**Coerced**
By Kathy B.
kathybxx@hotmail.com

**Part 1**

It was a Friday night and I had agreed to watch the teenage daughters of a
friend of mine. Sheila and her husband were going away and she wanted me to
stay with Tracy and Lisa. They were both home from college, way too old for a
sitter, but Sheila was worried about leaving them for very long. Like a good
friend, I agreed to leave my family and spend the weekend with them. I fully
expected to spend the weekend watching television and reading, bored out of my
mind.

 We had just finished cleaning up after a nice supper and were watching
television when, out of the blue, Tracy asked if I wanted a cup of tea. I said
sure and offered to fix some for all three of us. Both of them quickly stood
up and shouted that I should stay put and they would be happy to make it. I
thought they were acting funny but soon became engrossed in the movie and
forgot the whole thing.

 When the tea came, I tasted it. "Mmmx! This tastes great! What kind is
it?" I asked, as I took a bigger sip.

 The girls giggled. "Oh, some eastern blend Mom had," replied Tracy.

 Within five minutes I had that cup gone and asked for another. The girls
quickly made it and I drank it too. I was starting to feel strange, like time
was slowing down, but just assumed I was tired.

 The next hour or so was somewhat hazy. I noticed both girls on the phone a
lot, but really did not think it was a problem. Then they both came in and sat
down beside me.

 "Ok, Mrs. Hopkins. It's time to get ready for the party," said Lisa.

 "What party?"

 "You remember. The party we are throwing tonight. Mom hired you to help,"
said Tracy.

 "She did? I thought I was baby-sitting."

 Lisa giggled. "Do we look like babies? She hired you to work for us."

 "I guess I must have gotten the wrong idea, but it's probably my fault," I
said. "What do I need to do?"

 "Well, first you need to get into your clothes," said Tracy.

 "What's wrong with what I have on?" I asked dully.

 "If you are going to work for us, you have to wear the uniform Mom got
you. She insisted and you agreed when she told you about it. You know how she
likes people to think we're rich."

 "All right," I said. "If I said I will, then I will." I did not remember
promising Sheila, but I must have. Knowing Sheila, it was very possible she
wanted me to wear a uniform.

 Tracy led me into Sheila's bedroom. Laid out on the bed was a very skimpy
maid's uniform. It was low-cut and had a short skirt. Next to it were black
stockings, a red garter belt and high heels. It did not look like anything
Sheila would make me wear. It looked more like something she had bought for
the bedroom.

 I said exactly that to Tracy, but she insisted I had seen the outfit and
agreed to take the job, so I got undressed. Lisa brought me more tea that I
drank down. By now I was so out of it I did not even notice they had me get
dressed without my bra and panties.

 When I finished dressing, I looked myself over in Sheila's full length
mirror. The high heels added several inches to my 5'4" frame and also
tightened my calves and accentuated my full bottom. The dress, a very sexy red
and black mini with a plunging neckline, pushed my ample breasts up and out.
Although I have always tried to watch my weight, I had put on some extra
pounds in the last few years and I was really too plump for this sort of
outfit. There certainly was a lot of skin showing, both at the top and at the
bottom.

 Tracy brushed out my shoulder length brown hair. She insisted I needed to
redo my makeup, including ruby red lip gloss. I asked why I needed to get so
dolled up but the girls just said they wanted me to look nice. every time I
asked a question they gave me more tea.

 I was just finishing up when the doorbell rang. "Can you get that,
please?" asked Lisa. As I walked down the hall my boobs jiggled from the
effects of my high heels. The dress was so low cut I had a mile of cleavage
showing and as I looked down I could see part of a nipple peeking out. I
tucked it back in but it was so close to the edge of my bodice I knew it would
not take much for it to pop out again.

 As I opened the door three teenage couples poured in. The guys all hooted
at my outfit as they went past. I blushed and hurried into the kitchen where
Tracy explained that I was to answer the door and keep the beer glasses and
snack tray full. For the next hour I was kept hopping as everyone arrived.
There were lots of couples, but also several unattached guys and girls. By the
time everyone was there the house was packed. The party was wild and everyone
was soon half-drunk.

 As I worked my way back and forth through the crowd the boys would comment
on my outfit and rub up against me. They would ogle my exposed cleavage and
several times they could see the edges of my nipples before I noticed and
tucked them back in. Their remarks were usually pretty graphic, describing my
body and how much of it was exposed. I was still so befuddled it did not occur
to me to protest their crude suggestions.

 Somebody spilled some beer on the carpet and Tracy called to me to come
clean it up. Without thinking, I got down on my hands and knees and started to
scrub the stain. I heard two girls behind me gasp, then start to giggle, and I
realized my dress had ridden up so high they could see my pussy. I started to
get up but Tracy said to keep scrubbing before the carpet got stained, so I
did.

 The girls called some boys over to see and they started laughing as they
stared at my exposed ass and pussy. I turned scarlet but pretended I didn't
know what was going on; I hurriedly cleaned the spill and retreated to the
kitchen. As I was leaving I heard one of the boys tell the other two he would
like to make me suck his cock until it was rock hard, then fuck my 'big hairy
pussy' until I couldn't walk. He told them they could have 'sloppy seconds'
after he was finished fucking me silly.

 When I got into the kitchen I sat down. I looked down at my hands and
realized I was shaking. Something seemed very wrong; I was sure I should not
be here, dressed like this, letting young men I didn't even know make crude
sexual remarks to me. Unfortunately my mind was so fogged up I was unsure of
exactly why it was wrong, so I just sat there trying to figure it out.

 Lisa came in and saw me sitting there. "What's the matter? Why do you look
so upset?" I told her what had happened and what I had heard. "Oh, Mrs.
Hopkins, I'm sure he thought he was paying you a compliment! You know how guys
are; that's just how they talk to each other. You should be flattered. Lots of
women would love to have someone flirt with them like that."

 It had not sounded much like flirting, but I knew Lisa was a nice girl so
I believed her. If she said it, I was sure it was true. I was in no condition
to argue.

 Lisa fixed a new pot of that delicious tea and put it on the table beside
me.

 "Listen, Mrs. Hopkins. I need to go back in to the party, but we're all
set for food and punch for right now. We don't really need any more help from
you until later. Why don't you take a break and stay out here for a bit? No
one will bother you and I'll call you if we need anything. You just relax,
ok?"

 I nodded, so she left me to my thoughts and my tea.

 I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew I had my head resting
on my arms and Tracy was gently shaking me awake. I groggily looked around and
tried to focus on what she was saying to me.

 "Mrs. Hopkins, we have a problem," said Tracy. "We ran out of beer and no
one has enough money for more. Is there any way you could charge it on your
credit card and we'll pay you back next week?"

 I nodded. "Sure, Tracy. I know you'll pay me. It must be in my purse." I
laid my head back down.

 She shook me again. "Come on, Mrs. Hopkins. You need to wake up. You know
we can't use your cards. You have to go with the guys to buy the beer."

 I still did not move so Tracy and another girl stood me up and gently led
me out to a waiting car. There were two guys in the front seat and one in the
back. "These guys will pick it out and carry it for you," Tracy said. "All you
have to do is pay for it. Thanks!"

 Just before the door of the car closed another guy slid in beside me,
pushing me into the middle. I looked over at him and realized it was the boy
who had been so graphic when I was cleaning up the spill. He smiled at me and
said hello, so I decided maybe Lisa had been right all along about him being
nice and I smiled back at him. The other three boys also greeted me and we
pulled out.

 As soon as we got going one of the boys produced a small flask of liquor
and passed it around. When it came to me I said no thanks. The driver looked
in the rear-view mirror and asked me if I was a prude.

 "No, I'm not a prude. I just don't want a drink right now. Thanks anyway."

 "I don't know, Mrs. Hopkins. I always heard you were pretty straight. I
just never realized how straight you really are. You don't even drink?"

 "Of course I drink, when I want to. I'm not a prude."

 The boy beside me handed me the flask. "Prove it."

 Fine, I'd show them I was not a prude. I took a small swig and gasped as
the liquor burned its way down my throat. They said it was just a sip so I
took a bigger drink. The boys chuckled then and started passing the flask
around again. It seemed to constantly be in my hand, with someone urging me to
take a drink. I wanted them to like me and not think I was a prude, so I drank
when they urged me to. Combined with my already dazed state, my head was soon
spinning.

 Dave, one of the boys beside me, started asking me questions about my
early years. "So, Mrs. Hopkins, have you always been pretty conservative, or
were you a little wilder when you were younger?"

 "I'm not conservative. I'm the same now as I have always been. I like
having fun as much as the next person."

 "Did you date much when you were a teenager?" asked Brian, the driver.
"Were you pretty popular?"

 "I guess I was popular, but I didn't go on very many dates. My parents
didn't let me. They didn't want me to get a 'reputation'."

 "Were you attractive? Maybe you just didn't get asked much," said Jack,
from my other side.

 "When you did go out, did you enjoy the sex? Did you look forward to it?"
asked Dave.

 "I never had sex on a date," I answered proudly. The boys looked
horrified.

 "Never?" gasped Bob. "Didn't anyone even try to feel you up or anything?"

 "No. They were always perfect gentleman." I thought they would be
impressed with my chastity. Instead, they saw it as a drawback.

 "Maybe they weren't being gentlemen," said Dave. "Maybe they thought you
were too ugly to fuck."

 The shock of having Dave suggest I was ugly kept me from protesting his
vulgar language. "I looked just like I do now, only younger. Am I ugly now?" I
replied.

 "You don't look too bad, just a little plump. It's hard to tell in the
car, though. Let's get a good look at you, and we'll all decide if we would
have asked you out," said Dave. "How does that sound?"

 I smiled nervously. "OK. That sounds like a good idea." I wanted them to
like me. I hoped I looked attractive to them.

 Brian twisted his mirror and the three boys riding turned toward me. I
looked down at myself. My dress had ridden above my stocking tops, displaying
my pale thighs in the dim illumination from passing street lights. My breasts
were pushing out of my top and a long line of cleavage was showing. I blushed
as I realized that the edge of one nipple was peeking out of my top, but I
didn't want to push it back while they were looking at me. They would have
been sure I was a prude then.

 They looked me up and down for a very long moment. Bob was the first to
speak. "I think you look pretty good," he said. "I think I might have asked
you out if you were my age. I just can't figure out why nobody ever got
friendly with you on a date. Is there something wrong with your body or
something?"

 I shook my head. I was beginning to feel like maybe there was something
about me that wasn't sexy. I took another gulp from the flask.

 Jack spoke up. "Has anyone ever seen your boobs? Did you ever show them to
a guy on a date? Maybe they are ugly and word got around."

 "Just my doctor and my husband, after we were married." Maybe I was
undesirable, after all. I felt like I was going to cry.

 "I got an idea," said Dave. "Why don't you show them to us and we'll let
you know what we think."

 "I don't knowx I d-don't think I should do that," I stammered. I wanted
them to like me, but showing my breasts to them seemed wrong.

 "Hey, no problem," said Jack. "We were just trying to help you out. It's
your call. Say, did you guys see Katie tonight? That girl looked hot!"

 The boys immediately started discussing Katie and several other girls from
the party. I felt lonely and ignored. After another drink I took a deep breath
and turned to Jack.

 "I guess I've changed my mind. I would like to show you my boobs. If I let
you guys see them, do you promise not to tell anyone?" They looked at each
other, then nodded their assent.

 My hands shook as I reached up and took hold of the bodice of my dress. I
hesitated for a few seconds, settling my nerves, then pulled it down and
tucked it under my breasts. My nipples immediately stiffened in the cool night
air. I waited with bated breath, hoping the guys liked what they saw. My face
grew warm and I felt like I was in another world. No one spoke for what seemed
like an eternity.

 Finally, Bob smiled at me. "I think you have very nice tits, Mrs. Hopkins.
They sure are big enough. You have every right to be proud of them. You are a
very sexy lady."

 I smiled and relaxed. I knew I was plump, but I had always thought my
boobs were too big and fleshy. They thought I was sexy!

 I was so happy they liked my breasts, I barely heard Bob ask Jack if they
were firm. Before I could react he reached out and cupped one of them. I
gasped as I felt his warm hand squeeze my cool flesh but said nothing. His
fingers found my nipple and it jumped under his caress. As I tried to decide
whether or not I should protest, Dave did the same thing with my other boob. I
wasn't sure if I should let them touch me, but it certainly felt nice, so what
harm could there be in it? I looked down. I could see my dark nipples being
squeezed by their strong fingers and I felt myself getting wet.

 "For being such big tits, they're nice and firm," Jack told Bob. "Her
nipples are very sensitive, too. They're rock hard. I think she likes it.
Let's take a look at that pussy you were telling us about, Dave!"

 Jack and Dave each grasped one of my legs and pulled it over onto their
laps. My dress pushed up almost to my waist and I was spread wide open,
without any panties on! I tried to pull my legs closed but I was no match for
them, so I gave up struggling.

 "It's ok, Mrs. Hopkins. We just wanted to see what you look like. We think
you're very pretty and sexy, don't we guys?" Bob said. They all murmured their
assent. "You have a very beautiful pussy."

 Bob reached back from the front seat and softly rubbed my knee. Jack and
Dave kept kneading my breasts as they stared at my pussy. Their other hands
were holding my legs apart, and they began stroking up and down along my
stockings. Each pass their hands traveled a little higher and they were soon
caressing my naked thighs. Bob kept telling me how pretty and sexy I looked. I
laid my head on the back of the seat and closed my eyes, trying to calm my thudding
heart.

**Part 2**

 Just as I felt Dave's fingers brush against my pubic hair, Jack leaned
down and kissed my nipple, tickling it with his tongue. As I jumped in
surprise my movement pressed my pussy against Dave's hand. He cupped it and
gave it a gentle squeeze, making me moan. I heard Brian laugh from behind the
wheel and ask what was happening.

 "Well, Mrs. Hopkins is just showing us what she would do if she were
dating again," said Dave, gently massaging my outer lips. As he rubbed his
hand up and down the length of my pussy mound he began pressing a finger
against my already wet slit. "She's all wet and ready for fun. You look
beautiful too. Those stuffy old farts who were afraid to touch you will never
know what they missed. I'll bet you would have drained them dry, wouldn't
you?"

 I giggled. "I'm not sure about that, but thank you." It was hard to gather
my thoughts, with one guy sucking and kissing my boob and another trying to
insert a finger into me as a third one watched. Right at that moment, I felt
like the most popular and desirable girl in the world.

 Dave's finger was pressing insistently at my pussy lips and it wasn't long
before they peeled slowly apart. I was so wet by this time that he encountered
little resistance as he slid his finger inside me. "God damn, this lady is
boiling!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet you keep your husband pretty happy with this
little toy. Are you sure he's the only one who's ever touched your pussy?"

 "He is. He, and now you, are the only men who have ever played around down
there like that," I answered. I tried to muster some willpower. "Maybe you
should stop. I think he might be mad if he saw what you were doing."

 "Oh, no. I think he'd be pleased," said Brian, looking into my eyes in the
mirror. "Guys want everyone to think their wives are attractive and sexy. He
would be thrilled that we enjoy looking at your beautiful breasts and that
lovely little pussy of yours. I'm sure he would consider it a compliment."

 Bob nodded as he gave me the flask again. I took a nervous gulp. I was so
confused. I was pretty sure my husband would not think it was a compliment,
but these guys certainly knew what other men liked and I was in no shape to
argue, so how could I say they were wrong? They seemed to have my best
interests in mind, and I was enjoying all the attention they were showering on
me.

 Dave started rubbing my clit and I felt it thicken under his manipulation.
By now my pussy was very hot and wet and I was finding it increasingly
difficult to follow what was being said. I remember hearing Bob tell Brian to
stop the car. I felt the car come to a halt, then Brian turned and looked at
me, sitting back with my legs wide open and my tits hanging out while being
sucked and fingered by two young men.

 I looked around. We were parked in a corner of a large parking lot, not
far from a light pole. I could see a shopping plaza. Most of the stores were
closed and the lot was nearly deserted. At least no one else was likely to see
me. Brian said something to Bob that I couldn't catch, who got out and went
into a convenience store. When he came back to the car he showed me a small
disposable camera, the kind with a built in flash.

 "We would all like to remember how nice and sexy you look," he said.
Before I could make any protest, he snapped several pictures of me as the boys
played with me. Well, as long as no one else saw the pictures I guessed it
would be all right.

 "Have you ever wondered what it would feel like to get fucked by another
man?" asked Bob as Dave stroked and pinched my excited clit. I groaned and
shook my head. "You've never wondered how a different cock would feel, sliding
into your nice hot pussy?" Again I shook my head. "Have you ever even seen
another cock?"

 "No," I answered. Suddenly I was ashamed of my limited experience.

 "Would you like to see another one? Another cock, that is. After all, it's
only fair. We've seen those nice big tits and that hairy pussy of yours. Would
you like to see us naked? No one will ever know."

 Blushing, I said that I would. As Jack and Dave let go of me I felt a pang
of disappointment, but they returned to playing with me as soon as their pants
were down. The guys quickly pulled down their pants and underwear, proudly
displaying their already stiff members.

 I never realized until then how different men's penises could be. None of
them looked exactly like my husband's. One was curved, one was straight, one
looked almost purple and Jack's penis was at least two inches longer than my
husband's. I never knew they came in different sizes, either. I was
mesmerized.

 "What do you think?" asked Brian. I gulped. "Go ahead and touch one if you
want. We don't mind."

 I reached out and touched Bob's cock. He smiled at me, so I wrapped my
fingers around it. It felt hot to my touch. Slowly, I slid my fingers up and
down it, enjoying the feel of the rock hard shaft and the spongy head. Dave
resumed stroking his finger in and out of my pussy while he rubbed my clit
with his thumb. Groaning, I reached for each hard cock in turn, giving it a
few strokes and marveling at how different they felt. I ended up with my hand
on Jack's big cock. It felt satisfyingly thick in my hand.

 Bob handed me the flask again. "You know, Mrs. Hopkins, you look very sexy
right now. I think your husband would be very proud of you tonight. Did you
know there were cocks as big as Jack's?" I shook my head. "Now that you've
seen it, don't you wonder what it would feel like inside that nice hot pussy
of yours?" He snapped a picture of my hand, wrapped around Jack's cock.

 I tried to clear my head. "Yes...but I'm sure that would be wrong. I can't
do that."

 "Oh, you're right, Mrs. Hopkins. It probably would be wrong if he were to
fuck you. But, if you asked, maybe he would just put it in so you can get an
idea how it feels. It won't really be fucking, so there shouldn't be any harm
in it."

 I hesitated. It would be nice to see what it felt like. Would it feel
different than my husband's? I sighed. I wanted to know.

 "All right. You can put it in. No fucking."

 "Absolutely," agreed Jack.

 Dave pulled his hand from my slit and laid my head down in his lap, then
began rubbing my nipples. Jack pushed one stocking clad leg up over the rear
seat and the other up into Brian's lap. Brian immediately began rubbing and
massaging my calf. I looked down as Jack knelt between my legs. Through the
hair I could see my pussy lips, parted slightly and gleaming with wetness.
Jack paused, his cock just inches away from my pussy.

 Jack grasped the shaft of his cock and leaned toward me. I saw the thick
head push into my pubic hair, then felt it graze the lips of my pussy. He
rubbed it up and down my slit, getting me ready. With a gentle push I saw the
head disappear and felt my pussy lips parting as his big cock entered me. It
felt so good I moaned my pleasure, causing all the boys to chuckle. Jack
pulled his cock back, rubbed it around my opening again and pushed it back
inside, this time sliding in several inches along with the head. Again I
moaned; it felt great. He eased out and pushed in several times, each time
deeper and deeper. Finally I felt his pelvis press against me and I knew he
was all the way in.

 "Well, how does it feel?" he asked.

 "Fuller than my husband's does. It feels nice," I answered dreamily. "I
never knew how different it would feel."

 "Let me ask you a question," said Jack. "Which do you like better?
This...?" he fucked in and out slowly, each time pushing deep inside me. "Or
this?" Now he started fucking me rapidly, banging hard into my crotch.

 "I like both. It's in so deep, I feel all stretched out. I think I like
the fast one better, though," I answered, completely forgetting he had
promised not to fuck me.

 "That does feel pretty good, doesn't it?" he said as he continued rapidly
thrusting his cock in and out.

 I heard Bob snap off several more pictures of me as Jack gave me a hard
fuck. Jack's body was banging into my clit and I could feel his balls slapping
against my ass with each stroke. He continued pounding his thick cock into me
I began pushing up against his thrusts.

 Dave shifted my head on his lap. When I felt his cock touch my lips I
automatically kissed it. He pressed it harder against my lips and I opened my
mouth, allowing him to slid his cock into my mouth. It tasted delicious as I
licked the head and tasted his salty pre-cum. Feeling delightfully wicked, I
started sucking on it. I wanted these guys to think I was as sexy and fun as
the younger girls they'd been talking about. As Jack kept up his rapid fucking
of my overheated pussy I began giving Dave the best blowjob I could, working
my tongue along the underside while moving my lips back and forth along his
hot cock.

 "How is she, boys?" asked Brian.

 "Oh, man, this is one hot broad," answered Jack. "Her pussy is wrapped
around my dick like a warm glove. This lady likes to fuck."

 "She's not a bad cock sucker, either," added Dave. "Come on, Mrs. Hopkins.
Suck my cock. Wouldn't you like a nice creamy load to swallow?"

 I nodded and sucked hard on his cock and heard him groan in pleasure.
Pleased that he liked what I was doing, I redoubled my efforts. I twirled my
tongue around and tickled the underside of his rock-hard dick as he encouraged
me to swallow it all. I wanted to make him happy so I pushed my lips as far
down his cock as I could, coming closer to the base with each thrust. I knew
that I was doing a good job as I felt him stiffen and push his cock deep into
my mouth. I felt Dave spasm, then flood my mouth with his jism. Gulping, I
felt his thick cum slide down my throat and into my stomach as he continued to
pump more cum into my eager mouth. I had never swallowed my husband's cum
before, but I was so horny I cleaned up every drop of Dave's as it shot into
my mouth.

 "That's a good girl; suck me dry. That was a nice blowjob. You really like
eating cum, don't you?" he asked. Giggling, I nodded.

 Jack's fucking now had me almost ready to cum myself. I felt myself
getting closer and closer, rising toward a peak. I was almost there when I
felt him jerk and pump his load deep into my pussy. I groaned in frustration
at how close I had been to cumming. He pulled out and asked me if I wanted an
orgasm. I nodded eagerly, so he got out of the car and Brian took his place.
Without any preliminaries Brian just slid his cock into my cum-soaked pussy
and started fucking me.

 Brian's technique was very different from Jack's. He alternated several
hard thrusts with several gentle ones, as well as pausing for long moments
with his cock nestled deep within me. Every time I got close to cumming he
sensed it and paused and soon I was begging him to let me cum. He just
chuckled and kept up his maddeningly erratic style. I almost started crying
when I felt him add his cum to the load Jack had already deposited inside me.
My poor hot pussy felt empty when he withdrew. Inquiringly, I looked over at
Bob.

 "What's the matter, Mrs. Hopkins?"

 I paused for a long moment, not wanting to say it out loud. Finally I
asked him, "Aren't you going to...you know...?"

 "Aren't I going to what?" Bob was not making this simple for me. He knew
what I wanted.

 "Aren't you going to make love to me?"

 "Make love? Nobody has made love to you yet. Say what really happened. Say
what you want, and ask me nicely," he grinned at me from the front seat.

 "All right. They fucked me, but I didn't have an orgasm. Will you please
fuck me?" I lay there, almost naked in the back seat of a car, with my legs
spread and cum trickling down my crack. All I wanted was to have someone slide
his dick into me and fuck me until I came. I did not care who did it.

 "Well, since you asked so politely, I'll be glad to fuck you, Mrs.
Hopkins. But what if seeing it makes the other guys horny again? Will you fuck
them again too?" Bob asked.

 I nodded desperately. Bob turned me so I was facing the front of the car,
with my ass on the edge of the rear seat. He eased through between the seats
and lifted my legs up onto his shoulders. I felt his cock push into my pussy
and he started up a nice rhythm that soon had me boiling again. I was a little
uncomfortable as he pressed my neck back against the seat but his pounding
dick soon made me forget that discomfort. Jack and Brian got on either side of
me and started sucking and playing with my tits. I was in heaven.

 When I finally came, I came the hardest I ever have. I closed my eyes and
felt like I was flying through the middle of an explosion. I screamed and
started bucking my ass, almost throwing Bob off me, but he managed to keep
fucking me. When I finally came back to reality he was still pounding into me.
He finally stiffened and shot his load, then pulled his cock out of me.

 Brian immediately twisted me toward him and slipped his cock into me. As
he started fucking me for the second time I hooked my legs behind his ass,
pulling him into my pussy as far as I could. I was so hot I began having a
small series of miniature orgasms. I started bucking and jumping like a
madwoman. The boys told me I was the hottest woman they had fucked in a long
time, making me feel proud.

 One after another they all fucked me again. Bob and Brian even had me give
them a blowjob and I tasted my own dried juices on their cocks, a definite
first. By then I eagerly sucked their cocks as deep into my throat as I could,
swallowing every drop of cum as it spurted out at me. I was too gone to care
how many times I got fucked or who I was sucking off.

 When they finally finished I could feel my pussy throbbing from its
workout. It felt full and well fucked. I looked down at my crotch and I could
see my puffy lips, red even in the dim light. My nipples were sore from being
sucked and chewed and even my tongue was tired. All I wanted was to go to
sleep.

 We all got out of the car to straighten out our clothing. My stockings
were all laddered and torn and my dress was wadded around my waist, but I
tried to make myself as presentable as I could. I stuffed my boobs back in and
smoothed my skirt down as best I could. My pussy felt so swollen I was sure my
cunt lips had to be dangling down below my skirt, but I knew that was not
possible. I took some satisfaction in the fact that the boys looked similarly
worn out.

 Jack walked up to me and pulled my top back down. "You look much better
like this. I like seeing those big tits and fat nipples of yours," he
explained. I protested but left them out.

 After we all got back into the car, Brian started driving again. We soon
arrived at the beer store and we all got out and walked to the entrance.
Several youths were lingering near the entrance. When they saw us they started
shouting and laughing at me.

 I knew I probably looked bad after my gang fuck but I had thought I could
pass acceptably in public. I could not figure out why they were laughing at
me. Puzzled, I asked what they were laughing at.

 "Maybe they like your tits," Jack chuckled.

 I suddenly realized the top of my dress was still down and everyone could
see my tits hanging out. I turned scarlet. I turned around and pulled it back
up but they kept on jeering me. Mustering as much dignity as I could, I
entered the store, ignoring their catcalls.

 I was glad we were in a store where I did not shop. I was sure the clerk
could tell I had just been fucked long and hard by the guys I was with. As
quickly as possible I signed the credit slip and returned to the car. The boys
soon returned with the beer and we started back.

 As soon as we pulled out Dave eased my top down again and started sucking
on my tits. I made no protest as he also worked a hand under my dress and
began stroking my pussy. I fell asleep with him playing with my tits and pussy
and did not awaken until he gently shook me as we turned into Sheila's street.

 I put myself back together yet again and made my way inside, with Bob
helping me. Tracy met us at the door.

 "Well, you might as well put her in bed. She's not going to be much good
now," she said as she looked me over.

 Jack chuckled. "She has a right to be tired. She's had a really big
workout. Once we got her started, she turned out to be a pretty hot fuck. She
satisfied all of us."

 As they eased me into bed, I heard her tell Jack, "Remember, this is a one-time thing.
You promised you'd leave her alone after this."

 The last thing I heard was Jack's reply.

 "Absolutely. This was a one-time thing..."

**Part 3**

 I woke up Saturday morning feeling a little fuzzy-headed, but nothing
really extreme. I couldn't remember much from the night before, although I did
remember I was spending the weekend with Sheila's daughters and I vaguely
remembered we'd been at a party the night before. I assumed I'd just had a
little too much to drink and was battling a hangover.

 I did remember having some really erotic dreams after I went to bed.
Trying to recall the dreams, I reached down and cupped my pussy. I was
surprised to feel how swollen and hot it was. I giggled to myself. It wasn't
the first time I'd masturbated in my sleep. I must have been pretty horny. It
felt like I'd been rubbing my cunt all night.

 I took a long hot shower and felt pretty good. After dressing, I headed
downstairs but both Lisa and Tracy were gone. I don't usually eat much
breakfast so I just had a couple of pieces of toast. As I was buttering it I
noticed a box of tea on the counter. THAT I remembered. It was the most
delicious tea I'd ever had. I made a pot of it and went out onto the patio
with the paper.

 I drank tea and read for a little while but then everything got hazy
again. I thought I must be catching a bug or something, I was so muddled this
weekend. The sun was warm on me so I decided to nap in the heat and try to
bake it out.

 I think I'd dozed for an hour or so when three boys came around the corner
of the house. I knew I'd met them the night before but for the life of me I
couldn't think of their names.

 "Hi, Mrs. Hopkins. How are you feeling?" the first one asked me. When I
just looked at him without answering, he continued, "It's me, Brian.
Remember?"

 I nodded groggily. "Hi, Brian."

 "What's the matter with her?" I heard another one ask. "Oh, shit guys. She
got into the goodies again." He picked up the teapot and sniffed it. "What do
you think, Jack. Should we go again?"

 Jack looked at me. "What the hell, why not? Mrs. Hopkins, why are you
sunbathing with all your clothes on? Don't you want a nice tan?"

 "Y-yes, but people might see me."

 "Nobody will see you back here but us and we've already seen you naked,
remember? Why don't you get a nice golden tan for us?"

 I giggled. "Ok." It seemed like a good idea. I quickly stripped down then
reclined on the lounge. I saw Brian carry my clothes into the house while
Brian carried my clothes into the house. A few minutes latter he emerged with
some baby oil.

 "Mrs. Hopkins, you better let Dave rub some lotion on you. Those big tits
of yours will cook pretty quick in this sun." When I nodded he threw the
lotion to the third boy. Dave came over to me and stood grinning at me as he
flipped open the top on the lotion. With one smooth motion he squirted a line
of oil that began at my throat, ran down the middle of my chest and stomach
into my pussy hair then back up to loop around each nipple. The oil was cold
compared to my overheated skin and I shivered, making my boobs wobble
violently from side to side. Dave laughed.

 "Easy there, Mrs. H. You shake those things like a two-dollar stripper. He
sat beside me on the lounge and started rubbing the oil in. He began on my
stomach, rubbing and rubbing until the oil heated up and was worked completely
into my skin. He moved up to my boobs and began working the oil into them. I
could feel my nipples stiffen as he rubbed. They got so hard they felt like
they were going to pop right off my chest. I began moaning as I got aroused.

 After finishing my arms and legs, Dave returned to my pussy. He gave it
another liberal squirt of oil and rubbed the oil all over it, inside and out.
"We don't want this hot little cunt to get a bad sunburn, do we?" Dave asked
as he worked two or three fingers into my pussy. "I've got a feeling this
pussy is going to be out in the light of day a lot more from now on. We want
it to look good."

 When he finished, Dave went over and sat down with the guys. They opened
beers and left me alone. I dozed, on and off, for the next hour or so. At one
point I felt someone lift my hand and place it on my pussy. Already hot from
the sun and being rubbed and stroked, it twitched when I touched it so I
slowly rubbed my clit as I lay there. I thought I heard a camera but I
couldn't be sure and quite frankly, I didn't much care.

 I felt a hand shaking me awake. "Time to turn over, Mrs. Hopkins. you
don't want to burn your tits." Brian helped me sit up and fed me some tea. I
sipped it thirstily.

 "Thank you. You guys are so nice to me."

 Brian chuckled. "That's because you're nice to us, Mrs. Hopkins. We love
helping horny old ladies with big tits and hungry pussies. Now lay on your
stomach."

 I turned over and laid down again. I could feel my boobs squash under my
weight and my nipples pressed through the webbing on the lounger. Brian
noticed and reached under, rubbing them and then pulling on them to make them
stick out further. They were still covered in oil and slippery so he was able
to pull a some of my tit out too, but not all of them. After flicking my
nipples a few times, he took the bottle and squirted oil along my back and
down my ass crack.

 As Brian started rubbing oil into my shoulders I could feel a thick
trickle ooze between my cheeks and down my aroused pussy lips. I wanted to put
my hand back into my crotch but I couldn't reach in this position so I
pillowed my head on my arms and closed my eyes.

 Brian worked his way down my back and thoroughly rubbed oil into each
cheek of my ass, commenting to the other boys on how large and meaty they
were. I smiled to myself, happy they liked me. Brian started rubbing oil up
and down through my crack, pulling my cheeks apart.

 "If you get a burn there you won't be able to sit down. Just keep
snoozing, Mrs. Hopkins," Jack called over to me from his chair as Brian kept
rubbing oil into my asscrack and pussy from behind. He would occasionally
squirt more oil down my butt so I was really slicked up.

 Each pass up and down my crack, he would drag his fingers across my
asshole. At first it twitched and puckered each time he touched it but
eventually I relaxed and stopped reacting involuntarily to each touch of his
fingers. As I dozed off I felt his fingers pressing harder and harder with
each pass. Soon his finger popped inside my asshole. I felt him run it in
smoothly until his hand pressed against my ass then ease it back out and
continue up over my cheeks. The next pass he repeated the process, in and out.

 Soon Brian was pushing two fingers into my asshole. I was so oiled up I
felt no pain, even though I'd never had anything in my ass before. In fact, it
felt pretty good and I found myself pushing my ass back against his hand as he
finger-fucked me. It felt so good that I groaned when I felt him pull out and
stand up.

 I heard a chuckle. "Don't worry, I'll put it back in a minute. Do you like
having something up that lovely ass of yours?"

 "Yes," I murmured sleepily. "Please put it back."

 "No problem, Mrs. H." I felt Brian get back on the lounge and soon felt
the now familiar press against my sphincter. A slight push against my greasy
asshole and he slid smoothly into me. It wasn't until i felt his body press
down on me that I realized it wasn't his fingers. I started to rise in protest
but the weight of his body held me down.

 "Oh, yeah! Push that sweet ass back against me, baby," Brian grunted as he
started moving his cock in and out of my ass. I'd always heard anal sex hurt
but this felt terrific. I could feel my cunt throbbing as it picked up the
rhythm of Brian's cock and began building toward an orgasm.

 "How's her ass, Brian?" Jack called. "Is she a three-holer?"

 "Man is she ever!" Brian gasped as he banged into me. "Her pussy might be
a little loose but her asshole is as tight as a teenager's. Oh, shit. She's
too hot; I'm cumming!" With a shudder he buried his cock deep in my ass and I
felt him twitch as he pumped his sperm into me. He collapsed on my back,
pressing me tight against the lounger.

 "Hey, get off her," I heard Dave say. "I want some of that ass too."

 Brian pushed off me. I felt his cock pull from my asshole as he stood.
Reaching down, he pulled my cheeks apart and I heard the camera snap and the
two boys laugh as my asshole slowly closed up. Dave then got behind me and
quickly fed his cock into my now hungry ass, while Brian went back and sat
with Jack.

 I felt myself heading toward orgasm as Dave humped me hard but I was still
not there when he too spurted his cum up my ass. I was relieved when Jack rose
and pulled off his shorts. After Dave moved out of the way Jack squirted some
more oil into my crack and slid his big cock up my ass in one long push. I
giggled and pushed back against his crotch.

 Jack and I fucked for several minutes and I was almost ready to orgasm
when I heard a voice.

 "Hey! You guys promised!" I lifted my head to see Lisa and Tracy, arms
loaded with groceries.

 Jack quickly pulled out and scrambled to his feet, his thick cock bobbing
obscenely. "It's not our fault, Tracy. She got into the tea again and we found
her lying out here. We figured, what the hell..."

 Lisa made a face. "You guys are pigs. Do you get off, fucking an old lady?
Do whatever you want."

 Jack grinned and quickly got behind me. I pushed back as he began fucking
me again. "Yeah we get off. She gets us off, don't you Mrs. Hopkins? Besides,
she's not too old. Just nicely broken in. I think this bitch has lots of fucks
left in her."

 Tracy walked over and squatted down beside the lounge. I lifted my head as
she looked me over. I could feel Jack's thick cock sawing in and out of my ass
as Tracy smiled at me. She reached underneath the lounger and started pulling
gently on my nipples, still pushing through the webbing.

 "Is that true, Mrs. Hopkins?" Tracy asked me as she milked my throbbing
nipples. "Do you have lots of fucks left in you?"

 I was so horny I nodded. Tracy gave me a disgusted look as she let go of
my nipples and stood up. She picked the camera up from the table and snapped
several pictures of me, groaning in ecstasy as Jack fucked my ass.

 I still hadn't cum yet when I felt Jack shudder and add his cum to the
other two loads in my ass. When he pulled out and spread my asscheeks, my
asshole gaped open. I squeezed it shut and Jack laughed when it slowly opened
back up again. He asked Tracy to take a couple of shots of my asshole.

 I started to reach back between my legs to finish myself off when I felt
Jack push my hand away.

 "Not yet, baby. You just snooze while we have another beer. We'll finish
you off once we rest up. I want you nice and horny."

 I protested but did as he told me. The hot sun soon had me nearly asleep
while my new friends sat in the shade, talking quietly and sipping their beer.
I could feel the sweat form and run off my body as I lay there.

 I think I slept for about half an hour or so. I felt someone crawl under
the lounger and brush across my nipples, then gently start licking them. It
felt like Brian but I was sleepy and it felt so good I just kept my eyes
closed, enjoying the sensation as he licked first one sweaty nipple, then the
other. I started grinding my crotch against the lounger, hoping he would hurry
up and fuck me so I could cum.

 "Ewwww, that's sick," I heard Tracy say. I heard laughter as I opened my
eyes and looked over into the shade. It took me a minute to focus but when I
did I saw everybody sitting there, the three boys laughing while the girls
looked disgusted.

 Everybody? Then who was licking my nipples? I looked through the webbing
and saw a large brown dog lapping at my breasts where they pressed through. I
gasped and started to pull up but Tracy was quickly beside the lounger,
pressing down on the back of my neck so I couldn't lift up. When I started to
struggle she reached down between my legs and gave my pussy a gentle rub.

 "There, there, just lay still. You seem to like it, so don't get up. I'll
play with your pussy if you calm down." As she slowly stroked my pussy lips
with her long nails, I stopped fighting and relaxed. "Good girl," she patted
my head. "You really are a slut pig, aren't you?"

 I heard more pictures being taken, then Tracy stopped playing with me and
stood up. The dog licked me for a few more minutes, then I felt my nipples rub
across his back as he crawled out from under me. He trotted back out of the
yard.

 "Ok, Mrs. Hopkins," I heard Jack call me. "Come on over here and suck us
hard again. We'll give you that orgasm you're aching for." When I sat up and
started to stand Tracy interrupted.

 "No, no, I think you should crawl, Mrs. Hopkins. Horny sluts like you
should crawl to get their cock, or go without."

 I was so horny I didn't want to go without cock so I got down on all fours
and started crawling across the yard. I could feel the grass brushing across
my nipples as my boobs hung down, swinging as I made my way to my new friends.
I crawled to Jack first, wanting that big cock pounding my pussy as soon as
possible. I reached out to grab it but he pushed my hands away.

 "No hands, Mrs. H. Just use that hot mouth of yours. Suck me off, then
I'll give you a good fuck."

 I complied, licking the end of his cock until it stiffened, then dipping
my head and capturing it between my lips. My pussy was crying to be fucked as
I eagerly sucked him hard and started pushing my mouth down his thick shaft.
In no time I had his cock glistening with saliva as I sucked hard on it.

 "Oh, what a great cocksucker she is," Jack moaned. "How does my cock
taste? Can you taste your own shit, you slut?"

 I was so horny I hadn't even thought about how dirty their cocks were. It
was too late to worry about it then so I kept sucking and slurping. They took
more pictures of me kneeling between Jack's legs as I blew him, finally taking
his load deep into my throat. I licked his cock clean, swallowing every drop,
then crawled over to Dave and began tonguing him.

 He pulled my head off his cock and pushed me away. "I'm not next. You
skipped somebody."

 I looked up, confused. I had blown Jack and Dave was next in line.

 "You forgot me," Lisa spoke up, sitting in between the two guys. I hadn't
even thought of her. As I looked at her, she spread her legs and pulled her
panties aside. "C'mon, slut. Start eating. or you don't get to cum."

 I crawled between Lisa's legs and stared at her pussy, all nicely trimmed
and neat looking. When I hesitated she grasped my head and pulled it against
her crotch. Not knowing what else to do, I kissed her. She gave me
instructions and I soon learned how to eat pussy, sucking on her clit until
she had the orgasm I was dying for.

 I was then allowed to suck off Dave and Brian and eat Tracy to an orgasm.
I really got into it after a while, enjoying the thick globs of cum as it slid
down my throat. I even started liking the tangy flavor of Tracy's pussy as I
chewed on her lips and thrust my tongue deep up inside her.

 Finally, I had made everyone else cum and it was time for my orgasm. I
looked around to see who was going to fuck me. Jack told me to crawl back out
into the sun in front of them.

 "You get started and one of us will join you. You need to do a good job
masturbating. Show us how hot that pussy of yours can get," he told me.

 My body was screaming for release so I had no choice but to do as I was
told. I crawled in front of them and lowered my head to the ground, my ass
high in the air and facing them. Reaching back between my legs with my hand, I
alternated pinching my clit and sawing my fingers deep into my hungry cunt. I
heard them giggling and snapping pictures but I was too far gone to care,
desperate to please them so they would fuck me and let me cum.

 They never helped me. I finally got myself off, shuddering in the grass
and pushing my ass back at the open air as they told me what a horny pig I
was. They took a few more pictures as I laid there with my fingers buried in
my pussy, resting.

 I felt myself falling asleep as they got up and went into the house. I knew
I should get up but I was too tired so I slept right there, in the yard with my
head down and my ass high in the air, the breeze tickling my tender asshole.

**Part 4**

 This time when I woke up I knew I hadn't been dreaming. I was lying
facedown in the yard, naked and alone, my ass, pussy and thighs sticky with
cum. I realized, too late, that Friday night was no dream either, but a sad
reality. I looked around but there was nothing to cover up with. After looking
around to make sure nobody could see me, I dashed quickly for the house.

 I stepped inside and slammed the door behind me, then ran to the guest
room. I spent the rest of the weekend in my room, emerging only when I
was sure nobody was home. I avoided talking to Tracy and Lisa, pretending to
be asleep when they knocked on the door. As soon as Sheila got home, I
pretended I didn't feel well and rushed home.

 I couldn't believe what I'd done. After living as a model citizen for 40
years, trying hard to be a good wife and mother, I'd thrown it all away in a
day and a half of lust and depravity. What would I do if my husband and
children found out? What would I do if my boss ever found out? I'd been a
secretary at the insurance agency for 22 years. I knew I was a good secretary
but their business was dependent on the people of the community; I'd be
dismissed in a heartbeat if I was found out. I was determined not to let that
happen. I'd just avoid everyone involved and let the whole thing die down.

 Everything seemed fine for several months. I finally felt like I was back
to normal. We'd even seen Sheila and Greg socially a few times and I thought
the kids must have kept it to themselves. I was sure I was probably the
subject of a few gross stories in their dorms but there wasn't much I could do
about that. In fact, I'd pretty much pushed it out of my mind so I really
didn't get alarmed when I came home from work one day and saw Sheila, Lisa and
my husband sitting in the living room.

 I started to panic when I saw the anger in Mark's eyes. "Charlene, Sheila
says you seduced several of her daughters' friends a few months ago. I told
her to get the hell out of my house but she wanted to hear it from you."

 I tried to cover the fear in my eyes. "Mark, you know I'd never do
anything like that. I can't believe she'd say such a thing."

 Lisa spoke up. "You slept with my boyfriend and then tried to have sex
with Tracy and me too."

 "That's a lie!" I screamed. "Don't you dare say such a thing!"

 Mark turned to Sheila. "Sheila, I don't know what's come over you or that
daughter of yours, but if you're not out of my house in one minute, I'm
calling the police."

 Through all that, Sheila sat calmly on the end of the couch. "Mark, when
my daughter comes to me and tells me she was molested, I have no reason..."

 "That's it!" Mark interrupted. "I'm pressing charges." He picked up the
phone and started dialing.

 Sheila continued as if he hadn't spoken. "...no reason not to believe her,
especially when she shows me proof." She threw something into Mark's lap. He
took one look and hung up the phone.

 As soon as I saw what he was looking at, I ran into the bathroom and threw
up. It was a picture of me, in a car. My dress was pulled down so you could
see my breasts. My hairy pussy framed the base of one cock and I was sucking
on another. From the look on my face, it was obvious that I was loving every
minute of it. The two boys whose cocks I was draining were grinning at the
camera.

 I stayed in the bathroom as long as I could. When i finally came out, Mark
was pale and Sheila looked smug. I sat down on the arm of his chair and tried
to take his hand but he wouldn't let me. Sheila spoke first.

 "Charlene, I think you've done a horrible thing but I don't want you to go
to prison. Your children are too young and I think they still need a mother,
even a lousy one like you. However, I think you need to be punished for what
you did. I have suggested, and Mark has agreed, that the best punishment will
be for you to come to work for me for two years. I've always wanted a maid and
you will do it. If you do it without complaint, I won't press charges against
you for molesting my kids."

 I looked at Mark. "I think it's fair," he said. It will mean quitting your
job but you can find another one. You will stay at Sheila and Greg's during
the week and you can come home from Saturday until Monday. That will give you
a chance to see the kids. Sheila, I'm sorry I didn't believe you." He
hesitated. "I think I need some time to figure things out, too."

 I burst into tears. "I'm sorry, honey. I don't know why it happened. I
love you."

 Sheila stood up. "Come on, Charlene. You can get started tonight."

 I followed, still crying. I wasn't even going to be able to say good-bye!
Mark turned his back on me and walked away. We got outside and I started to
get into Sheila's car, but she stopped me.

 "My employees don't ride in my car and I don't want your car clogging my
driveway. You can walk."

 "Walk? You can't be serious," I protested. "It's all the way across town!
Sheila, be reasonable."

 Before I even knew what was happening, Sheila slapped me hard across the
face. " Let's get this clear. I'm disgusted with you for what you did. I
agreed to let you work for me so you didn't have to go to jail but I intend to
see to it you are punished for your crimes. Don't you EVER question one of my
instructions again. I said you will walk so you better walk, either to my
house or to the police. Which will it be?"

 Tears were streaming down my face as I answered, "I'll walk to your
house."

 "I think you mean, 'Please may I walk to your house,'don't you?"

 I sniffed, "Please may I walk to your house, Sheila?"

 Sheila smiled. "Yes, Charlene, you may. But from now on you will address
me properly. You will always call me 'ma'am' or Mrs. Winters but never
'Sheila.' You will call everyone in my house 'sir' or 'ma'am' and if they are
in my house they are my guests, so you must consider a request from them a
request from me. Do you understand?"

 I was embarrassed. We were standing in my driveway and Sheila was not
trying to be quiet. I nodded quickly, hoping this would all be over.

 "Good girl. Stop crying, too. I'm sick of your blubbering. You got into
this mess, now you must live with it. I expect you at the house in half an
hour. I want supper ready when Greg gets home." Sheila got in the car and
drove off, with Lisa snickering beside her.

 I walked as fast as I could and made it to Sheila's house just before the
deadline. I walked up to the front door but found it locked. I rang the
doorbell and waited. When Sheila came to the door she looked angry.

 "Servants don't use the front door. Come in through the garage." She
slammed the door in my face.

 On the way over I made up my mind not to get mad so I went around to the
garage and tried the side door. it too was locked. This time Sheila was
smiling when she answered.

 "That's much better. However, you will have to wear a uniform. Take off
all your clothes and put them into this box." She handed me a cardboard box.

 Without arguing, I stripped off my dress and slip and stood there in my
bra and panties, praying Greg wouldn't come home and open the garage door.
When Sheila just looked at me, I realized she wanted my underwear to go into
the box as well. Finally, I stood shivering in the garage, naked and waiting
for my ordeal to end.

 Sheila took the box into the house, then returned with another. "I believe
this is yours." The box contained the outfit I'd worn at the party, complete
with a new pair of stockings and heels. Before I could say anything she closed
the door in my face. As small as the outfit was, it was preferable to being
naked so I quickly dressed and went into the kitchen.

 Sheila laughed at me in my uniform. I flushed but started fixing some
dinner. She sat at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and directing me. When I
bent over to get a casserole dish, she hooted and I knew she'd seen my bare
pussy. After I got the casserole into the oven, she spoke.

 "I don't want that hairy thing uncovered in my kitchen. While dinner is
cooking, I want you to go shave all the hair off it." I opened my mouth to
protest but she must have anticipated it. "If you complain, I will take you
for a haircut tomorrow morning."

 I went into the bathroom and shaved. I'd never done it before and it took
me quite a while but I eventually got it pretty smooth. After cleaning up, I
returned to the kitchen.

 "Bend over the table," Sheila ordered. "I want to make sure you did a good
job." I flushed but bent over, then moved my feet apart when she told me to.

 "I can't figure out why those boys wanted to fuck you anyway, Charlene.
Your pussy is huge; mine is much tighter." Sheila ridiculed me.

 "I agree, honey. Your pussy is much tighter," I heard a male voice, Greg,
behind me. I started to jump up but Sheila told me to stay bent over. I felt a
thick finger part my swollen lips and slide easily into my cunt. "Is this our
new maid? Why is her pussy so wet?"

 "She's a slut, that's why," Sheila replied. "Look how loose it is from all
the fucking she does."

 Greg pulled his finger from my cunt and laughed. "Well, you know how it is
with the help, honey. All they think about is food and fucking. Where's
dinner?"

 "It would be ready if Charlene would get going," Sheila grabbed Greg by
the arm and led him from the kitchen. I was flushed and panting from
embarrassment. I didn't know how I was going to face these two, day after day.

 Dinner went well. I served them, then ate my own meal, in the kitchen.
Sheila told me I could only sit at the kitchen table or in my room, anywhere
else I must either stand or sit on the floor. I was so tired and humiliated
that I didn't argue.

 About eight PM I was called into the living room. Lisa was home again and
she and her parents were sitting around the room.

 "Charlene, we're bored. Why don't you entertain us?" Sheila asked.

 "Yes, ma'am," I replied. "What would you like?"

 "Lisa tells us you masturbated to entertain she and her friends. Why don't
you do that?" Sheila smirked.

 I opened my mouth to cry out but realized I had no choice. How could I
willing masturbate for a group of teens, then refuse adults? So I turned
around and got down on all fours.

 It took me a while to get myself aroused. It didn't help that the three of
them chatted and laughed while I knelt there, rubbing my bud and driving two
fingers in and out of my pussy. Finally, it started to heat up and I
eventually managed a small orgasm.

 Sheila gave me permission to stand up. "Not bad, but tomorrow bring a
dildo in with you. The only way to keep you happy is to stuff something in
that fat pussy of yours. You started out poorly but you were pretty good
tonight, you may sleep in the basement. Don't get used to it, though. If you
disobey me, you will find yourself sleeping in the garage."

 I hurried down cellar and made a bed over near the furnace. Since I had no
other clothes with me, I had to sleep naked. For the first time since I was a
little girl, I cried myself to sleep.

**Part 5**

I slept poorly that night, shivering on the cold floor. I used the time to
consider my choices. It was obvious that Sheila didn't just want a maid, she
wanted to humiliate me sexually. The fact that she was my best friend seemed
to make no difference. If I stayed, it would only get worse. On the other
hand, I didn't want to go to prison. In addition to the terrors I'd face in
prison, my career would be ruined and my children would be teased mercilessly
in school.

I'd like to say I made my decision based on what was best for my family, but
I'm weak. As bad as I knew Sheila would make my life, I was sure it would be
better than going to prison. I resolved to do the best job I could as
Sheila's maid.

At peace with my decision, I finally slept. My slumber was shattered when my
rear end exploded in pain. I screamed and jumped to my feet, turning to see a
glaring Sheila, tapping a yardstick against her thigh.

"I expect my coffee ready when I wake up in the morning," Sheila said as I
rubbed the welt on my ass. I scrambled to get dressed as she complained.
"You're a fat, lazy slut. I can see I have a lot of work to do, training
you."

"I'm sorry, Sheila," I said as I bent over to pull my stockings on. "I'll do a
good job, I promise."

SWISH CRACK!! My ass exploded in pain again. I howled and danced around. "What
did you call me?" Sheila asked quietly.

"Owww, I'm s-sorry. I meant Mrs. Winters. I'll be better, Mrs. Winters."

"See to it you do. Now go fix my coffee and make my husband some breakfast."

I scrambled up the stairs, pulling my heels on as I ran. Sheila followed me up
the stairs and sat at the table as I hurried to prepare breakfast. She was
sipping her coffee and I was just putting his breakfast on the table as Greg
came in, immaculately attired in an expensive suit.

He looked at me and chuckled. "Nice hair, Charlene."

I blushed as Sheila replied. "The lazy bitch overslept. Look at her. No
makeup, her hair isn't combed, she's a mess. Don't worry, I'll punish her
later. She'll be up on time tomorrow, I guarantee it."

"I'll leave that up to you, honey. Don't let her take advantage of you," Greg
said as he started to eat.

I stood quietly as Sheila and Greg ate, refilling cups and delivering food.
Greg had his head buried in the newspaper when Sheila called his attention to
me again.

"Honey, do you think Charlene is fat? She looks a little pudgy to me." I felt
tears well up in my eyes as my best friend attacked me.

Greg lifted his head and looked at me. "Not much. She just has really big
tits. I think the nipples are supposed to be covered, Charlene." He grinned
as I quickly tucked myself back in.

"You didn't see her flopped naked on the floor, sleeping," Sheila argued. "I'm
telling you, she's fat. Charlene, take off your dress and show Mr. Winters how
fat you are."

"Yes, ma'am." I cried softly as I pulled the dress over my head.

"Now step over here, lift your arms and turn around so he can see all of you."

Greg looked me over from head to toe. "I still don't think she's very fat.
She's got a little bit of a belly and her boobs hang down, but her legs are
pretty good and she doesn't have a double chin or anything. She's no spring
chicken, you know."

Lisa walked into the room and took in the sight of me, naked in her kitchen,
as she slipped onto her chair. "What's going on?" she asked, sleepily.

"Honey, do you think Charlene is overweight? Your father says she's just old
and saggy but I think she's fat. What do you think?"

Lisa didn't even bother looking at me again. "You're both right but you missed
the biggie. She's out of shape."

Sheila snapped her fingers. "You're right, darling. That's what it is.
Charlene, today we're going to start a diet and exercise program for you. I
won't have people thinking my maid is a slob."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters," I replied.

"Please give Lisa her breakfast now." When I reached for my dress, Sheila's
voice took on an ominous quality. "I said, 'NOW'." I quickly dropped it and
hurried to do as I was told.

I stayed naked while everyone ate breakfast and Greg left for work. When I
started to clear the dishes, Sheila told me to scrape the plates into the
dog's dish. I went out into the garage and emptied the leftovers on top of
Max's dog food. He must have heard the silverware clinking because he came
bounding through his doggie door and immediately began wolfing his food.

When I returned to the kitchen, Sheila commented. "That was fast. Weren't you
hungry?"

I looked at her, puzzled. "I'm hungry, why?"

"It didn't take you long to eat."

"I don't understand," I replied, confused.

Sheila looked at me like I was a moron. "Those leftovers are for you. From now
on, you can only eat what is left over on our plates. It will help you lose
weight."

"But you told me to put it in Max's dish," I protested.

"Right. That's your dish too, starting today."

"I can't eat out of that dish. It's dirty, it had dog food already in it and
Max ate the food as soon as I put it in."

"If it's dirty, wash it. A little dog food won't hurt you and if you get
hungry enough, you'll learn to eat before Max gets it all. Next time be a
little faster." We both heard the doorbell ring. "Go answer that. I need to
get something from upstairs."

"I'm naked," I protested.

Sheila leaned in close. "Listen, bitch. I didn't start this mess, you did. If
you think things are bad now, believe when I say they can get much worse.
Answer the damn door."

I hurried to the front door, wearing only my heels and stockings. Peeking
out, I saw Dave. He grinned at me as I let him in.

"Nice outfit, Mrs. Hopkins." he patted my ass.

"Call her Charlene," Lisa called from the living room. "She's our new maid."

Dave sat down on the couch. "Cool. Does she ever wear clothes?"

Lisa grinned. "Of course. She's just happier naked. Aren't you, Charlene?"

"Yes, ma'am," I agreed, not wanting to anger her.

"Whoa! What happened to her pussy?" Dave exclaimed.

"Mom made her shave it. Bend over and show him your pussy," Lisa ordered.

Obediently, I bent over and grabbed my ankles as Dave examined my bare pussy.

"Damn, it looks a lot bigger like that. Her lips hang right out, don't they?
I felt him cup my cunt, then slip a finger inside. "Goes right in. She's
loose and wet."

"That's because she's a horny slut, right Charlene? Lisa asked.

I wanted to say that I was wet with embarrassment, not lust, but I didn't want
to disagree with Lisa. "Yes, ma'am. I'm a slut."

Dave grabbed both lips and pulled them out. He alternated stretching them out
and apart, then back together again. "Hi, I'm Charlene's pussy," he mimicked.
"I eat meat. Feed me. Feeeeeed meee."

Lisa laughed as he teased me. He continued until Sheila came downstairs. Dave
let go of my pussy lips when he heard her coming but Sheila told him not to
stop on her account.

"After seeing those pictures, I think we can safely say you two have played
before. Let's not be hypocrites."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters," Dave said, blushing a little.

"Look, Dave. I like you," Sheila said. "I don't want to see you sleeping
around, catching some kind of disease. Charlene wants to help too. Feel free
to come over any time you want. I know she'll be glad to see you, won't you?"
Sheila bent down to look at my face, flushed from Dave's efforts on my pussy.

"Yes, ma'am." I said.

"I'm glad you're here, Dave," Sheila continued. "Charlene overslept forty
five minutes this morning and she needs to be paddled. I found my old
sorority paddle here but I think she should be paddled by a man. One stroke
for every five minutes is fair, so she needs nine strokes. Will you spank
her?"

"Sure, Mrs. Winters," Dave grinned.

"Charlene, get down on your hands and knees. I don't want you to fall. That's
it, put your face right on the carpet and stick that big ass up in the air."

I turned my head to the side away from Dave. I could see Lisa and Sheila
sitting on the couch, watching eagerly. A smooth surface gently touched my
ass, then swung away. I tensed as I heard the wood moving through the air,
then my brain exploded in pain. Screaming, I jumped up and started jumping
around, frantically rubbing my stinging buttocks. My boobs were dancing
wildly as Sheila, Lisa and Dave all watched with amusement.

I rubbed my ass for several minutes, sobbing loudly. Finally, the pain receded
to a dull throb.

"I shouldn't count that because you got up but it was too funny to see."
Sheila said. I'll tell you what. You can crawl around the room to ease the
sting but you cannot stand up. You may rub your ass but only with one hand at
a time. If you forget, the stroke doesn't count. Now get ready for your next
stroke. Don't forget to count, either."

I got back on all fours and sniffled out a "One," as Dave lined up another
swat. Although I knew what to expect, the pain still nearly drove me insane.
I started to jump up but at the last minute I remembered Sheila's
instructions. I crawled around the room three-legged, my boobs swinging
beneath me as I rubbed my sore ass. Finally, I crawled back to Dave and
whispered "Two."

It seemed like it took forever to get to nine but I finally made it. My ass
was screaming in pain and I knew I wouldn't sit down for days. Sheila came
over to me as I knelt, sobbing quietly. She caressed my head, almost
tenderly, like the friend I thought she'd been before.

"That hurt, didn't it?" Crying, I nodded. "You don't want that to happen
again, do you?" I rapidly shook my head no. "You'll make sure you're up on
time tomorrow, won't you?" I nodded. "You'll already be washed and dressed,
won't you. Your hair and makeup will be perfect, right?" I was vigorously
nodding my head.

I flinched as Sheila ran a fingernail across my red ass, then softly scraped
it along my cunt. "You have a five o'clock shadow, Charlene. I expect this
pussy smooth as silk every time I see it. Understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Winters," I sniffled. "I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want me
to. Please don't paddle me any more."

"I won't have to if you behave, Charlene," she replied. "Now, thank Dave for
disciplining you."

I turned my tear-streaked face toward Dave. "Thank you for paddling me, Dave."

Sheila cleared her throat. "Is that the proper way to thank someone?" she
asked. "Dave worked hard to help you learn. I'd think you could thank him a
little more nicely than that."

I looked at her, incredulous. "Here? In front of you and Lisa?"

Sheila waved her hand with a dismissive gesture. "We've all seen pictures of
you doing far worse. If one of us gets uncomfortable, we can leave. Now,
thank Dave for paddling you."

Dave sat on the couch, between Sheila and Lisa, as I crawled to him. I
unzipped his pants. He lifted his hips and slid them past his knees. His cock
popped up against his belly. After a quick glance at the two women beside
him, I leaned in and kissed it gently. I was rewarded with a twitch. It swung
away, then back toward my face. I opened my mouth and as the head of his cock
entered it, I quickly closed my lips and drove myself all the way to the base
of his cock.

"Oh, shit. What a cocksucker," Dave moaned. "Suck it, baby. Suck it deep."

Sheila leaned down to watch my head bob up and down on Dave's pole. "Watch out
she doesn't bite it, Dave. She's hungry."

Lisa giggled. "She's hungry, all right. Hungry for cock. Look at her go!"

I wanted to tell them that I wasn't enjoying this one bit. I just wanted it to
be over with so I was eagerly sucking Dave's cock to end it. I wanted to tell
them that, but I didn't. I just kept on sucking.

Dave did his best to hold out and I did my best to make him cum. I sucked as
hard as I could, driving his cock deep into my throat and letting my gag
reflex caress the head. I'd alternate that with kisses from his balls to his
knob, then slide my mouth back over it again. He was holding out pretty well
until Lisa and Sheila both reached in at the same time and cupped his nuts. I
think he was so surprised he lost his hold and creamy jets of cum immediately
started pumping into my mouth. I was so hungry, I eagerly swallowed it all.
The two women massaged his testicles until he stopped pumping.

Dave sagged back into the cushions, smiling contentedly. I licked the cum off
my lips as I sat back, then immediately shot forward again when my sore butt
touched my legs. My face pushed back into Dave's crotch but Lisa pushed me
away.

"God, can't you see he's tired. Give him a break," she warned me. "You are
such a slut."

"She wants more, does she?" Sheila asked. "Okay, Charlene. You did a good job
on Dave. You can cum if you want. Go ahead and masturbate."

"No thank you, Mrs. Winters," I replied. "I'm fine."

"Are you talking back to me?" Sheila asked. "I just gave you permission to
masturbate. Do you need to be punished for disobeying? Or is it the company?
If you think you're too good to do it in front of us, maybe you'd rather do
it in the back yard."

"No, ma'am. I want to masturbate for you, right here," I begged. "Please don't
spank me any more."

"Then turn around and get busy." I quickly spun around and stuck my ass out
at them as I slid two fingers into my cunt. The humiliation of the last hour
had soaked it. Still, it was difficult to feel excited as I played with
myself a few feet from three other people.

As I strummed my clit, I felt something rubbing against my cunt. Looking back
between my legs, I realized Dave was pressing the handle of the paddle
against my pussy. I was so wet it easily parted my lips and slid in until the
wide part pressed against my asshole. He stroked it in and out as I continued
to masturbate. The handle was five or six inches long and wider on one side
than the other. When Dave tired of stroking it in and out, he pushed it in
and slowly began to rotate it.

The sensations as my cunt widened, then collapsed, drove me over the edge. I
came hard, moaning and pushing my pussy against my hand and my wooden lover.

Sheila made me turn around and lick the paddle clean of my juices. She gave me
thirty minutes to shower and dress. I raced to clean up, tenderly washing my
still burning ass. I nearly forgot to shave my pussy, but was back in my
uniform, with fresh stockings, all made up and standing in the kitchen with a
minute to spare.

"Not bad, Charlene," Sheila said. "Let's see your pussy." Her hand slid under
my skirt and rubbed my outer lips, then dipped in for a second. I immediately
felt myself juicing up. So much for cleaning up.

"Good job, nice and smooth," she commented as she brought her fingers to my
lips. I licked my juices off them. "I need to go to work now. I want you to
clean the house from top to bottom. Do a good job and don't be lazy. You may
not eat while I'm gone, unless there is something left in your dish. Also,
you may not cum. If I find out you've been frittering away your time playing
with yourself, I'll have you paddled again. Understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Winters," I agreed. "I won't play with myself. I'll be good."

"You better," Sheila warned. "Also, I want supper fixed and in the oven when I
get home. Here's some money. Get some wine and have it chilling. I'll be home
around four. We'll get your exercise program started then."

I was surprised Sheila was leaving me alone until I realized I wasn't a
prisoner. I could walk out any time I wanted- any time I wanted to face public
censure and prison. With a sigh, I began picking up the kitchen.

**Part 6**

I spent the rest of the morning picking up the downstairs, then damp
mopping the kitchen floor and vacuuming the carpets in the other rooms.
Although I'd always worn heels to work, I'd never cleaned in them
before, and rarely spent that much time standing with them on. I was
only allowed to sit in the kitchen or in my room and my ass was way too
sore for those hard kitchen chairs, so I stayed on my feet despite the
cramping.

By lunchtime I was starving. As much as I wanted something to eat, I
didn't want to give Sheila any excuse to punish me. Desperate, I went
out to the garage and checked Max's dish. He'd left half a dozen
granules of dog food. I was so hungry I picked them out of the grime and
ate them. They were dry and tasteless but they took the edge off. As I
squatted by the dish, crunching my food, Lisa came out into the garage.
She looked at me in disgust.

"What are you eating?"

"Dog food, ma'am."

"Did Mom say you could eat that?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied. "She said I could eat whatever I found in Max's
dish."

"You better not be lying to me," Lisa warned.

"I'm not," I promised.

"I'll check when I get home. I have to go to work now." Lisa worked
afternoons and evenings at a local amusement park. She turned to go.

"Wait," I called. "Please," I added quickly when she glared at me. "I'm
still hungry," I pleaded.

"So. That's not my problem," Lisa retorted. "Mom said you could only
have what was in Max's dish, right?" Then it dawned on her. "You want
more dog food?"

"Yes, please," I said, embarrassed.

Lisa sighed. "All right, I suppose I can feed you. Sit up and beg."

I squatted on my heels and stuck my hands up in the air, mimicking a
begging dog while she got a small cup of dog food. She kept me like that
for several minutes as she circled me, even sliding her sneaker under me
to rub my dangling pussy lips. I was humiliated but too hungry to do
anything about it. I could feel her shoe scraping across my pussy as she
rubbed me. My face turned red and I was soon panting as I became
aroused.

"Your turn. Play with yourself," she ordered. I quickly slipped a hand
under my skirt and behgan pumping a finger in and out of my slick cunt
while I stroked my clit. Lisa watched me masturbate, waiting until my
chest heaved with an impending orgasm before ordering me to stop and
lick my fingers clean. I groaned in frustration as I pulled them from my
steaming crotch.

When she finally dumped the food into the dish, she wouldn't allow me to
use my hands. I was forced to put my face in Max's dirty bowl and chase
the chunks around with my tongue. Max came in and looked curiously at me
as I hungrily ate his food. I was still eating when Lisa left, shaking
her head in disgust.

After lunch, I hurried upstairs and made the beds. As I was finishing, I
heard the phone ring. I hurried to answer.

"Hello?"

I heard Sheila's voice. "You should have said, 'Winters residence,
Charlene speaking,' stupid."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters. Sorry, ma'am," I apologized.

"I just called to see how you are doing. Any problems?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you get the wine yet?"

"Not yet," I replied. "I was just getting ready to go."

"Hurry up. I'll be home in a few hours and you'd better have dinner
ready." She hung up.

I found the money to pay for the wine and was on my way out the door
when I suddenly realized I wasn't wearing any bra or panties. The dress
was too low cut to wear a bra underneath but I didn't want to go out
without panties on. The slightest breeze would leave me bare for the
world to see. I knew I wasn't supposed to be wearing panties, but I'd
just talked to Sheila and I knew she was at work so I decided to take a
chance. I hurried upstairs and pulled on a pair of panties from Sheila's
drawer.

I left the house and walked down the sidewalk, my breasts jiggling as I
clicked along in my heels. I was so embarrassed to be seen wearing such
a skimpy outfit, I walked as rapidly as I could. Unfortunately, that
made my breasts bounce even more vigorously. I had to constantly adjust
my plunging neckline, tucking my nipples back in or pulling my top back
up as it threatened to slide off my boobs completely. I tried crossing
my arms under my bust but that just made things worse. I must have
squeezed them too tight because my boobs popped right out of the top
like a bar of soap in a bathtub. I quickly pulled my top back over them
but not before a passing car honked.

Luckily, it was only a few blocks to the liquor store. I was sweating
from the heat and my rapid pace so the air conditioning felt good. I
felt my nipples pucker as the sweat on my tits dried.

Nobody was in the store except the clerk, who stared at me as I hurried
to the wine section. I heard the front bell tinkle as I selected a nice
red. When I got to the counter, another man was there, asking for a
special order. He looked at me curiously as I waited, avoiding eye
contact.

"Don't I know you?" he finally asked.

I turned away. "I don't think so."

"I'm pretty sure I do," he argued. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers. "I
do know you. Aren't you Mark Hopkins' wife?"

My face turned beet red as I slowly nodded.

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I Rick Mott. I'm a buyer for Boylan
Industries. Your husband is one of my suppliers." He grinned. "Mark has
some wife. Is that what you wear to work? I thought you worked at a
stockbroker's or something."

"I used to work for an insurance agency but I quit," I replied, wanting
to escape. Mott was a crude pig. He didn't even pretend to look at my
face as he spoke but instead stared at my exposed chest and legs.

"So what do you do now?" he asked, leering at me. "Stay home and keep
ol' Mark satisfied?"

I didn't want to tell him what I did but he made staying home sound
dirty so I shook my head. "I-I'm a maid," I said.

"A maid?" he asked, incredulous. "You left an insurance company to
become a maid?" He shook his head. "Whatever floats your boat, I guess.
I'll tell your husband I ran into you," he said as he took his package.
"Maybe I'll 'run into' you again, sweetie," he said as he turned to
leave.

Compared to Mott, the clerk was a gentleman but he still ogled my chest
as he rang up my purchase. I hurried out of the store and back to
Sheila's house, anxious to regain some privacy.

I chilled the wine, put dinner in the oven and was just setting the
table when I heard Sheila's car in the driveway. I even remembered to
take off Sheila's panties and throw them in the hamper.

Sheila entered the house and dropped her briefcase on the floor. She sat
down on the couch and slipped her shoes off as I entered the room.

"You used the front door, didn't you Charlene?" she asked.

I was startled. How did she know? "Yes, Shei..., I mean Mrs. Winters.
I'm sorry, I just forgot. Please don't paddle me," I begged.

Sheila snorted. "It's not that serious. Still, you need to learn.
Tonight you can sleep in the garage instead of the basement. Do it again
and you'll sleep out on the front steps. Take care of my shoes, please."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am," I replied gratefully. I bent over to
pick up Sheila's shoes and heard her gasp.

"Turn around and bend over," she ordered. I quickly complied, baring my
ass and pussy for her inspection. What was the matter? Did I need to
shave my pussy again already? Sheila stood, walked around me, then
softly rubbed my ass.

"Tell me, Charlene. Why do I see panty marks in your skin if you've been
wearing your uniform all day? I don't remember giving you permission to
wear any underwear."

Oh, shit! I hadn't taken them off soon enough! I started to stand up but
Sheila put her hand on the back of my neck and pushed me back. "I'm
sorry, Mrs. Winters. I was afraid someone would see my pussy when I went
to the liquor store. Please don't paddle me. I'll never do it again," I
promised as I burst into tears. Sobbing, I threw myself on the floor and
hugged her feet. I'd never survive another paddling so soon.

"You should have thought of that before you made such a big mistake,"
Sheila said. "I can't believe you would violate my orders like this. I
can't trust you at all."

"I'm so sorry," I cried. "I was embarrassed. I didn't want anybody to
see my pussy."

"You stupid slut, half the town has already seen it," Sheila retorted.
"The rest don't want to. "When I give you an order, I expect you to obey
it. Go get me the panties you wore."

I quickly scurried to retrieve the panties from the hamper. Sheila
pulled a marker from the drawer. Stretching them across the coffee
table, she wrote, "GOOD FOR ONE DATE WITH CHARLENE HOPKINS" across the
seat, then told me to put them on.

"You still need to be paddled for your disobedience, Charlene," she told
me. However, I'll cut your punishment in half if you follow two simple
instructions.

"Thank you, Mrs. Winters," I said, grateful for any relief. "I'll do
whatever you say."

"Good. It's time for you to exercise. I want you to jog out to the water
plant and back. Somewhere along the way I will beep you on my pager.
Wherever you are, I expect you to take off the panties and leave them. I
don't expect you to hide them; I may use the cell phone to call, so I
can see you. Second, when you come in the front door I want to smell cum
on your breath. I don't care whose; you decide. You need some protein
before you eat your dinner."

I was so grateful for the chance to lessen my punishment that I didn't
care about anything else. "Thank you, Mrs. Winters," I sobbed as I knelt
at her feet.

Sheila brought me a pair of jogging shorts and a sports bra. "You're
just too big on top to jog braless," she said. "You'll hurt yourself." I
was surprised at her compassion until I realized I wasn't wearing any
other top except the white bra.

Dressed in the panties, shorts, bra and sneakers, I stretched a little
in the front yard and jogged slowly down the street. As out of shape as
I was, I was soon puffing badly but I maintained a steady pace to the
edge of town. After the first mile I was soaked in sweat and my nipples
were clearly visible through the cotton bra. Fortunately the bra was
very tight and I wasn't bouncing too badly.

Despite my breathing difficulties, the jog to the plant wasn't bad. I
went slowly but only had to walk one short leg. I was almost there when
the pager at my belt went off.

I reached for my panties, then realized I had to take my shorts off to
remove them. Panicked, I looked around more some shelter but only found
some weeds just off the road. I hurried into them, quickly pulled my
shorts and panties off, them put my shorts back on. As I started jogging
again, I dropped the panties on the ground. With luck, they'd never be
found.

An older man was sitting in the guardhouse as I reached the gate. I
slowed to catch my breath again and saw him staring at my heaving chest.
Remembering my second task, I smiled at him.

"Hi," I said.

"Nice night for a run," he said as he studied my nipples.

"I'm just trying to get back in shape," I panted. "It's tough."

"Don't worry, you'll do it. What's your name?"

"Charlene." I knew Sheila wasn't going to allow me much time. "Um, can I
come in and sit down for a minute?"

"Sure," he smiled. "Come on in."

I slipped into the cramped kiosk, letting my boobs rub his chest as I
slid by. Skipping preliminaries, I waited for him to sit down then slid
onto his knee.

He slid his hand under my shorts and cupped my bare cunt. "Hey, no
panties. You're one hot cunt," he grinned as he easily slipped two
fingers into my pussy.

I flinched under his insult but forced a grin to my face. "Thanks," I
said as I sank to my knees and reached for his zipper.

His cock was disappointingly small. I slipped it into my mouth and
started working it with my tongue, trying to coax a load as quickly as
possible. When I sank my lips to the root, I smelled his rank crotch
odor and struggled not to gag.

As I blew him, I couldn't help wondering why I was disappointed in his
cock size. What difference did it make? I was only doing it because I
was ordered to, wasn't I? The goal was a load of cum in my stomach and a
mild case of bad breath, not sexual satisfaction. So why did I wish he
was better hung?

He might not have had a big cock, but he sure had a big load and it
didn't take him long to shoot it. He gripped my head and jammed my face
down into his sweaty trousers as he arched up from his seat. Pressing
himself deep into my mouth, he pumped long hot jets of sperm into my
throat. It actually tasted pretty good, probably because I hadn't eaten
much all day, and I eagerly swallowed every drop.

As soon as he finished cumming, he sank back into his chair and reached
for my boobs. "Nice blowjob, honey," he said. "Let's see the rest of the
package."

"I can't, I have to get home," I pulled away. "I need to go."

"What the hell are you talking about?" he asked. "We're just getting
started!"

"Sorry," I said as I slipped out the door and started running.

"Come back tomorrow," he called as I ran down the road.

The run home was pretty uneventful, although the seam of my shorts
irritated my pussy and made it dampen from the stimulation. I was
exhausted when I finally staggered into the yard.

All the doors were locked and I found Sheila sunning herself in the back
yard. "Did you follow my instructions?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered. Fortunately, the yard was
surrounded by a tall hedge. I stripped, then bent over so she could
smell my breath. "Good girl, Charlene," she said as she cupped one of my
dangling breasts. "You're a sweaty little cocksucker."

She stood and went to the hose. "Lift your arms." When I complied, she
turned the ice cold spray on me. I yipped and jumped around but held
still when she reprimanded me. She rinsed me from head to toe, paying
special attention to my pussy and ass. By the time she was done, I was
shivering.

"You can go naked the rest of the night. Check on supper, wash out your
uniform for tomorrow and draw a bath for me." As I turned to go, she
reminded me. "Get the paddle back out, too. We will need it later
tonight."

**Part 7**

Steam rose from the oversized tub as it slowly filled. I poured a generous
splash of bath oil under the faucet as Sheila entered the bathroom and peeled
off her clothes.

In the fifteen years I'd known her I'd never seen Sheila naked. I knew she
exercised but I didn't realize what fantastic shape she was in. Her stomach
was taut and smooth, her buttocks were round and her medium sized breasts
were high and firm. Kneeling naked beside her, I felt like a cow.

She stepped into the tub, then eased into the water. Moaning contentedly, she
leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Oh, Charlene, this is nice," she murmured. "How would you like to wash me
up?"

I knew the answer Sheila was looking for and I was eager to please her,
hoping to cut down on my punishment. I nodded eagerly, "Yes, Mrs. Winters.
I'd love to."

"Good girl," she smiled as I took the soap and began lathering her legs. She
giggled as I began rubbing the bar along her calf.

I rubbed and scrubbed Sheila's body from head to toe. As I soaped her
breasts, I felt her nipples harden under my fingers. She moaned as I began
washing her crotch. When I finished and pulled my hands away, she directed me
back.

Knowing what she expected, I began massaging her outer lips and stoking
through her furrow. When she sat on the rim of the tub and pulled me forward,
I eagerly sank my face into her pussy. I licked and chewed and stroked my
finger in and out until Sheila shuddered in orgasm.

When she could stand, she wrapped a towel around herself and looked at me.

"You're a pretty good pussy licker. Do you like it?"

Eager to please, I nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Winters."

"Better than sucking cock?"

I shook my head. "No, ma'am. I prefer men."

Sheila grinned. "Well, I think you like both. Obviously, a slut like you
needs everything she can get."

By the time Sheila was dressed, Greg was home. I served them dinner, naked
except for my heels, and tried to ignore the growling in my stomach. I hadn't
eaten much in over a day and I was starved.

When they finished, Sheila ordered me to put the leftovers in Max's dish.
"Put the leftovers on the bottom and fill it up with dog food. That way, he
eats the dry stuff to get to the table scraps." She patted me on the head.
"Oh, and if you're hungry..."

Greg and Sheila both stood in the door and watched as I knelt in the garage,
side by side with their dog, eating my supper. To my surprise, Max didn't
bite me. We just took turns pushing our faces into the bowl and wolfing down
bits of food.

"Charlene, you look perfect down there," Sheila laughed. "I love the way your
boobs drag on the cement. Honey, get the camera. This is too good to waste."

I blushed but kept eating as Greg took several pictures of me. Finally, the
food was gone. I was still hungry but there wasn't much I could do about it.

"Ok, Charlene. It's time for your punishment," Sheila told me. "Go get the
paddle and bring it to the living room."

Remembering how much it hurt to be paddled that morning, I started sniffling
as I hurried to comply. When I returned to the living room, Sheila and Greg
were waiting.

Sheila spoke. "Charlene, do you like being spanked?"

I shook my head vigorously. "No, ma'am."

"Then why do you disobey me? I told you what you could wear, yet you got into
my things without permission."

I started sobbing. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Winters. I'm really sorry, I'll never do
it again. I promise, I'll only do wear I'm supposed to. Nothing else. Please
don't paddle me!"

She sighed. "I wish I didn't have to, Charlene. Unfortunately, I don't have
any choice. Now, how many swats do you think you deserve?"

"I don't know," I whimpered. "Probably a lot."

"You're right," Sheila nodded. "I'm glad you were truthful. I was thinking
fifty." When I gasped, she held up her hand. "Remember, I promised I'd cut it
in half after you went jogging. How would you like it lowered all the way to
five?"

I nodded eagerly. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Winters. What can I do to lower it?"

"Three things. First, no more panties for the balance of your two year
contract. That means not only while your here but weekends as well. If I have
someone check and they find panties on your bottom, you'll receive fifty
swats per day for a week straight."

"I won't," I promised. "I won't ever wear panties."

"That includes pantyhose. Stockings only," she added. "Second, I want you to
wear nothing but dresses. Again, that includes weekends. When you're here,
you'll wear the uniforms I pick out for you. When you're home, I want nothing
below the knee."

"Yes, ma'am. I can do that."

"You'd better. And high heels only. I will say, you do have nice legs,"
Sheila commented. "They look better in heels than they do in flats. Finally,
I want you to return to that liquor store tomorrow. Find the man who waited
on you today. Make sure he sees that slutty pussy of yours and make sure he
asks you out for a date. When he does, make sure he's satisfied. Understand
me?"

I was so grateful to escape twenty five swats, I'd have agreed to anything
Sheila asked. "Oh, yes, ma'am!," I exclaimed as I hugged her ankles. She
pushed me away and told me to get ready for my five strokes.

Happy to have escaped, I eagerly grasped my ankles and counted loudly as Greg
paddled me. The blows stung but I was determined to hold still. When it was
over, I turned and thanked him.

"Charlene, you know how to thank someone for disciplining you," Sheila
scolded me. "Do it right."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied. I opened Greg's fly and fished out respectable
sized cock. Eager to please my mistress, I enthusiastically began licking and
sucking her husband's cock.

"Oh, shit," Greg moaned. "This lady can suck cock!"

"You'd think we never fed her, the way she tries to swallow it," Sheila
giggled. "Look at her go."

My head was bobbing up and down as I eagerly sucked Greg's cock deep into my
mouth, teasing it with my throat. He lasted less than a minute before pumping
a salty load into my stomach.

I was finding out two things. First, I didn't mind the taste of cum when I
was hungry. Second, if I gave my all to a blowjob, they were over faster. I
didn't care that Sheila thought I was eager because I liked sucking cock. I
knew the truth.

After I washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen, I was ordered to do an
aerobic workout tape, naked, while Sheila and Greg watched and supervised.
They laughed at my bouncing breasts as I jumped to the music, but I didn't
care. I was learning to ignore them.

As Sheila ordered, I made my way out to the garage and curled up on Max's
bed. He was nowhere to be seen. Sheila came out to see me before turning out
the lights.

"You didn't do very well for your very first day," she told me. "I'm a little
disappointed. Tomorrow, we'll get you some more clothes. You can't keep
wearing the same thing every day. I hope you remember the lessons you learned
today."

I fell asleep naked, shivering from the cold. Max must have come in sometime
during the night because when I awoke I found myself curled up against him
for warmth, my face buried in his fur.

By seven the next morning I was showered, powdered and coiffed, ready for the
day. I had my uniform back on, coffee ready and breakfast on the stove when
Sheila and Greg came downstairs. Greg quickly ate and hurried out the door.

"I'm going to be busy today," Sheila told me as she watched me eating my
'breakfast' with Max. "I know I promised I'd take you shopping, though, so
I'll meet you at the mall at 12:30. Don't be late."

"Yes, Mrs. Winters," I replied. "It's two miles to the mall, though. How
should I get there?"

"You'll have to walk, Charlene," she told me. "I'm too busy to come get you."

Sheila left, after praising me for looking so nice and doing a good job with
breakfast. Pleased, I quickly took care of the dishes and picked up the
house. I was just finishing up when the doorbell rang. I opened it to find
Dave standing with Jack.

"Hi, Mrs. H." Jack said. "We were in the neighborhood and thought we'd say
hi." As I turned to enter the house he slid his hand up under my dress. "Hey,
no panties. Just the way I like to see you."

I jumped away. "Are you guys here to see Lisa? Can I get something for you?"

Dave groaned. "Come on, Mrs. Hopkins. We're here for some pussy." When I
hesitated, he added, "Remember what Mrs. Winters said? You need to do your
part to keep us disease free. Well, Jack and I were tempted by two sluts this
morning and we need your help."

With a grin, both boys dropped their pants to reveal strong erections. Lisa
came downstairs as I pulled off my dress and began sucking them.

"Don't you guys ever get enough?" she asked. "You have a thing for old
ladies?"

"No, we have a thing for sluts," Jack said as he rolled me onto my back. "and
this lady is the queen of sluts."

I groaned as I felt his big cock slide into me. Dave's cock was in mouth as
Jack began thrusting hard into my now wet pussy. Lisa turned in disgust as I
disappeared under the two boys.

They each fucked me and I sucked them both to climaxes. As hungry as I was, I
eagerly swallowed their cum. I lay on the floor in a pool of sweat as they
finally left.

I shrieked when I realized it was almost time to go. I quickly showered, did
my makeup and hair and hurried out the door.

**Part 8**

I don't know if you've ever walked two miles in a pair of heels before, but
let me tell you it isn't much fun. By the time I got to the mall, my feet
were sore and my legs ached. I knew I was wiggling my ass quite a bit as I
walked but it was the best way to cover distance quickly.

Sheila was waiting for me, tapping her foot impatiently. "I've been standing
here for ten minutes, Charlene. Where have you been?"

"I'm sorry Mrs. Winters," I apologized. "I hurried, I just ran a little late."

"What were you doing, sleeping? You knew how far it was, you should have
planned better."

When I told her I'd been delayed because the boys came over, she laughed but
it seemed to make her a little happier. "You don't seem to go very long
without finding a cock for that pussy of yours. You're turning into a little
slut, aren't you? I got here early so I ate already, but you can find a snack
before you leave if you're hungry."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'd like that," I replied. The prospect of some real food
buoyed my spirits.

We spent the next hour in various stores, trying on outfits and purchasing
the ones Sheila approved of. The theme was pretty consistent- short dresses,
low- cut tops, sexy bras to hold up my boobs and no panties whatsoever. In
fact, the only bottom she allowed me was the thong part of a very skimpy
bikini, meant for a much smaller woman. "For mowing the lawn," Sheilagiggled.
Sheila also bought me several pairs of heels, and lots of stockings to go with
them. As much as I tried to keep my legs together, I'm sure the salesmen got
several peeks up my dress as they fussed at my feet.

Our final stop was a small intimates shop, where Sheila had me try on several
corsets. When I came out wearing a long black one which whittled my waist by
almost four inches, she sighed, "Oh my God, Charlene. It's gorgeous."

I turned and looked in the mirror. She was right, it was stunning. The garment
made me look slender and sexy, thin waisted and big busted. The cups lifted my
boobs high on my chest and squeezed them together, covering them just past my
nipples. I never would have worn anything like this on my own but I felt my
pussy get wet as I realized how erotic it was.

"Wow. I'm getting you several of those. That's your new uniform top," she
said. "You can wear it with a nice skirt and it will be perfect."

As we left the store and headed toward the exit I felt my stomach rumble.
"Don't forget, Mrs. Winters. You said I could have a snack before I wenthome."

She laughed. "Ok, you can have a snack if you want. Go ahead and find someone."

I looked at her, puzzled. "Find someone?"

"Of course. Isn't your favorite snack a nick big cock? I've seen how you
gobble them up."

I blushed. "Yes, ma'am. I can wait, though. I'm not that hungry."

Sheila gave me a hard stare. "You asked for a snack and I gave you permission.
Now go find a cock to suck. And hurry. If I have to wait around, you'll get
paddled tonight."

I quickly scurried away. With no time to waste, I tried the direct approach.
I slipped onto a bench beside a man. As his eyes widened at the sight of my
cleavage, I leaned over and whispered in his ear. Within thirty seconds we
were on our way to his car and he barely closed the door before I had his
cock out and was licking it to erection. He had a nice sized cock, thick and
hard, and I have to admit it felt pretty good sucking on it.

I savored the taste as I slid my mouth up and down his staff, his pre-cum
adding flavor as it oozed from the head. When I felt him arch up in orgasm, I
cupped his balls and hungrily sucked every drop of cum from his body, licking
my lips clean as he sagged back into the cushions.

He begged me to stay but I slipped out, then spotted Sheila parked a few rows
over.

"You're really getting good, Charlene," she laughed. You didn't even muss up
your hair. Come on, I'll give you a ride."

When we stopped outside the liquor store I was puzzled for a moment, then
remembered I had to go in and proposition the clerk. My face must have shown
my resignation because Sheila warned me, "Don't start getting an attitude on
me. You do what I tell you and you do it promptly. One more day and you've
made it to the weekend."

I nodded as I slipped from the car. "Yes, ma'am."

Steeling myself, I entered the store. Good, the same clerk was working. As
soon as I bent over to look on the bottom shelf, I had his attention. He came
over to ask if I needed any help, standing well behind me so he could stare
at my pussy. Pretending I didn't know what he was looking at, I kept looking
along the shelf and talking over my shoulder until I felt his hand on my rear.
Twenty minutes later I was walking down the street again, a load of cum in my
pussy and a curious tingling in my crotch from a disappointing fuck. What was
happening to me? Why was I craving an orgasm from that pig? Still, I felt
unsatisfied and masturbated myself to a weak climax when I got home.

When Sheila got home, I had to recount my day's experiences as I bathed her
and licked her to orgasm. When I told her about fucking the clerk, she pulled
my head up and slapped my face hard.

"Didn't I tell you to make a date with him? A date means later. I don't care
what you did this afternoon, I wanted you to arrange something for another
time. You're so stupid, I can't believe I was ever friends with you."

I started crying. "I'm sorry. I'm doing the best I can."

"I'm getting sick of your excuses. You can sleep in the garage from now on.
You don't deserve the basement. Tomorrow you can mow the lawn in your new
bikini. Saturday you'll be home and I want you to mow your own yard, wearing
the same bikini. If you want to act like a slut then I'll treat you like one."

I made supper, exercised, then ate Sheila to another orgasm while Greg fucked
me from behind. Sheila let me go out to the garage after that and I was so
tired I went right to sleep.

I awoke when someone flipped on the overhead lights. Squinting against the
sudden brightness, I looked up and saw Lisa standing in the doorway, with
three other girls standing behind her.

"Awww, what a cozy picture," she gushed. "Got a new boyfriend, Charlene?"

I realized I was curled up against Max for warmth again. Sleeping naked, it
became automatic once I was asleep. I pushed him away and sat up. The girls
all broke into laughter and I realized what was happening.

"You're drunk," I said. "and it's the middle of the night."

"That's right," Lisa confirmed. "We're celebrating."

"Celebrating what?"

"Celebrating I got fired from my stupid job, that's what. We were all out and
I was telling my friends about our new maid. They didn't believe me, so here
we are!"

I nodded. More people knew about me. Great.

"I was telling them how much you like to eat pussy," she said. "They wanted to
see it for themselves. You don't mind, do you?"

I sighed. "No, ma'am."

All four girls pulled off their pants and I went to work. The first girl sat
on a box and I pushed my head into her crotch, inhaling her musky fragrance
before I teased her lips with my tongue and pushed it into her pussy. After
several minutes of licking, she complained to Lisa.

"She's not that good at it. I can do a better job with my Water-pik."

"Hang on a second," I heard Lisa reply. Seconds later my ass exploded in fire.
I screamed into the girl's pussy and starting licking and chewing frantically.

"Ohhh, that's better," the girl said. "Keep paddling her."

They spanked me as I ate each girl to an orgasm, then made me get on all
fours and masturbate myself to orgasm while they paddled me some more. By the
time we finished my ass was burning and I had to sleep on my stomach for the
rest of the night.

Friday passed quickly. Dave came over for breakfast (his and mine), Lisa moped
around the house with a hangover and I quickly finished my chores, excited
about going home.

After lunch, I donned my bikini and covered every exposed square of skin with
tanning lotion. Trust me, there was a lot to cover. Lisa sunbathed on a
chaise as I tottered around on my heels, attracting stares from neighbors and
motorists alike. I pretended to be oblivious but I knew I must have presented
a strange picture, my ass rolling and my breasts heaving as I pushed the
mower back and forth. From behind I looked like I was bottomless and the
material in front kept working its way into my pussy, rubbing my clit and
making me hornier and hornier. I couldn't wait to get home to Mark.
Several times Lisa had me stop and rub fresh lotion onto her body. She had me
pay special attention to her breasts and bottom and I found myself sliding a
finger into her pussy without her telling me to. When she pushed gently on my
head I dipped it into her crotch, licking her to an orgasm as she tanned.
Sheila came home as I was putting the mower away. She was pleased with the way
I'd spent my day."Nice job on the lawn, Charlene. You can go home now."

"Thank you, Mrs. Winters," I started toward the house.

"Just a minute. Where are you going?"

I looked at her, confused. "I was going to go and change before I called Mark
to come get me."

"I didn't give you permission to use my phone and you don't need to change.

You're going to need that outfit tomorrow anyway. Start walking."

"B-but I can't walk home like this," I protested.

"Then stay here. I really don't care." Sheila turned on her heel and entered
the house. I sighed and started for home.