# Beth's Conversion

## by [drbenway](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=238238&page=submissions)

Shortly after we were married, I found that I could make my husband Larry very jealous. Anything I did that seemed the least flirtatious drove him into silent fits of fear and suspicion. I found I could easily make him miserable by flashing the least little bit of skin. But whenever he got wound up like that, we'd have the best sex we'd ever had. So I got to enjoy it, making him squirm, and I did it regularly.  
  
At first, it was just very brief swimsuits, short skirts, and a few low-cut blouses. He would never say anything, but I could feel him tense up, and he wouldn't let loose till he had me in bed. I thought this was a pretty good deal, but I worried a bit that I was enjoying his discomfort too much.  
  
I found I was uping the ante on a regular basis. One week, I'd wear my sexiest bikini to the beach. The next, I'd lie out on my stomach with the top untied. The next, I'd let Larry catch a brief glimpse of my nipple on the crowded beach. He was in agony until we got home.  
  
But it really got out of hand when he started having business meetings with his staff - Tom, Barry, and Hank - at our house. Larry sells insurance, and he's the sales manager for a small territory south of Houston. About a year ago, headquarters decided the territory was too small to rate an office. Larry and his guys mostly worked out of their homes anyway, so it was no big deal. But it meant they'd usually have their sales meetings at our house.   
  
Well, it turned out that my flashing of these business meetings got Larry going more than anything else I could do. I pretended not to pay much attention to them. When they first started coming over, it was summer, so I could lounge around in my short-shorts and halter top, and it would seem pretty natural.  
  
After their meeting, the guys would hang around and drink beer. It usually broke up about midnight. That gave me another excuse to show off. About 11:00, I'd make a show of getting tired, and head off to the bedroom. A few minutes later, I'd reappear, wearing my shorty robe over something sexy. His guys seemed to love it. Larry would just about freeze. But he'd never say anything about it - just fuck me silly when they left.   
  
Actually, I usually slept in nothing more than a long T-shirt. One night, when I came out to say goodnight with the robe loosely belted over the T-shirt, Larry almost took a fit. He saw my long legs disappearing under the shorty robe and he must have wondered if I had any panties on. I didn't, but I was very careful. I couldn't bend over or sit down, but it didn't matter. I was so turned on by the suspense, and Larry's intense reaction to it, that I was afraid my own love juice was about to run down my legs. I had to get out of there fast.   
  
When I was kissing Larry goodnight, Hank, always the wise guy, said, "Hey, don't we get one too."  
  
"Sure," I said, "in your dreams."  
  
Hank gave me a look like a wild animal, like he wanted to eat me. It scared me, but it thrilled me too. I scampered back to the safety of the bedroom and fingered myself to a thunderous orgasm.   
  
The next week, there was a regional sales meeting in Dallas. Larry and his guys were going, and I insisted on going along. I knew it would give me plenty of opportunity to flash the guys and torture Larry. I packed all of my showiest clothes and lacy underwear. All week, I was wet with anticipation.  
  
We drove out on Sunday afternoon. Larry was in a foul mood because his boss called him just before we left and told him he had to make a presentation of all the business his group had closed in the last three months and all the prospects for the next three.  
  
As soon as we got to our room, Larry called his guys and told them to come over and help him prepare his presentation. I started to protest. I didn't want to spend the evening cooped up in the room while they worked on some boring presentation. Then I thought again, and smiled. I gathered some things and closed myself in the bathroom. While I was getting ready for the evening, I heard the boys arrive.  
  
When I emerged from the bathroom, they were gathered around the desk, making slides on Larry's laptop computer. I was wearing my sexiest low-cut short black dress, made up for an evening of fun.  
  
"Hey," I exclaimed, "don't just sit there, let's go."  
  
They all turned and looked at me. Larry's eyes got wide. The others were grinning. I was pretty sure I could win this one.  
  
"But Beth," Larry whined, "we've got to do this presentation."  
  
"Oh, you'll have plenty of time when we get back. I don't want to eat room service. Okay? Just a nice dinner and a couple drinks for me and then you guys can have the rest of the night for your boring presentation." I gave them my sweetest smile.  
  
Larry looked stumped.  
  
Hank spoke up. "She's right, Larry. This won't take long. We can do it later." He grinned and winked at me.  
  
Then we all ganged up on Larry, and carried him along out to a nice club for drinks and dinner and maybe a little dancing. Larry went along, but he put his foot down on a curfew. We had to be back by 10:30 to finish the presentation.  
  
Well, the drinks and dinner were great. The dress turned out to be even sexier than I had thought. My braless tits felt like they might pop free at any moment, and when I sat, the hem rode up and barely covered the tiny lace thong panties I wore underneath it. The guys couldn't take their eyes off me, and Larry was frozen like a deer in the headlights. I was so turned on, I had a couple more drinks than I should have.  
  
After dinner, it was almost 10:00, and Larry started to herd us back to the room to work on his slides. I wasn't ready for that. The band had just started to play some dance music. I wanted to party.  
  
"Oh come on Larry," I wheedled, "just one dance. Please."  
  
He shook his head and smiled thinly, pushing his chair back and standing up. "Oh, alright. One dance."  
  
"Okay," I agreed, bouncing up, "only one dance with each of you." Then I whisked him onto the dance floor, before he had a chance to protest.  
  
The song was a fast number with a wild Latin beat. Only a few other couples had ventured out yet. I went whirling and bouncing onto the tiny dance floor, while Larry shuffled woodenly in one spot. The dress that barely covered me when I was careful, became downright risque when I moved. But I didn't care. The drinks, and the thrill of teasing Larry so blatantly had me flying. My tits didn't pop out, and the crowd got only brief glimpses of my, by now soaking thong, but, when we returned to our table, Larry looked like he was choking on something. His face was red and puffy, he was so worked up over my little display.  
  
I gaily grabbed Barry's hand and pulled him onto the dance floor. This one was a wild and sensuous Tango, and Barry turned out to be a hell of a dancer. We swirled and posed through the number and I felt graceful and beautiful as his expert hands guided me. As the song reached its finale, Barry bent me back and leaned over me, supporting me with his arm, in a classic ballroom finish. I was so caught up in the dance, I didn't even realize that the pose, which we held for several seconds, had put my lacy thong on full display. I only figured that out when I went back to the table and looked at Larry's face. It was mottled with red and white blotches. Sweat stood out on his forehead.  
  
I felt only the slightest twinge of guilt, and I laughed. "Who's my next victim?"  
  
Tom stood up grinning. "With pleasure."  
  
Another fast one, and I put on shameless display for Tom and the rest of the crowd, testing the will of my dress to contain me. All the time, I looked into Tom's eyes, making sure I had his full attention, but feeling Larry's intense gaze burning into me.  
  
Then there was only one more song, a slow and smoky ballad. I danced it with Hank, pressed against him from thigh to shoulder, his hands caressing my back and mine around his thickly muscled torso. Hank is a big man, about 6' 4" and 220 pounds, all muscle. It felt good nestled in his arms. It felt even better when his hands began to softly wander down my back, ending up on my rump, pulling me to him, grinding my pelvis into his. I could feel him getting excited and hard. I gave myself over to the warmth and softness of the dance. It was torture to break from him when the music ended.   
  
Back at the table, Larry's face was set like concrete. He gruffly took over, hustling us back to the hotel. The fun was over, as far as he was concerned. It was back to work. But I hadn't had enough, and I had other plans.  
  
When we got back to the room, the boys behaved themselves and settled down to work. I looked at them disgustedly and decided to get ready for bed. If Larry was going to spoil my fun, I'd at least make him pay. I shut myself in the bathroom and turned on the shower.  
  
The heavy stream of hot water coursing over my body felt wonderful, and soon had me back to a peak of arousal. It was all I could do to deny myself the orgasm, but I wanted something more. I stepped out of the shower and used the big fluffy towel to wipe off the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. I looked at my naked body and thought it looked good. I heard the boys talking about the slides on the other side of that door, and it just added to the heat building in my pussy.   
  
Suddenly, I had it. I quickly ran the towel over my body, then wrapped it around me. I took one last look in the mirror. The towel was just wide enough to cover, and secure enough to walk across the room to the closet and get my nightgown. It showed a lot of skin, though, and they'd all know there was nothing but me under this outfit. I laughed, thinking of Larry's expression when he looked up and saw me like that.  
  
I opened the door and quickly walked out into the room. Three sets of eyes looked up at me with various expressions of surprise and veiled lust, but I didn't get to enjoy Larry's expression. When I looked around, I realized he wasn't there.  
  
I'm sure I turned bright red. "Uh ... I forgot my nightgown," I stammered, starting to move past them toward the closet.  
  
Hank was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Oh well," he said, as I walked past. "You don't really need it." Then he reached out and grabbed a corner of the towel. With one quick tug, it slipped off, and I was standing naked in front of them.  
  
"Hank," I screamed hysterically. "What are you doing? Give me back that towel."  
  
He stood up and threw the towel back into the bathroom. "I don't think so, Beth."  
  
I couldn't begin to figure out what was going on. My mind was racing in circles. I started to run back to the bathroom, but Hank stood in my way. If I tried to go around him to the right, he stepped sideways into my path. If I went left, he did the same. I didn't understand his game, but I was getting more frantic with each second that passed.   
  
Finally, I lost it and started crawling across the bed, giving all of them a clear shot of my pussy in retreat. Hank wasn't going to let me off so easy, though. He grabbed me around the waist and flipped me over on my back. I lay there spreadeagled and panting, my eyes darting wildly, searching for the way out of this impossible madness. But Hank wouldn't let me up.  
  
"Hank, stop it," I burst out. "Larry ..."  
  
"Larry's not here," Hank answered calmly. "He won't be back for at least an hour."  
  
I glanced over at Barry and Tom. They were devouring my naked body with their eyes. "But, why ... What are you trying to do? Let me go."  
  
"I'm not going to let you go, Beth. You've been teasing us for months. It's time you learned your lesson."  
  
He was so serious and calm. His words sent a shiver of anticipation racing down my back. I was so excited I could hardly breathe. "But I ... I didn't mean it."  
  
"Oh, you meant it alright. I know you didn't mean it for us. You meant it for Larry, but we were the ones that had to go home every night with aching balls. Larry just waltzed into the bedroom and hammered away at you till he'd had his fill. Now that wasn't fair, was it?"  
  
"I ... I guess not." I was only half aware of what he was saying. My mind raced.  
  
"Well," Hank grinned, "tonight you can say you're sorry."  
  
"I will," I sputtered. "I am."  
  
"Then I'm sure you'll want to show it and make up for your mistake."   
  
His hands, which had pinned my shoulders to the mattress, began to move down over my body. I was in such a state, his touch was like cold fire flowing over my skin. Then they centered on my breasts, softly circling my nipples, tweaking them gently, till they stood up like little pink stones.  
  
I whimpered under an overload of sexual stimulation, completely forgetting to struggle to escape. A moment later, other hands began to massage my thighs, gradually moving in on my quivering pussy. My eyes closed and my breath came in ragged sighs. I couldn't fight the need that pulsed in my body. I could only give myself up to it. Those hands were taking me to a world I had never imagined.  
  
When Hank stood up from the bed and quickly shed his clothes, I was entranced by his masculine equipment, and much too far gone to feel anything but desire. I rolled toward him and begged for it with my mouth.  
  
Hank did not tease. He brought the bulging head of his fully engorged penis to my lips and sighed when I took him into the wet warmth of my mouth. My tongue swirled around him, and I pushed forward rhythmically, trying to swallow as much as my narrow throat could take. I reached for his balls and felt them tight and throbbing under his dick. It wouldn't take much more of this action before he would erupt like a volcano down my throat.  
  
One of them was fingering my pussy, getting me close to my own massive orgasm. But then, I knew what I wanted. I let Hank's tool slip from my mouth with a wet pop. And I looked up at him and pleaded softly, "Put it in me, Hank. Please, put it in me."  
  
He did, and it was all I needed. I had my first orgasm before he was even all the way in. It didn't slow him down. Hank started pumping like a piston. His penis was at least two inches longer than Larry's, and seemed like twice the thickness. It felt like heaven inside me, stretching me, reaching places that had never been penetrated before. I wished it would never end, but, when it did, the ending was worth it.  
  
Suddenly Hank's dick, already hard as a piece of iron pipe - suddenly I could feel it grow again, filling me completely. Then it began to pulse and spew a jet of hot come deep inside me. I could feel each spurt, and I moved with him to squeeze every drop of that precious nectar from his spasming balls. Only after the last clenching thrust, when Hank collapsed beside me - only then did I remember where I was, and how I'd gotten there. But, by then, I didn't care. All I wanted was more of that wonderful piece of meat that was slowly shrinking in a river of love juice that leaked out around it.  
  
But Hank moved away, and Barry took his place. He wasn't as big as Hank, When I took him in my mouth, I found I could take almost all of him down my throat. It seemed to drive him wild. He came in buckets that I couldn't swallow fast enough. Gobs of come sloshed down my chin and onto my breasts.   
  
Then Tom was slipping his dick into my pussy, working it with a different kind of motion than I'd ever experienced. I soon realized he was small, smaller even than Larry, but he used that crazy motion to send me off again. I had two more orgasms while he pumped me, the last as his come was bursting into me. I was amazed at his technique. I'd always assumed that size was the critical factor, but Tom disproved that theory. With his wierd motion, he satisfied me just as completely as Hank had with his massive tool.  
  
I lay there dripping come, my mind absorbed in a delicious floating euphoria, while the boys lay beside me, gently stroking my naked tits and belly and down over my pubic mound. Time probably passed, but it had no meaning for me. I felt their hands grow more insistent around my clit, and then I knew I wanted more. My hand found Hank's penis. It was hard again.  
  
He rolled me over and set me up on my hands and knees, getting ready to do me doggie-style. The head of his dick had just slid past my slippery pussy lips, when the door opened and Larry walked in. Hank pulled out abruptly, and I moaned my displeasure. I saw the look of shock on Larry's face, but all I could think of was Hank's magic meat, how I wanted it back inside me.   
  
"Hank. Beth," Larry gasped. "What are you doing?"  
  
Hank gently rubbed my ass. "Don't worry, Larry. We saved you some."  
  
I guess they had an awkward moment or two, but it didn't phase me. I didn't move. I knelt there with my ass in the air, come dripping from my pussy, just waiting for someone to fill me with their rigid manhood. Larry's eyes seemed to pop from their sockets. The expression on his face was a strange mix of anger and fear and wild sexual excitement.  
  
"You know how she was teasing us," Hank explained. "Well, she had it coming all along. You know?"  
  
Larry made some kind of indeterminant grunt and moved toward us. When he was directly behind me, I felt his hand absently rubbing my ass. Then his fingers were in my pussy, sampling the juices mixed in there. "Who ..." he began.  
  
"Tom and me," Hank told him. "Barry got a blowjob."  
  
What happened next, I couldn't have imagined in my wildest dreams, but just then, it seemed perfectly natural. I heard a zipper unzip and some fumbling of clothes. Then Larry's hands grasped my hips and his dick slid easily into place.  
  
I moaned with pleasure. Larry began to buck like a Brahma bull as he sent me off into pleasure land again. There was something in his fucking that had never been there before, even after my most wicked provocation, a fierce abandon that swept all pretense and constraint before it. My orgasm was continuous when Larry finally let go. His load washed through me like a blast of napalm jelly.  
  
I collapsed face down on the bed with an utterly sated groan. The mingled come of my three lovers and my own copious juices oozed slowly from my spent pussy, pooling, then soaking into the bed. I was well beyond caring about that, or anything else.  
  
Some time later, I heard Larry chuckle. I moved my head so I could see him. The four of them were sitting on the other bed, looking at me. "You think she's learned her lesson, Hank," Larry asked, only half-joking.  
  
"I wouldn't say so," Hank returned. "It's a lesson you got to keep drilling her on till you get so old it doesn't matter anymore."  
  
"Well, she got her drilling tonight," Larry allowed.  
  
They all laughed.  
  
"Still, I don't think you ought to leave it at that, Larry."  
  
"No?"  
  
"No. She got the teasing bug, you know. You give her the chance and she'll be right back at it. No, I'd say she ought to be taught her lesson at least once a week, maybe more. It's the only way you're going to get any peace, and the only way she's going to be satisfied like she is right now."  
  
"I suppose you're right," Larry agreed. "What kind of lesson did you have in mind?"  
  
"Well." Hank thought for a minute. "Let me show you. Get your pants on, all of you."  
  
They got dressed and helped me sit up. My pussy was a little sore, but my limbs still worked, more or less. I felt spineless, like a floating blob of protoplasm. I had no will of my own. So, when they stood me up and walked me out the door, I hardly protested.  
  
I was naked in the hall of the hotel, with come dripping down my legs and drying on my breasts. Fortunately, it was near midnight, and there was no one around to see. They hustled me down the stairs and out a back door to the parking lot and our car. We got in and drove out of the lot. I only vaguely wondered what they had in mind, but I wasn't worried. I felt ready for anything, maybe even eager.  
  
Hank directed us down the main road till he saw an all-night gas station/mini mart. We pulled in and parked near the little store. I could see the attendent nodding over a magazine at the counter. There were no other cars by the store or at the pumps.

Hank jumped out and opened my door. "Beth, why don't you go inside and pick us up a couple six packs. Okay? And since you don't have any money on you, why don't you pay the man with a blowjob."  
  
Suddenly, I was a little more alert. This was a new game, one with endless possibilities. I looked over at Larry and saw a whole new expression on his face. He was grinning confidently, like it was all his idea. I was bewildered by the suddenness and completeness of this change. I didn't understand it, but I liked it, and I decided that was all that mattered.  
  
I stood up, a little shaky at first, then walked to the door of the mini mart, opened it, and walked in. The kid finally looked up when I came through the door. I smiled at him and went to the cooler to pick out the beer.   
  
"Uh ... uh ..." I heard him choke behind me. "Ma'am, are you alright?"  
  
"Oh yes. I'm fine. I just need to pick up a couple six packs for my friends outside. What would you suggest?"  
  
He looked out the window at the car. There were four heads showing, but he couldn't see their faces in the dark. "I don't know," he said slowly. "What do they like?"  
  
"I think they like American beer."  
  
"American?"  
  
"Yeah. What's a popular American beer?"  
  
"Well, there's Budweiser."  
  
"Yeah. That's it," I agreed brightly, reaching into the case for a six-pack of Bud and another of Bud Light. "And one of Bud Light for me. I don't want to spoil my figure with any extra calories, now do I?"  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"You don't think it's spoiled now, do you?" I pulled my tummy flat.  
  
"Oh no. It's ... uh ... It's real nice."  
  
"Oh good." I was relieved. I took the beer over to his counter and made a show of looking for some money. "Oh, no. I don't seem to have any money on me. I wonder if I could pay you some other way."  
  
He just looked at me with a blank expression on his face.   
  
"I'd say a blowjob should just about cover it. Would that be okay?"  
  
"You don't have to," he began. His face was red as a beet, but his jeans were bulging. "I mean, you can have the beer for nothing if you want. I mean, I'd love ... but ... that is .. if you want to."  
  
"Well, good. Why not." I knelt before him and undid his belt, unsnapped his jeans and pulled down his zipper. "I like to pay my way, you know."  
  
His dick was hard and fairly impressive, considering his scrawny frame. I slid his pants down around his ankles and took him into my mouth without hesitation. His knees buckled slightly, and he had to grab onto the counter to keep from falling. "Ohhh," he moaned. Every time I pushed forward and tried to cram a little more of his length down my throat, I could feel the tension building inside him. I knew it wasn't going to take long.  
  
It didn't. He came in waves that choked me and gushed out around his shaft while he was still pumping it into my mouth. He had to grab the counter again to keep from falling over.   
  
Finally, he was done, and his dick calmed down to an occasional dry spasm. I held it in my hand and pulled back, letting go, my lips slipping smoothly over the sensitive head. He shuddered and blinked down at me.  
  
"Thanks," he said simply. "That was fantastic."  
  
I was touched. I smiled at him and licked his penis clean, before I pulled up his pants. When I stood up, I kissed his lips and let him taste himself. "That about right for the beer?"  
  
"Oh, man," he grinned sheepishly. "Any time. That would have paid for a bunch of cases."  
  
"Thanks, but you can keep the change." I gave him one last sweet smile and walked out with my beer.  
  
"Well. How was it?" Hank asked as we drove away. "Was I right? Was it better this way?"  
  
"Maybe," I reluctantly agreed.  
  
Larry laughed. "You little liar. You know it was."  
  
"Yeah? Well, whatever you say."  
  
And that's the story of how I went from a frustrated cock-teaser to a very satisfied sex slave. Now Larry and Hank and the boys take me out for my lesson every week. I don't know who looks forward to it the most - them or me.