sight. Eye contact wasn't going to happen with him as his eyes were magnetized to my tits.  
  
"Sorry," I said as sweetly as I could, "I couldn't find a robe quick enough."  
  
"Um, that's really okay," his eyes unable to move from my chest, "I don't mind."  
  
"Oh, I can see that!" I teased. "Do you have something for me to sign?"  
  
"Uh, yeah, I think, yeah." He stammered trying to find what he needed without looking away from my boobs. "Here it is."  
  
His eyes finally met mine, briefly at best, as he handed me the receipt and a pen to sign the slip. I turned sideways, using the door to sign the receipt and give him a tip. I didn't want to get a reputation as a cheapskate after all! Handing him the receipt, I had to help him pull my dinner from the bag he was holding. I took a moment to put my dinner on the table, behind Jimmy who was still staring in shock on the phone's screen, then return to the door.

"Anything else sweetie?" I asked wondering how far he'd push things.  
  
"The guys at the shop will never believe this!" he replied.  
  
"Do you have a phone on you?" I asked feeling inspired.  
  
"YEAH!" He replied as if I'd just invented the cell phone.  
  
He was so excited he started taking pictures before the phone made it past my waist. I'm almost positive he took several dozen before my chest came into view.  
  
"Hang on a second," I finally said pulling the phone from his hand, "you don't want them to think you just found me on the internet, right?" He nodded with a vacant expression on his face. "Come here sweetie." I said pulling him to me with my right arm. "Don't forget to smile!" With the phone in my left hand, extended as best I could, I pointed the screen at us. "Where is your left hand?" I asked sternly.  
  
"Um, it's behind you." He replied sheepishly.  
  
"If you want to impress the guys at the pizza shop, you'd better get it around me so they can see it!" I scolded.  
  
"Okay!" his hand eagerly went around my waist, gripping my flesh tightly.  
  
"Let's get the other hand in these," My right hand prodded his right arm upward as I spoke, "looking and touching is allowed." His right hand clamped on my right breast. "Easy there big fella," I said, "you're not checking to see how ripe it is!"  
  
"Sorry." He replied loosening his grip on my tit.  
  
"Think that's enough to convince them?" I asked as I lowered my arm.  
  
"I think so," he replied not moving his hand from my boob, "they still may not believe it though."  
  
"Well that's their issue then isn't it?" I replied turning to face him. "Two last things though." He reluctantly moved his hand from my boob but kept his left hand on my hip. "Step back just a little bit." I instructed. As he did, I slid my right hand between us, palm forward, so I could cup his hard cock. "Very impressive." I said giving him a squeeze and taking a picture. "And just one more, so they can't say you're full of it," I said removing my hand from his crotch and placing it on his shoulder, "what's your name sweetie?"  
  
"Uh, it's Joe." he replied quietly.  
  
"Joe delivered my dinner tonight," I said after hitting the record button on the video, "and yeah, I answered my door looking just like this!" Quickly panning the phone, I caught as much of my outfit as possible then leaned in giving him a deep kiss. "If he didn't have to go back to work," I said as our kiss broke while guiding his mouth to my right boob, "I'd have probably kept him around all night for a good fucking!" Joe's mouth engulfed my nipple, his flat tongue rubbing over the areola making me moan slightly. "If he's smart, he won't tell any of you where he delivered so he can keep me all to himself!" Pushing Joe off my breast I handed him his phone back. "Try not to rub one out in the hallway," I said stepping back into my place, "the neighbors may complain." He nodded and blushed in response. "Sweet dreams Joey!"  
  
"Feel better?" Jimmy asked as I picked up the phone.  
  
"Maybe," I replied grabbing dinner and dropping it on the coffee table, "but I'll feel a LOT better when I bring this ice cube to a boil!"  
  
"Yeah?" Jimmy asked as I plunked the small block of ice into a sauce pan and turned the burner up.  
  
"Oh absolutely!" Squeezing my legs as I spoke feeling the shudder of excitement gripping the small pecker in my pussy. "I need to cum a few times!"  
  
"Let's make it fun," He said with a mischievous look on his face, "go get your sybian and a double dildo."  
  
"Yes Sir!" I eagerly replied. "Wait, you mean bring them to the kitchen?"  
  
"Yes, I do Slut," he playfully hissed, "and be quick about it!"  
  
Moving as quickly as I could in my ankle breakers, I pulled the sybian out of the closet and a dildo to put on it. Per his instructions the dildo had two cocks, a roughly 8" one for my pussy and a smaller almost 6" one for my ass. The sybian was always good for hard orgasms, but my level of horniness and the double penetration would mean I was going to cum super hard!  
  
"I'm back!" I said carrying my treasures into the kitchen.  
  
"Good," Jimmy's voice was still playful but with a stern edge, he was in charge, "put the sybian by the sliding glass door and plug it in." I couldn't hide the look of shock on my face. "Hurry up slut!" He ordered.  
  
"Yes Sir!" I replied tentatively.  
  
Walking toward the door I felt my heart rate increasing rapidly. The curtain was still pulled, so I was safe for the time being, but I knew it wouldn't last long. Setting the sybian down I plugged it into a nearby outlet then returned to the phone so Jimmy could see how I had it positioned.  
  
"That won't do you a lot of good without that cock on it!" Returning to the counter I picked up the heavy dildo then mounted them on the machine. In spite of my anxiousness I could feel my pussy aching to get it inside me. "You'd better get some lube too," he chuckled, "at least for the smaller one."  
  
"Thankfully I have some in the end table." I said retrieving a small bottle from the living room.  
  
"Fitting location," he smirked at his bad pun, "lube it up, your key should be free soon."  
  
Just to be safe I poured a bit of lube on both dildos, the bigger one would go into my pussy easily enough but I was going to lose control quickly. A little extra lubricant wouldn't hurt!  
  
"How's your ice cube doing?" He asked breaking my distracted stroking of the two dildos.  
  
"It's almost there," I said walking over to the stove and moving the cube around the sauce pan a bit, "just another minute or two."  
  
"Tell you what," his voice had the ring of having a eureka moment, "go get one of those suction cup dildos too, a big one."  
  
"Yes Sir!" I replied scurrying down the hall to the bedroom.  
  
Returning with an 8" realistic dildo I held it up for his approval. Jimmy had a smirk and gleam in his eye as he looked me over.  
  
"Go stick that on the fridge for a bit," he instructed, "mouth height."  
  
"Yes Sir!" I replied licking the suction cup then sticking it to the refrigerator door.  
  
"It's at mouth height for a reason slut!" His voice dripped of sarcasm as he derided me.  
  
My lips quickly wrapped around the dildo, taking it as deeply into my mouth and throat as I could while holding the phone so he could watch. As I plunged my mouth as deep as I could on the dildo my aching nipples would touch the cool metal of my refrigerator door, it was soothing and exciting at the same time.  
  
"Point the phone at the stove," he instructed, "no reason for you to stop to check when I'm here and can do it."  
  
I didn't even bother trying to mumble a reply, instead I pointed the phone over my shoulder until he said I could turn him back to watch me. By this point I was getting my nose to brush against the refrigerator door as well. It wasn't all together comfortable but it felt incredibly slutty to deep throat such a big organ. I could hear water sizzling behind me, my key was free, but Jimmy was in charge. My submissive side overruled my desire to cum.  
  
"Go rescue your key," he said softly, "be careful and don't burn yourself."  
  
Thankfully the part of the key that went into the lock was the only part that was hot, the handle part of the key was still in a little bit of ice so that wasn't an issue. Unlocking the belt holding the dildos inside me I looked quickly at the locks holding my wrist cuffs in place.  
  
"You can unlock those later," he instructed, "just the chastity thing or whatever that was blocking your pussy and ass from a good time."  
  
"Yes Sir!" I replied removing the belt completely and tossing it into the sink.  
  
"Find a spot for the phone first," he instructed, "somewhere to the side so the slider is in view." I adjusted the end table and lamp, propping the phone on it so he could see the curtain of the slider as well as the sybian. "Now," the gleam in his eye was back, "go get the dildo from the fridge and get back here." I did as he told standing in front of the phone feeling exposed, slutty and horny. "Rub that between your pussy lips," he instructed, "get it nice and wet." I couldn't help but moan as the dildo pressed between my puffy lips. I wanted to ram it into my body, it wouldn't take much to make me cum at this point, but I behaved. "That should be enough," he smiled, "now pull the curtain all the way back and straddle the sybian."  
  
Taking a deep breath, I reached up with my latex gloved right arm and yanked the curtain open. I could see my reflection in the glass and nothing really beyond that with the exception of a few lights in the parking lot and lights in the buildings beyond. There I stood, latex covering my extremities, a latex corset and hood, tits lewdly heaving as my breathing grew rapider by the moment, and my bare pussy for anyone to see.  
  
"Kneel on your toy slut," he said cooly, "slowly get yourself impaled on those bad boys."  
  
Gleefully lowering myself, I soon forgot about my unseen audience, especially when I felt the bulbous head of the 8" dildo slip easily between my pussy lips. No sooner had my body enveloped the head than the smaller head pressed against my ass. I groaned loudly as it also slipped inside me. Without even turning the sybian on I'd already had a small orgasm. It wasn't even enough to take the edge off but it was a tasty reminder of what was about to come! A deep pang ripped through me as my neglected clit touched the pad on the sybian causing me to let out another deep, long groan. Lifting my knees from the floor my entire body weight was now pushing me against my fat invaders.  
  
"Oh, I know you're bottomed out just by hearing you," Jimmy exclaimed triumphantly, "now get that dildo on the door in front of your mouth!" My hand hit the dildo against the door so hard I wondered for a moment if it would break! "Better slide yourself forward," he instructed further, "you're gonna get all three in you at once."  
  
It only took a few seconds to slide the sybian forward enough for me to get the dildo into my mouth enough to satisfy him. Just to be sure, he had me touch my nose to the glass twice.  
  
"Give that ass of yours a smack the next time your nose touches the glass!" he instructed.  
  
Doing as he told, I spanked my ass with my left hand while tugging my right nipple with my free hand and pressing my nose to the door. All 8 inches of two dildos were buried inside me along with 6 inches of a third! I was so close; I only needed a nudge to have an earth-shattering orgasm!  
  
"Turn it on slut!" were the last words I heard from him!  
  
My hands shot to the controllers, turning them both all the way up and using the dildo in my mouth to muffle my scream. I was wrong, I needed a baby step and a nudge. Once those were covered my body exploded in orgasm. It had been building all day, had remained under the surface during my drive, and now came out like a mushroom cloud of sexual bliss and bodily fluid. The orgasm felt like it had lasted several minutes, my body just riding the wave of pleasure as it washed over me. In the background I could hear Jimmy's voice, at first muffled and hard to understand. Then again, this time clearer. My head was in a fog, still reeling from what I'd just experienced.  
  
"Are you okay?" I heard him finally ask.  
  
"Yeah," I panted as I tried to collect my wits, "holy sweet fucking geezus!"  
  
Pressing my hand in front of me, I could feel the cold against the latex. It felt nice, soothing, as my body felt as if I were on fire. Slowly I came to the realization my chest and the side of my face was feeling that same cold too. It took a full minute for me to figure out that I'd bolted up onto my knees to escape the sybian and had spent the rest of the time pressing my bare chest against the sliding glass door.  
  
"Oh shit!" I said sitting back, bumping against the dildos behind me, then jumping up to my knees again. "Dammit! These things are everywhere." Collapsing onto my thigh on the opposite side of the machine from Jimmy I was still struggling to get my brain back in working order.  
  
"That looked intense." He said.  
  
"You've heard of the hundred-year storm?" I said looking behind me then collapsing onto my kitchen floor, "That was the hundred-year orgasm!"  
  
Picking up my head and looking for Jimmy I realized I'd collapsed with my pussy facing the camera. I honestly didn't care. I felt like I wanted to move my leg to cover myself but realized I simply didn't have the energy to do it.  
  
"You okay?" His voice had a touching amount of concern.  
  
"Yeah, I am," sentences were getting a bit easier for the most part, "I'm gonna sleep right here, just wake me in the morning."  
  
"You say that now," he laughed, "but we both know your bladder isn't going to let you stay there long."  
  
"I'll just pee on the floor," just saying the words made me feel gross, "ugh, I can't do that!" Playfully slamming my hands on the floor like a child having a temper tantrum I slowly sat up. "Can I unlock the rest now Sir?" I asked wondering if I knew where the key was.  
  
"Yup, go right ahead!" He replied. "You left it on the kitchen counter by the way!"  
  
"Fuuuucccckkkk!" I groaned.  
  
The counter top looked a mile high and five miles away. My post orgasmic bliss was soon replaced with the feeling I'd been hit by a bus after downing a fifth of whiskey.  
  
"Tell you what there sweet ass," Jimmy said from his safe cell phone perch, "I'll let you figure out how you're going to stand and walk for now, and I'll see you at my place in the morning."  
  
"Okay," I replied weakly, "have a good night."  
  
Each move toward the location of the key was followed by a brief pause as I readjusted and caught my breath. Finally, I got to the counter and grabbed the key. Undoing the cuffs from my wrists I let them drop to the floor. Next came the ones holding my ankles and heels. I'd never been so happy to remove a pair of high heels! They'd been on my feet for over 12 consecutive hours at that point. Making my way to my feet I slowly staggered toward my bedroom while undoing the belt which held the corset in place. As I'd done with everything else, I dropped it on the floor as well followed quickly by the corset which thankfully had a front zipper. The gloves went next. By the time I got to the bedroom my latex stockings were around my ankles while I tried to find the lock for the collar which held the hood to my head. That had to be removed with the assistance of my mirror.  
  
Devoid of latex for the first time since 8 that morning, I stepped into the shower. The water felt wonderful, with the exception of the mild sting on parts Ms. Victoria had used the crop on, but I got over that quickly. Twenty minutes after my shower I was in bed sound asleep as my exhaustion had finally gotten the better of me. The following morning, I slowly made my way to the kitchen to get coffee, only to see the reminders of my day and evening on the floor along the way. Still stuck to the sliding glass door was the dildo I'd sucked with the sybian below it. It was a lewd reminder of my orgasm that made my body tingle with excitement. It was something akin to waking up New Year's Day after having a party, that is, if that party included bondage, latex and fucking machines. As my coffee brewed, I collected the dildos, dropping them into the dishwasher with my other items only to come to the realization I'd left my dinner untouched in the living room.  
  
"I guess I have lunch all set!" I said as I put last night's dinner in the refrigerator.

**Becoming His Slut Ch. 13**

Pouring myself a cup of coffee I decided to relax for a bit, I made my way out onto the patio to my new breakfast spot. Why not right? It was exhilarating sitting there, naked, sipping my coffee while unknown eyes drank me in. Spending ten minutes there woke me up more than my entire cup of coffee! In the parking lot below, which I could only catch a partial glimpse of, I watched people heading off to work and wondered if they happened to notice me.  
  
"Maybe I'll take up yoga." I giggled as I stood. "A good stretch always helps right?" I asked myself as I stretched my hands high above my head while extending my torso over the railing. "I'll have to get a yoga mat I guess."  
  
Finishing my stretch, I went through my various bathroom activities before trying to figure out what to wear over to Jimmy's. Along the way I packed up the latex, cuffs and heels into a small bag as well. Finally remembering that he said he would have something for me to put on I decided to slip into a comfortable pair of flats and a long coat. With my hair up in a ponytail I grabbed my purse, the bag I'd just packed and headed for the door. As I walked down the stairs of my building, I enjoyed the satin feeling lining of my coat as it moved against my skin. The feeling was simply wonderful.  
  
"Well I can't have my coat distracting me while I'm driving, can I?" I playfully asked myself. "It just wouldn't be safe," I continued as I unbuttoned the coat, "I guess it would be better to not have it on and drive."  
  
For a moment I stood in my parking lot wearing only a pair of flats while staring at my building. The rush was undeniable! Half the apartments in the building faced the parking lot, making me wonder how many of them contained people staring at me right now! And that didn't even include the buildings on the other side of the lot! Reluctantly slipping into the car, I pulled out of the parking space and started the leisurely drive to Jimmy's house.  
  
"You know what will do Jimmy some good?" I asked my reflection in the mirror. "Coffee!"  
  
Taking a turn into a nearby drive thru, I reached for my purse in the passenger seat, but then decided to leave it there. While I typically hated people who were slow in the drive thru line, I didn't think anyone would mind all that much this morning. Placing my order, I pulled up in the line three cars from the window. My heart raced as the cars moved ahead of me while my right hand slipped between my thighs. By the time I pulled up to the window I was on the edge of orgasm.  
  
"That'll be three," the guy leaning out the window stopped in his tracks as his eyes came to rest on my bare chest, "umm, wow!"  
  
"Thank you!" I replied with a gigantic smile.  
  
Reaching over into my purse I wondered if the guy was leaning out the window to get a better look at my ass? Handing him a 5, I cupped and lifted my left breast with my right hand much to his delight. His hand managed to pick up my coffee, without knocking it completely over, then hand it to me.  
  
"Thanks Sweetie!" I replied taking the cup from him thankful I wasn't wearing the hot liquid. He continued to stare at me as I waited. "Do I get my change?" I finally asked.  
  
"Oh shit!" He sheepishly replied turning reluctantly to the cash register.  
  
He quickly turned back to me, trying to hand me not only the 5 I'd originally given him but also the change I was due. I had to giggle, which only made his eyes get bigger as my tits jiggled.  
  
"Just this Baby!" I replied with a wink taking my change out of his hand. "Have a great day!" I said as I drove off.  
  
The coffee smelled amazing, quickly making me realize that I wanted a coffee as well! Just before getting to Jimmy's I pulled into another drive thru to order coffee not only for me but for Steve.  
  
"Just in case my favorite ass man wants coffee too!" I giggled to myself as I pulled toward the drive thru window.  
  
This time I could see a young woman greeting customers. With just one car between her and I, I gave both nipples a firm tug, letting them pop back. The ache was wonderfully satisfying and caused me to bite my bottom lip as the twinge of pain and pleasure pulsed through me.  
  
"That'll be five-fifty." The girl said before looking down at me.  
  
"Here you are Sweetie!" I replied handing her six bucks.  
  
"Well aren't you a little exhibitionist," She smirked at me holding my money against my hand, "aside from that smile what do you have on in there?" She leaned out the drive thru window to take a look for herself.  
  
"Just a pair of shoes." I replied lifting my right leg so she could see that it was bare as well.  
  
"Let me get you your change." She finally said pulling her hand and my money away.  
  
I couldn't help but keep an eye on her, she seemed intrigued by my lack of clothing but not overwhelmed as the pizza guy from the night before or the guy at the other drive thru. In the pizza guys defense, I was in latex and cuffs at the time which did add another degree of intensity. The girl turned back to me, handing me the two coffees I'd ordered.  
  
"Here is your change," she said leaning forward and squeezing my hand again, "and your receipt."  
  
"Thank you!" I replied giving her hand a squeeze as well.  
  
The entire episode was intense and exciting, thankfully I was only around the corner from Jimmy's as I drove the rest of the way with one hand between my thighs. Finding a parking space, I slid down in my seat, spreading my legs as wide open as I could. My fingers deftly rubbed and massaged my clit while my other hand tugged and rolled my nipples. Crying out loudly as I orgasmed it hadn't dawned on me, until my post orgasmic bliss hit, that I was masturbating in a parking lot and could have been discovered at any time. It seemed to add a level of excitement to what I'd done. Rather than sit up and feel ashamed, I leaned back up in my seat to look around and see if anyone was close. I was alone. Taking my time, I gathered my composure then shut off my car. Reaching into the backseat, I pulled my coat over me, but had to get out of the car to put it on.  
  
"How is it," I said looking around as I swung my coat over my shoulders, "when I leave his place looking like a slut, I pass 50 people but no one is around when I'm naked?"  
  
With my jacket held closed by a single button, I retrieved the coffees I'd ordered then took a look at the receipt that was next to one of them. The girl at the coffee shop, Jenna, had left her number with a little heart and the words "call me sexy". This sent my head spinning. Was Jenna just into girls? Did she like men as well? Or, was she into being an exhibitionist and wanted someone to join her? Maybe she was a budding dominant, oh or even a sub! I wanted to call Jenna right away, but she'd have to wait until Sunday night. I was horny again and Jimmy's fat cock was close by! Grabbing the bag with the latex items I'd worn the day before I walked quickly to his place.  
  
Making my way to his building, I undid the single button as I climbed his stairs. My jacket falling to my sides as I quickly climbed them. Without a tray, I couldn't remove my jacket as I walked, but I really wanted to do so! His door was unlocked as usual, making my way inside I walked into the living room so I could put the three coffees down. Returning to the hallway I removed my coat, hanging it on the hook, then looked down at the pair of heels that had obviously been left for me. Kicking off my flats, I stepped into the 5 plus inch heels, returning to the living room.  
  
"Well aren't these cute?" I said looking down at the heels I had on.  
  
The black patent heels had two ankle straps with Velcro closures and fake brass locks on the outside of each ankle. Fastening the Velcro, I made my way to Jimmy's bedroom, feeling the fake locks swaying and knocking lightly against the leather of the straps, finding him asleep, his left leg sticking out from the covers. Slowly slipping onto the bed, my left hand followed his leg while my right lifted the covers over me. Within a minute of my stepping into his apartment, I was face to balls with him. His cock, half hard and resting on his abdomen, was right there for my taking. I'd realized I'd gone 24 hours without a real cock, and at that I'd only sucked Rupert's cock yesterday morning. Slathering each of his hefty balls with my tongue, tasting the saltiness of his flesh, I cupped his cock in one hand.  
  
"But what if I don't want to wake up yet?" I heard him moan from beyond the covers.  
  
"Then close your eyes and think of this as a dream," I giggled in response, "a wet dream!"  
  
"If you say so slut!" Jimmy laughed.  
  
His laugh was short lived as my mouth engulfed the fat head of his cock. Massaging his balls with one hand, I pumped his cock with my mouth, taking him as deeply as I could. Getting up onto my knees, allowing myself greater leverage and a better angle for his cock to enter my throat, I plunged onto him again taking more than half his cock into my mouth.  
  
"Fuck!" Jimmy groaned. "Someone's horny!"  
  
I didn't answer, I didn't want to take his cock out of my mouth long enough to utter a syllable. We could talk all he wanted after he filled my stomach with his hot cum! Unlike Rupert the day before, Jimmy took a bit more work to make cum. Arching up onto my knees, craning my neck back, I took almost his entire shaft into my mouth and throat causing my eyes to water. My throat was raw and I was light headed from the lack of oxygen by the time I felt his cock swell. Groaning loudly as his cum exploded into my mouth, I gulped him down eagerly sucking him until he was finally soft. Climbing up his body, I rested my head on his chest, feeling his arms wrap around me.  
  
"I take it you missed me." Jimmy whispered, sounding tired again.  
  
"Just a bit." I felt my cheeks redden as I answered soon falling asleep in his arms.  
  
A couple hours later I awoke alone in bed. It took a moment for me to get untangled from the sheets, my heels not making it any easier, before making my way to the living room.  
  
"Well aren't you a sight for sore eyes!" Steve said from the couch.  
  
"I doubt your eyes are sore," I replied walking to the couch, "but I'm sure I'm a sight!"  
  
"A little bed head never did anyone any harm!" Steve said as he looked at everything but my hair.  
  
"Yeah?" I replied sliding next to him on the couch. "How about post sex hair coupled with bed head?"  
  
"That could surely be it," Steve said wrapping his arm around me, "I'm sure you'll have time to fix it before we head to the bar tonight."  
  
"Mmmmm, I can't wait!" I replied resting my head on his chest.  
  
I spent the next few minutes telling Steve about my poker game fun. When I went to tell him about my latex adventure the night before he brought up a copy of the video on the tv. It wasn't the part with Ms. Victoria, but my activities at home. Steve adjusted his crotch as I watched myself on the large screen. Was it me? The latex hood kept my identity a secret, but I knew it was me underneath. Steve adjusted his crotch again as I felt my pussy quiver with excitement.  
  
"Still my favorite assman Steve?"  
  
"You fucking know it!" He replied.  
  
"Take your jeans off!" I said getting up and hustling back to Jimmy's room.  
  
Returning with a bottle of lube I stood in front of the now bottomless Steve, his large cock pointing lewdly at his chest. Pouring lube onto his shaft as he removed his shirt, I felt my thighs get slick at the thought of having him inside me. Reaching down, I rubbed the lube over his hard cock, licking my lips as I watched my fingers glide over his shaft.  
  
"Take it easy on me," I said softly, "it's been a while since I've had you in my ass."  
  
"You'll be fine." He said turning me around by my thighs then helping me lower my ass onto his cock.  
  
"Put the video on a loop," I cooed as I felt the head of his cock touch my asshole, "I need to watch!"  
  
He was right, while it had been a while since I'd had a cock his size inside me, the head of his cock easily penetrated me. Soon my ass met his hips, grinding into him while reaching between his legs to fondle his balls all while watching the video of me riding the sybian in front of my glass slider. Wearing nothing but the 5" heels Jimmy'd left out for me, I felt every bit the slutty porn star I was watching on TV. Sliding my other hand between my thighs I furiously rubbed my clit while Steve's hands gripped my hips, his body bucked upward lifting me off his cock before my body and his hands slammed me back down onto him. My mouth wide open, eyes wide, Steve drilled my ass while I watched myself orgasm like a latex whore on the big screen in front of me.  
  
"Oh, I do love your sweet ass!" Steve grunted behind me. "There are few things better than watching my cock disappear inside you!" Holding me tightly downward on his shaft, his fingers digging into my hips as he bellowed. "Ohhhhh, this is better than simply fucking you!"  
  
"That's it," I screamed, "fill my ass with your cum Baby!"  
  
He exploded inside me, filling the small voids of my colon not already stretched by his fat cock. Squeezing him tightly with my ass, I tried to milk his cock for all he had inside him. As I did, I came as well, coating his empty balls with my cum. I hadn't been in the apartment that long and already I was sticky and cum covered! Steve's cock was completely soft when it finally slipped out of me. Without hesitation I slid off his lap, kneeling between his legs. Staring up at him while my tongue swirled around his coated balls, Steve grinned at me, letting his fingers trail through my hair. It may not have been love in the traditional sense, but I felt an amazing closeness with him.  
  
"I do love the way you tend to my cock when you're done." Steve said barely above a whisper.  
  
"One good turn deserves another," I said before licking my way up his shaft, "wouldn't you agree?"  
  
"I certainly do!" Steve answered while holding my head down on his cock.  
  
Suckling on his cock, milking the last drops from him, I could feel him leaking out of my stretched-out ass. When he was completely empty and cleaned off, I made my way to Jimmy's room to put a weighted plug into my slightly sore bottom. Wearing little more than the heels and plug, I did what I could to straighten up around their apartment. Jimmy was kind enough to allow me to dress, although it was not my traditional outfit for the bar. Normally, my outfits would be short and revealing, typically a miniskirt or minidress. This time Jimmy had laid out a pair of latex Capri pants with a small zipper to allow access to my pussy and ass, and a matching black latex bustier which gave my chest considerable lift. Coupled with the heels he'd left out earlier it was quite the outfit.  
  
"You seemed to like latex," Jimmy said as I stepped out of his room, "so I thought we'd stick with that theme."  
  
"It's kinda like being naked," I replied turning slowly for him, "but I can walk around like this and no one will complain."  
  
"Who would complain when you walk around naked?" Steve chuckled as he asked.  
  
"Probably the little ladies leaving the church across the street!" I replied with a wiggle of my ass.  
  
After a quick dinner, Jimmy and I headed out to his truck. Before heading out he gave me a jean jacket to wear. While it wasn't long enough to cover my latex ass, the jacket at least partially hid my jiggling chest. My outfit would certainly make me popular tonight, which really got my juices flowing. I was ready for action when we pulled into the parking lot.  
  
"Wait right there." Jimmy said as he shut off his truck and got out. I watched as he walked around the truck and opened the passenger side door. "Come on out here," he said taking my hand, "then lean over the seat and stick out your fine ass." Quickly doing as he said, I stood on my toes and arched my back feeling him pull the zipper slowly down and the rush of cold air between my cheeks. He pulled the weighted plug from my ass saying, "Just remember, that pussy is always mine!"  
  
"Yes Sir!" I replied eagerly as he zipped up my pants.  
  
"By the way," he continued as he helped me stand back up, "there's a bottle of lube in your jacket pocket." I raised my eyebrow at him as I turned around. "Just in case," he laughed, "your new police friends were in the other night and were quite disappointed you weren't around."  
  
"I do hope I can make it up to them!" I said feeling the bottle of lube in my jacket with my right hand.  
  
This was also the first time I saw the guys in the band since the bachelor party, needless to say they were very happy to see me and gave me a quick hug and grope before they started playing. As the night went on my jacket came off, latex was wonderful but it got hot. No one seemed to mind. Standing by the bar, I felt a hand glide confidently over my right hip then under my butt cupping my bottom.  
  
"Well hello," I heard from over my shoulder, "I almost didn't recognize you with clothing on!"  
  
Turning to my left I noticed the more forward of the three cops who'd pulled me over the morning I'd driven to work naked. Even as I turned his hand remained cupping my butt, although his hand had moved to the closer cheek as I'd turned.  
  
"I'm glad you're here tonight," his confidence bordered on cockiness but not arrogance, "I'll have to let my friends know soon."  
  
"Soon?" I replied, lightly touching his arm. "Why not now?"  
  
"I want to hog you to myself for a bit!" he responded leading me toward the dance floor.  
  
He didn't take me to the dance floor though, instead he turned us to the left leading me out the side door. The same side door I'd gone out to give Nick his first blow job. Obviously, he knew exactly what he was doing and where he was going. Then I realized my jacket, with the lube, was still on the bar stool next to Jimmy. Guiding me out the door to the back, his arms quickly came around my body from behind like an octopus. Feeling his hard cock pressing against my ass, his right hand slithered into my top while his left dove for my crotch and his mouth went to my ear.  
  
"I'm Glen." His voice was husky as he freed my tit and rubbed my pussy through the zipper.  
  
"Happy to see me Glen?" I asked arching my back, pressing my ass into his cock.  
  
"I'll be happier when you're doing what you promised," he said folding the cup to my tit down before going for the other one, "then I'll text my buddies while you're showing me what a great cock sucker you are!"  
  
Glen led me to the pole that Nick had pressed me against all those weeks ago. Instead of pinning me against it, he leaned back against it himself before releasing my chest. Turning around, my chest bare, my hands found his belt and zipper freeing him as I slowly knelt. By the time my mouth was level with his cock it was free of his clothing. Dragging my tongue slowly up the underside of his shaft, I looked directly up into his phone as he took pictures of me.  
  
"Tell one of your friends to grab my jacket on the way out here," my voice dripping with wanton desire, "I can only suck one cock at a time after all!"  
  
Working his cock with my mouth, I gave Glen the blowjob of a lifetime, watching his body react and hearing him sigh.  
  
"You weren't kidding, were you?" He asked, his voice conveying everything to me. I didn't bother to answer. "The other two will be here in a few minutes," his hand moving to the back of my head, his hips thrusting toward me, "I hope you like cum!" This time I couldn't answer, his hand kept my mouth firmly around his shaft.  
  
Whether he was talking about his cum, or his two cum filled buddies on their way over, it didn't matter to me. I didn't just like cum, and at this point I craved it! His body tensed, my body throbbing in anticipation knowing what was coming next. It was as if things began to move in slow motion and my sensations went into overdrive. I could feel his individual fingers on my head, almost feeling his fingerprints through my hair and scalp. The bumps on my tongue touching his cock, the head in the back of my throat, the flavor of his precum. Oh, it was heavenly! My hands on his hips, the sound and rhythm of his breathing. The quick, deep, gasp of air as he desperately tried to hold back. His body tensing under my touch. Feeling his hips press forward, the increased pressure on the back of my head, my nose pressing against his pubic bone as the first hot jets shot into me.

"Ohhhhhhh fuck!" He growled.  
  
I could feel his balls retracting into him, his sack tightening, as more cum blasted into my throat. The flood of cum surging through the underside of his cock like a tidal wave before shooting into my mouth. Beads of sweat formed on his body while his cock gradually softened. Then it became my turn to take charge, I wasn't going to release him until I was done! He'd now leaned back against the pole, he couldn't back away, so I pressed my head against him, holding him in place until he was completely limp.  
  
"I guess you weren't kidding!" He said as I finally let him slip out of my mouth. "That was amazing!"  
  
Standing up, my chest still bare, my hands and body pressing against him, I kissed his chest and neck tasting his salty flesh. His hands roamed my back and ass, squeezing my ass so tight I stood on my toes in my 5" heels. The latex around my torso quickly loosened, he'd found the zipper.  
  
"I always thought you looked better with the least amount of clothing on!" He said as my top feel free of my body.  
  
The cool air hit the upper half of my body as he tossed my top aside. It was a quite liberating feeling. Maybe I'm becoming a nudist?  
  
"You must have been saving up!" I said playfully licking my lips.  
  
"Was someone looking for a jacket?" Someone asked from behind.  
  
"Seems like to nice a night to put a coat on," another man said, "and who would want to cover up such an amazing rack?"  
  
Turning to face them, arching my back to highlight my chest, I extended my hand taking the jacket from the first man who reluctantly handed it to me. Reaching inside the jacket, I pulled the bottle from the inside pocket then tossed the jacket aside.  
  
"As I told Glen," I said holding up the bottle for them to see, "my mouth can only take one cock at a time, so what's the other guy gonna do?" The looks on their faces was quite priceless. First was the look of confusion, followed by understanding. "Too bad you boys didn't bring your cuffs!" I said unzipping the back of my Capri pants giving them access to my ass. "Cocks out boys!"  
  
Horny men are so good at following direction, both of them had their rock-hard cocks out almost instantaneously. Pouring lube in one hand, I tossed the bottle to Glen, before rubbing my hands together and reaching out for both cocks.  
  
"You can wait for my ass," I said to them, "or the two of you can put me on a spit right now!"  
  
"Her mouth is worth it," Glen happily grunted from beside us, "but I'm tappin' that ass one way or another tonight!"  
  
"You say the sweetest things Baby!" I replied guiding one of the cocks behind me.  
  
Feeling the head of his cock pressing against my ass, I leaned back trying to will him inside me. The guy still in front of me stepped forward, his hands finding my chest, his mouth following closely behind, while the soft head slipped into my sphincter. His greased cock sliding into me like a rock-hard eel. With only a couple slow thrusts he was buried inside me, his hips pressing against my ass with his cock filling me.  
  
"Ohhhhhh YES!" I groaned loudly, the first guy assaulting my chest while the second started to pound my ass.  
  
The rhythmic slapping of his body into mine, his hands gripping my hips tightly. My hand wrapped around the cock of the guy in front of me, rubbing and stroking him lightly as I didn't want him to cum. I needed him hard and ready.  
  
"Fuck me Baby!" I moaned pushing back into him. "That's it, fuck me harder!"  
  
I felt his hand grab my hair, grabbing a fistful he used it to pull me back into him answering my plea! It didn't take him long, his cock throbbed and pulsed inside me before filling me with his heat. I grabbed the face of the guy in front of me, staring into his eyes.  
  
"I need you in my ass," I was pleading with him, "and need you to fuck me HARD!"  
  
He simply nodded before disappearing behind me. His slick cock slid into my well lubed ass easily. With him buried, his hands moved to my shoulders, then slowly down to my elbows which he pulled backward. This caused my back to naturally arch, allowing him better access to me, and a better angle to drive into me. His arm slid between my elbows and back allowing him to hold me in place with one hand. He was already thrusting into me hard as his other hand reached up, grabbing a fistful of my hair.  
  
"Like that Slut?" He hissed.  
  
"YES!" I panted in response. "FUCK ME!"  
  
He violently pounded his body into mine, inching my heels forward with each thrust and practically lifting me off them. I began to wonder how much more I could take! He wasn't massive, but his relentless thrusting was going to break me. I'd never had a guy not take a break after a dozen or so hard thrusts; this one was going on a couple minutes without so much as a pause!  
  
"Oh, fuck!" He grunted slamming into me.  
  
His thrusts had finally slowed, but we replaced by him slamming into me harder than ever with a slight pause in between. Slamming into me one more time, this time he did lift my heels off the ground, he held himself inside me as his cock erupted inside me. I could feel his hot seed seeping from my battered ass.  
  
"Hang on Jeff," one of them said, "get her over here! I heard she likes to do something!"  
  
The guy behind me let go of my hair, then still holding my arm and guiding me by my hip, he walked me forward to a large air conditioning unit. Standing on top of the unit was the first guy who'd fucked my ass, his cock now at the perfect height for my mouth.  
  
"Oh, look at that!" He exclaimed. "She's not even here yet and her mouth is already open!"  
  
He wasn't wrong, little did he know my mouth was already watering too! With my thighs pressed against the A/C unit, and a cock in my mouth, Jeff milked his cock into my ass. I thought I'd have a minute to recover, instead Glen was back and ready.  
  
"Well," he grunted as his cock slid inside me, "aren't you the good time had by all!?!"  
  
I couldn't answer, I was too busy cleaning the cock in front of me while Jeff got in position to have his cleaned as well. At least I had my hands and arms free, with my left I massaged and rubbed the cock and balls in my mouth while my right went straight to my clit! Rubbing myself furiously, the cock in my mouth exploded again catching me by surprise. I barely had a chance to recover from his cock being pulled from my lips before the next one replaced it; all the while Glen was fucking my ass! The two of them fucked me, while I furiously rubbed myself through my latex pants. It didn't take me much to orgasm, the entire situation alone was almost enough to do it, rubbing myself just pushed me to the edge quicker. My orgasm muffled by the cock in my mouth.  
  
"You are filthy, aren't you?" The guy in my mouth grunted. "Here, I know you want this!"  
  
Cum shot from his cock, down my throat and into the back of my mouth, swallowing as quickly as I could it wasn't easy to keep up with his torrent. Just as I started to regain control, Glen came inside me, filling my already full ass with more cum.  
  
"I think she's full boys!" He said milking his cock quickly before pulling it out. "Let's just seal that in there!" He laughed as he spoke.  
  
I felt the tug of the zipper, sealing my leaking ass into the black latex. I could only imagine what the inside of my latex pants looked like! I'd orgasmed a couple times at least, and all three of them had cum in my ass. Between that, and the lube, my perspiration I had some kind of mutated biology project going on down there. I also didn't have time to think about it. With Jeff's cock now limp, Glen turned me and pushed me so I was squatting before pushing his limp cock into my mouth.  
  
"Time for clean up!" He chuckled as I licked and sucked his cock clean.  
  
I'd gotten used to being fed a cock that had recently been fucking me, regardless of the hole, but there was still a bit of humiliation to it. Plus, we were behind a bar, and there were three of them, only one of the first names I was sure belonged to one guy and I had no idea what the third guy's name was. When Glen pulled his cock from my mouth the other two guys were gone, so much for learning their names. He handed me my jacket, which caused me to wonder where my top went.  
  
"I think you'll look better like this," he said putting my denim jacket on me, "although you may need to clean up a little bit." Glen picked up my top, rolling it and holding it in one hand while leading me back to the door with the other. "Don't worry," he said as he felt me hesitate, "I'll give your top to your buddy at the bar."  
  
It wasn't that I was worried I wouldn't get the top back; I was about to walk into the bar with an open denim jacket covering my chest. I was covered, but a hand could easily reach into the jacket and touch my chest. It was a bit unnerving, but I soon got over it. Thankfully, Glen did lead me to the lady's room first, which allowed me to unzip my pants and clean up as best I could. The single stall bathroom allowed me to wash myself in the sink. I did what I could to make myself presentable before leaving the bathroom, when I did, Glen was also gone.  
  
"How were your friends?" Jimmy asked as I returned. "They looked like they had fun."  
  
"Oh, they definitely did," I replied as Jimmy's hand slid over my waist to my lower back, pulling the jacket back so my breast was now half exposed. "don't worry though, they left my pussy alone!"  
  
"I am sure they did," Jimmy slid his hand up my side as he spoke, exposing my breast fully, "I plan on fucking you senseless tonight, but you get to have a bit more fun first."  
  
Jimmy handed me a shot, which I downed quickly, feeling it burn its way down my freshly fucked throat while his hand moved to the side of my exposed breast. His thumb pressed against my hard nipple, bending it and rolling it around slowly while his other hand found the front of my latex pants. Soon he was massaging my pussy and clit too, while still manipulating my nipple. I was slowly humping his hand when someone came up to ask for a dance.  
  
"Go have fun!" Jimmy said abruptly withdrawing his hands from my body.  
  
I knew what Jimmy wanted, he wanted me hot, horny and slutty and he was going to get it! It didn't matter to me what the band was playing, my dance partner was a young stud with an impressive bulge in his jeans. Quickly grabbing his hips, I pulled him to me straddling his left leg. His hands grabbed my hips, pulling me tightly to him so I could grind my pussy into him. With him holding me tight, I moved one hand behind his neck, grabbing his wrist with the other. Pulling his mouth to mine, I guided his hand inside my jacket all but placing his hand on my tit.  
  
"That's it, Baby!" I cooed in his ear while he felt me up.  
  
"You're so fucking hot!" He grunted.  
  
My hand slid between us, finding his cock through his jeans and squeezing him. Stroking him as best I could through his jeans while he tugged and squeezed my nipples mercilessly. I was so close to cumming when another guy came up asking to cut in.  
  
"Get me a shot first," I moaned while he shot me a quizzical look, "get me a shot and you can touch me anyway you want!"  
  
The guy turned back to the bar, as he did, I pulled the guy I was dancing with to my mouth again. Kissing him hard, plunging my tongue into his mouth, I felt the warmth fill my latex Capri's as I orgasmed. I was just recovering from my orgasm as a shot glass was waved in front of my eyes. Pulling the shot glass from the hand, I quickly downed it before releasing my first dance partner and moving to the second who needed far less direction. Both his hands immediately went to my hips and up my waist until he'd exposed my chest. Pulling me into him, so I was grinding against him like the previous guy, his hands pressed against the side of my chest squeezing my tits together.  
  
"That's what I like in a man," I groaned pressing my body into his, "someone who sees what he wants and takes it!"  
  
"I am all about the taking!" He grunted as his hands moved to my tits alone, squeezing them while pinching my nipples with his thumb and index finger.  
  
"Oh fuck!" I groaned louder.  
  
My clit was still sore from my last orgasm, yet I couldn't help but grind against him further. Eventually, my mouth found his, my hand found his cock too, squeezing and stroking him as the music played. He wasn't as impressive in size, but his hands knew what to do and that was all I needed. I was close to cumming when the next song started and another shot glass was placed in front of my face.  
  
"Don't worry," the guy handing me the shot glass said before stepping around me, "you don't have to worry about kissing me."  
  
Handing the guy I'd just finished dancing with the shot glass, I felt the new guy's hands slowly making their way up my back. For some reason they were outside my jacket. I went to turn to tell him he was doing it wrong when his hands pulled the jacket off my shoulders ripping it down my arms. His right arms went across my chest, his forearm covering my right tit while his hand covered my left. His left hand moved over my hip, moving quickly to my crotch. Pressing his body into mine, I could feel his cock pressing against me. It was as impressive as his forwardness.  
  
"Grind that ass into me!" He hissed from behind me.  
  
Obediently I did, grinding my ass into his rock-hard cock while his hands pawed me. Two more guys approached, each carrying a shot glass proudly in front of them. My body rippled with excitement, I wasn't sure if it was from what I'd experienced already, what I was experiencing right in that moment, or if it was what I knew was coming that caused it. Then again, I didn't care. It wasn't that I was horny, I definitely was, but I felt the most overtly sexual feeling I'd ever experienced. It wasn't about sex, I WAS sex! Before I knew it the guy behind me was dry humping my ass while the two in front of me were enjoying my tits as yet another shot was poured down my throat. Someone's hand was furiously rubbing my latex covered pussy bringing me excruciatingly close to cumming.  
  
"Ohhh Jesus!" I groaned loudly.  
  
Just then my right hand, which had been pulling a head to my right tit, was pulled away. At first, I fought it, I didn't want the guy enjoying my tit to stop, but my hand was soon holding a throbbing, hot cock. Without a moment's hesitation I started stroking him. Who was it? It didn't matter. If I could have dropped to my knees to suck him off, I would have, by my body was otherwise occupied. My left hand was moved as well, this time I didn't try to resist. Two hands clumsily assaulted my pussy while I stroked two cocks. They weren't coordinated enough to make me cum but they were managing to keep me on edge while a cock surged in my hand. He was cumming!  
  
"Fuck I need that!" I hissed.  
  
Someone said something unintelligible, I heard someone call me a slut. It seemed all I could hear were derogatory terms, which only spurred me forward. Squeezing the shaft in my hand, I milked him, trying to catch whatever I could in my fingers. Releasing him, I managed to pull my fingers to my mouth and quickly lick them clean.  
  
"So tasty!" I cooed, my hips still bucking, my hand still slamming away at the cock in it. "I need more!"  
  
My right hand was pulled downward again. Elation came over me as my fingers wrapped around another shaft. Cock number two was now pumping his load only my hip! Milking him as I did the first, I managed to feed myself another stranger's cum before my hand was pushed to another fresh cock. The guy who'd been sucking my left tit had moved, it was his cock in my hand. His hand was now where his mouth had been while I jacked him off furiously. This time both of them erupted at the same time, providing me two more tastes of man seed!  
  
"You're delicious!" I said licking my lips and fingers.  
  
Walking toward me was another man, with another shot. I already hand two hands on cocks again, my sore tits being mauled by their owners, while their other hands rubbed at my ass and pussy. Sure, I had no problem sharing, but he was going to need to make room for himself. He had an air of cockiness to him though, his eyes discounted my newest friends, as if they didn't exist. Lifting his hand, he poured the shot into my mouth as I tilted my head back. Some of it dribbled down my chin and neck, I was sure he did it on purpose. Here I was jacking off two other guys and he was taking control. Then he undid the front of his jeans.  
  
"Holy shit!" I blurted as he held his cock in view. "Where are you putting that thing?"  
  
"The guy at the bar said your pussy is his," he waved his cock as he spoke, "and I can give myself a hand-job." As he spoke his cock seemed to grow. "And I doubt that little mouth of yours could do more than take the head."  
  
His confidence was commanding. I stroked the guys in my hands quicker, I needed to be done with them! Now! From his shirt pocket he produced a bottle of lube, drizzling it over his cock and pouring it into his palm. I was so intent on watching him toy with me that I barely noticed the two cocks in my hand pulsating as they both came. My hands instinctively knew what to do, milking them both before bringing what I was able to catch to my mouth. The entire time my eyes never left his cock which was horrifyingly large. As he moved around me, the realization finally hit. He wasn't going to lead me out back and fuck me in private, he was going to do it right here in the middle of the dance floor! Looking straight ahead, I saw nothing more than eyes and cell phones, as the zipper protecting my ass from the biggest cock I'd ever seen slid downward. His lubed finger touching my sensitive flesh caused me to jump.  
  
"Just relax there Darlin," his voice had a hint of a southern drawl, "this will help just a bit." My puckered hole tingled slightly as his finger easily penetrated me. "It's a lube but has a bit of numbing cream in there too," his voice was calming as was his tone, "I don't wanna hurt you after all."  
  
He started to slowly screw me with his finger, then added a second. The cream did work, I could feel his fingers but his fingers moved inside me without any discomfort at all. How his cock would do was another question.  
  
"Now you go on ahead and take a nice deep breath," he said as he removed his fingers, "then let it out real slow and do it again." I did as instructed, feeling my chest rising and falling slowly. "I'm just gonna wait a bit," he chuckled softly, "neither of us wants my cock to get numb after all."  
  
"That would be bad!" I replied then gasped as I felt the head of his thick shaft touch my body.  
  
"Deep breaths," his voice was soft and reassuring, "nice and slow, in and out."  
  
It took all my focus not to tense as the head penetrated me further, it seemed to just get bigger! Stretching me further than ever before I realized the numbing cream also made it tough for me to clench, it was like getting Novocain just in my ass.  
  
"Oh FUCK!" I gasped, breathing short breaths as I finally felt the ridge of his cock slip inside my anal canal.  
  
"That's it," he said encouragingly, "we'll just hold on right there for a bit to let you get used to it."  
  
I was standing on my toes in 5" heels in front of a crowd of guys and all I could focus on was the gigantic cock entering me! My feet moved, lifting slightly, as if I were trying to walk off his shaft. His hands were now on my hips, lightly holding me in place, yet asserting a type of command and authority that caused me to not dare move forward. Then his cock slid forward, easily an inch that felt like a foot.  
  
"Oh Jesus!" I blurted as I orgasmed, my pussy juice flowing inside the black latex bottoms I had on. "I'm cumming already!"  
  
"I didn't say you could do that!" I heard from behind me before the white hot heat of a hard spank filled my right ass cheek causing me to yelp and try to jump.  
  
"OH DEAR GOD!" I screamed as a spank hit my left ass cheek.

"Now you behave," his sweet drawl seemingly more pronounced, "I don't wanna have to do that again."  
  
"Yes Sir!" I whimpered in response.  
  
Sliding into me further, my burning buns were no longer a priority as he slowly continued to fill me. The anticipation was infuriating as more and more of him continued inside my body. It was like an anaconda, thick and never ending! The head of this beast inside me finally met something inside me that stopped it. He pushed gently forward in an attempt to rearrange my internal organs with no success.  
  
"For such a little girl," his voice triumphant in it's gentlemanly tone, "you sure got a lotta cock in your ass!" I could only nod in response, afraid that if I opened my mouth the head of his cock would push it's way past my tonsils. "Now I'll start you nice and slow," his tone belying the fact that he had as much of his cock as my body would fit inside me with an audience watching intently, "all you need to do is hang on."  
  
"To what?" I asked suddenly unaware of what to do with my hands.  
  
His cock slid out slightly, certainly enough I could feel the relief of pressure against my innards, before moving back in just as deep as he'd been before. With each back stroke, he pulled further and further out of me, until the entire length of him was moving through my body with ease. In spite of the numbing cream, it hurt, but certainly not like it would have given his enormous girth. My hands finally gripped his as his pace quickened.  
  
"Now you know why I waited until the end," his voice oozing confidence surely as easily as my pussy was oozing wetness, "why rush in with the boys when I can come in after and take the whole damn thing?" I groaned as his pace increased, each thrust now lifting my heels slightly. "A fine ass like yours," his voice huskier now, "a man's just gotta take his time with that!"  
  
He was talking about me like I was a piece of meat! All the while the guys who'd already had their fun with me cheered him on, chanting "fuck her!" over and over again. I was on display for them all while he possessed my body with not only his glorious cock but his cool southern demeanor. My body burned not just for him, but because of him.  
  
"Mother fucker!" I bellowed as he started fucking me hard enough to lift my feet off the floor.  
  
"You sure got a potty mouth for such a pretty girl!" He hissed ramming into me.  
  
"I need to cum!" I cried out turning as best I could. "Please!"  
  
"You do what you gotta do," his voice guttural and deep as his hips met me ass for the first time, "I'm fixin to fill that sweet ass of yours with my seed!"  
  
My right hand shot between my legs, furiously rubbing my clit through the latex and zipper. It was so swollen at this point it felt as if it were twice it's normal size. The room in front of my disappeared, I wasn't sure if my eyes rolled back into my head or if my brain just couldn't process that much stimulus. Whatever it was all I could see was static.  
  
"You ready little lady?" He grunted from behind me.  
  
"YES!" I screamed pushing myself downward on him, feeling his cock force it's way still deeper inside me.  
  
Just then his cock erupted hot lava inside me, I could feel the first burst flowing through him before exploding inside me. Almost immediately, with nowhere else to go, his hot cum poured out of me around his still surging cock. Another hard thrust and eruption caused more to flow from me, try as I might I couldn't hold his cum inside me. He'd pulled his cock halfway out before the third explosion filled me. As it did my pussy let go, I could feel my bodily fluids filling the tight Capri pants and leaking down my lower legs. Pulling his cock further out, with just the head inside me, he milked the last of him inside me. It was like someone had flooded my anal cavity with hot water and was holding it inside me.  
  
"Now don't you move there Darlin," his smooth, cool voice had returned, "I don't want you making a mess of my boots after all."  
  
Move? I could barely stand as it was, it was sheer will and the head of his cock in my sore rings holding me up. Suddenly I felt his head slip from my hole, something momentarily replaced it, then he zipped my pants closed again. There was nothing I could do as his cum slowly poured from my ass trying to find space in my already full pants. In the mean time I lowered myself to the floor, ending up on all fours, completely exhausted. The guys in the bar cheered and hollered as I tried to regain my wits.  
  
"I'm gonna need a bit of a hand here," I heard him say before lifting my head with my hair and bringing it to his cock, "plus, I kinda heard that you like this."  
  
How I hated to admit he wasn't wrong! Licking the cum dripping off his balls, I could feel his wet shaft coating my face. He didn't even need to hold me in place anymore, licking him clean felt like a much-needed relief. Of course, he didn't know that and kept a firm grip on my hair as my mouth expertly moved over him. His once enormous cock was now a flaccid 6 inches that slid into my mouth with ease. In the back of my mind I could still hear the voices around us, but they weren't my focus, rewarding his glorious cock with my mouth was all I cared about. When he'd decided he was sufficiently clean he pulled his cock away from me, then slowly lowered me to the floor.  
  
"Thank you for taking such good care of me little lady," he said tipping an imaginary hat, "I'm sure your friend will come and collect you presently."  
  
Lying on the floor I soon realized that my upper back and hair were directly in the puddle I'd left behind. It was warm, sticky and gross, which fit the rest of me perfectly. Jimmy did appear a moment or two later with a sly smirk on his face. Leaning down, he helped me to my feet, holding me up for a moment with one hand while flinging my jacket over his right shoulder with the other. In one quick move he lifted me over his shoulder, which put pressure directly on my lower abdomen, causing a new flood of bodily fluids to flood into my latex Capri pants. Jimmy carried me out of the bar, still topless, ass in the air, while I was given a few parting spanks. As I was being carried out, I could feel cum and whatever else drying on my back and in my hair. It then occurred to me that he hadn't put my jacket over his shoulder as a convenient way to carry it, but as a barrier from everything I was covered with from getting on him.  
  
The cold night air sent chills through my entire body. Carefully setting me down on my heels, Jimmy opened the truck door, laying my jacket out on the passenger side of the bench seat.  
  
"Did you have fun?" He asked rubbing his hands over my chest.  
  
"That last guy was," my body shuddered as I thought of him practically splitting me in two, "beyond belief."  
  
"Steve will be disappointed to know your ass will need a break for a bit." Jimmy chuckled as he helped me into his truck.

**Becoming His Slut Ch. 14**