**Dyane – My personal Slut**

**Dyane 1**

Two months after starting work, I was sent on a residential course, based in a large country house owned by the Company. The only downside was that I was accompanied by a newly recruited girl called Dyane.
Whilst Dyane was young, blonde and attractive, she was also experienced in our line of work her financial knowledge was comprehensive. She was not too popular at the office, and all the while we were travelling to London she was huffing and puffing about not needing to go on this course. During the course itself she annoyed the rest of the students, as well as the tutor, with her smug answers and she did not endear herself to anyone there.
On the final night of the course we all decided to go into the hotel bar and much drinking took place. There were various mutterings amongst the other students and one of them took me to one side to explain they were spiking Dyane’s drinks. I thought this was the least she deserved and of course by the end of the evening she was almost incapable.
We decided to retire when the bar closed at eleven, and we all went to our rooms, with me helping Dyane as she was in the room next to mine. I managed to get her into the room whereupon she promptly collapsed on the bed and gazed up at me with a stupid grin on her face.
“Put me to bed!” She slurred. I didn’t like being ordered about but reluctantly pulled back the sheets of the bed and tried to roll her in. Suddenly she grunted and turned onto her back, eyes closed. She had passed out! I had a mind to leave her there to sleep it off, but looking down at her, other ideas occurred to me…
Her long blonde hair was cascaded on the pillow around her head and the top button of her blouse had come undone revealing several inches of cleavage. Her skirt, which had been just above the knee, had ridden up exposing most of her thighs and both her shoes had fallen off. I sat down on the side of the bed and wondered how out of it she really was. I slapped her face a couple times and she did not stir. I was enjoying this!
I casually ran my fingers down the side of her neck and towards the top of her blouse and still no reaction. I knew I was taking advantage but, after all, she had asked me to put her to bed hadn’t she? I grinned to myself and then reached out and started to undo the buttons of her blouse.
The white material parted quite easily, revealing a white lacy bra encasing her small but nicely formed breasts. I lifted her up and was able to slide the blouse down her arms and take it off. I draped it over the chair rather than bothering to hang it up. I then turned my attention to her skirt which I unbuttoned, and I pulled down the zip at the side. I eased the skirt down her legs and off, throwing it over to join her blouse. She was now down to her underwear, a matching pair of skimpy panties...

**part 2**

By this time I must confess to getting quite aroused. Dyane was, to all intents and purposes, at my mercy. Should she wake up at any time I would merely explain I was following orders and putting her to bed! I wondered if I dare remove any of her underwear. I sat back down on the bed and once again stroked my fingers down her cheeks and then on to the upper slopes of her breasts which were now bulging out of her bra. The skin was soft and smooth to the touch and I thought there would be no harm in having a quick grope! I carefully slid my fingers under the material of the bra and gently cupped her right breast. It fitted neatly into my hand and I gently squeezed the flesh, all the time focusing on her eyes for any sign of life. To my surprise the nipple quickly stiffened, and I felt it digging into my palm as I continued to squeeze her.

Suddenly she stirred and I quickly pulled my hand out but her eyes remained closed and she continued to breathe heavily. I heaved a sigh of relief and then thought – why not? I carefully put my arms around her shoulders and pulled her into a sitting position. Her head slumped on to my shoulder and reaching behind her I could feel the clasp of her bra which I quickly unhooked. I let her fall back again and carefully slid the bra down her arms, revealing her breasts.
I threw the bra on to the chair and gazing down at her chest I had to confess her boobs were quite beautiful. She obviously sunbathed topless as they were the same tanned colour as the rest of her body, with dark brown nipples which were now both taut. This time I used both hands and blatantly squeezed and massaged her breasts, flicking my thumbs across her nipples. I still kept an eye on her face for any sign of coming round, but she seemed dead to the world.
I then bent down and quickly kissed each of her nipples. Still no reaction. I opened my mouth and casually licked them in turn and then began to chew at the dark brown stalks. At the same time my right hand was wandering up and down her body, enjoying the soft flesh of her tummy and flanks. I quickly raised my head again as she stirred and decided that perhaps I had gone far enough.
I thought perhaps I had better ease her under the covers but temptation got the better of me. I glanced down at the white triangle covering her groin and then glanced again at her face. Dare I? I casually ran my fingers down her tummy and then under the waistband of her panties. Keeping my eyes firmly on her face, I slowly and carefully slid my fingers under the white material, noting with pleasure that there seemed to be no hair and soon my middle finger sensed the top of her pussy. Moving down slightly further my finger then slid between the lips of her pussy which, to my astonishment, was quite damp.

It did not occur to me that Dyane might be getting turned on, albeit in her sleep, by what I was doing. I was now quite blatantly sliding my finger up and down the lips of her pussy and I decided to risk all. Curling my middle finger I slipped down further so that the first inch of it slid into her pussy. Once again, my eyes firmly fixed on her face, I carefully slid my finger further until its whole length was embedded in Dyane’s pussy. If she woke up now I would be in trouble!

I think it was the danger of the situation that turned me on, as my erection was now straining against my jeans. I carefully started to slide my finger in and out of Dyane’s pussy. I wondered would she come if I kept doing this? Unlikely I thought. Suddenly I felt the muscles of her pussy twitching and I quickly withdrew my finger. However I had one last idea and standing up, I quickly hooked my fingers into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down. They joined the rest of her clothes and now she was lying naked before me.

**Dyane 3**

I stood and gazed at her, drinking in the sight. This is the sight I would keep in mind if she ever got stroppy with me again! Without realizing it I was stroking the bulge in my jeans, and was getting quite uncomfortable. If she woke up now I could quickly pull the covers over her but there was one more thing I wanted to do…
I carefully and quietly pulled down the zip of my jeans, slid my fingers into the fly and pulled out my cock. I knew if she stirred I could quickly put it away but I rather enjoyed the view of my erection bobbing about over Dyane’s naked body! I started to play with myself, sliding the foreskin up and down my shaft and for one mad second I thought about coming over her. However the evidence would be a bit too difficult to hide...
I was about to take my leave when suddenly Dyane stirred again and my heart shot into my mouth as she rolled over. However to my relief she turned on to her front and I was presented with the sight of her pert backside sticking up towards me. This was a view I had not expected but it was rather pleasant! Her thighs were quite widely spread and I had a clear view of her pussy, and it was tempting to have another feel. Why not?
I leaned forward and reaching out casually stroked my fingers along the crease of her backside, past her anus and down to her lips of her pussy. They were still wet from my earlier attention and once again my finger slid quite easily up to the knuckle. I was actually able to slide my fingers in and out of her pussy and at the same time rub my thumb across her anus. Then to my horror she stirred again but the movement was almost like a thrust as her backside lifted up against my hand. Was she coming round? I quickly withdrew my finger.
Time to go I told myself.
Then I heard something. I realized she was muttering, presumably in her sleep. I bent down next to her to try and catch what she was saying. She repeated it and then it was unmistakable. I waited in case she said again, and a few seconds later she did. This time there was no doubt what she was saying…
“Fuck me.”

**Dyane 4**

She was quite clearly saying this. Whatever was going on in her head, what I had been doing over the last few minutes was having an effect.
“Fuck me...” there it was again. And this time there was the unmistakable movement of her backside off the bed, inviting, even ordering me to fuck her! How could I refuse? I thought long and hard. Would I be taking advantage of the sleeping girl? The thought of actually making love to her here would be sweet revenge for the grief I had endured during the week, but what if she woke up and discovered me? At this point any sense of guilt deserted me and I quickly pulled off my tee shirt and pulled down my jeans.

I kicked off my shoes and socks and then knelt on the bed behind Dyane, in the vee formed by her tanned thighs. This was going to be tricky. I carefully placed my hands either side of her body and shuffled forward until the head of my cock was nuzzling against the opening to her pussy. She let out a low moan which made me stop but she actually wiggled her backside against me. I then balanced on one hand and used my other to carefully position my cock at the right angle before slowly sliding forward.
To my surprise and relief my cock actually eased into her pussy quite easily and I took my weight on both hands again as the full length of my cock disappeared into Dyane’s waiting pussy. There was a soft murmur from Dyane and then I heard it again.

“Fuck me...” Well I had gone this far hadn’t I? I eased my cock out of her pussy and slid it back in again, relieved to feel Dyane pushing her backside up towards me as I slid back in. After a few thrusts I was able to get a fairly steady rhythm going and Dyane spread her thighs even further which meant I was able to plunge in deeper. However my arms were starting to ache so I carefully eased down on to my elbows so that the whole weight of my body was now on hers, her backside cushioned against my tummy. The bed was now bouncing up and down quite violently and surely she would wake up soon?
Suddenly, to my horror, she did.

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“What the fuck?” I stopped immediately and froze, wondering what was going to happen.
“Don’t stop…” was she talking to me you’re still dreaming? “I said don’t stop!” I guess she was talking to me so I began to once again to slide my cock in and out. Dyane sighed.
“That’s better…” She sighed, as I continued to fuck her, all pretence of secrecy gone and in fact I actually slid my hand underneath her to cup her breast. She murmured in appreciation as I did this and raised her body off the bed to help me. Soon she started to whimper.
“Coming…nearly coming…” I was not far off myself and started to fuck her harder and quicker. “Ooh... yes that’s nice…Jesus that’s nice…” She continued murmuring and then suddenly she stiffened and let out a cry muffled by the pillow. Her pussy clamped around my cock, the muscles twitching as she came, bouncing up and down on the bed. The orgasm seemed to last for several seconds until she gradually subsided.
I was of course still embedded in her, now stationary and wasn’t sure quite what to do next. Dyane, slumped as she was, made it difficult for me to continue so I thought perhaps it best for me to come out and finish off in my own room. I carefully withdrew my cock and stood up by the side of the bed. Looking down at Dyane I was surprised to see her eyes open, although glazed and she then sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed. She looked up at me.

“Who you?” She looked at me fuzzily. Then she looked at my cock which was bobbing about in front of her face. “Ooh nice!” She muttered, and to my astonishment opened her mouth and engulfed my cock. This was the last thing I was expecting! I quickly took hold of her head to steady myself as her tongue twirled around the shaft of my cock. Her hands had grabbed my backside and looking down I was astonished to see almost the whole length of my cock was embedded in her mouth. I still had my hands on her head and I gently eased it back and then forward again so there I was, in effect, fucking her mouth.

Suddenly this was not Dyane from the office; this was not smug Dyane who knew it all. This was Dyane whose mouth was wrapped around my cock. This was Dyane that I was face-fucking! I felt my cock going deeper into her mouth until the head suddenly touched the back of her throat. She coughed but did not gag as I pulled her head towards me, her lips now embedded in my pubic hair. The head of my cock was now down her throat.

To her credit her hands were still clamped to my backside and I felt the muscles of her throat working on the head of my cock. This was too much for me and I suddenly came with a cry, sending torrents of juice down her throat which Dyane hungry swallowed. After several spasms my orgasm subsided and I carefully pulled my cock out of Dyane’s mouth. She sat back and coughed once or twice before looking up at me, still glazed.
She still seemed unsure as to what was going on but I guided her back onto the bed and then, this time, at last, pulled the covers over her body. She muttered something and then snuggled down. I quickly got dressed and went back to my own room.

**Dyane continued**

The following morning, Dyane’s did not appear for breakfast so when I went back upstairs to pack I tapped on her door. After a few seconds she opened it and smiled at me. Without a word she held the door open and beckoned me in. She was looking better than she had the previous night and had a bathrobe wrapped around her.
“I wanted to make sure you were OK as you weren’t at breakfast this morning.”
She grinned at me. “I’m afraid I wasn’t up to breakfast so I just had a coffee from the machine.” She looked sheepish. “I got into a bit of a state last night didn’t I?” I nodded, assuming she was referring to the drinking. Then she gazed at me.
“I had this very odd dream though…” I felt myself go red. “I was lying on my bed and somebody was undressing me. First he fondled my tits then he slid his finger into my cunt.” I went even redder. “I remember thinking it was very nice and I can remember turning over and he put his finger into my cunt again!”
“What a strange dream!” I stammered. Dyane looked at me knowingly.
“It gets better Martin!” my smile faltered. Dyane however was now grinning quite broadly

“He took his fingers out and the next thing I knew he had his cock in me! He was actually lying on top of me and fucking me!” I could only look on with a sick smile on my face. To my embarrassment, this pornographic description was causing a definite stirring in my jeans...
“But he was very nice. He made me come first but didn’t come inside me. Guess what happened next?” I shook my head dumbly although knew only too well.

“He fucked my mouth! He actually rammed his cock in and out of mouth and down my throat! I can remember him coming down my throat!” As she said this she stroked her throat. “and the funny thing is I have got a bit of a sore throat this morning. What do you think about that Martin?” I really did not know what to say. It was blatantly obvious that Dyane knew exactly what had happened and I feared for my future!

“Dreams can seem very real can’t they?” I stammered. Dyane continued to smile although it did occur to me it was a friendly smile rather than an evil smiled…

“They can can’t they Martin?” She paused. “By the way I understand you were kind enough to put me to bed last night. Thank you for that.” I felt on safer ground now and explained I was more than happy to help. Dyane then turned and walked back towards the bed. She stopped, turned and then casually untied the belt of the bathrobe, allowing the robe to fall open revealing the fact that she was stark naked underneath. She took hold of the robe and pulled the two sides apart, so I was now treated to the full beauty of her tanned body, which I knew only too well!

“Now the thing is, if I can find out who that man was in my dreams, he can have this” she nodded her head down.” as he was rather good!” What could I say?
“Well I’m not sure if you’ll never find the man from your dreams but as I’m here…” to my relief Dyane it seemed happy at my reply and let the robe drop to the floor.

“I guess you’ll just have to do!” With that she lay back on the bed, put her hands behind her head and spread her thighs. It took me less than 30 seconds to get undressed and join her on the bed. Within a few more seconds we were kissing passionately and I forgot how much I disliked this woman. She ran her hands through my hair and down my back as I writhed on top of her, and then I began to kiss down her neck and towards her chest. Once again I kissed and chewed at her nipples, this time not worrying about being discovered.

“That’s interesting…it feels just like it did last night!” I looked up at Dyane who had a cheeky grin on her face.

“What a coincidence!” I exclaimed.

“Don’t talk ... eat!” I laughed and renewed my attention to her breasts. She pushed my head down and I knew she wanted me to work on her pussy. I casually kissed my way down her flat tummy and then positioned myself between her legs, my tongue tentatively flicking across the top of her pubis. She cried out and clutched at my head as my tongue ran up and down her pussy and flicked in and out of her vulva.
“Fuck yes!” I flicked my tongue across her clitoris and she cried out again. Suddenly she grabbed my shoulders and pulled me up. She gazed at me red faced.

“Fuck me now Martin!” I needed no second bidding and quickly positioned myself between her legs, guiding the head of my cock between the lips of her wet pussy. Our eyes met and she winked as she flexed the muscles on her pussy which served to draw me in.
“Funny that… It feels just like last night again!” I smiled at her, now quite confident that she knew exactly what had happened.

**Dyane continued...**

“Funny indeed…” I began to ride her.
“Was it you?” she gasped as I started to speed up.
“Was it me what?” I teased. She glared at me.
“Was if you with your fingers in my cunt?” I nodded. “and chewing my nipples and squeezing my tits?” I nodded again. Dyane was by now getting very worked up.
“Was it you that turned me over and fucked me from behind?” She grunted.

“Was it you that grabbed my backside and fucked me like a dog?” I was astonished but delighted at this turn of events.
“It was…I fucked you like a bitch!” This seemed to turn her on even more.
“That’s what I deserved! I deserved to be fucked like a bitch!” Dyane obviously thrived on this!
“And then when I finished with you I fucked your face!” I gasped. Dyane cried out.
“Yes! That was the best bit! To feel you’re cock ramming in my face and down my throat! I remember now! I can remember your sperm gushing down my throat.” Suddenly she wrapped her legs around me.
“Now I want to feel you’re spunk gushing into my cunt! Fuck me Martin! Fuck me hard! Fuck me with your huge bastard cock!”
“I’m going to come inside you now! I’m going to come inside you, you dirty little bitch!”
“Yes! I’m a dirty little bitch!”
“You’re getting the fucking you deserve!” I was really getting into it now.
“Yes! Hurt me! Hurt me!” I wasn’t sure exactly what to do but I lifted myself up unto my hands and tried to ram my cock even harder into her pussy. She cried out as my body slapped against hers and then suddenly I knew what to do. I pulled my cock out and knelt up. Her eyes flew open as she gazed at me
“What?” She gasped.
“Turn over… on your hands and knees, you tart!” She did so but was facing me rather than what I wanted.
“Turn around bitch! Let me see you spread!” I ordered. I swear her eyes sparkled and she grinned. She did as she was told and spread her legs wider. Her pussy was now gaping in front of me but this was not what I wanted. I carefully licked my finger and using some lubrication from her pussy gently rubbed it across her anus.

“Oh Jesus yes!” Dyane moaned as she slumped on to the bed, spread her thighs and exposed her backside to me. My finger what was now teasing the entrance and suddenly her muscles seemed to relax and a first inch of my finger disappeared into her anus. Dyane groaned again as I slid her finger in and out, her hole seemingly expanding as I did so. I then withdrew my finger and Dyane spread her legs further, anticipating, expecting…

“Are you’re ready for this, you tart?”
“Yes! Please Martin! Fuck me in the arse like the dirty bitch I am!” I positioned the head of my cock against the opening to her anus and to my surprise it opened right on cue and my cock started to slide in. Dyane cried out at this sudden invasion and the tightness surprised and delighted me. I was gentle at first, just allowing the few inches to slide in and out but Dyane demanded more.

“Harder and faster!” She ordered and with that I slid the whole length of my cock deep into her backside. There was a shriek that I feared might alarm the whole hotel as I slammed into her.
“Fuck that hurts! It hurts! It hurts!” I knew she was loving this and I showed no mercy as I continued to plunge my cock in and out of her tight arse.

“You deserve to be hurt, bitch!” I continued to ram in and out and the tightness was exquisite. I knew I was close to coming.
“Yes I deserve it! I deserve to be punished! Shit! That hurts so much but it’s so nice! Come in me! Come! Please!” The tightness was too much for me and suddenly I felt my orgasm hit me. With a cry I made a final lunge into her gaping backside and came.

The orgasm was exquisite. I pumped and pumped spunk into her arse as Dyane writhed and wiggled on the bed, welcoming the juice. As I subsided I carefully withdrew and gazed down at the gaping hole that I had just invaded. I reached out and casually stroked the opening.

**and then...**

“Can you put one finger and there and one in my pussy?” Dyane murmured and I did as instructed. It was like holding a bowling ball! I slid both fingers in and out and Dyane wriggled on the bed. She was now at my mercy as she squirmed about and I used my other hand to slide underneath her and feel for her clit. I now had one a finger in her arse, another in her pussy and my thumb tweaking at her clitoris. She started to cry out.

“0h Jesus fuck yes this is so nice I’m going to… I’m going to… Oooohhhh Martin yes fuck me yes!” Suddenly she stiffened and her whole body seemed to contract hard around my hand. With a low animal groan she came, her voice, luckily, muffled by the pillow. Her orgasm seemed to last for minutes as I clung onto her, her body twitching and writhing. Suddenly, almost as soon as she had come, she collapsed and I carefully let go.
“Jesus…” She murmured.

She looked a sight. Her crotch was red and raw from my attention and her blonde hair was sweated across her shoulders. She turned onto her back and gazed up at me. This lady needed a shower!
“That was fantastic!” She paused. “And I am a bitch aren’t I?” I nodded. She looked glum for a few seconds. “Mind you at least that means I get more punishment doesn’t it?” I gazed at her, knowing that this session would no doubt be repeated!

It was a very different Dyane who turned up at the Bank’s lecture room that morning and to everyone’s surprise she made a little speech apologising for her attitude during the previous week. We all exchange glances but I only I knew why she had changed so. We did the usual roundup of the course and then all went our separate ways, me accompanying Dyane to the underground station to head for Euston.

On the journey home it was as if nothing had happened as we chatted about the course. It was the first time I'd had a long conversation with Dyane and learned that although she was married her husband did not share her tastes when it came to sex. She grinned at me, surely a firm indicator that today would not be our last session.