**Debbie's Dilemma**
By WF WRITER (wifefantasy@hotmail.com)

Brian worked as a Financial Manager for United Investments for several years.
He was married to Debbie, a knock out. Brian was 34, Debbie was 33 and only 5
foot tall with long brown hair and hazel eyes. Brian loved Debbie's firm ass,
but he thought her best quality was her amazing breasts, a perfect 36C.
Although Brian thought Debbie had a great, near-perfect body, her lack of
confidence in her appearance resulted in a very conservative dress. This lack
of confidence in her appearance also frustrated Brian in the bedroom. On rare
occasions he would get Debbie to relax and she would be a real sexual beast, but
the majority of the time, their sex life was boring. Brian could not remember
the last time Debbie gave him a blow-job. He did recall a few years earlier he
finally convinced Debbie to shave her cunt and she reluctantly agreed and Brian
praised her and frequently commented on how great it looked. But Debbie did not
keep it shaved and eventually let it return to all natural except to shave for
her bathing suits.

Even with her conservative ways, Brian loved Debbie, was proud of the way she
looked and liked to show her off at company functions. Although Debbie was
frequently oblivious to the stares, Brian enjoyed the lustful looks from his
peers and supervisors as they would frequently ogle Debbie's breasts and ass
when they thought Brian was not looking. This was real source of pride for
Brian and he frequently went deep in to debt to join his peers and bosses at
high-priced parties or functions. As the months passed it became easier and
easier for Brian to skim a thousand dollars here or five thousand there from
United Investment accounts. He also intended to pay the money back, but never
seemed to be able to get ahead enough to make a dent. Further more, Brian did
not really have any idea how much he owed the company. Brian used United
Investments as his personal emergency cash bank and really never thought much
about it. However, Brian's bosses watched as the totals increased. They saw
an opportunity and it was time to take advantage.

Debbie was surprised to receive the telephone call from Mr. Abrams, Brian's
boss. He told her that they would like to have a meeting with her about
something important regarding Brian. As Debbie dressed she hoped it was a
promotion for Brian or a raise. Debbie chose a conservative shirt dress that
buttoned all the way up and dropped about an inch below her knees. Debbie
tightened the belt, pushed a brush through her hair and looked in the
full-length mirror in their bedroom. She thought she looked okay for this
meeting an left the house. Debbie decided it must be a raise or promotion and
that Mr. Abrams wanted to surprise Brian since he gave implicit instructions not
to tell him of her appointment.

When Debbie arrived at Mr. Abrams office there was no secretary present. She
tapped lightly on the door and heard Mr. Abrams voice instructing her to enter.
Debbie walked in, excited at the news and when she saw the two other supervisors
with Mr. Abrams, Debbie decided it was a promotion.

"Sit down, Debbie," Mr. Abrams said with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Abrams," Debbie responded.

"We don't have to be so formal, please, call be David," he said and pointing at
the other two men, "this is Samuel and Joseph." Debbie nodded acknowledgement
to the other two men. Debbie pulled her dress down over her knees feeling a
tinge of discomfort at the way the man called Joseph was staring at her.

"So Sam, Joe, what do you think," David asked ignoring Debbie. The two men
smiled and nodded in the affirmative. Debbie was confused.

"Debbie," David started, "let's get right to the point, your husband has
embezzled over 100,000 dollars from our company over the past few years and,
well, we want it back."

Debbie went pale, this was not what she was expecting. The man called Sam
offered her a drink of water and Debbie took two quick gulps.

"How?, why?," Debbie stammered.

"Don't know, and don't care," David continued, "However, I do know that Brian
will spend several years in prison if it's not paid back. In addition, the
wonderful home you and the kids live in, that'll be sold to get some of our
money back; plus your car, jewelry, anything of value will be sold."

"This can't be true, Brian would never. . ." Debbie started and was cut-off by
Joe.

"Cut the crap Debbie, here are the documents, you can take them to a lawyer, but
it will still end up being the same thing; bottom line, we want our money," Joe
said without emotion.

Debbie was almost in tears. The life she and Brian had built was going to be
taken away and Brian ruined. Debbie's thoughts raced.

"There must be something, something we can do," Debbie inquired.

"As a matter fact, there is something you can do," David responded.

"What, I'll do anything, what is you want me to do, tell me," Debbie pleaded.

"Anything?," David asked again.

"Anything, anything at all," Debbie begged.

"Fine, alright, there is something you can do. We have watched you at the
parties and company functions, and we like what we see. We'll exchange the debt
your husband owes us for you." David finally said.

Debbie did not understand at first and looked puzzled. She looked at Joe and
Sam and could now see the lust in their eyes. Debbie tried to think of another
alternative. She did not know what these men wanted, but Debbie was not sure.

"What do I have to do?" Debbie finally said.

"Whatever we want," David responded matter-of-factly, with one condition, your
husband must never know.

Debbie thought about her home, the kids, and her husband. She wondered how
Brian could do this and then drop her head down.

"Alright," Debbie whispered.

"We didn't hear you," David said.

"Alright, I'll do whatever you want," Debbie said the words, but could not
believe them.

"Good, good, I thought you might. The first thing we want is to see what we
have traded for; stand up and take off your clothes," David ordered.

Debbie hesitated for a moment and David told her if she hesitated again all
deals were off and the police would be notified to arrest her husband. With
tears in her eyes, Debbie stood up and undid the belt around her waist. She
slowly started to undo the buttons of the dress finally getting to the last one.
Debbie held the dress around her with one hand hoping that the madness would end and one of the men would stop her. No such luck as David went to the phone and picked up the receiver. Debbie pulled the dress from her shoulders and let it
drop to the floor. Debbie's face flushed red as she stood before the three men
clad only in her white bra, white cotton panties, and high heels.

"Everything," David prodded.

Debbie reached behind her and unhooked the clasp holding her bra closed and let
the straps fall from her shoulders. She closed her eyes as she removed the bra
and it fell to the floor with her dress. Debbie heard the whistle from Joe and
Sam's crude comments as her tits came into view. Debbie's 36C breasts rose and
fell with her silent sobs. She watched David who still held the receiver
waiting. Debbie hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slowly
lowered them over her hips, down her legs, and stepped out of them letting them
join her dress and bra. Debbie instinctively placed a hand over her cunt,
hiding the mons and another over her breasts.

"Lower your hands and spread your legs," David ordered.

Again, Debbie slowly let her arms fall to her side and opened her legs. She
stiffened as all three men approached her. David took her breasts between his
thumb and fingers and squeezed them tightly commenting on the firmness and size.
Joe cupped her buttocks and Debbie tried to tighten her asscheeks when Joe
spread them apart and commented on her tight looking rectum. Sam's hand went
over Debbie's cunt and he worked a single finger into her dry hole. Debbie was
totally humiliated and kept her eyes closed trying to block out the abuse.
After a few minutes, the men switched position with Joe now squeezing her tits.
David worked two fingers into Debbie's cunt and kicked her legs a little wider.
Sam ran a finger along the cleft between Debbie's asscheeks and she tired to
clench them together to avoid the intrusion. Debbie felt that she could endure
this manhandling if that was all that there was going to be, but she knew this
was just the beginning.

As suddenly as the men started, they returned to their seats leaving Debbie
standing naked, in the center of the room with her legs slightly spread. To
Debbie's horror, she thought she could feel wetness between her legs, but
dismissed it as perspiration versus arousement. Debbie reached to obtain her
clothes and David stopped her. David next proceeded to outline the terms of the
agreement. Debbie would do whatever they asked sexually without hesitation or
argument.

"Debbie, you are a beautiful woman, but your dress is all wrong for our
purposes," David stated, "when you return home, you are to shave your cunt and
never let any stubble or hair be present, do you understand?"

Debbie nodded her head up and down to indicate she understood. She stared at
the floor, naked, refusing to look at the three men. She could hear them
talking about her, saying horrible sexual things about her like she was not even
in the room.

"Any one ever fuck you in the ass?" Joe questioned Debbie. Debbie did not
immediately answer, just staring at the floor. "I asked you a question," Joe
said again with force.

"Yes . . .my husband tried once, but it hurt too much so I've not let him try
again." Debbie finally responded.

The men talked some more and Debbie was beginning to become cold in the office.
Finally, David walked up to her and placed his fingers under Debbie's chin and
raised her head up to look at him. At only five feet all three men towered over
Debbie.

"I want you to look at me so I can make sure you understand our instructions,"
David said.

David proceeded to tell Debbie that each weekend when her services were needed
she would go to a specific hotel for instructions. She was to only wear thongs
or no panties at all and Debbie should buy an assortment of garters, stockings,
very short skirts, see-through blouses, chokers, and high heels with ankle
straps. David informed Debbie that any additional clothing items would be
provided at the hotel when she arrived. David then handed Debbie a piece of
paper and pen and ordered her to write down her measurements and dress/skirt
sizes. Debbie quickly complied and handed the paper back to David.

"We're done for today," David said after he looked at the paper, "you can dress
and go home, but remember, you are not to tell Brian about our agreement."

Debbie indicated she understood and reached down for her bra and panties.

"Give me the panties," Joe demanded, "and get dressed."

Debbie was even more embarrassed as she dressed in front of the three men. Joe
took Debbie's panties and cut the entire crotch out of them and threw them back
to Debbie at her feet. Debbie had just finished the last button of her dress.

"Put them on," Joe demanded.

With tears flowing down her face, Debbie pulled her once cotton panties on. She
felt so dirty wearing the now crotchless panties. Once dressed, Debbie asked if
she could leave.

"You may go, but tomorrow is Friday and you need to be at the Hilton at 8
o'clock sharp for your first job," David reminded her.

Debbie left the meeting exhausted, confused, and angry. How could Brian how
allowed himself to get into such a mess. Now Debbie was trapped into being a
sexual slave for his bosses. Debbie cried on the way home, but decided she'd
better go to the mall and purchase the items she needed since tomorrow was
Friday.

After returning from shopping, Debbie hid the numerous thongs, short skirts,
shoes, and other items in the guestroom of their home. Brian would be home in
about an hour. Debbie tried to think of a reason she would tell him that she
shaved again as she turned on the shower. Once the water was warm, Debbie
stripped off her clothes and threw the cut up panties into the trash stuffing
them underneath the other trash so they wouldn't been seen. Debbie felt so
dirty as the water washed over her. Yet, when the shower spray struck her
breasts for the first time Debbie realized that her nipples were incredibly
erect, sticking straight out and hard as well as sensitive. Debbie soaped
herself carefully and as the her hands brushed over her breasts, she let them
linger there recalling how the two men touched her breasts. Debbie soaped and
rinse two or three times trying to feel clean again. Finally satisfied, she
sighed as she soaped up her pubic hair and slowly shaved it off. She placed her
foot on the edge of the tub so that she could next shave her labia. Once done,
Debbie ran her hand over her pubic mons to ensure that it was smooth and free of
stubble. Her fingers lightly touched her clit and that sent sparks through
Debbie. She was surprised to find that her clit was also erect and hard. Not
since her college days had Debbie masturbated, but she was tempted to do so now,
in the shower. As she lightly touched her clit trying to sort out her urges she
heard Brian voice coming from downstairs. This snapped Debbie back to reality
and she quickly exited the tub and dried off. Debbie just barely got her robe
on when Brian walked into the bathroom.

"I have a surprise for you later," Debbie said to Brian, not knowing how else to
let him know she shaved. Later that evening in bed, Debbie let Brian touch her
in preparation to make love.

"Wow, that's great," Brian explained, "why did you do it again?"

"Just thought I would try it again," Debbie said through her anger at Brian for
the real reason she shaved. She remembered her words to him the last time she
shaved, "only whores do this," and now she wondered if that was what she was to
be a whore for his bosses. Brian reached for her and kissed her deeply and
passionately. She could feel a fire building within him that she hadn't felt in
quite some time. They fucked furiously and wildly until they drifted off to
sleep in each other's arms. Debbie wondered to herself why she hadn't shaved
her cunt more often after experiencing Brian's response.

The next morning, Debbie rose and got the kids off to school as usual. It was
Friday, and Debbie tried not to think about going to the Hilton. She engaged
herself in housework and other things including hiding her clothes she would
wear that night under the seat of her car. When the kids came home from school,
Debbie was pre-occupied and let them watch TV. Once Brian came home from work, Debbie told him she and her girlfriend wanted to go see a movie. She passed the movie off as a "chick-flick" and knew Brian would not want to go. With Brian's
blessings and encouragement, Debbie went upstairs to get ready. She showered
again, running a razor over her cunt to make sure there were no stubble. Debbie
pulled some jeans over her black thongs and a sweater over her push-up bra. She
hurried downstairs, kissed Brian good-bye and left for the Hilton. Debbie felt
as if she was on autopilot. Although in her mind she resented and could not
believe what she was doing, Debbie still drove to a service station and changed
into her short, black skirt and white, see-through blouse, removing her bra
first. She looked in the mirror of the bathroom as she applied her make-up,
heavy as per David's instructions. Debbie thought she looked pretty, then
decided she look just like a slut and tired not to cry as the tears would ruin
her make-up.

Debbie parked her car and went to the designated room at the Hilton. She
knocked on the door and heard the familiar voice of David telling her to come
in. Once inside, there sat David with Joe and Sam.

"Wow, you look great Debbie!" David exclaimed as Debbie walked into the room on
her stiletto heels with ankle straps. "We thought we would make sure you were
well-trained before we gave you to any clients, so tonight, the three of us are
going to use you."

Debbie thought about turning and running out the door but could not bear the
idea of her husband in jail and losing her home. Debbie just stood in the
middle of the room and looked down at the carpet not responding. David brought
her a drink and Debbie refused it.

"Okay, then, let's get started," David said with a little anger. "Strip off
that blouse and give us all blow-jobs." David sat down in a chair and unzipped
his pants to produce a large erection. Joe and Sam laughed and followed suit.
Debbie stared, mouth agape.

"I can't do this," she said and started to leave.

"Have you forgotten about the embezzlement and our agreement?" David asked, "I
will call the police if I have to remind you again."

Debbie stopped at the door, defeated. Without turning she took off her blouse
and turned around showing the three men her bare breasts. She decided to do
whatever it took and walked over to Sam and knelt between his legs. Debbie did
not have any experience with oral sex and was unsure about what to do. She took
Sam's hard cock into her mouth, just the head of it and slowly sucked it like a
baby bottle. She felt Sam's hands on the back of her head trying to shove her
further down onto his dick. Finally, Debbie relaxed and felt Sam's cock
striking the back of her throat as he bobbed her head up and down on his dick.
Bent over sucking Sam's cock, Debbie's short skirt rode up almost over her ass
revealing the thin strip of her black thong. This was too much for David.

"Damn, I got to have a piece of that ass," David exclaimed and pushed Debbie's
skirt above her waist and yanked her thongs down to her knees. Debbie tried to
raised her head up in protest, but Sam held her tight and continued to face fuck
her. Debbie felt David's fingers in her cunt, but this time it did not hurt.

"She's wet, she's loving this," David announced and plunged three fingers into
Debbie's cunt. Debbie tried to understand how she became wet but she could feel
the sloppiness between her legs. Debbie felt David's three fingers opening and
closing, stretching her cunt. David placed his thumb on Debbie's clit and
started to rub around and around. Debbie jerked at his touch, but then settled
into a rhythm. She felt herself responding to David's touch and at first hated
it, but then his constant manipulation of her clit started to bring an
occasional moan from her lips. Sam continued to hold onto Debbie's head,
fingers entangled in her long hair, pushing and pulling her head up and down on
his cock. Suddenly, Debbie felt David remove his fingers and quickly replace it
with his cock.

"Just like a hot knife through butter," David observed as he sunk his dick deep
into Debbie's cunt with one thrust. Debbie reached up and grabbed Sam's cock
and started stroking it while her head bobbed up and down. She caught herself
pushing her hips back to meet the powerful thrusts coming from David into her cunt.
Debbie did not have many orgasms, but she knew she was getting close. Sam
pushed Debbie's head down on his cock all the way causing her to gag. Debbie
was having troubled breathing and concentrated on relaxing her throat when she
felt David's cock enlarging in her cunt.

"God, he's going to cum," Debbie thought but forgot about Sam. Debbie did not
even know that a man would cum in her mouth until she felt Sam shudder and then
the warm liquid splashing against her tonsils. Debbie tried to raise her head,
to spit the foul tasting semen from her mouth, but Sam held her tight. All at
once, David slammed hard into Debbie's cunt and started to cum. As he did he
reached around and trapped Debbie's nipples in between his thumb and forefinger
and pinched down hard. Debbie did not expect her orgasm, it just happened. As
it washed over her, she swallowed hard taking Sam's cum down her throat. Her
orgasm was so powerful that Debbie was throwing her ass backwards so hard
against David that he had to hold on to her hips to keep from sliding out of her
cunt.

"Oh no, my God, I'm having an orgasm. . ." Debbie moaned after Sam slid his limp
cock from her mouth. David pumped Debbie's cunt until his balls were empty of
semen and his cock began to soften. When he finally removed it, little drops of
cum dripped from Debbie's opened cunt. Debbie just lay across the couch where
Sam was sitting, eyes closed, enjoying the aftershocks of her orgasm.

Joe watched the entire escapade as the two men used Debbie. Now it was his
turn, and he planned something special for her. Debbie did not protest as David
and Sam removed her skirt and thong leaving her naked. Debbie let them lay her
across the arm of the couch. She did not even realize what was happening when
Sam pulled her arms over her head and held them in place and David placed his
weight across her back. Debbie was effectively trapped for Joe. Joe walked up
behind Debbie and stuck two fingers into her cunt and withdrew a mixture of cum
an pussy juices. Debbie tried to move and found it nearly impossible. She
started to panic when she felt her asscheeks being separated. Joe inserted his
finger wet from Debbie's cunt into her puckered asshole. Debbie grunted and
started to struggle trying to get away.

"Please, not there, not there," Debbie pleaded but Joe ignored her and continued
to work his finger in and out of her ass pushing the juices further inside.
Finally, satisfied that she was well lubricated, Joe wet his dick in Debbies snatch,
then placed the head of his dick at the entrance of Debbie's asshole.

"Stop, stop, I don't want to do this, stop, please stop," Debbie pleaded while
she fought against the two men holding her down. Joe leaned forward and Debbie
could feel the pressure on her anal ring. Slowly the ring opened admitting
Joe's cock. Debbie stop struggling and tried to push the intruder from her ass,
but the head of Joe's cock had passed her tight, anal opening.

"God it hurts, it hurts, please take it out, take it out, take it out," Debbie
kept repeating as Joe pushed inch after inch of his cock into her ass. Finally,
his entire cock was buried in Debbie's ass. Joe pulled her asscheeks apart to
look at the stretched anal ring wrapped tightly around his dick. Debbie was
racked with the pain in her ass and then felt Joe's balls slapping her cunt
lips.

"Okay, let her go," Joe cried as if he were riding a bronc at the rodeo.

Debbie bucked and twisted trying to escape the violation in her ass. Joe rode
her hard, pulling his cock half way out then banging it back inside her. Debbie
finally remained still and tried to relax her ass. The pain had subsided and
now Debbie fought the pleasure that was building. Joe slowed his pace, dragging
his cock almost all the way out and then ramming it home causing his heavy balls
to strike Debbie's cunt and clit. Joe pushed his hands underneath Debbie's arms
and around behind her head and pulled her up to a standing position with his
cock still buried to the base in her ass.

"Now, were going to walk into the bedroom and see how you look," Joe said and
forced Debbie to walk with his dick in her ass.

With each step, Debbie felt more pleasure from the cock in her ass. By the time
they reached the bedroom, Debbie was breathing rapidly trying to prevent another
orgasm. When Joe forced her to look in the mirror, Debbie saw herself impaled
on the cock in her ass and lost it. As her orgasm over came her, Debbie begged
someone to suck her tits. Joe swung Debbie around and Sam clamped his mouth
first over one breast then the other. Debbie was shaking her head from side to
side and screaming.

"God, I'm cumming, I'm cumming again," Debbie screamed.

By now, David was hard again and sat on the couch and motion Joe to walk Debbie
over to him. Joe knew exactly what David had in mind. Debbie saw David sitting
on the couch with his dick sticking straight up and she knew what the two men
were going to do. Strangely, Debbie wanted them to double impale her. As Joe
positioned her in front of David, Debbie spread her legs wide and eased herself
down on David's cock. Debbie felt so full as the two cocks pistoned in and out
of her ass and cunt. Debbie focused on the feeling of the cocks and could feel
them touching inside her separated by just a thin tissue. Debbie worked herself
up and down on David's cock while Joe pounded her ass in rhythm. Just as Joe
stiffened and started cumming, David followed. Debbie was beside herself.

"Not again, noooooooo, I can't cum again. . .oh, my God, I can't stand it, fuck
me harder," Debbie begged. Debbie could not believe the language she was using,
but the orgasm was on her spreading thoughout her entire body. Joe and David
slowed their pace as their cocks went limp inside Debbie. Debbie was covered in
sweat as she raised up off of David and Joe pulled his cock from her ass.
Debbie collapsed onto the floor on her back, cum leaking from her cunt and ass.
Sam walked over between her legs and Debbie looked up at him and spread her legs wide. Sam slid his cock into her cunt with little difficulty.

After Sam fucked her to another orgasm, the men left Debbie alone. She fell
into a light sleep and after about thirty minutes awoke. At first Debbie was
confused, but then she tasted the cum in her mouth and saw the sticky fluid on
the inside of her thighs and the memory of what happen flooded over her.

"You can clean up and leave, make sure you leave the thongs" David said to her
as Debbie stood on wobbly legs.

Debbie could not bear to look at the three men as she went into the bathroom and
tried to clean up. It was almost 11:30 and she knew she needed to get home.
Her cunt was sore, but her ass was even sorer. Debbie exited the bathroom
dressed and without a word started toward the door.

"Don't forget, same time next week," David reminded her as Debbie opened the
door.

Debbie started for the elevator when David's comments in her ears. She could
not believe it, but Debbie started thinking about next week and her pussy
flooded with juices to the point Debbie could feel them on the inside of her
thighs. Debbie got on the elevator alone and took a napkin and wiped between
her legs. The touch to her clit was wonderful. Debbie sighed remembering the
orgasms she experienced at the hands of David, Sam and Joe. She did not even
realize she was fingering her clit until the elevator doors opened in the lobby.
Debbie was thankful no one was waiting to get on the elevator.

As Debbie exited the hotel she went straight to her car. Before starting the
car, Debbie dropped her head down on the steering wheel and started to cry. She
had been conservative in dress and in sex her entire life, now in just two hours
she'd been turned into something she never considered herself to be. Debbie
sighed heavily and said the words in a whisper, "I'm nothing but a slut." With
those words said, Debbie stuck her hand under her skirt, rubbed her clit and
thought about the fuckings she'd just received. Within moments, she
accomplished her purpose and experienced another wonderful orgasm.

On the way home, Debbie stopped again and changed back into the clothes she
wore. Once home, Brian kissed Debbie when she entered the house. Upstairs in
the bedroom Debbie exited naked, her shaved cunt in clear view of Brian.

"God, I want to fuck you," Brian said.

"I can't believe you said that to me," Debbie exclaimed with anger, "how dare
you treat me like a common whore."

Brian mumbled an apology and watched disappointed as Debbie pulled on her
pajamas, went to bed and rolled away from him. A tear rolled down Debbie's
face.

"After all," she thought, "I'm not a whore, I'm a slut."