**Dear Kristian**

A while back, I sent you "Volume I" of my experiences. In case you've forgotten, here's a copy:

I guess I've always been an exhibitionist. I can remember the thrill I got in high school whenever I realized that a boy was trying to look up my skirt. I also remember that on such occasions, I was careful not to ruin his view. In college, I got a daily rush as I walked to class past the fire station, as the firefighters enjoyed my hot pants and halter top combinations (needless to say, my male classmates and a few professors also enjoyed the shows). Luckily, I married a wonderful guy who not only tolerates my fantasies, but has led me to new heights. It all started one day when we were shopping. I was looking for a new pair of shoes and John (my Husband) was off looking at electronics. As a really cute salesman helped me try on a pair of shoes, I realized my skirt was riding up rather high on my legs, giving him a good view. The rush of excitement started to fill me and I casually managed to brush the hem even higher, until I was sure he could see my black bikini panties. I tried on several pairs of shoes after that, getting hornier with each show. It wasn't until I got up to leave that I saw John standing about 20 feet away, staring at me! As I approached, he asked if I was enjoying myself. I started to stammer out a reply, but he angrily cut me off. "It's obvious that you were exposing yourself on purpose. Do I bore you so much that you have to get your jollies like this?" With that, he walked away. After I caught up with him, we went out to our car and had a long talk. I managed to convince him of my love for him and confessed to my long-standing exhibitionism. To my surprise, he looked me in the eye and offered me a proposition: "If you mean everything you've said, I think we can work something out. Are you willing?" Of course, I had no choice but to say yes. "OK," he continued, "We're going to have some fun. Since you like to show off so much, I'm going to let you--but, you're going to do exactly as I say. Understand?" I inhaled deeply and nodded my head. "All right, then, take off your pantyhose and panties" he ordered. "W-What?" I stuttered. "Listen, slut," he said, "If you're going to show off, you're going to do it right! You will do exactly as I say, and you will show your pussy where and when I tell you. Now get your fucking panties off!" Shock and lust mingled as did as I was told. John had never used language like that around me and now he was ordering me around like a whore. As my panties and pantyhose slid off, He ordered, "Now your bra." Without questioning him, I unhooked my bra, setting my 35c tits free. "OK," he said, "Let's go shopping." The rush of the air across my naked pussy turned me on even more as we walked to the mall. Our first stop was Frederick's of Hollywood, where John picked out a black miniskirt, a sheer white blouse, and a garter belt and stockings. He then ordered me into a restroom to change into my "whore clothes." As I left the restroom, I felt like every eye in the mall was on me. The miniskirt barely covered the tops of the stockings, and the sheer blouse did little to hide the fact that I was braless. As I walked, I could feel my nipples hardening and pressing against the thin material. "How do you feel," John asked. "Scared, horny, and confused." I replied. "Good," he smiled. "You know, those shoes don't match your new outfit. Why don't you go in this shoe store and buy a pair of black spike heels. And, don't even think about leaving until the salesman has had a good look at your cunt." The tone of his voice made it clear that I was expected to obey, so I did. For the next 15 minutes, I tried on shoes, allowing my skirt to ride up my thighs. The poor salesboy nearly swallowed his tongue with excitement, and the bulge in his pants proved he was getting the view John had commanded. Finally, I made my selection and walked out of the store to John. "Now how do you feel" he asked. "Now, I'm just horny." I replied. "That makes two of us," he said, "let's go out to the car so you can blow me." Again, it was clear I had no choice, so I dutifully followed him to the car and sucked him dry in the parking lot. He then drove home where he gave me the absolute best fucking I've ever had. As we lay in bed, I couldn't help asking if he'd like me to continue the slut role. Smiling deeply, he suggested that I agree to be his whore whenever he asked. In return, he would promise to fulfill all of my exhibitionist fantasies and that I would be fucked as much as I could stand. In response, I dove under the sheets and sucked greedily on his cock, stopping only to say, "Your wish is my command, Master." Since that day, my Master has taken me on many shopping trips, always showing my cunt to strangers, and always fucking me fantastically afterwards. On our third such trip, I was really getting into teasing a cute young clerk. He was so turned on, he had trouble talking. As I left the store, John met me and walked me to a nearby bench. "I think that poor boy needs relief," he said. "What do you mean?" I asked. "I mean, I think that you should go back in there, follow him into the stockroom, and offer to suck his cock." I did as I was ordered, thoroughly enjoying the ten seconds it took to drain the poor boy's cock. Recently, he took me even farther, bringing home two gorgeous hunks to fuck me while he videotaped the action. I can't tell you how thrilling it was to have a cock in my mouth while another stud pounded into my pussy, knowing that John was watching and filming every stroke. And, last night we had our greatest adventure ever. Let me tell you about it: As usual on a Saturday, I was dressed in my whore outfit. As I pranced around the house, I couldn't help getting wetter and wetter in anticipation of whatever plan my husband had for me. As usual, I spent a large part of the day looking in the mirror, admiring my outfit. My black micromini skirt just reached the end of my garters--any time I leaned over or sat down, it rose to show my thighs above the stockings. My blouse was all but transparent, and my hard nipples were clearly visible. But, what brought the outfit together was the set of 4 1/2 inch spike heels on which I had to balance. My husband had told me that in this outfit I was the most beautiful slut he had ever seen and that he constantly wanted to fuck me. Luckily, he usually went with his desires, and Saturdays were often one fuck after another. Late in the afternoon, we took our weekly shopping trip, where I flashed my pussy and tits to at least ten lucky guys. I was a little disappointed that I wasn't ordered to deliver a blow job to one of them, but John assured me that I would have my fun later. This, he said, was just a warm-up. At about 7:00, John ordered me to collect my "toys" (a few dildos and vibrators I keep to entertain John and myself with) and get into the car. He then drove me to the home of one of our friends, Steve. Steve is a truckdriver who has fucked me several times during our games. He has a huge cock and is always good for a great fucking, so I started to get eager as we pulled into his drive. It was then I noticed four other cars parked in the drive. As we entered the house, I saw that Steve had set up a card table where he and five other guys were playing poker. Smiling, he greeted us, telling the other players "Our waitress is here." All of the guys immediately started placing orders for drinks, which I dutifully filled. As I served the drinks, each of the guys fondled my ass, tits and pussy for as long as they could. I snuck a look at John and saw him smiling like a Cheshire cat. Again following orders, I returned to the kitchen and picked up a tray of snacks which I also served. Again, all six guys enjoyed my assets, with several managing to finger-fuck me as I served the guy next to them. John motioned me to follow him into the kitchen and I did so, barely able to control my lust. John immediately removed my skirt and blouse, kissed me, and told me that before the night was over I would be fucked better than I had ever dreamt, but first I needed to tease the guys until they were ready to burst. He then handed me an ice bucket and told me to see if anybody's drinks needed freshened. Reaching into the bucket, I pulled out an ice cube which I rubbed on my already hard nipples, until they were nearly as stiff as the cocks in the next room. Then, clad only in a garter belt, stockings and heels, I took a deep breath, walked into the living room and asked "Anybody need ice?" The reaction from the men was great. I heard several gasps, one moan and the sound of one poor guy dropping his glass. As I refilled their glasses, it was obvious that all barriers were down. My tits, ass and pussy were caressed, pinched, kissed and sucked as I fought to push them away (of course, I didn't fight too hard). As I watched the game resume, Steve won a big pot, so I walked over and slid onto his lap. "Since you just won, you won't mind sitting out a hand will you?" I purred. "Not at all," he answered. During the next hand, Steve and I kissed and talked. He also took advantage of the time to finger-fuck me almost to an orgasm. Unfortunately, before I could come, the hand ended. The winner this time was Bob, a tall thin blond, who had caught my eye from the beginning of the evening. Eagerly, I moved to his lap, and sucked his tongue deeply into my mouth. I could feel his cock straining against his pants as I asked, "What's your favorite position for sex?" He managed to stammer that he liked to fuck doggy style. "Oooh," I responded, "that's neat--I love getting fucked from behind." The effect was just what I expected: Bob had to fight to keep from creaming his jeans right

 there. The next hand ended with Ron, a huge black guy winning the pot--and a lap warmer. As we kissed and he fondled my tits, I asked, "Are black cocks really as big as they say?" "Mine is," he answered. Reaching down, I stroked his dick through his pants and sighed deeply. Before I could go further, the hand ended, with Steve winning again. Moving to his lap, I said, "I know what you like," and straddled his legs, putting my now soaked pussy against the bulge in his pants. As the poker game went on, I slid up and down his trapped shaft. Steve sucked on my tits as I got hotter and hotter. Again, just as I was about to come, the hand ended and I had to change laps. This continued for almost an hour, with each winner enjoying all the attention I could give him. Several times, the guys started to undo their pants and free their suffering dicks, but I made it clear that the fun would continue only as long as everyone kept his cock in his pants. Finally, Steve mentioned that he needed another beer. As I walked into the kitchen, John grabbed me, kissing me deeply. "You're fantastic!" was all he could say. He then handed me my bag of toys and indicated that it was time to break up the card game for a little show. A cold wave of fear struck me as I heard his words. It had taken me months to work up enough courage to allow my husband to watch me masturbate. Now, he was ordering me to put on a similar show for 6 other men, 5 of whom I barely knew. Could I do it? As the wave of fear swept down my body, a strange thing happened: it collided with a wave of heat and lust which was rising from my pussy. I literally felt my stomach churning as the two powers fought for control of my body. Finally, I could feel my nipples start to harden and my face begin to redden as the heat of my passion overcame my fears and one thought forced itself to the front of my mind. Responding to that thought, I asked, "Am I allowed to have an orgasm?" Smiling, John replied, "Allowed? I want you to have an orgasm! But, take your time and make it good. After that, you are allowed to do anything you want. You'll have 6 horny guys to take care of, but I know you can do it." Taking the bag of toys, I confidently walked to the table and announced, "OK, boys, the card game is over. It's time for me play a little." With that, I climbed onto the table and pulled out my largest dildo. Lying back, I slid the head of the rubber cock between my labia. This particular dildo is 13 inches long and about 2 inches in diameter, so it had always been a struggle to use it in the past. But, after all the preliminaries, I was so wet that the head popped into my pussy with no effort at all. Soon, I was slamming 10 inches of rock-hard rubber in and out of my cunt like a jackhammer. Opening my eyes, I saw 6 cocks at attention with every one of the guys taking matters into his own hands. That's all it took for me to explode into the biggest orgasm I had ever had. Waves of pleasure washed over me for what seemed like forever. As I came to my senses, I could see Steve's beautiful cock inches from my face. Looking him in the eyes, I managed to whisper, "Please, I need the real thing. Please, please fuck me." Steve needed no further encouragement; grasping my leg, he spun me around and pulled me to the edge of the table. With one thrust, he drove his cock into my sopping pussy, slamming his balls against my ass. As I looked around, I marvelled at the thought that I was getting fucked while 6 guys (including my husband) watched. My brain told me I should be embarrassed or ashamed, but the rest of my body disagreed. I was thrilled to be doing what I was doing and I loved the way every eye in the room was fixed on my pussy. Suddenly, I focused on Ron's cock. As he had promised, it was huge. To my amazement, it looked even bigger than the dildo I had been using minutes before. Reaching out, I grabbed the monster and pulled it to my mouth. The contrast between my white fingers, bright red fingernails, and the huge black shaft was the most erotic thing I had ever seen. I could barely fit the cock head into my mouth, but I was determined to give Ron the best blow job he had ever had. Luckily, he understood how difficult it was to suck something that big, and allowed me to adjust and slowly slide more of his meat into my hungry mouth. I was vaguely aware of Steve screaming as he shot his load into my pussy, and I felt someone else take his place and start fucking me, but I was concentrating on the biggest dick I had ever seen which was now pushing against the back of my throat. Accompanied by the cheers of the audience, I continued to work on sucking Ron's cock deeper and deeper. Suddenly, I could feel him tensing; his hands grasped the back of my head. I knew he was getting close and I knew I couldn't expect him to stay patient. Desperately, I tried to relax my throat muscles and let him plunge even deeper. Finally, I felt his balls pressing against my chin and I knew I had done it! Reaching up, I stroked his balls once, twice, three times, and was rewarded with a groan and the familiar taste of hot, sweet cum washing down my throat. He seemed to pump gallons of sperm into me; despite my best efforts to swallow it all, some oozed out of my mouth and dribbled down my neck. I've always been proud of my cocksucking abilities, but never as much as I was at that moment. The rest of the night was a nymphomaniac's paradise. I got fucked in every conceivable position. Each of the guys fucked my cunt and my mouth at least once. My personal highlight was when I straddled Ron, riding his huge cock, while Bob fucked my ass from behind. Meanwhile, the other guys took turns feeding me their cocks while I jerked off whoever wasn't in my mouth. At the end of the night, I knelt by the door with a dildo in my pussy and another up my ass. As each of my new friends left, I gently kissed his cock goodbye, thanked him for fucking me, and told him how much I had enjoyed being his whore. When only John and Steve were left, they led me to the sofa and had me tell them all about my favorite parts of the evening, especially dwelling on how it felt to suck Ron's dick. Steve then walked over to a partially open cupboard and pulled out a camcorder--they had secretly videotaped the entire night! I actually got to watch as that monster cock fucked my throat; what a treat. John has since made it clear that last night was only a beginning. He's fascinated by my talent and my lust, and says that watching me get gangbanged was the most exciting thing he's ever done. I have burned every pair of panties, pantyhose and bra that I own, and have promised to be his slut 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. In return, I listened as he telephoned each of the guys at the party to set up our next meeting. He has already told me that at the end of the next party I am going to offer myself to everyone in the room on a permanent basis--I will be available to fuck or suck any of them any time they want, as long as they agree that we will videotape the action. I can only hope that they all agree. I promise to let you know how it goes.

Proud to be a whore, Lynda

**Now, here is "Volume II":**

Hi! As you probably know, in my last letter, I promised to keep you informed about my continuing adventures now that I've become a full-time sex toy for my husband, John, and his friends. In my first letter, I told you all about how I got into this position and how much John and I enjoyed my first gangbang. Since that night, it seems my life has become one fantasy fuck after another. John's imagination is unlimited, and I have yet to refuse one of his orders. Since I now spend most of my days nude, I have gone on a diet, trimming my figure to 35c-25-35. John still thinks my legs are my best asset (since I'm 5'8" tall, I do have nice long legs which are emphasized nicely by the stiletto heels I now wear constantly). In the weeks since I became a sex toy, John and I have established a set of rules which I constantly obey. These rules are: 1. I never, ever wear a bra, panties, pantyhose or any type of pants, unless directed to by John. 2. Whenever I am in our house, I must be naked, except that I am permitted to wear a garter belt, stockings and high heels. John will make exceptions to this for special occasions (for example, a visit from my mother), but such exceptions are rare. 3. My legs and pussy must be perfectly shaved at all times. I am not permitted to have any stubble or other imperfections. I am permitted to retain a small triangle of pubic hair above my pussy, but it must be neatly trimmed. 4. My hair and makeup must be perfect at all times. My hair (blonde) is worn long and loose around my shoulders. My lipstick and fingernails are always to be bright red, and must be perfectly maintained. 5. When I leave the house, I wear only miniskirts, minidresses, or button-down-the front skirts or dresses which must be unbuttoned to a point at least 18" above my knees. Blouses must be either sheer enough to see my nipples, or must be unbuttoned to a point below my tits. 6. I am not permitted to use "cutesy" or "analytical" terms such as "making love" or "vagina". Instead, I must use common terms like "fuck" and "cunt." 7. I must fuck, suck, and/or display my body whenever and wherever John orders. This includes fucking and sucking any of the guys from my first gangbang whenever they want. After all, they helped teach me the joy of being a fuck toy, so they deserve "any time, any where" status. 8. I must obey any order John gives, even if it conflicts with any of the above rules.

I realize that many women would find these rules oppressive and unacceptable, especially in the "Equal Rights" era we live in. However, I have no problem with these rules. I know that John respects my mind and believes me to be his equal in all non-sexual matters. I trust him completely and know that he would never order me to do anything which might hurt me. Our rules only provide a basis for a great sex life. Before the rules we had a "normal" sex life--2 or 3 fucks a week, generally just before we both fell asleep. Now, I get fucked 2 or 3 times a day and have experienced thrills that other women merely dream of. For example, let me tell you what I did this week: On Monday, as usual, I got up an hour before John, showered, shaved my legs and pussy, prepared my hair and make-up, and woke John up with a blowjob. About 10:00 A.M., I got a phone call from Steve. As you may recall, Steve is one of the guys who participated in my first gangbang and to whom John has offered my body on an "anytime" basis. It seems Steve was going to be in town briefly and wanted to fuck. I invited him over, called John at work to report my situation, and set up our camcorder to record the activity for John's review. When Steve arrived, I greeted him wearing only my stiletto heels and a gold necklace. Since he was in a hurry, we didn't bother with games. Instead, he took me straight to bed, fucking me with his normal level of passion. After he filled my pussy with cum, he allowed me to fuck myself to an orgasm with a dildo while he watched. Since this made him hard again, he had me suck his cock, choosing to shoot his load all over my face. After he left, I had just enough time to get cleaned up before John came home for lunch. While John watched the video of Steve fucking me, I sat between his legs, sucking his dick. Eventually, John rewarded me by bending me over the sofa and fucking me up the ass. The afternoon was relatively uneventful, although one door-to-door salesman got quite an eyeful while trying to convince me to buy an encyclopedia. Had he wanted to fuck me, I would have called John to get permission (which is almost always granted) and then would have given him whatever he wanted. Unfortunately, he never worked up the courage to ask. On Mondays, we always have a "Monday Night Football" party. John invited the usual gang over for the game, and I filled the role of cocktail waitress (nude, of course). I also provided the halftime entertainment, putting on a show with my dildo collection. During the game, John runs a pool--whoever guesses closest to the final score gets to fuck the waitress. This week, the winner was Ron, a black stud with the biggest cock I have ever seen. As the others watched, Bob fucked me for almost an hour, coming twice in my cunt and once in my mouth. I must admit, I always secretly hope that Ron will win the pool. I always enjoy getting fucked in front of an audience, but it's even better with a well-hung stud like Ron. No matter how often I do it, there is nothing that turns me on as much as swallowing his 12" dick and feeling his big balls slap my chin while the others "ooh and ahh" over my cocksucking abilities. I know it also turns on John, because he never fails to fuck me like mad on nights after Ron wins the pool. On Tuesdays, I am permitted to sleep in because of Monday's late night activities. Thus, John was already at work when the phone rang, waking me up. This time, it was Joe calling. Joe is one of our Monday night regulars, but isn't one of my "anytime" fuckers. He also has yet to be lucky enough to win the pool, and therefore has never gotten to fuck me. He said that he hadn't been able to sleep since watching Ron and me and desperately needed to see me. He asked me to meet him at a local restaurant for lunch and "some fun". After getting approval from John, I showered, shaved and dressed for lunch. I wore a tiny, white knit minidress, which barely covered my ass. Because it was so short, I couldn't wear any stockings, and so was completely nude underneath. Putting on my 4" white high heels, I went out the door, confident that Joe would enjoy seeing me. Every eye in the room watched me as I walked over to Joe's booth. His eyes nearly popped out of his head as he made room for me to sit down. He kept his left hand on my pussy during the entire meal, letting me know my choice of clothing was perfect. Throughout the meal, I did my best to keep him aroused, sensuously licking my silverware, and making a point of talking about how much I enjoy Monday night football. After finishing lunch, we then went out to his car, where I asked if he wanted a blowjob or a fuck. "God," he moaned, "I'm dying to fuck your mouth!" Stripping off my dress, I slid to the floor and freed his cock. Needless to say, he was already rock hard and ready for action. His cock was tiny compared to Ron's, but was a nicely shaped 6", so he had nothing to be ashamed of. I could tell his blowjob was not going to take long from the moment I touched his quivering dick. The head was already coated with pre- cum from all my teasing in the restaurant, and he moaned softly as I kissed the tip and licked off the delicious fluid. Slowly, I lowered my head, sucking slightly as his cock slid over my tongue. After a few strokes, I paused to tell him how good he tasted and how glad I was he had called me. As I slid him back into my hot mouth, I saw him close his eyes and clench his mouth, and knew he was fighting to keep from coming. I also knew that when a man is in my mouth, the only one who can control his cock is me, and I was not going to let him wait. Sucking deeply, I fed his dick down my throat, humming softly as I did so. At the same time, I gently squeezed his balls, encouraging his orgasm. As I expected, he erupted in my mouth, unleashing spurt after spurt of my favorite after-dinner drink. As his orgasm subsided, I continued to suck and lick his cock, managing to maintain his rigid condition. Once I was sure he was going to stay hard, I slid back onto the seat and pulled his face to mine. As we kissed, I managed to let a few drops of his cum (which I had held in my mouth) dribble onto his tongue. "How do you like the taste of your sperm?" I asked. "I-I'm not sure," he stuttered, "Th-that's the first time I've tasted it." "Well," I suggested, "How would you like to taste a load of your cum as it drips out of my pussy? If you're willing, I'll let you fuck me right now to find out how it tastes." Without hesitation, he kissed me again and said, "Yes, Yes--anything you want!" "Do you want me right here where anybody can see us?" I asked. "I don't care who sees us, I have to fuck that beautiful cunt!" he nearly shouted. I immediately slid onto his lap and buried his cock in my pussy. As I rode him like a bucking bronco, I whispered encouragement into his ear: "Come on baby, fuck me good. Pound the cock into my tight little pussy. You like that, don't you? Yes, that's it, fuck me hard. You know I like it when a man abuses my cunt. Oh God, you do like fucking me don't you? Oh, I can't wait to tell John what a terrific fuck you gave me. Oh, baby stick it to me...I love your prick...oh, you're going to make me cum..come on sugar, give it to me...cum with me, Joe...make me your fuck toy...fuck me, FUCK ME..." Between the squeezing of my cunt muscles and the begging in his ear, Joe was going wild: "Yes, yes, ride my cock, bitch...God, I love your pussy...you are so fucking beautiful...oh, oh, I'm coming!" With that, he shot his second load in ten minutes, splashing my insides with his seed. As he collapsed in exhaustion, I guided him onto his back across the front seat. As he gasped for air, I quickly slid off of his softening prick and moved up to straddle his face. He opened his eyes to see my shaved pussy inches from his mouth. "Wait," he started to say. "No way, sugar," I replied, "You promised to eat your cum out of my pussy, and now it's time to pay the piper." With that, I lowered myself onto his mouth and relaxed my cunt muscles, letting his load pour out of me and onto his face. Gasping for air, Joe knew he had no choice but to swallow his own cum. Surrendering, he swallowed and licked me clean, bringing me to an orgasm as he did. "Now, that wasn't so bad was it?" I asked. "I guess not," he answered, "Besides, that fuck was worth it." I couldn't help but giggle as Joe struggled to get his pants back up and I slid back into my dress. For once, the fuck toy had taken control and been the boss. What a thrill it was to force a man to do what I wanted! Not that I was about to give up my whore status with John (and lose the chance for all this great sex), but it was fun to be in charge for a change...I'd almost forgotten how easy it is to control a man through his penis. After kissing Joe goodbye (and getting one more taste of his cum-coated lips), I hurried home. I had just enough time to shower and freshen up before John came home form work. I couldn't wait to tell him about my adventure with Joe, and after hearing my story, John couldn't wait to fuck me. Unlike Joe, John managed to keep his cock from a quick explosion, and slowly worked me to orgasm after orgasm. Finally, he rolled me over and spread my ass cheeks. "Since your mouth and cunt have already been creamed today, I think it's time to fuck your other hole." he said. "Just what I was hoping you'd say!" I answered. "Come on honey, fuck my ass. I've been a bad girl, fucking poor Joe like that...teach my ass a lesson with that big cock of yours!" That was all the encouragement John needed. Within seconds, he was pounding into my ass, grunting with each stroke and muttering between gasps: "You fucking whore...you slut...take this, bitch...I'm going to fuck your ass until you can't

 sit for a week!" Losing control myself, I heard my voice moaning in response: "Yes, Yes, fuck my ass...come on baby...nobody fucks me like you...Oh, God, I'm such a whore...fuck me, use me, cum in my ass, anything you want, baby...oh, yes..." With that, John's cock exploded, gushing what seemed like a quart of cum into my ass. Totally spent, we collapsed into bed, cuddling together in exhaustion. As I fell asleep, my last thoughts were how lucky I was to be John's whore and how much I loved my new lifestyle. Wednesday started like most days: I got up early, showered put on my makeup, and returned to bed to deliver John's wake-up blowjob. As I cleaned the house after John had left for work, I couldn't help thinking about my sex life and fantasizing about what adventure I would have next. I imagined the doorbell ringing and answering the door to find two hunks who said they had been hired by John to work on a plumbing problem at our house. Needless to say, before long my fantasy men were working on my plumbing with their favorite tools. Unfortunately, my fantasies remained just that, with the afternoon passing uneventfully (yes, there are some days when I don't get fucked by one of John's friends). As a result, by the time John got home, I was uncontrollably horny. When he found out that I hadn't been fucked all day, John smiled and said, "Well, I bet your in the mood for some fun, then. How about a shopping trip?" As you know, I love going shopping and showing off my body, but right then I had something more satisfying in mind. "I'd rather go upstairs and fuck you until you pass out." I answered. Laughing, John said, "Don't worry, you're going to get fucked. But first, I feel like reminding you that you're my sex toy. After all, it's been 24 hours since any of my friends fucked you! Why don't you go upstairs and put on one of your flashing outfits for me?" Even though he phrased it as a question, I knew it was an order, so I went upstairs, put on a garter belt, stockings, and a cute little red dress we had gotten at Frederick's of Hollywood. It was one of my longer dresses, coming down to about 4" above my knees, but it had two zippers in the front; one ran from the hemline up to the waist and the other ran from the neckline down to the waist. When both were completely unzipped, there was about 2" of material between them and my pussy and tits were fully exposed. I carefully adjusted the zippers so that I could limit how much was showing (most, but not all, of my tits and just a slight view of the tops of my stockings), put on my red spike heels, and walked down stairs. "Good choice!" John exclaimed. "You look great! I guarantee that every guy who sees you will want to fuck you!" "That's fair," I answered, "I'm so horny, I'm going to want to fuck every guy I see!" With that, we went out the door and got into the car. To my surprise, John drove past the mall where we usually shop. When I asked why, he only smiled and said "I have a better idea for tonight. Since you're such a horny bitch, I thought we'd try something special." He refused to say anything else, but continued to drive until we reached an adult book store. The signs outside advertised adult books ,videos, toys, and live peep shows. Despite my sexual appetite, I had never been inside to check out their supplies. As I looked at John for guidance, he said, "Just follow my lead...I think you'll enjoy this." As we entered the store I looked around and saw that there were two men shopping; one was checking out the video selection and another was looking over a selection of porn magazines featuring women with huge tits. The clerk, a cute guy who looked barely old enough t be in the store sat behind a counter looking bored. At the sound of the door closing, the clerk glanced our way and immediately lost his bored look. As he flatly stared at me, his jaw dropped and his eyes widened. It was obvious that they got very few female customers, and even less who were dressed like me. As we walked around the store, John made a point of squeezing my ass and stroking my hair and arms. We discussed the toys on the shelves and John pointed out several items, on the bottom shelves, knowing that I would have to either bend over, displaying my ass to those behind me or squat, which would cause my dress to ride up and expose my pussy to those in front of me. As usual, I knew that every eye in the room was following my every move, and as I bent and squatted to reach the bottom shelves and stretched to teach the top shelves, I got hornier and hornier. Eventually, the other two customers made their choices and checked out, leaving us alone with the clerk. Picking up a couple of large dildos, John asked the clerk if they were guaranteed. Obviously confused and embarrassed by the question, the clerk shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't know--nobody has ever returned one." Chuckling, John remarked that I might have to try them on before we purchased any. He then asked about the peep shows advertised outside. The clerk explained that they were short of girls and, as a result, didn't have anyone on duty at the moment. Putting on a disappointed look, John remarked that he had really been looking forward to a show. He then asked if the store was looking for replacements. "We're always looking," the clerk replied. "Well," John said, "My wife might be able to use a part-time job. Can she have a try out?" The clerk's eyes bulged as he looked quickly at me. For a second, I thought he was going to pass out, but he finally managed to say, "The, the manager isn't here right now, but I'm sure he'd be willing to see her---I mean, he'd be willing to interview her." John looked at me, winked, and turned back to the clerk. "Why don't you just see her and report to your manager what you think? Should she go into one of your back rooms or would you prefer to conduct the interview here?" Gulping, the clerk said, "I, I can't leave the register...I have to stay here." John continued to press the issue, "What do your girls generally do? Do they just strip, or do they put on more explicit shows?" "Well, generally they just strip and talk to the customers through the glass wall, but if a customer gives them a big enough tip, they sometimes get, well, more intimate." "Well, suppose we pretend that you just gave Lynda here a really big tip. Honey, show him how intimate you can get." Taking my cue, I walked behind the counter and slowly unzipped my dress the rest of the way. Shrugging my shoulders, I let it slip off and fall to the floor. As I stood naked in front of this young clerk, I felt my pussy getting damp and lust taking over my body. My hands wandered over my body, pinching my nipples, stroking my pussy, and rubbing my stockings. Turning away from the clerk, I bent over, spreading my legs to give him a view of my ass and pussy. I straightened up and walked toward him, saying, "I want you to know these tits are natural, not silicon. Would you like to feel them?" Nodding, he reached out and cupped each of my tits, his eyes getting even wider. As I backed away, I noticed the dildos John had carried to the counter. Grabbing the largest one, I licked it suggestively, keeping my eyes on the clerk. Hopping onto the counter, I spread my legs and started to stroke my pussy. "Do your girls fuck themselves for the customers?" I asked. "I, I don't really know," he whispered. "Well, if I'm hired, you'll know I'm willing to do whatever it takes to please the customers." I cooed. I then started to slide the dildo between my pussy lips. "Don't be afraid," I continued, "Take out your cock and rub it...that's what your customers do isn't it?" As I slid the rubber cock deeper into my steamy twat, his zipper came down and his dick came out. The sight of that young pecker got me even more excited. I drove the dildo into my cunt, fucking myself harder and harder. Soon I was gasping with every stroke, as I felt myself losing control. Becoming more vocal, I started babbling, "That's it baby, stroke your cock..look at my cunt...see how deep this dildo is going...I wish it was your hot young dick fucking me...oh, how I'd love that...I bet you'd like to fuck me wouldn't you? How about fucking my mouth, would you like that? I love to suck cock and I love to fuck...oh, baby you look like you're ready to cum...wait for me, I want to cum with you..pretend this is your cock in my cunt...oh, yeah, fuck me baby...shoot your cum all over me...I'm going to cum...come on, baby shoot with me...oh, God...now, honey, now..." As if on cue, my young spectator obeyed, pointing his cock at me and sending a huge gob of semen splashing onto my tits. The second wad caught me in the face, splashing on my forehead and running down my cheek. As I surrendered to my own orgasm, I managed to reach out with my tongue and catch some of the sperm running down my face. This caused my young stud to send another spurt through the air, this one landing on my stomach and on the hand pumping the dildo into my pussy. "YES!" I screamed. "Shower me with your cum...come on, baby, give it all to me...I want to wear your cum home!" Taking my hand from the dildo, I rubbed his cum all over my face and body. As I did, he continued to cum, shaking with every blast. I swear, he must have been saving up for a month...he spurted load after load onto my body and onto the counter. Finally, his cock quivered and started to soften. Diving to my knees, I kissed and sucked his shriveled dick, telling him how delicious his cum was and how much I enjoyed cumming with him. After we both calmed down, I cooly reached over and picked up my dress, smiled, and asked "Do you think I can get the job?" As we rode home, John couldn't compliment my performance enough. "You were spectacular," he said, "You

 were born to be a whore...I love watching you perform. Believe me when we get home I'm going to give you the fucking you deserve. You are going to get fucked until you can't cum anymore." And, when we got home, that's exactly what happened--John fucked me longer and harder than ever before. By the time we collapsed into each others arms, I had decided that we would have to make the book store a permanent part of our sex games. Who knows, maybe I really could get a job there--I bet that would drive John mad with lust! Oooh would that be fun! After Thursday morning's blowjob (which took quite a while, since John had spent so much energy and cum the night before), I relaxed around the house, thinking about how lucky I am. After all, I have a well-hung husband who's not only terrific in bed, but who enjoys letting me have all the sex I want. More miraculously, he understands my desires even better than I do. I would never have thought of the circumstances he created on Wednesday night, but once he put me in them, it was great...fucking myself in front of a nice young cock, getting fresh young sperm shot all over my face and body...then going home and getting fucked out of my mind.....Before I realized it, my fingers were buried in my pussy and I was moving towards an orgasm as I replayed last night over and over in my mind. My masturbation was interrupted by the telephone ringing. "Oh," I thought, "Please be someone wanting to fuck me!" The voice on the phone was John's: "Hi sugar, what are you up to?" Truthful to a fault, I told him I was finger-fucking myself while daydreaming about the night before. Chuckling, John asked if I was interested in some live action instead of fantasy replays. "You know I am." was my reply. "OK, here's the story," he explained. "You remember me mentioning I had a meeting with Pat Wilson this morning? Pat's the CEO of one of our biggest customers, and is used to special treatment as a result. Well, during lunch, Pat was hinting about being horny and needing a whore to relieve the stress of travel. After a little small talk, the conversation kept coming back to whether or not I knew any whores. Since you're the hottest slut I know, I ended up recommending you. Pat's thrilled, and wants to get together with you right now, so you'd better get ready. There are a few things you should know though. First, Pat thinks you're a whore, not my wife, so play it like you're a pro. Who knows, Pat may even "tip" you. Second, Pat is into lingerie, so put on some clothes. I was thinking your "Merry Widow" and G-string outfit would be perfect. Finally, make sure you turn on the hidden camera in the bedroom--I don't want to miss this!" After a little more conversation, we hung up and I ran upstairs to get ready. I dug my Merry Widow outfit out of the drawer and pulled it on. This outfit is a black and red bustier; it leaves my tits exposed and ends just above my pubic hair. Long garters lead to black nylon stockings. As John had suggested, I also put on a tiny black G-string; the outfit is topped with a sheer red nylon "jacket" which sort of covers my tits. As I put on my highest spike heels, the doorbell rang. "God," I thought, "this Pat didn't waste any time." I rushed over to the hidden camcorder, turned it on and ran to answer the door. Putting on my sexiest smile, I opened the door. Instead of a horny stud, there stood a tall, pretty brunette in a well-tailored blue pinstripe suit. "Oops," I thought, "Wrong doorbell. Well, at least I'm sort of dressed; after all, a few minutes ago I would have answered the door nude." As I started to ask if I could help this stranger at my door, she spoke, "You must be Lynda; I'm Patty." My surprise must have showed on my face because she immediately added, "Didn't John call you? He said he would let you know I was coming." Fighting to regain control of my senses, I managed to say, "Oh, yes, he called. It's just that when he said 'Pat' I assumed he meant 'Patrick'. I guess I was just a little surprised." "Is this a problem?" she asked. "I'll understand if..." "Hell yes it's a problem. I've never even thought about fucking another woman and now I have some damn lesbian bitch knocking on my door expecting me to dive into her cunt!" I thought to myself. Fortunately, though, I was able to control myself and answered sweetly, "No, it's not a problem...I, I just need a second. Please, come in." As I closed the door and turned to face her, she stepped closer and kissed me. Her kiss was different than anything I have ever felt. At once soft and gentle, but at the same time forceful and passionate. As her tongue caressed my lips and teeth, I found myself responding, sliding my tongue into her mouth almost automatically. Her hands caressed my ass and moved up to my tits. To my surprise, my pussy started to dampen almost immediately. "Let's, let's go upstairs." I suggested. "Lead on." she agreed. As we reached the top of the stairs, we paused outside the bedroom door. "You have a beautiful ass," Patty murmured as she kissed me again. "I can't wait to taste it." Taking her hand, I led her into the bedroom, positioning her where the camera would have the best view. As she slid my jacket off, she whistled softly, "Your breasts are as lovely as your ass--this is going to be fun." Taking a deep breath, I forced myself forward. Kissing her deeply, I used my hands to explore her body. After peeling her jacket off, I unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it off. Opening the front closure of her bra freed a pair of huge tits; they had to be at least 38d's I thought. No wonder John wanted this on film! My hands then found the snap and zipper for her skirt. As it dropped to the floor, she moaned softly and stepped back. I was surprised to see that she wore a garter belt also; I would have thought a business woman like this would wear pantyhose. As if in a dream, I knew I was expected to remove her panties. Reaching down, I found the thin nylon and slid them down over her ass. Again she moaned as the panties hit the floor. before I could move, she pulled me to her. As our tits ground together she french-kissed me and whispered in my ear, "Now it's my turn." Pushing me onto the bed, she bent over me, unknowingly exposing her ass and cunt to the hidden camera. I could feel her breath on my stomach as she gently removed my G-string. "OH!" she groaned, "You shave your pussy, too! I love that! Darling you are everything John said and then some." She crawled onto the bed, pressing her huge tits into mine. The feel of her nylon encased legs against mine was great, and I could feel the heat from her pussy radiating against mine. As she started kissing me, I adjusted to the feeling and started to accept my excitement. Slowly the kisses changed to tiny bites, turning me on even more. As she got more excited, Pat began to kiss and bite her way down my neck and chest. As she reached my tits, she stopped, paying extra attention to each of my nipples. She slowly and carefully sucked, kissed and bit each of my nipples, using her hands to fondle whichever tit she wasn't sucking at the moment. No man had ever made my tits feel so alive; I could feel an orgasm approaching just from her suckling. Finally, she renewed her downward travels, leaving my aching nipples for a taste of my stomach. As she approached my pussy, I tensed, waiting for the touch of her mouth. Instead, I felt her hot breath pass over my cunt and just a brush of her cheek as she instead started kissing my thigh. To my surprise, she ignored my pussy, and continued to kiss, bite and suck her way down my right leg. As she reached my foot, she sensuously tongued my foot and sucked on the heel of my shoe as though it was a cock. Moving to my left foot, she repeated the performance, working her way up my leg. By the time she reached the top of my thigh, I was on fire--my pussy was dripping and I ached for relief. As she lowered her head toward my pussy, my hips thrust in the air to meet her. The first touch of her tongue on my clit was like a bolt of lightening--an explosion of energy flashed from my burning cunt down to my toes and up through my tits to my brain! As the orgasm engulfed me, all I could do was moan: "Oh God, Yes! Oh my cunt...my tits...oh God, suck my clit ...eat me...oh...I'm coming again!" As I finally regained my senses, I realized that Pat had turned to better suck my pussy, placing per hips only inches from my face. Without hesitation, I knew I had to make her experience what I had just felt. Rolling on my side, I buried my face in her soaking wet cunt. I did my best to repeat the things she had done to my pussy, sucking her clit while my tongue knifed deep into her fuckhole. Her squirming and gasping proved I was doing it right, so I plunged ahead, tongue-fucking her twat as fast as I could. As she exploded into her own orgasm, my eyes fell on the drawer of the nightstand where I keep my dildos. Reaching over, I opened the drawer and pulled out the first dildo I got my hands on. Plunging it into Pat's cunt, I fucked her as if my life depended upon it. Sucking her clit, I drove the rubber cock into her pussy. Now it was her turn to lose control: "Yes, oh yes...fuck me..I'm a whore, just like you...oh, fuck me...eat me...make me co-o-o-o-ome!" With that she reached another shattering orgasm. For the next hour, we stroked, licked and kissed each other from head to toe. Our pussies became willing receptacles for all of my dildos as sucked and massaged each others tits. Pat even mamaged to fuck my pussy with one of her rock-hard nipples (which I, of course, sucked clean when she was done). We were like a couple of schoolgirls discovering sex for the first time. Even our shower turned into a mini-orgy as we ended up 69-ing in the tub.

 As we dressed afterwards, Patty complimented me on my body one more time and then shyly asked, "Would it be OK if we traded panties? I'd love to spend the rest of the day wearing your G-string." A tremendously exciting thought struck me, and I answered, "On one condition--when you go back to work, you have to spread your legs and show John what you're wearing and tell him where you got them. I want him to know how much you enjoyed his recommendation." Smiling broadly, she said, "It's a deal." As she was leaving, Pat reached into her purse and pulled out a $100 bill. "This seems like so little for what you've done. I hope it's OK." "It's fine," I responded, "Besides I enjoyed myself as much as you." Looking into her purse once more, Pat said, "I know--do you like rap music? One of my contacts gave me two tickets to this concert tomorrow night and I'll be back in Chicago. Would you like them?" "Sure," I said, "that's one of my favorite groups--they're very sexual, you know." "Not as sexual as you, honey," she said, kissing me one more time as she left. Needless to say, John hurried home after work to watch the tape of the days activities. As I anticipated, he loved the candid shots of Pat's ass and cunt. However, he was even more fascinated by the sight of me diving into her pussy like a love-starved lesbian. I tried to explain the excitement I felt servicing this beautiful, powerful woman, but couldn't put it into words. I guess it was best explained as we were falling asleep after I had drained John's cock for the third time. In answer to his question about our parting words, I told him that I had made sure that Pat knew I loved every inch of her body and that she was invited back to use me anytime she is in town. Friday dawned bright and clear, and my pussy was still tingling from the feel of Pat's tongue as I delivered John's morning blowjob. I looked forward to the concert, but had no idea just how exciting it would actually be. The day passed quietly; somehow none of John's friends seemed to need fucked. When John got home from work, we changed into our concert clothes. At John's command, I put on a white lycra minidress. It was short enough and tight enough that I had to be naked underneath. My white spike heels completed the outfit. Pat's friend must have been very important--the tickets she had given me were front row, center, the best seats I had ever seen. I'd rather not name the group, but it's safe to say that they are known as one of the rawest rap groups around. Their lyrics are blatantly sexual and cannot be played on most radio stations because of their constant use of the word "fuck." nevertheless, they have always appealed to me, perhaps because the thought of three well-hung black studs who clearly want just one thing from a woman is such a turn-on. As usual, partway through the concert, the group announced that they needed some scantily-clad background dancers and asked for volunteers. Prompted by John, I,like every other woman in the crowd, raised my hand. "Ray", the bass voice, made his selection first, picking a rather large black woman on the left side of the stage. "I like a nice big ass!" he joked. "Jay", the tenor, picked next, taking a tiny, young black girl. "I like firm little titties!" was his comment. Finally, "Mack", the baritone, was to make his choice. I nearly died as he pointed at me and announced, "I don't get many white chicks...get your ass up here!" Before the concert continued, they reminded us that we had to be "scantily-clad". Approaching "Big Ass", they asked if she was willing to take off her bra and panties. When she shook her head no, they asked if she would take off her dress. Nodding yes, she pulled it off and stood there in her underwear to the audience's approval. Miss "Little Tits" was next, and, to the group's (and audience's) delight, agreed to also remove her bra. Standing on stage in just a tiny pair of red bikini panties, she looked completely flustered. As the group approached me, my mind raced. I was naked beneath my dress! I couldn't refuse to take it off; that meant I would soon be naked in front of at least 10,000 people! Swallowing hard, I figured I might as well play it for all it was worth. When they asked if I was willing to remove my panties, I answered truthfully, "I can't do that." When they asked if I would remove my bra, I gave the same response. When they asked if I would remove my dress, I asked innocently, "Do I have to get off the stage if I don't?" "Fuckin' right you do, white bitch." Smiling sweetly, I said, "Then I guess I'll take it off. Would you mind unzipping me?" After Mack pulled down my zipper, I started to peel the dress from my shoulders. As my tits bounced free, the audience roared and Mack shouted, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have white tit!" Slowly I peeled the lycra down past my waist. As I got it over my hips, I let go, allowing it to fall to the stage. The cheers from the audience were deafening, and Mack gleefully shouted, "PUSSY! We have naked white PUSSY!" For the rest of the concert, the "three chorus girls" danced and swayed to the groups music. As often as possible, band members fondled the three of us, much to the crowd's delight. The feeling of being naked in front of such a crowd was electric, and by the end of the concert my cunt was dripping from the fondling and ogling I was receiving. As the group finished their last number, they picked up the clothing from the stage and announced, "If you bitches want your dresses, come on back to our dressing rooms--you can get them and a lot more!" There was no doubt in my mind that I wanted my dress back--but not as much as I wanted the "whole lot more." I wanted at least one, and hopefully all three, of those black cocks and I wasn't leaving without being fucked! Once back stage, I found Mack's dressing room. As I stood outside, I thought about what I was about to do. Pat's gentle exploration of my body had been fun, but right now I was in the mood for a just the oppposite--I needed to convince Mack to fuck me hard and rough! Thinking about his macho onstage manner, I entered without knocking. He was drinking a beer and immediately smiled at me. "Baby," he grinned, "You are just about the best dancer we've had in a long time!" My answer was quick and to the point--"Fuck Me." Sputtering, Mack asked, "What?" "Fuck Me." I repeated. "I've been standing naked in front of 10,000 people while you and your friends felt me up. Everyone out there thinks I'm a either a whore or a part of your show or both, my husband is waiting for me to come back to my seat, and I'm as horny as hell. Now FUCK ME!!" That's all the explanation it took--Mack dropped his beer, ripped off his clothes, threw me onto the floor. "Bitch, you are going to learn to watch your mouth around a real man. I'll fuck you OK--I'll fuck you like the slut who stood out there naked deserves!" With that, he he covered my mouth with his, forcing his tongue down my throat and slammed his cock into my cunt. The contrast between yesterday's gentleness and this all out attack was mind-boggling. This bastard wasn't just fucking me, he was intent on treating me like some kind of animal! Well, that was just the game I was hoping for, and I fought back just like an animal--I dug my fingernails into his back, bucked my hips like a bronco, and bit into his shoulder. Growling with rage, he slammed me hard against the floor and sunk his cock into me to the hilt. We rolled around the floor, crashing into tables, knocking over lamps, and smashing anything in our way. All the while, we remained locked together, grinding our genitals into each other. "Come on, faggot," I managed to gasp, "Is that all the harder you can fuck?" "Bitch," he screamed, "Take this!" With that, he slapped me, bouncing my head off the floor. The violence renewed his vigor and he started pounding into my pussy even harder. Each stroke lifted my ass off the floor and drove me backwards. Eventually, I was backed into a corner, and could slide no further. To my amazement, Mack started to stand up! With my cunt still impaled on his cock, I slid up the wall as he stood. My legs were draped over his shoulders and his hands supported my ass as he continued to slam me into the wall with each stroke of his dick. Realizing an earth-shattering orgasm was on its way, I decided to try and talk him into coming also. Sticking with a "reverse psychology" approach, I started begging him not to cum, "All right, you've proved you can fuck, just please don't cum in my pussy! Please make sure you pull out before you come...please..." As I expected, Mack screamed back, "Fuck you, you blonde bitch! You asked for this and you're going to get it! I'm fucking you my way and that means your cunt is going to be full of cum. You know you want it--if you're lucky you'll even get pregnant from my cum. You want that don't you? You want to feel my cum make you pregnant, don't you?" Gasping now, trying to hold off my orgasm, I managed to spit out, "Yes! Fuck me all you want...cum in my hot little pussy...go on, make me have your bastard baby...fuck me...make me your pregnant blonde whore...give it to me...Ple-e-e-e-e-ase!" As the orgasm ripped through my body, I felt Mack shiver and explode. Wave after wave of his semen splashed into my cunt, filling me completely and forcing its way out around his cock. Exhausted, we slowly slid down the wall to the floor. Kissing me once more, he rolled off of me. As he did, I realized for the first time that Ray and Jay were standing just inside the doorway watching. The screaming and crashing had no doubt caught their attention and I had been far too involved to hear them enter the room. As I lay helpless in the corner, Mack's cum dripping from my pussy, they approached.

 I heard Mack tell them, "Go ahead guys, enjoy the fucking blonde slut. She is one wild little fuck, but remember, her cunt belongs to me!" "No sweat, man," Ray said as he dropped his pants, "This bitch has plenty of holes to go around!" As he approached, I watched his cock grow and harden. It wasn't as thick as my friend Ron's, but it was at least as long. Grabbing my hair, he pulled me to my knees. Dragging me from the corner, he growled, "Suck this, bitch!" and shoved his cock toward my mouth. Little did he know I was dying to do just that. Locking my lips around his tool, I sucked deeply and started bobbing up and down on his beautiful shaft. "Jesus," he whistled, "This broad means business. Come on, blondie, suck it down...take it all!" My concentration on the 12" dick in my mouth was broken by the realization that Jay had shoved his cock up my ass. Judging by the feel, his was the smallest of the three pricks in the room, but it was still plenty large enough to fill my asshole. Groaning, I tied to establish a rhythm, sliding back and forth on the two cocks. As I moved forward onto Ray's monster in my mouth, Jay's cock slid out of my ass. As I slid back off of Ray's beauty, I drove Jay's dick deeply into my ass. All the while, I was aware of Mack egging all three of us on: "That's it, fuck the bitch good. You like that don't you whore? We'll teach you something about fucking--you'll never go back to your lilly-white boyfriends after we're done with you. Come on, fuck her HARD!" As the tempo increased, I could feel both cocks starting to twitch and knew they would be coming any second. Jay came first, sending a wad of hot cum into my ass. As I rocked forward onto Ray's prick, however, Jay arched his back to shoot again and popped out of my ass. As he grabbed for his dick, cum shot everywhere--on my ass, on my back, and down my legs. Giving up on re-entry, Jay continued to pump his cock with his hand, squirting me with load after load of his cum. The sight was too much for Ray, who also started to cum. As his first load shot down my throat, he too pulled out of me. "Looks like it's shower the slut time!" he shouted as his second load hit me in the forehead. As the cum ran down my right cheek onto my neck, he turned my head and shot his third load onto my left cheek. Jerking his cock off , he then pushed me back and emptied his balls onto my tits. Collapsing, I saw Mack approach, stiff prick in his hand. "One more load for your cunt, bitch!" he said as he plunged into me. Fucking me with all his might, Mack was soon coming again. Like his friends, he allowed the first spurt to come inside me, then pulled out. Straddling my prone body, he then shot his second spurt onto my stomach and pubic hair. His third and final wad came as he stood over me, and landed squarely on the top of my head. Backing off, he looked around and asked "Anybody want another turn?" When neither Ray or Jay accepted, Mack turned back to me and ordered, "OK, blondie, we're done--get your ass out of here." As I struggled to my feet, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the dressing room mirror. What I saw shocked even me. A red welt was forming on my face where mack had slapped me. My hair, which had been so perfectly prepared at the start of the concert, was now twisted, knotted, and matted with a combination of sweat and cum. Semen dripped from my face and tits, glistened in my pubic hair, and leaked from my pussy and ass, running down my legs. In short, I looked (and felt) as if I had been fucked by an army. As I reached for my dress, mack grabbed it. Walking to the door, he opened it and threw my dress as far down the hall as he could. "I said get out, cunt! We're not waiting for you to get dressed--go show your husband what a well- fucked bitch looks like!" As I started out the door, I couldn't resist one more tease. Pausing, I looked back clearly wanting to ask a question. "Well?" Mack demanded. "I..I..I just wondered," I started. "Wondered what, bitch?" "I just wanted to know if you'd fuck me again the next time you're in town!" Spinning on my heels, I walked out of the room, leaving three gaping mouths in the room. Looking down the hall, I saw my dress lying on the floor--right at John's feet! As I approached, his eyes traveled up and down my cum-soaked body. "It looks like you got all you could want," he said. "Almost," I answered, "I haven't had you yet." John helped me into my dress and drove me home where he soon added his cum to Mack's. After we finished, I started for the bathroom, remarking that I needed a shower. "No," John barked. "Get back here! You fucked your way into that condition, and you're going to stay that way until morning." Thus, I spent the rest of the night marinating in the semen of four men. To tell the truth, I was almost sorry to lose it all when I did shower the next morning; luckily I'll always have my memories. After my Saturday morning shower, I started to think about what would happen later in the day. Since John is off, Saturdays are always a big treat for his sex toy. However, as I moved around the house, I started to realize that the previous night's fucking had taken its toll on me. The bouncing and slamming along the floor had left my ass, back and legs awfully sore. There were no bruises, but I was definitely in no condition to get wild and crazy. I tried to hide my stiffness from John, but he is pretty observant and sensitive, and therefore picked up on it right away. After a short discussion, he made it clear that today would be spent relaxing. I did stay nude the entire day, and, as usual on a Saturday, John fucked me several times. However, he took great care to ensure that each of the fuckings was gentle and warm. He massaged and caressed me much as he had seen Pat do, and, in short, used the entire day as a physical and mental therapy to soothe my aches and pains. I repeatedly told him how guilty I felt, especially since we were already scheduled to visit my mother on Sunday. That meant that we would be unable to enjoy any fantasies all weekend. It just didn't seem fair that I should fuck like a wild woman all week and then be too sore and too busy to satisfy my man on the weekend. As I said earlier, though, John loves and respects me, which is what makes our arrangements possible. He responded to my fears and frustration by explaining how much he does love me and by making sure I knew that being his fuck toy is just a part of our relationship, not the center of it. Thanking him as much as I could, I promised that next weekend would be really special and that his fuck toy would take him to new heights of pleasure. I'm still not sure which of us is looking forward to those heights the most. I promise to write again soon--hope you've enjoyed this! Lynda