# Insomnia

## by Vulgus

## Chapter 1

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Unlike many of my friends in college I did not have my life all planned out. I didn't set goals. There was nothing that I had a burning desire to be. I just wanted to be happy and have a normal life. Like most women my age I was looking forward to finding the right man and falling love. I was sure that he was out there somewhere. We would meet, fall in love, have two kids and live happily ever after. Everything else was just the details. I'm not a detail person.

The lack of a plan was apparently not something that was holding me back. I graduated from college and fell into a great job working for a medium sized company in a major city just up the coast from the town where I grew up.

The company was owned by my mother's older brother. But I didn't get the job because he was my uncle. I didn't even tell him that I had applied for it until I was hired. And I certainly didn't tell anyone during the hiring process that he was my uncle. I got the job on my own merits.

Nor did I tell my parents about the job until I was hired. When I got the job and told my parents I was surprised at my mother's reaction. I knew that she and her brother were not close. But when she found out I was going to work for his company she tried very hard to get me to withdraw my application and go somewhere else. She wouldn't say why. But it wasn't until that moment that I realized just how much bad blood there was between her and her brother. Despite my mother's attempts to dissuade me I was determined. Jobs for recent college graduates were at a premium. The job I had landed was too good to turn down.

I found a small apartment and settled in. My friends and I visited the city several times over the last few years of college. I had become familiar with the subway system and thankfully had no need for a car. I knew where the museums and libraries were located and the city has a large, beautiful park with plenty of room to run or enjoy nice long walk. It's even reasonably safe for a young woman to visit alone in the evening.

Over the last few months I slowly began to adjust to life in the city. Coming from a small town I was in the habit of smiling and saying hello to the people I met on the street. One of the hardest adjustments I had to make was adopting the city dweller's aloof behavior in public places. I still couldn't get over how quiet those subway cars could be during rush hour. All those people crammed together in those small boxes and not a word being spoken!

But I was adjusting. I had learned to carry a book to read so that my gaze wouldn't accidently meet someone else's while looking around the subway car. I noticed that most people either read a book or newspaper, listened to an iPod, or sent and received text messages on their phones, or some combination of those three activities.

Now I was living in a city with millions of people and I was terribly lonely. I didn't even notice it at first. With the excitement of learning a new job and living in a new city it was months before it really began to sink in. I don't have a boyfriend and the company I now work for has a strict non-fraternization policy. Like most sane women I don't like to go out alone in the evening and I have been so busy that I haven't yet met any women my age to go out with.

I wanted to make new friends. But even when I finally did I wasn't able to spend a lot of time with them. We seemed to have different interests. I wasn't a big fan of the club scene. It isn't that I don't like to dance and have fun. I do, very much. But I actually don't care much for anyplace that is so loud you can't carry on a conversation and where the air is blue with cigarette smoke.

So far I only had one friend I could talk to. A fifteen year old boy! Craig and his father moved into the apartment across the hall from me only a week after I moved into my apartment. I met them in the hall when they were moving in. They seemed nice so I invited them to join me in the evening for a light supper.

We got along well and I often saw Craig around the apartment pool or in the hallway and we would talk. He began to make friends with kids his age, though, and I started seeing less and less of him.

Now I was just coasting through life, waiting for the next thing to happen. When it did it was not something I could have anticipated.

Before I try to explain what it was that I did I should tell you a little about myself. I just turned twenty-one. I am a little taller than average, five foot seven inches. I am very slender. I weigh only a hundred and fifteen pounds, give or take a couple of pounds. I have shoulder length red hair. My bra is a healthy B cup. I don't go to a gym or exercise regularly but I walk a lot and I am in pretty good shape.

As for my sex life, well, obviously I don't have one at the moment. But I think I have a normal libido. I enjoy sex. I like to be touched and kissed. The look in a lover's eyes when he touches me or undresses me sends shivers down my spine. But I don't see that look very often and it has been a while.

I will admit, though, that especially in the last couple of months I have been unusually and increasingly preoccupied with thoughts of sex. Lately the sexual frustration has been building to peak that I have never experienced before. And the fantasies! I have started to experience some of the most unusual and ... well, embarrassing fantasies. I have no idea from what dark part of my subconscious those strange fantasies sprang.

I want to stress that I am not promiscuous. I have been with only four boys, including Danny Taylor. We were each other's first in the eleventh grade. I don't think that is a large number, especially compared to many of the girls I knew in college.

For the first few months since moving to the city I was so busy learning my new job that I honestly didn't have time to give very much thought to a relationship and sex. Now that my life is more settled it sometimes seems like that's all that I think about. In fact, I don't believe there was ever a time in my life that I had been so preoccupied with sex.

Lately I have been masturbating every night, sometimes for more than an hour. I have been masturbating for years. But two or three times a week. Not every night! It wasn't just the frequency that concerned me, though. Lately my fantasies have been more and more ... I hate to say it, kinky.

In the past I would fantasize about having hot sex with some cute guy. But lately the things that went through my mind when I was holding my vibrator pressed tight against my vulva and quivering through one orgasm after another were the kinds of things that used to offend me. I began to picture myself doing things, or having things done to me, that were demeaning to women, things that have always offended me in the past.

I was concerned enough when the fantasies started. But tonight I did something that still shocks me as I think about it, shocks and excites me. I was sitting on the subway on the way home from work this evening. I looked up from my book and noticed an older man sitting several seats away. Our seats were facing one another. The train had made several stops as it got farther away from the center of the city and had begun to empty out. But there were still so many people in the car that some were standing near the doors.

The man I noticed was staring at my knees as if he was trying to look up my skirt. I was wearing a simple black skirt that came to about three inches above my knee when I stood up. It was certainly not immodest and I was completely covered. I was sitting with both feet on the floor and my knees together and I knew that he couldn't see anything but my knees.

But I did something then that I had never in my life done before. In response to a sudden and irresistible compulsion I slowly spread my legs open so that he could look up my skirt! I don't mean that I splayed them wide open. My knees were about eight inches apart. But I knew that it was far enough to give him a peek at what he was trying so hard to see.

I glanced around discretely. No one else seemed to notice. But the man who was staring at my knees noticed. I saw his eyes open wide and his expression changed instantly. In an instant I could almost feel his eyes on the crotch of my pantyhose.

The poor old guy couldn't see anything but opaque nylon and a little patch of white cloth. But the thrill that shot through me knowing that I was exposing my undergarments to a complete stranger in public actually caused me to experience an orgasm!

I couldn't believe it! This was totally out of character for me. And even after I had an orgasm I left my knees the way they were and let that old man stare at my crotch until we finally reached my stop.

When the subway doors opened I got to my feet and almost ran up the stairs to the street. I rushed down the street to my apartment as if I was afraid that I was being followed. I wasn't. I know because I checked several times to make sure.

In my apartment I didn't even take the time to undress. As soon as I locked the door behind me I ran to my bedroom. I pulled my skirt up to my waist and reached for my vibrator. It was sitting on my nightstand, still plugged in. I used it so often now that I left it plugged in and handy. I turned it on and pressed it against my throbbing pussy without even taking the time to remove my pantyhose and panties. I came again, instantly, picturing in my mind what that man on the subway must have seen and imagining what he must have thought of me.

And still I didn't stop. I continued to masturbate for at least another half hour until I couldn't stand it any longer.

As I lay there having orgasm after orgasm I continued to imagine that man's eyes trying to focus on my pussy. But my mind didn't leave it at that. In my mind's eye I could see what that old man saw. But I didn't stop with exposing my well covered crotch. In my mind I saw myself standing up in front of all of the people on that crowded train and slowly taking all of my clothes off until I was standing naked on a subway car, surrounded by forty or fifty strangers. The men all stared at me with lust written all over their faces. The women all looked at me in disgust. And even that turned me on!

My masturbation orgy ended before my mind could carry my perverted thoughts through to their natural conclusion and I could be attacked by the men on the train.

I finally thumbed off the vibrator and lay panting on my bed. My entire body felt like it was still vibrating. It was a long time before I finally sat up and began to get out of my work clothes. As I sat on the side of my bed recovering from that long series of orgasms I could smell my juices. My underwear was soaking wet.

I was shocked at what I had just done. It was not the first time that I had imagined myself doing something like that lately. But I didn't know where these strange sexual thoughts were coming from. They were just not who I was! And now! I had actually carried out one of my fantasies, though in a milder form. I had purposefully spread my legs so that a complete stranger could look up my skirt!

What the hell was going on in my mind?!

I finally stood up and got undressed. My underwear was wet enough to wring out! I went to the bathroom and tossed my clothes in the hamper. I washed my still tingling pussy with a damp cloth. Then I returned to my bedroom and put on a t-shirt and a pair of lounging shorts.

I went out to my small kitchen and sat down with a glass of ice water to pull myself together. I was starting to wonder if I had some sort of weird medical problem. It had been a long time since I had made love to a man. But that wasn't so unusual in my life. Where in the hell had all of these strange fantasies come from all of a sudden?! I had never before even contemplated exposing myself to strangers.

And that wasn't the worst of it. I had other fantasies now. Kinky fantasies that made what I had done in the subway on the way home seem like nothing. I had begun to fantasize about all sorts of kinky things, like having sex with total strangers.

Please note the plural. I have begun to imagine myself being taken by more than one man at a time. Being taken was the key phrase. I imagined being taken by one or more primitive, strong, self absorbed men without regard for me or my feelings or desires. I could picture myself as a sex slave. Thoughts of bondage began to work their way into my fantasies. These were things I had never even imagined before!

These were not mental images that I was finding on the internet. I didn't go to those kinds of sites. I didn't read books or see movies about that sort of thing. I cannot begin to imagine where these thoughts were coming from.

I can't deny that I was finding the mental images exciting. But that was one of the reasons that I was scared. I didn't want to be the kind of girl that had those kinds of strange desires, much less someone who acted on them.

For the next half hour or so I tried to think of something in my life that could have spawned these strange fantasies. There was nothing! And there was no one in my life with whom I could talk about this.

It was time for supper. I wasn't hungry but I had to eat something. I made myself a small salad and tried to force myself to think about something else ... something wholesome. Results were mixed. I was able to think of other things. But my mind kept wandering back to thoughts of sex and mental images of me exposing myself to strange men.

I went to bed early. I selected the clothing I was going to wear to work the next day and hung it on the back of my closet door. Then I read for a while which finally seemed to distract me from thoughts of kinky sex. It wasn't even nine o'clock when I finally turned on the little machine beside my bed that soothed me to sleep with the soft sound of surf lapping at the shore and turned my light out.

That little sound machine was worth its weight in gold. I have had trouble falling asleep since I was a young girl. I never seemed to be able to shut my mind off long enough to fall asleep. One day, shortly after they moved in, I mentioned it to Craig, my new friend across the hall. He offered to let me try out the sleep machine that his mother had used to help her sleep. She left Craig's father over a year ago and they had divorced soon after. The white noise machine was one of the things she left behind.

That little machine was a miracle. It worked from day one. I went to bed that first night with the surprisingly restful sounds of the surf playing quietly and slept better than I ever had before.

For the next several months that little machine continued to work its magic. I have been sleeping like a baby for the first time since I was actually a baby. I wake up more refreshed and with more energy and than ever before in my life.

I couldn't help wondering if the increased energy I was enjoying might not be responsible for my increased libido. Then I had to wonder if my increased libido was responsible for the strange fantasies I was experiencing. And now I had to wonder if that might explain my incomprehensible behavior on the train this evening.

I fell asleep with those thoughts swirling around in my brain. I suppose that is why I experienced so many vivid sexual dreams that night. Once more I slept like a baby. But when I awoke the next morning I was nearly feverish from the lusty dreams that had occupied my mind during the night.

I awoke and reviewed the dreams I experienced and thought to myself, "Jesus! I need a man! I need to get fucked!"

It was seven o'clock in the morning and I was so horny I could scream! What the hell was wrong with me?!

I was shocked when I removed the underwear I wore to bed. They were just as soaked with my juices as the ones that I wore home from work yesterday! Once more I began to question my mental health.

I went to the bathroom and took a quick shower. I dried and brushed my hair and made myself ready for work. Then I returned to my bedroom to get dressed. I went to my dresser to select my underwear for the day. I bought all of my underwear from places like Victoria's Secret. I bought and wore sexy underwear even when no one was going to see it. It made me feel good about myself to know what I was wearing under my clothing.

But today I couldn't help myself. I selected a sexy thong, a matching bra that was little more than decorative lace, and the one pair of thigh high hose I owned. I knew what was in the back of my mind when I selected those hose. I was thinking about what I had done on the way home from work yesterday evening.

I stood in front of my mirror and stepped into my little thong. I pulled it up my legs and turned to appreciate how sexy I looked in the mirror. The little patch of lacy material just barely covered my tightly trimmed patch of red pubic hair. But the color of the hair still showed through.

I sat on my bed and pulled the thigh highs on. There was a three inch gap of bare thigh above the band of lace around the top of the hose.

I stood in front of my mirror again and I felt so strange. I will admit to being fascinated by the changes in my body when I went through puberty. I think that all girls are.

But I can't remember ever looking at myself in the mirror like this and being so impressed with my own body and my sexuality. What was more disturbing was that I realized that looking at myself partially nude was having an effect on me like it never had before. In the back of my mind I was imagining what that old man on the train last night would think if he saw me like this, or the other fifty people that were on that subway car last night.

I ran my hands lightly over my breasts for a moment before picking up my bra and pulling it on. The closure was between the cups. I prefer that style. I fastened the sides together and then looked at the tips where my pink nipples showed plainly through the lace. I don't think I've ever looked sexier. And except when I returned to my apartment from the subway last night I know that I've never been as horny, certainly not when I was all alone in my bedroom and watching myself dress for work.

I finally stopped staring at myself and put on the light summer dress I had selected to wear today. I thought that I looked very attractive. For just a moment I was tempted to change into a skirt and a light blouse so that my bra would be more visible. But as soon as the thought crossed my mind I shook my head and took a deep breath. I was turning into a frustrated sex maniac!

I prepared a light lunch, grabbed a bottle of water and headed for the subway. With each step I took I found myself becoming even more aroused as I relived in my mind my first mild attempt at exhibitionism. I am positive that there was not a single thought in my mind that I would repeat my actions, especially now that I wasn't wearing pantyhose. But I was becoming more aroused because I was returning to the scene of my crime.

I made my way below ground and waited for my train with all the other commuters heading into the heart of the business district. My train arrived and I joined the press of bodies politely making our way onto the crowded cars. Whether I had planned to flirt with the idea of exposing myself again or not there was no way it was going to happen this morning. There wasn't even a seat available.

I stood near the door with male bodies pressing against me and imagined how much more exciting it would be if I was naked. Knowing full well that such thoughts were alien to me, I nevertheless found myself so highly aroused as I imagined such an unlikely scenario that I found myself pressing up against the well dressed businessman in front of me and I continued to do so, even after he looked at me as if to ask if I were doing so on purpose.

I blushed furiously. But I continued to press my lower body against the stranger as if it was all beyond my control. I suppose in a way it was. The strange thing about it was that he wasn't very attractive. I wasn't attracted to him in the least. That was one of the strange things about my unusual behavior. I still had no idea what had come over me and why I was suddenly behaving like a bitch in heat.

I was actually relieved when the train got to my stop before I reached orgasm, because I didn't think for a moment that I was going to be able to keep it to myself. We arrived at my stop and as soon as the doors opened I shot out onto the platform and almost ran to the stairs.

I struggled to regain my composure before I reached my office. Judging by the concerned looks I received from some of my co-workers when I arrived I was not all that successful. I put my purse in my desk and went to the break room for a cup of coffee. I stopped in the ladies room on the way and made sure I was presentable. I looked a bit flushed, as if I had been running. I didn't look like a female sex fiend that had all but raped some poor man on the subway.

I returned to my desk with my coffee and sat staring down unseeing at the papers in front of me. What I had done on the way to work this morning was not as bad as what I had done last night. That man could not have known that I was not being forced up against him by the press of bodies around me. But I knew.

It took me a long time. But I finally started working. I had a hell of a time forcing myself to focus and it didn't get any easier as the day progressed. I continued to flashback on my behavior on the subway and noticed that I was no longer as shocked by what I had done. The shock was wearing off and the mental and physical stimulation were growing.

I sat at my desk through lunch and ate my sandwich and an orange. I stared off into space and thought about my strange behavior and decided once again that I very much needed to get laid. That had to be the reason for my unexplainable behavior. That was a problem for me. I have never made love to a man with whom I did not already have a relationship.

Despite my sexual assault of that poor, innocent businessman on the subway this morning, there was just no way that I could allow myself to be intimate with a strange man, some man I had just met. And there was no one I knew in this city that I could start a relationship with. The only three males I knew that were not fellow employees in my office were my Uncle Wayne, the owner of the company that now employed me, and Craig and his father Ian, my neighbors. And I had only met my uncle on just a very few occasions. He was pretty much a stranger to me.

By the time I got off work my sexual fever had begun to subside. I won't try to tell you that I was back to normal. But as I stood waiting for the train to take me home I felt like I was under control.

My usual train arrived and I got on and found a seat immediately. For those of you who do not ride the subway, I have noticed something about the people that ride them every day. They tend to take the same train at the same time every day and depending on the crowds, they often ride in the same car.

As soon as I sat down I reached into my purse and pulled out my book. I turned to the page I had marked and started to read. I fully intended to ignore every other person on the train that evening. But I just couldn't keep my eyes from glancing up for a second. And when I did I saw the man I had flashed on the way home yesterday. He was staring anxiously at my knees, obviously hoping for an encore presentation.

Even as I told myself that I was going to behave myself this evening I felt my knees begin to slowly separate and the excitement I felt was truly palpable. I was actually having trouble drawing a breath!

I watched over the top of my book as the man licked his lips and stared intently. I saw his excitement mount as more and more of my legs went on display.

I glanced around at the other passengers and unlike yesterday my little show was being observed by another man as well. As far as I could tell, though, it was just the three of us. The other passengers were oblivious, reading or staring off into space.

My skirt was slightly shorter today. And without really intending to I spread my legs a bit farther than I did yesterday. Or at least I think that it was unintentional. I saw the excitement on the faces of both men and I knew that if they looked up from my crotch they would see that same expression on my face.

I glanced down, trying to judge how much they could see. As my legs separated my skirt rode up my thighs and there was no question in my mind that both men could see the tiny patch of material that just barely covered my vulva. And they had to know that it was intentional. No decent woman sits the way I was sitting on a public subway car without intending to put herself on display.

The older man who had caught my first show yesterday looked up suddenly and smiled at me. My face was already as red as it could get. I quickly looked down at my book. I couldn't even see the words. But I couldn't look that man in the eye.

Our eyes had met, though. He knew beyond a shadow of a doubt now that I was intentionally displaying my underwear for him and now for another man as well. What I still couldn't understand was why, now that I had been caught, I was still sitting with my legs spread like a tramp.

I didn't move, though. I sat there with my sexy underwear exposed, my heart beating so loud I could hardly hear the sound of the subway's wheels counting a regular cadence on the rails as we raced toward my stop. I felt my sex quivering as if I was holding my vibrator against it.

I was aware of my kinky fantasies taking over again. The fantasy I had last night of standing up and undressing in front of all these people was different this evening. Now I imagined the two men who were staring lustfully at my exposed underwear coming over and pulling me to my feet. I almost groaned out loud as I pictured them undressing me while I stood helplessly and allowed it to happen.

But of course that didn't happen. Instead, we arrived at my stop and I ran from the car again. I rushed up the stairs and then stood back to make sure that I wasn't followed.

I stood in a recessed doorway, terrified that someone had witnessed my exposure on the train and might decide to follow me home. Yet at the same time I imagined some big strong man coming up those stairs, grabbing me by the arm, and ordering me to take him to my apartment so that he could rape me. And at that moment I think that I would have done it!

I wasn't sure that I wasn't disappointed when no one followed me. I drew a few deep breaths and forced myself to calm down. Then I turned and walked as quickly as I could to my apartment.

I was rushing to my bedroom, anxious to wrap my thighs around my cold, hard vibrator in lieu of the real thing when there was a knock on my door. My first instinct was to ignore it. But after knocking again I heard Ian from next door say, "Kari. It's me, Ian. Can I talk to you for a moment?"

I was so desperate to strip down and satisfy that burning itch between my thighs that I almost screamed in frustration. But I turned and walked back to the door, determined to get rid of Ian quickly.

I opened the door and somehow Ian ended up standing inside my apartment. I didn't close the door. I was anxious to get rid of him.

I saw the way he was looking at me. It was as if he could read my mind. I saw him trying to suppress a grin as he stared into my eyes.

I knew Ian pretty well. We entertained each other for dinner from time to time. But it was strictly a platonic relationship. We were just friends. Neither of us had even hinted that we would be interested in anything beyond a good meal and friendly conversation. And anyway, he was much too old for me. His son was closer to my age than he was.

But now, I sensed a sexual tension between us. Or maybe it was just that my mind was clouded by my own need for sexual satisfaction.

I finally regained my power of speech. I tried to sound calm when I asked, "What can I do for you, Ian? I just got home and I'm anxious to get out of these clothes and have a drink."

I watched his eyes scan my body in a suggestive manner. He had never looked at me like that before and suddenly I realized that something had changed between us and I didn't know what or why.

Ian was a nice guy. I liked him. But he was not someone I would ever want to date, or anything else of a personal nature. I certainly had no desire to have sex with him. Even as horny as I was at this moment I couldn't imagine having sex with Ian.

It wasn't that he was unattractive. He didn't have movie star looks. He was someone that might be described as ruggedly handsome. He was about six feet tall and probably weighed about a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was in his late thirties, much too old for me. He had dark hair that was just starting to gray around the temples.

I suppose that if I was ten or fifteen years older I could go for him.

Ian smiled disarmingly and said, "Craig tells me he loaned you my ex wife's white noise machine. Have you been using it? Does it help?"

I wanted to scream at him to leave. I desperately needed to go to my bedroom and rape my vibrator. I didn't know why this conversation was so urgent that it had to take place now. But I attempted to control my impatience. I answered, "Yes, Ian. I have been using it and it works like a charm. I haven't slept this well since I was a baby. Thank you. Why? Do you need it back?"

He smiled and replied, "No. You are more than welcome to use it."

I sighed with relief. I would have hated to give it up.

He continued, "But I need to take a look at it. I'll take it back to my place and check it out. I want to check the wiring. I had to replace the power cord on it and I just want to make sure it's safe."

Great! I can give it to him and he will leave and I can get down to business. I smiled, hoping he wouldn't notice how strained my smile was. I said, "I'll get it for you, Ian."

I turned and hurried down the short hallway to my bedroom. I didn't even realize he was following me until I bent down and reached between my nightstand and the wall to unplug the damned thing!

I looked up to see him watching me as I unplugged the white noise machine. I saw him staring at my nightstand and I realized without looking that he was looking at the vibrator resting there where I always left it now, in plain view.

I nearly died of embarrassment when he moved closer. He smiled and picked my vibrator up. He looked at it. He sniffed it and his smile grew. Then he said, "Sweet little Kari. You don't need this! All you had to do was come over and knock on my door, day or night. I didn't realize how desperate you were."

There was a smirk in his voice that I'd never heard before. I should have been furious. But for some reason I wasn't. It was as if I suddenly saw the logic of his words. I nearly slapped my forehead and said, "Of course! What was I thinking?!"

But I didn't. I stood there. I was unable to speak, unable to move.

He put his hands on my shoulders and gently turned me to face him. He reached down and removed the power cord from my unfeeling fingers and let it fall to the floor. He quietly said, "I'll take that with me when I leave. But don't worry. I'll bring it back tonight before you go to bed. I know how you can come to depend on something like that when you have trouble sleeping."

Without another word, without a kiss or a caress, with absolutely no warning he reached out and began to calmly unbutton the front of my dress. I gasped in shock. But I didn't move. And I didn't protest.

I felt the blush suffuse my face and neck. But my only reaction was to swallow loudly and then moan helplessly as he slowly worked his fingers down the front of my dress, unbuttoning one button after another as if we did this all the time.

He exhibited total confidence. He knew without a doubt that I was going to permit this! My mind was spinning out of control. How did he know? I know that I had never given him any indication that I would submit like this. I've never flirted with him. I've never even said anything while kidding around that might be misinterpreted.

But he knew! Somehow he knew that I would permit this!

HOW?! How could he possibly know?! Hell! I didn't know that I would permit him to follow me into my bedroom and undress me!

And why was I permitting this? I didn't want this! Well, I can't deny that I was horny. I wanted to make love to a man. But I wanted to make love to a man with whom I had a relationship, a man I loved. Not a man with whom I was casually acquainted!

And yet there I stood, mute and inexplicably helpless while my next door neighbor removed my dress. For just a second my mind flashed back to the fantasy I had experienced on the subway. I remembered how excited I became imagining my two man audience pulling me to my feet and undressing me while everyone else in our car watched.

A shiver of excitement ran through me. I wasn't certain if the excitement was a result of flashing back to the fantasy or was it because my next door neighbor had followed me into my bedroom and began to casually undress me as if I belonged to him?

It had been a long time since anyone had seen me naked. Being naked in front of someone of the opposite sex was exciting enough, especially when it happened as rarely as it happened to me. But under these unusual circumstances I suddenly found that although this was contrary to every concept I held dear about my own sexuality, I was incredibly aroused.

I won't go so far as to say that I wanted this to happen. But I can't deny that although I was too embarrassed to even speak, I was as turned on as I had ever been in my life. I don't know why. But if he had stopped and apologized and started to leave I think I would have tackled him!

He unbuttoned my dress down to my waist and slowly spread the sides open. He gazed with obvious approval at my lacy bra. I heard a noise from somewhere deep inside of him and I knew that he was reacting to what he could see of me with only my almost transparent bra covering my breasts. The bra was only there for decoration. I didn't need the support. I could see in his eyes that I had chosen well. He obviously approved.

He slid my dress down off my shoulders and down my arms. His hands moved to my breasts. He held them gently and I gasped when I felt the heat of his hands envelop them. It had been so long! Damn that felt good!

His hands held my breasts lightly for a moment before lightly caressing them. I closed my eyes and struggled to keep my shaking legs under me.

I cried out when I felt his warm lips wrap around my left nipple. His hot breath sent shock waves through me as it seemed to course through my body and clamp down on my swollen clit.

A moment ago I wanted him to go away and leave me alone. Now I wanted to scream at him to quit fucking around. I wanted him to strip me ... to fuck me! I needed him to take me and use me.

This wasn't exactly the fantasy I had on the subway. But it was close enough.

He teased my breasts for a little while longer. By the time he finally reached for the catch between my breasts I was panting with lust. I was desperate for him to stop toying with me and get on with it.

I opened my eyes for a moment and looked into his eyes. I saw the arrogance. I belonged to him now and he knew it. He was dragging this out on purpose. He was tormenting me for the pure pleasure that it brought him!

In that moment when our eyes met he made it clear to me without saying a word that I belonged to him now. I didn't know about later. I couldn't think that far ahead. I couldn't think at all!

His fingers easily unfastened the clasp on my bra. There was no immature fumbling. He touched it and it fell away, releasing and baring my breasts. And then it was gone.

His hands returned to my swollen, sensitive breasts and this time they touched my flesh directly. My hands came up and grabbed his forearms. But not to stop him. I had no desire to stop him now. I only wanted to support myself. I was nearly unable to stand.

But I wasn't the only one that was getting impatient. He finally pushed my dress down over my hips and let it fall to the floor at my feet. He grinned when he saw my thong and my thigh high hose. But he didn't waste a lot of time looking. He quickly pushed my thong down and let it fall to the floor with my dress. He must have liked my hose because he left them right where they were.

His hand gripped my right wrist and placed my hand on the bulge in the front of his slacks. I gave voice to my lust, crying out wordlessly as my fingers attempted to hold his hard cock. It felt huge!

He smiled at me and said, "It's been a long time for both of us, Kari. I'm going to fuck you like you have never been fucked before."

He took me into his arms and held me tight. His hands gripped the cheeks of my ass and he pulled me tight against his body, lifting me right up off of the floor. His lips closed on my neck and he bit me, hard! Not hard enough to break the skin. But it hurt. And when he did that I had my first orgasm!

I pressed my body against that large, throbbing bulge in his pants and sobbed, "Please, Ian! Please!"

He ground his hard cock against me for a moment and then he sat me down on the edge of my bed. He stood in front of me and pulled my head down until his cock was right in my face. He was still wearing the suit pants that he had worn to the office today. The pleated front was loose and the material was thin. I felt his hot sex organ throbbing against my cheek. I turned my face and began to kiss it while he started unbuttoning his shirt. I kept my lips on his cock and reached up to unfasten his belt.

I moved my face away only long enough to pull his zipper down. Then I placed my lips against the head of his cock through his tight, white jockey shorts and started kissing it slavishly.

Ian's shirt had disappeared. He pushed my head away and I looked up with a new appreciation at his slender body. He was not large and bulging with muscles. But he was toned and in very good shape. He quickly pushed his pants and his shorts down, toed his shoes off and pulled his legs free, all in only seconds.

He straightened up and I got my first good look at his hard cock. I was very impressed! It was not huge. It wasn't a big monster cock that was going to tear me up. But it was at least seven inches long and it was fatter than the other four cocks I had experienced. It was just a nice, clean, masculine, and very virile looking cock.

He pulled my head back down and I welcomed it between my lips eagerly. I was not that experienced when it came to oral sex. I actually wasn't that experienced when it came to any kind of sex. But with my first two boyfriends I had absolutely refused to let them put their cocks in my mouth.

My third boyfriend finally talked me into trying it. He must have liked it. It seemed like only seconds before he was filling my mouth with hot slime and I was choking and gagging and pushing against his stomach, trying to get free.

It had been a very bad experience, for both of us. I really made a mess of him when I spit that white slime up all over him. The son of a bitch didn't even warn me!

My fourth boyfriend was a more intuitive and more intelligent lover. He didn't push me into anything. He was very good at providing me with pleasure with his lips and his tongue and eventually I felt the desire to return the favor.

He took his time with me. I told him about my one previous experience and he was very understanding. He promised never to cum in my mouth. Not unless I wanted him to.

I thought that was strange. I appreciated it. But why on earth would I ever want a boy to cum in my mouth?!

We slowly worked it into our love life. He would eat my pussy, often for extended and very exciting periods of time. Then I would suck on his cock until he warned me that he was going to cum. At that point I would move up beside him and we would finish making love, usually in the missionary position.

He seemed satisfied and I avoided having that nasty stuff in my mouth.

But one day we did things differently. We tried a sixty-nine for the first time. I found that sucking his cock while he was teasing my pussy was much more exciting. And that was what he was doing, too. He was teasing me. He brought me close time after time. But he didn't let me cum. Every time I was just about to cum he would stop what he was doing and let my orgasm subside.

I ended up feeling very much like I did when I got home from my subway ride this afternoon, desperate for an orgasm. I was turned on like never before. We kept that up for a very long, very exciting time and when he finally warned me that he was going to cum I groaned and wrapped my arms around his ass. I held him still and gobbled his cock as if I knew what the hell I was doing.

He cried out once more, warning me that he couldn't hold back. I moaned around his cock and that was the last straw. He began to fill my mouth with a huge load of cum.

I gagged a little at first. But I remained in place with my lips wrapped around his cock and I moaned over and over as he came like never before. I won't lie and tell you that I suddenly loved the taste. I didn't. It was terrible. But I held it all in my mouth until he gently pulled his cock free. I held his cum in my mouth until I got used to the strong, bleachy taste. Then I swallowed, deciding that it was a very exciting thing to do, even if the end result left something to be desired.

After that day I gradually became comfortable with the feminine art of cocksucking. We didn't do it every time we made love. But we did it with increasing frequency and I found that the more I did and the better I became at it the more exciting it was.

His was the only cock I had to practice on, of course. Unfortunately, we split up half way through our senior year of college. For a number of reasons I didn't get involved with anyone else after that.

It has been a long time since I was with my college boyfriend. And Ian's cock was much larger than any of my old boyfriends. But I wanted nothing more right at that moment than to suck Ian's large, masculine sex organ and bring him pleasure.

I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock and began sliding my lips down the shaft, caressing it with my tongue as I did. Ian moaned in pleasure as my mouth enveloped the top half of his shaft and I struggled to take even more of it into my mouth.

He didn't try to force more of his cock into my mouth than I could handle. Neither did he try to discourage my attempts to take more and more of his cock into my mouth.

I gagged when the head of his cock struck against the back of my throat. But I didn't let that discourage me. I was certain that it was just because I was out of practice. I wasn't trying to take it into my throat or anything. I'm no deep throat artist. But I felt compelled to take as much as I could of his beautiful cock into my mouth so that I could please him.

I was pretty proud of myself, too. I got much more than half of that fat thing in my mouth. He patted my head after some amount of time had passed. I have no idea how long. I was so excited that I was hardly aware of time having passed. He said, "Good girl. Now get ready. You are about to get the treat you have been working so hard for."

I knew it wasn't a treat. But he was right. I had worked hard for it and I actually did want it. I wasn't ready for what I got though. Ian had been separated and then divorced for a total of nearly two years. I found myself swallowing one huge mouthful of cum after another and wondering if this was the first orgasm he had experienced since his wife left him. I had never experienced anything like this before. There must have been close to a quarter cup of cum in those large balls! Okay, maybe that's a slight exaggeration. But there was a hell of a lot!

I held his cock in my mouth after I swallowed his cum. He continued to pet me affectionately as if I was his favorite dog. At any other time I would have found the way he was treating me demeaning. But for some reason, at that moment I was unaware of how he was debasing me as he used me for his pleasure.

No, that isn't entirely accurate. I had a sense that he was treating me in a manner calculated to demean and humiliate me. But for some reason that turned me on all the more! I hate it that I felt that way. But I did.

Ian's cock never went soft. He left it in my mouth for a few minutes and let me suck on it a little longer. Then he stepped back and said, "Okay. Now it's time to fuck that hot little pussy of yours. Get up on the bed and stretch out on your back. Now that you have taken the edge off I'm going to fuck you half to death, bitch."

He called me bitch! He called me bitch and when he did I nearly had an orgasm!! I must have truly lost my mind. I would never permit a man to talk to me like that. And I would certainly not lie back and spread my legs for him so that he could put his hard cock into me and use me.

But I did! I moaned passionately and threw myself down in the center of my bed. I spread my legs wide apart and held out my arms to welcome Ian into me.

He got on his knees between my legs and smiled down at me for a moment. He began to tease me. "You need it bad, don't you, cunt? You need some cock. You are hornier than you have ever been in your life. Isn't that right, little Kari?"

He moved closer to me and the head of his cock came to rest on my vulva. He gently slid it up and down through my sopping wet slit. I nearly screamed at him to fuck me. But he reached down and slapped one of my breasts and snapped, "I asked you a fucking question, cunt! Answer me!"

Cunt! Christ I hate that demeaning word. And yet when he called me that it sent shivers of pleasure down my spine. I finally found my voice and answered, "YES! God yes! I need your cock! Please, Ian, I need you to fuck me!"

I almost didn't recognize my own voice. I was choked up with lust, lust like I had never experienced it before. I would have said or done anything at that moment to have that fat cock inside of me. Anything!

He moved over me finally. He supported his weight on his hands and his knees and worked just the fat head of his cock inside of me. I sobbed in pleasure and waited with bated breath for him to drive that hard shaft into me to the hilt.

But he didn't. He wasn't through tormenting me. I opened my eyes to see why he wasn't fucking me and I saw that smug look on his face as he smiled down at me.

In a desperate, whiney voice that only served to increase my humiliation I whispered, "Please, Ian! Fuck me please. I need it so bad!"

But he didn't move. Instead, he leaned down and licked my face like an animal. It should have grossed me out. But I nearly had an orgasm when he did it!

I groaned and tried to lift my hips, trying desperately to get more of his cock inside of me. He wouldn't let me. His hips moved back so that just the fat knob at the tip of his cock remained wedged inside of me.

I was just about to scream at him when he asked, "Who was the last man to see your underwear, bitch?"

I started to tell him about my boyfriend in college but he cut me off. "Don't lie to me, bitch! Are you going to tell me that you haven't let any man see your underwear since college?! If you lie to me again I'll have to punish you."

How the hell did he know?! But he did know. I could see it in his eyes. Even so, I couldn't bring myself to tell him what I had done on the subway. It was too humiliating. I shook my head and pleaded once more, "Please, Ian! I need you to fuck me. I need it so bad!"

But he didn't move.

Finally I yelled, "I don't know!! I don't know their names!"

He chuckled and said, "Their names? More than one? Who, Kari?"

I closed my eyes and mumbled, "On the subway on the way home. I let them look up my skirt. I don't know them. I don't know why I did it. I couldn't help myself. But that's all I did! I swear it!"

I felt him begin to move into me then. I felt that wonderful fat cock begin to stretch me and fill me like never before as he slowly entered me. I had my first orgasm before his cock was half way inside of me. I wrapped my legs around his and I reached around his back and tried to pull him down on top of me. I was completely out of control. I was a total wanton slut. I had lost control for the first time in my life.

He lowered himself down onto his elbows and I finally felt his body covering me, taking control, taking possession. His cock bottomed out and I had never felt so full in my life. It was a glorious feeling and I was so grateful that he didn't move for a long time while we both savored it. He shivered with pleasure as my pussy gripped his cock. If he had ever made love to a woman who had a pussy tight as mine it had been a very long time.

But then, this wasn't making love. This was fucking.

He ground his pubic bone against me. I heard myself panting like a true bitch in heat. I lifted my head and began to kiss and lick his chest and his shoulders. I even stuck my tongue into his armpits! Nothing was turning me off. His taste and his scent were pure aphrodisiacs. Everything about this ... this what, this rape? This fuck?

Everything he did, everything about him was perfect. I was half out of my mind and I was thoroughly enjoying this perfect sex act. And it was the most demeaning sex I had ever had! This man had just followed me into my bedroom and undressed me! He was calling me terrible names and he had not kissed me once!

I didn't care about that now, though. I only cared about that magnificent cock that was just starting to stroke into me with hard, regular, breathtaking thrusts. Sex had never been like this before! For the first time I was finding out what it could be like to surrender to a man. There was a lot to recommend it.

He fucked me for a very long time with increasing violence. I came often and each orgasm was more satisfying than the last. At the end, when he began ramming his cock into me like that proverbial wild stallion and it started to hurt so good I heard a woman screaming incoherently. I could hear the passion in her voice and I knew just how she felt. It wasn't until just before I lost consciousness that I realized it was me doing all that screaming!

When consciousness returned the first thing I realized was that the magnificent cock that had had just stirred my passions so violently and driven me to heights of erotic pleasure that I had never reached before was still inside of me. I opened my eyes to see Ian still grinning down at me. Still with that arrogant look on his face that somehow seemed so appropriate.

We were both covered in sweat. He leaned down and nipped at my neck again and said, "You really did need some cock, didn't you, bitch?"

I groaned in embarrassment. But I whispered my honest response, "Yes."

I shivered uncontrollably as he slowly pulled his cock out of me and got out of bed. I was surprised at how disappointed I felt that it was over. But it wasn't over.

He stood beside the bed looking down at me. He said, "You're a fucking mess. Take a quick shower and come to my apartment. Don't dawdle. You don't want to piss me off."

I should have hated being talked to that way. But it sent shivers down my spine, shivers of excitement.

He pulled his pants and his t-shirt on and picked up his shirt and his shoes and socks. He picked up the white noise machine and started for my bedroom door but before he walked out he turned and said, "It's come as you are, bitch. I want you wearing just exactly what you have on now."

I sat up so suddenly that I almost passed out again. I exclaimed, "What! I can't go out like this! Ian! Be reasonable!"

It was as if I never said a word. He turned and walked away. I heard my apartment door close when he left. I sat there stunned. I couldn't believe what I had just done. But more than that, I got up and rushed to the bathroom with his cum running down my thighs and I couldn't believe what I was going to do. For I knew that even as much as the very idea appalled me, I was going to go to his apartment door in the nude as soon as I got cleaned up! I knew at that moment, because he had ordered me to do so, I was going to step out into a public hallway in the nude!

Once more I was forced to ponder what could possibly have brought about this huge change in me. I sat on the toilet listening to large globs of slimy cum dripping slowly into the water beneath me and wondered how I had lost so much control over my actions.

My desperate need for cock was slaked for the moment. What excuse did I now have for stepping out into the hallway between our apartments, totally naked? Maybe I really did need professional help!

## Chapter 2

Posted: May 25, 2009 - 10:52:16 pm

When the cum finally stopped draining out of me I wiped myself and struggled to my feet. I wasn't sore exactly. But I was exhausted and parts of me were very tender.

I tried very hard not to think too much as I took a quick shower and dried and brushed my hair. I brushed my teeth and put on a little lipstick. Then I stared at myself in the mirror. It still looked like me! But these things I was doing! That wasn't me!

And then I was at my front door, trying to figure out why I would do what I was about to do. I was about to step out into the hallway that was shared by twenty apartments. I was going to step out into public in the nude even though somewhere in the back of my mind a voice was screaming at me not to do this. I seemed to have no choice but to ignore that voice in my head and obey Ian.

It was as if I had been drugged. But I knew that no one had drugged me. No one had an opportunity. That was one of the things that a single girl learned to look out for, especially after moving to the big city. I hadn't been hypnotized. Not ever. No one had threatened me. I wasn't being blackmailed. So what was compelling me to allow the man next door to undress me and have sex with me and then order me join him in his apartment, in the nude?!

And why, despite the fact that I knew how wrong this was, was I not even trying to fight against my apparent acceptance, my complicity in these degrading acts?

I was starting to get a headache from trying to answer a question that could not be answered.

I opened my front door slowly and peeked out. I stuck my head out and looked in both directions. When I was satisfied that there was no one in the hallway I stepped out and shut my door. I felt so exposed, so incredibly vulnerable ... and so fucking excited!

I took three steps and I was at Ian's door. I knocked and waited anxiously for him to open it.

I heard his voice call out, "Just a minute, Kari. I'll be right there."

But he lied!

He took his sweet time. He took so long that two young men got off the elevator and turned towards me. I glanced in their direction and almost screamed when I recognized them. I had spoken with both of them several times since I moved in, out at the pool or when meeting at the mailboxes downstairs. Neither of them had asked me out. We were just neighbors and acquaintances.

I saw them take several steps in my direction and then come to a stop. I quickly covered what little of my exposed flesh that I could with my arms but even then I didn't rush back into my apartment! I stood waiting for Ian to let me into his apartment so that he could continue to sexually abuse me.

The two men, Mark and Karl, began walking slowly down the hall in my direction. They stopped a couple of feet away. After staring for a moment, Mark asked, "Kari? Is everything alright?"

I felt myself blushing furiously. I must have been bright red all the way down to my waist! I nodded my head and said, "Yes. I'm okay. Please, don't ask me to explain this. I can't. But I'm alright."

I didn't actually believe that I was alright. But how could I explain my behavior? I was obeying every command I received without being threatened or drugged or compelled in any way that I could discover.

Karl chuckled and said, "Looking good, Kari! I see you're a true redhead. I don't think I've ever seen a redhead naked before. Very sexy."

I had enough time to say, "Thank you, Karl," before Ian finally opened the door. He smiled and said hello to Mark and Karl. Then he stood back and let me in.

I rushed past him and stood behind the door. I was so desperate to hide from the two men in the hall that I never even noticed that Craig was sitting in the living room watching me with a huge smile on his face.

Ian spoke briefly with the two men and then stepped out into the hall with them and closed the door. It wasn't until that moment that I saw Craig. I squealed and covered myself with my arms again.

Craig laughed and said, "Put your arms down, Kari. You're beautiful. I want to get a better look at you."

I obeyed! What the hell?! I was now permitting a fifteen year old boy to ogle my naked body.

Craig got to his feet and crossed the room with a lewd smile on his face. He stopped in front of me and then ordered me to turn around slowly. Once more I obeyed.

When I was finally facing him again he said, "You are so hot! I can't wait to fuck you. This is going to be so fucking great! Dad said I can do anything I want with you. You're going to suck my cock and I'm going to fuck you until I can't get a hard on anymore. It's like I'm living my wet dreams!"

I shook my head and asked, "Why? Why are you doing this to me? How are you doing this to me? I don't understand. I'm not like this!"

Craig grinned and replied, "Dad told me not to answer any of your questions. You have to ask him. All I know is, he came back from your place half an hour ago and asked me if I was a virgin. When I admitted that I was he said, 'Today is your lucky day!' He sure wasn't lying. When he told me that you were gonna come over here and let me fuck you I got a hard on. I've had it ever since."

He reached out tentatively and rested a hand on my breast. I could see from his expression that despite what his father had told him he wasn't sure that he wouldn't get slapped.

But even now, even with this boy, I seemed unable to refuse him anything. I felt compelled to let him do whatever he wanted. I also felt my own sexual arousal building quickly again. This was turning me on! This was making me as horny as flashing those men on the subway or letting his father rape me just half an hour ago.

When I didn't object to his touch or attempt to pull away, Craig began to explore my breast with his hot, sweaty hand. His other hand came up and began to move over my other breast. It was obvious from the expression of wonder on his face that he had never touched a breast before and he was in awe of mine. He had probably never seen naked breasts in real life before this moment.

I almost laughed when I thought about the fact that up until today only four boys had seen my breasts. But in the last hour, three men and a boy had seen them. The number of males that have seen me naked just doubled!

The door opened, startling both of us. We were so wrapped up in what Craig was doing with his hands as he explored a female body for the first time that we had forgotten about Ian. He closed the door behind him and smiled when he saw what Craig was doing. He said, "Craig, why don't you take her to your room. Take your time, enjoy yourself."

Then he turned to me and said, "You do whatever the boy wants, bitch. Do you understand me?"

I nodded. But the additional instructions seemed unnecessary. I didn't seem capable of saying no to anyone anymore.

Craig released my breasts, grabbed my wrist and led me to his room. As soon as we were inside he began to undress rapidly. I stood back out of the way and watched.

I should have been crying and screaming and I knew it. I was about to be raped again. I might be going along and obeying every order. But I was self aware enough to know that something was different about me. Someone had done something to me to make me this way. I don't know who or what. I just knew that someone had been playing with my brain.

Even knowing that, though, I felt my sexual arousal growing as I watched Craig undress. Much like his father he was a fairly handsome and well built boy, though the boy part still bothered me. And when he finally removed his underwear I saw that he took after his father down there, too. His cock was hard and throbbing and nearly as large as his father's. It was pretty damned impressive for a slender fifteen year old boy!

As soon as he was naked, Craig pulled me over to his bed. He sat down and spread his legs and pulled me close. He examined my body for a few minutes. He was fascinated by my pussy and spent a long time looking at it and touching it.

He didn't know what he was doing. And he obviously wasn't doing it to arouse me. He was merely exploring the first pussy that he had ever seen. But I was being touched by a boy. That turns me on. Even under these strange circumstances being touched by a boy turns me on.

He spread my pussy open and stared at it for a long time. After he had looked at it long enough to memorize every feature, he released my labia with his right hand and slowly worked first one and then two fingers inside of me.

I closed my eyes, tilted my head back and shuddered with pleasure. I almost didn't hear him ask, "Do you like that? Does that feel good?"

I sighed and answered, "Yes. Yes, that feels very nice."

Then I asked, "Do you really want to know how to please a woman? I can show you."

I have no idea where that came from! Why would I want to help him rape me?!

He answered instantly, "Yes! I want that. Tell me what to do, Kari."

I looked down and smiled. His cock looked like it must be painful. It was hard and dark red, almost purple. It was throbbing wildly and I somehow felt compelled to suggest, "Let me take care of that first. Then I can tell you how to please a woman."

I didn't wait for him to answer. I moved back a little and dropped to my knees between his legs. I reached out and held his throbbing cock at the very base with just my thumb and forefinger. Then I didn't even hesitate. I leaned down and took half of his cock into my mouth all at once.

My mouth closed around his cock and he cried out wordlessly. His ass came right up off the bed and he exclaimed, "Son of a bitch! Fuck that feels good!"

I massaged his cock with my tongue and slid my mouth up and down the shaft as far as I could. On the fourth or fifth stroke his entire body started quivering. His ass lifted up again and the flood gates were released. It is difficult to judge volume under these circumstances. But I am pretty sure that he shot almost as much cum into my mouth as his father had a little while ago.

I almost didn't gag at all. I suppose what they is true. Practice makes perfect. I don't mean to imply that I could now provide a perfect blowjob. But I seemed to be getting better at it.

I waited until his cock was completely drained and then I straightened up again. I looked up at Craig. He had a silly grin on his face. He was still bright red and his breath was still a little ragged. But he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "That was fantastic!!"

As soon as he had recuperated I invited him to join me on his bed. His bed was a twin bed and it was going to be kind of cramped but I was sure we could manage.

Craig had other plans for me before we began his sex lessons. He stood up and said, "There is something else we need to do first. Don't move."

He went to his desk and took a digital camera out of one of the drawers. Then he started taking nude pictures of me. I covered my body with my arms again and pleaded with him to stop. I had never allowed anyone to take this kind of picture of me. The idea that there would now exist nude pictures of me and that they would be out of my hands was terrifying.

But Craig just smiled and ordered me to put my arms down. I wanted desperately to disobey him. But for the same mysterious reason that I did everything else I was told now I obeyed.

He moved around me, taking pictures from every angle. Then he started ordering me into humiliating poses while he took more pictures. The pictures quickly started to devolve. I was ordered to hold my breasts out and then to tease my own nipples. I was forced to spread my pussy open while he took more pictures. He even made me turn around, bend over and spread the cheeks of my ass apart for his viewing pleasure!

He must have taken close to fifty pictures before he put the camera down. I was incredibly humiliated. And yet I was so very aroused!

My last few poses had been while lying on his bed. He joined me there now and I began to instruct him. I started with the very basics. First we worked on his kissing technique. He seemed to enjoy it. But kissing wasn't what he was interested in and he quickly grew impatient.

I tried to point out that patience was an important virtue for a good lover. He was too anxious to move on for that advice to sink in.

I amused myself as I tried to teach Craig how to be a good lover. I sounded like an expert when it came to sex. The truth was that I didn't know much more about sex than he did. But I was bound to know more about the female body than he did since I happened to be in possession of one. And that was what he really wanted to learn about.

We lay together with his hand on my breast while I explained how girls liked to be touched. I showed him all of the erogenous zones that I was aware of and explained how best to use those parts of a girl's body to turn her on. I also tried to make him understand how it worked to his benefit to turn his partner on. He seemed to be having trouble concentrating but I actually think he was getting it, some of it anyway.

When I started to explain the parts of the female sex organ, especially the clit, and how best to stimulate a woman, he moved down and after spreading my legs apart he lay down between them with his face just inches from my pussy. He gently spread my pussy open again and stared at me.

No one had ever examined my sex organ so closely before, no one but my gynecologist. I should have been extremely embarrassed. Well, actually, I was. And yet I felt my own level of arousal growing rapidly.

He started to lightly tease my clit with the tip of his index finger while I talked about how sensitive it was. I didn't even finish my first sentence before I had to stop talking until my orgasm subsided.

He watched me, fascinated, and I think more than a little excited at having caused me to have an orgasm.

His expression changed when I began to describe the manly art of pussy eating. Suddenly he looked skeptical. He was aware that people did that sort of thing, of course. But he wasn't so sure he wanted to try it himself.

My state of arousal had been growing slowly since I followed Craig to his bedroom. I had already experienced one orgasm. By now my pussy was beginning to excrete the clear fluid that women secrete to make intercourse more pleasurable. I explained what that fluid was and that it was, for all intents and purposes, the same fluid that oozed from his cock when he became aroused. That may not have been the smartest thing to say to him. You know how insecure guys are.

I finally was able to convince him to taste me. He reluctantly transferred some of my fluids to his tongue from his index finger. When he didn't taste anything he screwed up his courage and leaned forward slightly. He extended his tongue very timidly. To watch him you would have thought that he was about to touch his tongue to the burner of a hot stove.

But when he didn't get burned, when the taste turned out to be not at all unpleasant, and when I moaned in pleasure he quickly lost his fear and began to eat my pussy while I offered advice between continued moans of pleasure.

It wasn't very long at all before Craig was doing a very good job, and doing it enthusiastically. His enthusiasm seemed to escalate when I started having one vocal orgasm after another as he practiced his new found skills on me.

I finally couldn't stand it any longer and I gently lifted his head away from my pussy. I was gasping and panting for breath and only half aware when he crawled up over me. I felt him probing for my opening with his throbbing cock.

I reached between us and guided his cock into me. He slammed it into me with one violent, uncontrolled stroke. His body stopped moving and stiffened up as if he was having an orgasm when his cock was buried in me to the hilt. He groaned and exclaimed under his breath, "Oh my god! That's ... that feels ... FUCK ME! I never felt anything like that in my life! Jesus, Kari!"

I realized that he had not just cum as a result of the feel of a pussy clamping down on his cock for the first time. He was just enthralled by the sensations he was experiencing.

I smiled up at him. The look of absolute bliss on his face was exciting me even more than I already was. I put my arms around him and pulled him down on top of me. We didn't move for several minutes. We savored the moment, that moment of extreme bliss two people experience when a hard cock enters a hot, wet pussy for the first time.

Craig finally opened his eyes and looked down at me. He had a look on his face that could only be described as adoration. But I knew it wasn't because he was in love with me. He adored the feelings that my body was providing to his. Now he knew what was so special about sex.

He leaned down and kissed me, forgetting everything I had just taught him about technique. It was a violent kiss. And it was just right for the moment we were sharing. I hugged him tighter and returned his kiss with just as much gusto. I tasted my juices on his lips and that only added to my excitement.

After several minutes, Craig finally started to fuck me with long slow strokes. His fat cock felt wonderful inside of me. It felt just as exciting as his father's slightly larger cock had felt when he raped me in my bedroom when I got home from work today.

Neither one of us was able to put up with those long, slow strokes for long, though. We were both extremely excited and I was afraid that he wouldn't be able to last long enough to bring me to orgasm one last time. He was obviously very close to cumming himself.

He started slamming his cock into me rapidly. It felt great but I knew he wasn't going to last very long. Unfortunately I was right. He probably didn't last longer than three or four minutes before he started cumming inside of me. If he had kept that up for a while I could have easily cum half a dozen times. When I realized that he was having an orgasm I groaned, experiencing an emotion that was almost despair.

I desperately needed to cum again. Whether by accident or by design, I suspect the former, Craig began grinding his pubic bone against me during his surprisingly long orgasm and in seconds he provided me with just enough friction in just the right place to push me over the edge.

I went crazy under him as my orgasm took over my body and I performed a violent horizontal dance unlike anything I had done before. I nearly threw poor Craig onto the floor.

I thought it was over then. I lay there under him, waiting for him to roll over and let me catch my breath. But much to my surprise he wasn't done. He had stopped moving for a few moments. But I don't think his cock ever got soft. He started moving again, slowly at first. He ground his pelvis against mine and then he began to slowly pull his cock almost all the way out of me and then slowly slide it back in. It was very pleasant.

He maintained that slow motion fucking for a long time and I really loved it. I started moaning I pleasure and telling him how good it felt.

His own excitement began to build and he began to fuck me faster and harder. I thought for sure I was done for the night after that last orgasm. I was wrong!

He continued to pick up the pace and he lasted much longer this time. He lasted long enough that I came and then I came again just before he had his third orgasm of the evening.

He finally rolled off of me and we lay side by side, pressed tightly together because the size of his small bed demanded it. We held hands but didn't speak for a long time.

It was several minutes before we were startled by a knock on the door. It jarred us from our thoughts and brought both of us back to the present. We had both been pleasantly lost in thought. I'm not sure what was going through Craig's mind. I had been wondering once again at the change in me, not sure what to make of it or even how I felt about it after such a pleasant interlude.

Craig moaned and asked, "What?"

Ian answered through the door, "It's getting late. If you are done in there I'd like another blowjob before we send Kari home."

I groaned in dismay. I was exhausted. But I sat up without a single thought of saying no to him. I seemed to be totally normal until someone told me to do something, or even just suggested it. At that point I seemed to be totally without free will. And even when I did not want to do whatever it was that was being asked of me, I found myself becoming instantly aroused at the prospect of each new indignity.

I was afraid of this sudden change in me. I had every reason to believe that I had suddenly developed some strange form of mental illness. I knew that I wasn't the kind of girl that did the things I found myself doing in the last couple of days. I knew that I didn't want to become that girl. But I didn't know how to stop it!

I glanced at the clock on Craig's nightstand and was shocked to see that we had been in his room for almost two hours. The time had passed so very quickly!

I sighed and got to my feet. I spotted a box of tissue on Craig's desk and used a handful of them to clean myself up a little. Then I went to the bedroom door. Ian was waiting on the other side of the door. He led me back out to the living room and after pulling his pants and underwear down he sat down and spread his legs.

Craig followed us out. As soon as I knelt in front of his father and began to suck his cock, Craig began taking more pictures, including a lot of close-ups of my face with a mouth full of his father's fat cock.

I was so much more embarrassed because he was watching us and taking those degrading pictures. But as the embarrassment hung over me like a cloud I became aware that I was becoming aroused once more.

I was not so far gone that I was unaware of the fact that each time I became embarrassed in the last few days I also became aroused. Combine that strange circumstance with my apparent inability to say no to any man and my irresistible desire to display my pussy on the subway and it all added up to some sort of uncontrollable sexual perversion unlike any I had ever heard of before. And that just scared me all the more.

But it didn't inhibit the blowjob I was giving Ian. I was now taking more than half of his fat cock into my mouth and the knob at the end of it was banging into the back of my throat on each enthusiastic stroke. I think that we were both amazed that I was doing what I was doing without gagging, apparently without any discomfort at all.

I glanced up from time to time as I sucked his cock. Ian was watching me closely with a knowing smile on his face that irritated the hell out of me. But he didn't say a word. He just watched me work until his eyes closed and he filled my mouth with another load of hot cum. I sat up and swallowed while Craig took a few more humiliating photographs.

Ian patted me on the head like a pet and then stood up and pulled his pants up. He helped me to my feet and picked up the white noise machine from the lamp table. He handed it to me and started giving me instructions, talking down to me like a child, "You can go home now. I inspected this. It's safe. Plug it in and make sure you turn it on when you go to bed. I want you to go take a shower and go to bed. Tomorrow, when you are getting ready for work, I don't want you to wear any underwear. I don't want you to wear underwear again unless I ask you to put some on for a special occasion. Thank you for a pleasant evening, Kari. Goodnight."

I smiled and said goodnight as if this had been a perfectly ordinary evening and I had not just been ordered to stop wearing underwear. I crossed to the door and opened it as if I had clothes on. I didn't even look to see if anyone was in the hall before I stepped out. Fortunately, no one was out there. It wasn't until I closed the door to my apartment that I paused to wonder about what I had just done. Not the sex. I was already very concerned about that. I didn't understand the blasé way that I had just stepped out into the hallway totally naked.

My brain was whirling like crazy. I should have been terribly upset. I should have been crying and dialing 911. But amazingly, I didn't feel like crying. I felt almost calm. My life was totally out of control and I didn't even seem to mind!

I walked to my bedroom and plugged my borrowed white noise machine in. I turned on the surf sounds and made sure it still worked. I left it on and went to take a shower.

When I returned to my bedroom I got into my sleep shirt and I started to pull on a clean pair of panties. I suddenly remembered that I couldn't wear underwear anymore and put the panties back in my dresser drawer.

I selected a dress to wear to work tomorrow. Ian had said nothing about choosing a dress. But I found myself choosing another short, sexy little dress that was right on the edge of being inappropriate to wear to work. I hung it on the back of my closet door and went to bed. I was tired. It had been a long, eventful day. I turned out my light and went to sleep in minutes thanks to the restful sound of the surf from that white noise machine.

The next morning I got up and took another quick shower. I didn't remember my dreams but they must have been hot. My sleep shirt was soaking wet and my pubic hair and my upper thighs were encrusted with my dried juices. I have never awoken to that sort of mess before. But I didn't seem to think anything of it.

I finished up in the bathroom and went back to my bedroom to dress for work. I put my dress on over my naked body as if it was my idea. It seemed to feel quite natural. I knew in some part of my brain that this wasn't right. But I easily ignored that nagging little voice in the back of my head. It wasn't very loud and was easy to disregard.

I slipped my shoes on, grabbed my purse and headed for the elevator. While I was standing in the elevator lobby I heard someone approaching from behind me. I looked around and saw Karl. He smiled just as if he had not seen me naked last night.

I returned his smile. But I felt the blush spreading down my face and neck when I thought about the image of me that he must have in his mind after last night. But I tried to sound calm when I wished him a good morning.

He walked up, stood beside me and casually placed his hand on my ass.

I jumped and looked him in the eye. I started to ask him what the hell he thought he was doing but he smiled and suddenly I had no words. I knew it was wrong. But some warped part of my brain decreed that if this was what he wanted then it was alright.

To make matters worse, I was incredibly embarrassed. And just like last night and the night before, the more embarrassed I was the more aroused I became.

We stood like that with his hand gently massaging my ass cheeks for a couple of minutes before the elevator arrived. He dropped his hand just as the doors opened and we squeezed into the small car with several other people.

When we got off the elevator in the lobby of the building, Karl winked at me and walked away without a word! I stared after him in total disbelief. I felt a shiver run up my spine. I wasn't sure whether it was from arousal, fear, indignation, or just humiliation. It took me a moment to shake myself back to awareness. I finally snapped out of it and made my way to the subway.

I was lucky enough to have a schedule that allowed me to miss the worst of the rush hour. I go to work and leave work nearly an hour after the worst of the rush hour crush. The cars are still pretty crowded. But they are not as crowded as they are even fifteen or twenty minutes earlier. I am almost always able to get a seat each way.

This morning I sat down in an empty aisle seat without paying much attention to the man occupying the window seat. I glanced around briefly at the other passengers. Even as I was looking around I found myself wondering if I was looking for the man I had flashed on the way home the last two evenings.

I didn't see him. Not until I felt the man beside me rest his hand on my thigh. I glanced up at him in shock. But my shock increased when I saw that it was him.

He leaned close and whispered, "I was hoping you would sit there. I didn't think that there was a chance in hell. But one can always hope. I normally take an earlier train. But I thought I'd gamble and see if I could catch you. I wanted to thank you."

I didn't ask what he was thanking me for. We both knew.

His hand squeezed my thigh lightly and another shiver ran through me. I glanced around to see if anyone noticed. Fortunately, I think, only the person sitting across the aisle from me was in a position to notice and he had his face buried in a newspaper.

The stranger's hand moved slowly up my thigh. He was tentative at first. But when I didn't object he slowly slid his hand back down toward my knee. When it was resting on my bare flesh he slid it slowly back up, pushing the hem of my skirt ahead of his hand.

When his fingers came into contact with my bare pussy we both gasped at the same time. I was reacting to a stranger resting his hand on my pussy. I think he was shocked to find that the only thing covering my pussy was his hand.

His little finger rested in my moist slit and my embarrassment and therefore my arousal ballooned almost out of control. I could still hear that little voice in my head asking me what the hell I was doing letting a complete stranger finger my pussy on the subway. But I had no answer to give it.

I glanced down to see how much of me was exposed. It was even worse than I feared. Anyone looking my way would see his hand resting against my pussy and it would be obvious by the flash of bright red pubic hair that was visible above is hand that I wasn't wearing underwear.

The light glinted off the man's wedding ring. But I wasn't concerned that he was a married man. I was concerned that he was a strange man playing with my pussy in public and I was permitting it like some sort of mindless, sex crazed cunt!

I was so caught up in the excitement of being fingered by a strange man that I nearly forgot to get off at my stop! The train came to a stop and I happened to glance out and see that we were at my stop. I scrambled up and made it to the doors just as they were starting to close.

I took two steps and then stood there all alone in the crowd, shivering as if I was cold and trying to control my labored breathing. I had been so close to an orgasm that I felt like crying!

I noticed that people around me were beginning to wonder if something was wrong with me. I took a couple of deep breaths and finally walked slowly to the escalator. As it carried me to street level I didn't look around, but I couldn't help wondering if there was anyone behind me that was looking up my skirt. Just the slight chance that some strange man might be looking up my skirt as we rode up on the escalator was turning me on again!

I stood at the top of the escalator and took out my cell phone. I was that close to calling in sick. I must me sick. Something was terribly wrong with me all of a sudden.

It was exciting. My senses were being swamped by an almost endless supply of sexual stimulation. But that excitement scared the hell out of me. This strange behavior and these totally inappropriate thrills that I was receiving from it were dreadfully wrong. More than that, this sort of behavior was self destructive. I knew that I couldn't go through life like this. But there was no one in whom I could confide. And what kind of doctor do you go to when you are turning into a cunt?!

I entered my office building without even remembering how I got there. One moment I was stepping off the escalator, the next I was entering my building. I don't remember anything in between.

I put my purse in my desk and went to the bathroom. I dampened a paper towel and went into a vacant stall. I closed the door, lifted my skirt and dabbed at my soaking wet pussy. I even had to wipe off a few areas on my thighs that had gotten wet.

I flushed the towel down the toilet and checked my appearance in the mirror. I looked flushed, but otherwise quite normal. I hardly looked like a budding nymphomaniac at all!

I did notice for the first time that if I looked close my nipples were discernable under the thin material of this dress. Isn't it funny that I didn't notice it before I left the apartment?

I went to the break room and poured myself a cup of coffee. I noticed several of the men who were gathered in small groups talking quietly. They seemed to be paying me a lot more attention than usual. I glanced around the room nervously and I had the sudden impression that we could all read each other's minds. God! Wouldn't that be awful!

My thoughts were interrupted when my uncle came up behind me and said good morning. I turned and smiled at him and said, "Good morning, Mr. Case."

As far as I knew, only he and I knew that he was my mother's brother. I hardly knew him though. We had met only a few times. Our families only met at family get-togethers at my grandmother's house on holidays when I was a kid. But not often. My mother and my uncle were not close and there seemed to be hard feelings between them.

My uncle's eyes moved down over my body in a way that an uncle should probably not look at his niece. I blushed, but he smiled and said, "We haven't had a chance to talk, Kari. I have a few free minutes now. Let me get a cup of coffee and let's go to my office."

For just a moment I thought of how upset my mother had been when she found out that I had been hired to work at Uncle Wayne's company. She had steadfastly refused to give an explanation for her reservations. But now, looking at the way my uncle's eyes freely explored my body I began to wonder. But no, that was silly.

It was obvious from the expressions on the faces of my fellow employees that it was not normal for Uncle Wayne to invite us worker bees to his office. I assumed that I was being invited because he was my uncle and we hadn't talked in a very long time. I think that it was a good thing that I didn't know what my co-workers were thinking.

I followed him to his office. He stopped at his receptionist's desk and introduced us. He explained that I was his niece and he wanted to spend a few minutes getting reacquainted. He told her not to disturb us.

As soon as we were in his office with the door closed he turned to face me. He took a sip of his coffee and said, "You look just exactly like your mother did when she was your age! You have grown into a beautiful young lady."

I didn't know quite how to respond to that. It was obviously a nice compliment. But there was a leer on his face that reminded me more of Ian or Craig than an uncle.

He walked around me slowly and when he was in front of me he asked, "Do you always dress this attractively?"

I blushed furiously. I knew that I was dressed inappropriately for the workplace. And what made it even more difficult to explain was that I was normally a reasonably conservative dresser. So I was at a loss. I didn't know how to answer my uncle's question.

He was waiting for an answer, though. I finally said, "No, sir, just recently. I don't even know why. Lately ... I don't know how to explain it. I think, moving to the city ... I just can't explain. I'm sorry if I've upset you. I'll dress more appropriately from now on. I promise."

I hadn't really said anything. But I had told him far more than I wanted to.

He grinned and quickly responded, "No! Please don't. I love the way you dress. I'd love it more if your skirts were even shorter."

I nodded as if that had been an order and answered, "Yes, sir."

He looked at me strangely for a moment. He seemed to realize something. It was as if he somehow guessed at the strange change that had come over me. He glanced down at my breasts and asked, "You aren't wearing a bra, are you?"

I shook my head and my blush deepened.

He smiled and asked, "Are you wearing panties?"

I moaned as the humiliation I was feeling took my breath away. I shook my head again, too embarrassed to attempt to speak.

His grin seemed to grow. He asked, "How long have you been going without underwear?"

I felt like crying. But I found myself unable to avoid his questions. I felt compelled to answer each embarrassing question truthfully. I whispered, "Today is the first time, sir."

He looked at my face with that questioning look once more. But I was fully aware that he was not at all concerned for me, for my welfare, for my well being. He was curious. But it was becoming obvious that he was finding this conversation stimulating. And of course, because I was being humiliated I was being aroused and it was getting harder to hide how I felt.

He thought about my answers to his questions so far. Then he asked, "Why today, Kari?"

I really, really didn't want to answer that question. But I felt totally helpless. Something deep inside of me compelled me to say, "Because Ian ordered me not to wear underwear anymore."

He nodded his head and as if he understood he said, "Ah! Ian is your boyfriend?"

I was forced to shake my head and respond, "No, sir. Ian is my neighbor."

Uncle Wayne took another sip of his coffee and looked at me in amazement. Finally he asked the question that was at the crux of this matter. It was the one question that I wanted more than anything to avoid.

"Why are you allowing your neighbor to determine what undergarments you wear?"

I sighed loudly and found myself compelled once more to provide the answer to his embarrassing question. I answered in a flat voice, tinged with despair, "I don't know. I can't help myself."

He stared at me for a long moment before he asked, "Do you do what everyone tells you to do, or just your neighbor?"

I shrugged. But I was forced to admit, "It just started. Or at least I think it did. But I seem to be unable to refuse an order from anyone. I don't know why. He didn't drug me or hypnotize me. I don't actually know if he is responsible. I don't know if I am going crazy or ... I JUST DON'T KNOW!!"

Once more I was struck by the lack of concern on my uncle's face. Quite the opposite, he looked like he had just struck it rich. He took my untouched coffee cup from my hand and set both cups down on a nearby table. He stepped back a couple of feet and said, "Before we continue this conversation, take your dress off."

I gasped and exclaimed, "But ... you're my uncle!"

But nevertheless, even as I voiced that mild objection I began to unbutton the row of buttons down the front of my dress as if I had no objections.

He watched and the pleasure on his face as I uncovered my body nearly made me ill.

It didn't take nearly long enough for me to undress in front of him. When I was naked he ordered me to turn around.

I turned all the way around. I felt his eyes boring into me as I turned. When I was facing him again I wasn't even surprised by the bulge in his pants. But I was disgusted. I was the daughter of his younger sister for Christ's sake!

He must have known what I was thinking. He asked, "You know that your mother and I don't get along, don't you?"

I nodded.

He grinned and asked, "Do you know why? I don't imagine she had the balls to tell you."

I shook my head.

He chuckled and said, "I didn't think so. Your mother doesn't like me because I used to make her put out for me."

I looked at him in shock. He sounded so fucking proud of it!

He nodded and said, "Yeah. I caught her smoking some pot and managed to get some pictures of it. I blackmailed her from the time she was fourteen until I went away to college. I fucked her all the time at first. I shared her with a couple of my best friends, too. She had it a little easier once I started dating. But she was always there if a date didn't work out and I came home with blue balls. Or if I was just bored. You should see the pictures I have of her. In fact, I'll have to invite you over some day and show them to you. I'll do it when my wife is out of town and we can start an album of pictures of you. It's too bad that I don't have anything to hold over her now. It would be hot to get the two of you together!"

He crooked his finger at me and I moved closer on trembling legs. His hands began to explore my body roughly. When two of his large fingers entered my pussy I cried out and then bit my tongue to keep quiet, and to keep from cumming.

He leered at me when he discovered how wet I was. In the same arrogant tone of voice that Ian used he said, "You're an even bigger cunt than your mother was! Look at that!"

He held up the fingers that he had just pulled out of my pussy. They were glistening with my juices.

He pushed his fingers into my mouth and while I sucked them clean he began to unbuckle his belt.

Tears of despair were trailing down my cheeks. But at the same time I was incredibly aroused. I didn't want to be like this. But I couldn't help myself. He pulled his fingers from my lips and said, "Get my cock out. I want to find out if you are as good a cocksucker as your slut of a mother was before I fuck you."

I unbuttoned his suit pants with trembling fingers and slowly pulled the zipper down. But as much as I hated what I was being forced to do, I was aware that I was just as turned on at that moment as he was. I was furious with myself for having those feelings. But they were undeniable.

I pulled my uncle's pants and his boxer shorts down to his knees and uncovered his hard, throbbing cock. It was a nice, normal cock. It wasn't as large as Ian's, or even Craig's. But it was a nice, large, average cock and I bent over with no further instructions from Uncle Wayne and took it into my mouth.

While I sucked his cock he pulled me around so that his hand could explore my ass and he did just that while I sucked his cock. He sighed loudly and said, "Very nice! We are going to have to do this often."

He groaned in pleasure and then he pushed me away. He said, "I'd love to give you a mouthful of cum. But I want to try out that tight little pussy of yours."

He guided me to his desk and bent me over the front of it. He kicked my legs further apart and seconds later I found myself biting my arm to keep from screaming in pleasure as his cock entered me.

At that moment I hated my uncle. He wasn't just raping me. He was betraying me. Of all of the men in this big city I should have been able to trust him. But I loved his cock and the way it felt inside of me!

The room was soon filled with the sounds of his body slamming into mine. I heard the moist sounds of his cock ramming my pussy and the loud sound of flesh slapping flesh as his body slapped the cheeks of my ass with each violent thrust.

I started cumming almost immediately. I had one mind searing orgasm after another. The horror of being fucked by my uncle, my mother's older brother, only fueled the fires that burned in my mind.

I enjoyed at least a dozen orgasms before my uncle finally gripped my hips so hard that it hurt and slammed into me several more times before stopping suddenly and shivering through his own orgasm.

He collapsed on top of me for a moment. He rested his weight on my body and reached around to pull and squeeze on my tits painfully. He sighed and said, "That was wonderful. Yes, we are going to have to do this a lot more often. You are a better fuck than your mother was. And you hate me just as much. That turns me the fuck on you sweet little bitch!"

He finally stood up. I remained in place for a moment, still too weak to move. But he wasn't through humiliating me. He grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled me up off of his desk. He pushed my head back down to his crotch and when his semi hard, slimy cock was dangling near my lips he said, "Clean that mess up, bitch. I can't put that slimy thing back in my pants."

I could smell his cum and my juices. But it wasn't the smell that nearly made me vomit. It was the way his slimy organ looked, and the thought of where it had just been. And yet, even though I was sure I was going to be ill, I opened my mouth and took nearly the entire shaft of his cock into my mouth and let it slide over my tongue. I closed my lips around it and began to suck it clean.

Unfortunately, I did too good a job. Before I was finished his cock had begun to grow hard again. He chuckled and said, "Oh well, since you are down there. I guess we might as well let you finish. Go ahead, bitch. Suck me off. But hurry it up. I have work to do."

The tears were running down my cheeks as I sucked his cock. It seemed to take a long time. He was tormenting my left breast with his hand, pulling and squeezing as if he was trying to get milk out of me. That didn't make the task any easier.

As the minutes passed and my enthusiastic blowjob was stretching out he began to offer me tips on how to get him off quicker. He ordered me to cup his balls with one hand and lightly tease them with my fingertips. He suggested that I reach around behind him and press a finger against his asshole. Even with the added stimulation it still took nearly twenty minutes for him to cum again. When he finally grabbed my head and fucked my mouth violently for the last ten or fifteen seconds I was crying loudly and totally exhausted. My back hurt from remaining bent over that long. My arms were getting tired and my jaw was so sore and tired that I didn't know if I could talk!

He finally finished filling my mouth with another load of his slimy cum and pushed me away. I choked and gagged but managed to swallow it all. Then I groaned in pain as I slowly straightened back up.

He was watching me with a huge, satisfied smirk on his face as he put his clothing back in order. I felt like attacking him and scratching his eyes out ... or begging him to fuck me again.

I was thoroughly humiliated. And yet I had to force myself not to beg him to rape me again.

He looked me over as I stood before him totally humbled. He turned and grabbed a couple of tissues from the box on his desk. He stared right in my eyes as he carefully wiped my thighs and them my pussy, soaking up the cum that had drained out of me while I was sucking his cock. Then he ordered me to open my mouth.

I somehow knew what he was going to do. My stomach turned over again. But I obeyed. Our eyes remained locked on each other as he slowly forced both of the slime filled tissues into my mouth and ordered me to swallow them.

I chewed them until they were reduced to nothing but a soggy, cum filled mess on my tongue and then I forced myself to swallow them while he grinned down at me excitedly. Once I had swallowed the mess he shook his said and exclaimed, "Fuck! I could spend all day fucking with you like this. You're more fun than your cunt of a mother was."

He finally let me get dressed. He watched me as I pulled my dress back on and buttoned it with fingers that still trembled, though not from fear now. To be honest I'm not sure what I was feeling now. I think it was shock more than anything else. How could I have sunk so low?! How indeed! Why was I allowing myself to be treated this way, and why did it turn me on?!

Uncle Wayne went around his desk and sat down. He pushed a button on his phone and stared at me while he said, "Karen, have Kari's personnel file brought to my office, please."

He released the intercom button and said, "I think we will have to find you a job that lets us spend more time together."

He waved me away dismissively and I started for the door. I had only taken a few steps when he ordered me to bring him his coffee.

I turned back and picked up our two coffee cups from the table. I took his to him at his desk and then I hurried from the room. I ignored the shocked look on the face of his receptionist and hurried to the ladies restroom to pull myself together.

I washed my face and hands and went into a stall with some damp paper towels. I cleaned myself up as well as I could. Then I leaned my forehead against the cool metal door and cried quietly. I wondered if it would be as bad, if my situation would seem so hopeless if I just had some idea why this was happening to me. I suppose that was silly. Of course it would. But not knowing was driving me crazy. How could my exciting, promising life have gone to hell so quickly?!

I went out to the sink and washed my face again. I poured out my cold coffee and went to the break room for another cup. By the time I finally got to my desk I had been at work for more than an hour and hadn't touched the work that was piling up on my desk.

As I worked I was careful to keep my head down. I had the impression that my co-workers had been talking about me. But I didn't want to think about that. I could just imagine what kind of gossip my uncle's receptionist had been spreading since I came rushing out of his office looking and smelling like a well used prostitute.

The office began to empty out at lunch time. I had a light lunch in my purse. But I had no appetite. I intended to work through my lunch hour in order to get caught up.

I don't think I was able to take a deep breath until the other three people in the small alcove I worked in left the room. It felt like they were staring at me all morning.

They all left together without saying a word to me. I was one of the very few people who ate lunch at my desk. Some went to nearby restaurants for lunch but most went down to the cafeteria in the basement.

I had just started to relax when I heard a noise and looked up to see Kenny, the mail boy coming in. He had already come around delivering mail and interoffice correspondence so I looked up to see what he wanted. As soon as I saw the look on his face I had a bad feeling about this.

I should explain that the mail boy was not a boy. He was an older man in his sixties. He retired a couple of years ago from some Government job. But he had to find another job when he wasn't able to live on his retirement income. Now he worked in the mailroom here, at minimum wage I expect, and he made it clear to everyone that he wasn't happy that his retirement hadn't worked out the way he had planned.

He was not totally rude to the other employees. But he didn't hide his resentment well. No one liked him and he didn't even seem to realize that it was because of his attitude. He seemed to think that we were all a bunch of snobs and looked down on him because he was working in the mailroom.

Kenny stopped in the door to my little alcove and looked around as if he was about to commit a crime. I had no doubt that I was about to be the victim.

He leered at me the way nearly all men seemed to now and hurried across the room to my desk. He stood in front of my desk staring down at me. I couldn't meet his gaze. I had to look away. I knew that was the wrong thing to do. I might just as well have told him that he had won. And I didn't even know what the game was yet!

He asked me quietly, "Is it true? Are you the boss' niece?"

It had almost been an accusation.

I wanted to tell him it was none of his business. Instead, I nodded.

But it was his next question that really knotted my stomach. "Is it also true that he's dicking you?"

I felt the blood suffusing my face and neck again. I groaned and tried to shake my head. But somehow it turned into a nod.

He chuckled and said, "You must be one hell of a slut to let your own uncle fuck you! Is that how you got this job?"

I shook my head and whispered, "No! No one even knew until this morning."

I heard him trying to work the mystery out in his head. He said, "So, you already had the job, but you let him fuck you anyway. How long has that been going on? Did he fuck you when you were a little girl?"

I shook my head violently and exclaimed, "No! Just this once! Just today!"

I began to become aware of it again. I was totally humiliated by these questions and by the way this creep was looking down at me. And much to my chagrin I was becoming aroused. I wanted this man to turn and leave me alone. But I also wanted him to force me down over my desk and fuck me like the bitch in heat that I was apparently becoming.

Kenny stared at me in silence for a moment longer. I could almost hear the gears turning in his head. Then he walked around my desk and stood beside me. He leaned against me, pressing his hard cock against my upper arm. I groaned and thought, "Oh god no! Please not here! Not now!"

But I sat there, silent, pliant. I remained perfectly still while his hand reached out and cupped my breast.

He squeezed my breast and then pinched my nipple. I heard the amusement in his voice when he commented, "No bra! I like a slut that doesn't wear a bra. What about panties? Are you wearing panties?"

I shook my head, almost imperceptibly.

His voice was suddenly hoarse as he ordered, "Show me! Pull your dress up."

Another sob escaped from me as I reached into my lap and pulled my skirt up until my sex was exposed.

He moaned at the sight. But he didn't reach for my pussy immediately. Instead, his hand slid inside of my top and he began to grope my breast, unhampered now by the thin material of my dress.

I felt him pressing his cock against my arm, moving it around slightly. I was horrified when I realized that I wished that he would pull it out and make me suck it, or better yet, fuck me with it!

I was more terrified that someone would come in and see us like this than I was of what he wanted to do to me. But he was aware of how public my office was and he had no desire to lose his cushy job. He leaned stepped back slightly. He bent down and lapped my face like a dog.

I shuddered in disgust. But still I didn't move. And still my arousal grew.

He said, "Get up, girl. We need a little privacy. Let's go to my office."

## Chapter 3

Posted: May 25, 2009 - 10:52:16 pm

The mailroom is in the basement. I've never been down there but I knew where it was. I also knew that I was about to get fucked again.

I got to my feet and struggled to walk normally on rubber legs. Kenny pushed me ahead of him and said, "Let's go. You know where the elevators are."

I felt him lift the back of my skirt as he followed me to the door of my office. He dropped it as I started through the door. It wouldn't have mattered. No one was around to witness my humiliation.

He left me alone until we got in the elevator. As soon as the elevator doors closed he stood beside me and played with my ass as we went down. But he was discreet. There was a security camera in the ceiling that the people in building security monitored. He didn't want them to see him molesting me.

We got off the elevator in the basement. I could hear the loud hum of conversation coming from the cafeteria. We turned in the other direction and he guided me around a corner in the corridor to the mailroom door.

I waited while he unlocked the door. He pushed me inside and quickly closed the door behind us. As soon as the door closed he said, "Go ahead and take that dress off. You don't want to get it all messed up."

I was halfway through unbuttoning my dress before I realized that we weren't alone! I heard someone clear their throat and I pulled my dress closed and swiveled my head around to see a young man sitting at a desk doing paperwork. Or at least he had been until we came in.

There was a look of shock on his face as he watched me. He was very young, younger than me even. I think he was still a teenager. He had a terrible complexion and he looked like he was at least fifty pounds overweight.

Kenny finally introduced us. He first said to the young man, "Relax, Gordy. You are gonna love this."

Then he said, "Gordy, this young cunt is Kari. She is the boss' niece. She just came down to visit and let us have a little piece of ass. Didn't you, Kari?"

I groaned and nodded. And my humiliation ballooned once more. So, of course, did my arousal.

Without having to be reminded I returned to the buttons on my dress and finished unbuttoning them. Both men were staring at me as if they had never seen a woman undress before.

Kenny explained to Gordy, "I guess the bitch just loves to fuck, boy. She even fucked her uncle this morning. She will apparently fuck anybody. Is that true, Kari? Will you fuck anybody that wants to fuck you? Are you that kind of girl?"

I wasn't sure how to answer that! I sputtered, "Yes ... No! I ... I'll let men fuck me. But I don't know why! I'm not that kind of girl! I don't know why I'm doing this!"

They looked at me like I had two heads as I pulled my dress off and dropped it on a nearby desk. Kenny ordered me to turn around and when I was facing him again he asked, "What do you mean?"

I still didn't know how to explain this. Even worse, I had quickly begun to realize that explaining my situation did not evoke sympathy from men. Far from it! Explaining that I was helpless and that they were free to make me obey any degrading order only brought out the worst in the men to whom I had explained it up until now. I didn't expect these two men to be any different.

But the question had been asked and I was forced to attempt an answer. I fought back the tears as I said, "For the last couple of days something has been different about me and I don't know what it is. When men tell me to do something I ... I do it! I can't help myself. And every time I get embarrassed I get excited. But this isn't the way I am. I'm a good girl! I can't explain it. Please, don't..."

I let the abortive plea for mercy trail off. I have to be honest though. It wasn't because I knew they would not have mercy on me. It was because I was humiliated, and because I wanted them to fuck me. If Kenny had apologized and tried to send me back to my desk I would have pleaded with him to fuck me. Asking for mercy was the farthest thing from his mind now.

Kenny chuckled and said to Gordy, "Well, boy, we can't send the poor girl back to work horny. That wouldn't be nice."

He pulled me closer to a waist high table and made room for me on one end of it. He ordered me to lie down on my back.

As I sat up on the table and lay back he turned to Gordy and asked, "Are you a cherry, boy?"

I glanced over at Gordy. It was obvious from his expression and his bright red coloring that he was a virgin.

Kenny chuckled and said, "Well, we are going to fix that. Come on over here and let her suck your cock while I fuck her. Then we can switch places."

Kenny quickly pushed his pants and shorts down without even unfastening them. He started working his cock into my pussy. He leaned over me and rested his hands on either side of my body. He grinned smugly and explained, "Gordy is my trainee. He is sure gonna learn a lot today."

Then he suddenly slammed his cock into me with all of his might. I grunted loudly. It had been painful. But it had felt wonderful. I closed my eyes and thrilled at the sensations he caused in my helpless body when he slammed his hard cock into me. But I opened them when I heard a noise beside my head. I looked up to see chubby little Gordy unfastening his pants.

I thought that sucking his cock might be a problem with that big belly in the way. But when he pulled his cock out I saw instantly that it wouldn't be difficult, at least not for the reason I first thought. His cock was huge! I was shocked. It was at least ten inches long and nearly twice as thick as any other cock I had ever seen.

I stared at it in shock. But I wasn't the only one that was amazed. Kenny exclaimed, "Holy shit! Damn, Gordy! I had no idea you was hung like a horse! Look at that thing! The bitch is gonna love that!"

It certainly was impressive to look at. I was so distracted that I hardly noticed what Kenny was doing. He was still slamming his cock into me violently. But I was staring in a mixture of fear and awe at Gordy's cock. It was exciting to look at. I just didn't know if I would survive it. I didn't even know if I could get it in my mouth. But I was about to find out.

Gordy sidled up a little closer to the edge of the table and gently pulled my head closer. The nearly fist sized purple knob on the end of his fat shaft was bouncing around and oozing lubricant like crazy.

I felt it rubbing against my lips and I slowly began to open my lips to try to accommodate him. I started to fear that he was going to dislocate my jaw. But at least it wasn't going to last long.

He moaned and pleaded, "Please hurry. I'm gonna cum. I ain't never ... a-a-h-h-h-h!! Oh fuck!!"

It was like someone had pushed a hose in my mouth and turned it on! He shot one huge wad of cum after another into my mouth and I swallowed like a mad woman trying to ingest it all.

I managed to swallow most of it. A small stream oozed out of one corner of my mouth by the time he finished. He fell back after he emptied his balls in my mouth and I used my finger to push the cum that had escaped back into my mouth. I swallowed it eagerly. Then I reached out, wrapped my fingers part way around his fat cock and pulled him back to my lips.

His cock was still hard and I could only get the knob at the end in my mouth. But I held it there and teased it with my tongue and let my attention drift back to what Kenny was doing between my legs.

It isn't that I had forgotten him. He was still slamming his cock into me and it felt very good. But I had been so distracted by Gordy and the flood of cum that he had nearly drowned me with that I wasn't giving Kenny the attention he deserved. Now I lay back with my mouth full of cock and devoted my full attention to getting fucked. I felt Gordy's hands begin to grope my breasts. It was obvious that he had never touched a woman's breasts before. He was even worse at it than Craig had been. But even so, I enjoyed his clumsy touch and it added to the excitement I was experiencing.

I began to moan around the fat cock in my mouth and I could no longer hold still. I started lifting my hips and fucking back at Kenny's hard thrusts. I started cumming and my pussy clamped down on Kenny's cock. He cried out and slammed his cock into me one last time before he started filling me with another load of hot cum.

No one moved or spoke for a moment. Not until Kenny smiled at Gordy and said, "Okay, boy. I wanna see how the bitch goes crazy when you start fucking her with that pony cock of yours. Let's trade places."

They quickly swapped places. Kenny shoved his soft, slimy cock in my mouth for a moment while I watched Gordy nervously. He was staring down at my pussy and I had very mixed emotions about what was about to happen. I knew that this entire situation was so wrong. But I was enthralled by that huge, virile organ. I couldn't help being scared, though. If he wasn't careful it looked like he could tear me apart with that thing.

The suspense was building, for all three of us I think. Finally Kenny exclaimed, "Come on, boy. We can't keep the bitch here all damned day. Put the meat to her!"

Gordy moved closer and I felt that fat knob begin to press against my opening. Even as wet as I was, even though I had just been fucked, he still had difficulty putting that thing inside of me. I felt the pressure build and I was just about to cry out for him to stop when the head finally popped inside of me so suddenly that it took my breath away.

I cried out when it entered me. It was an amazing sensation. There was mild pain. I had never been stretched like that. But at the same time it was the most exciting feeling I had ever experienced. It was like I was a virgin all over again!

I felt my vaginal canal stretching and then stretching even more to accommodate the girth of that huge cock. I moaned around the soft cock in my mouth and Kenny seemed to really enjoy that. He started sliding his cock in and out of my mouth. He had apparently reached an age where seconds were unlikely. His cock wasn't getting hard again. But he seemed to enjoy having it in my mouth anyway.

Even though his cock remained soft I couldn't ignore Kenny. He kept driving his soft cock into my mouth as if he thought I was Linda Lovelace. I struggled to keep from gagging. And he was making it very difficult for me to breathe.

As irritated as I was by what Kenny was doing, my attention nevertheless was quickly diverted to what Gordy was doing and the pleasure he was causing me. He didn't ram his cock into me like most of the males I have been with. Instead he kept sliding it in slowly and I began to wonder if it was every going to end. It seemed to keep going long after I was certain that he would run out of room. And then he did!

I felt a sudden shock as the head of his cock came into contact with my cervix. He wasn't moving violently and it didn't hurt. But it scared me. I had never experienced that strange sensation before. His cock still wasn't all of the way inside of me. I lifted my head and looked down. That last very fat inch at the base of his shaft was still outside of me. I looked up and said, "That's all I can take, Gordy! That's my cervix you are hitting in there."

Kenny pushed my head back down on the desk and put his cock back in my mouth. He said, "Don't worry about her, boy. Just fuck her. Go ahead. Enjoy yourself."

Thankfully, Gordy had no desire to hurt me. He fucked me with increasing speed and increasing force. But he was careful not to go too deep. The head of his cock would occasionally come into contact with my cervix, and it was always a strange feeling. But he was careful and I was so thrilled by his large cock that I finally begun to adjust so that I hardly noticed. In fact, my body had somehow begun to accommodate his huge organ and after a few minutes it didn't bother me at all when he went too far and his pubic bone slammed into me. When that happened I told Gordy that it was okay and he didn't have to worry about me anymore. It got a lot better after that.

Kenny finally stepped back and left us alone. I closed my eyes and thoroughly enjoyed the most amazing fuck with this young, overweight, pimple faced virgin. I didn't expect him to last very long. But he lasted long enough. I came several times before he finally clamped down on my tits and groaned loudly, filling me with another load of cum.

A woman can't feel the cum that a man shoots into her pussy. But I felt it pouring back out of me. There was so much of it that it flowed out around the sides of Gordy's cock and oozed down between my legs, forming a puddle beneath my ass.

Gordy stayed there with his cock inside of me until Kenny said, "Let her up, boy. She has to get back to work. We don't want Uncle Wayne coming down here looking for his little fuck meat niece."

It seemed to take almost as long for Gordy to pull his cock out of me as it took him to put it in. It finally came out with an embarrassing wet sucking sound. It wasn't until that moment that I looked over at Kenny and saw him taking pictures of Gordy fucking me.

I started to object. But I realized the futility. And anyway, it was done now. I suppose these were no worse than the pictures that had been taken last night at Ian's house. Now I suppose it's just a tossup as to which pictures are posted on the internet first.

I couldn't move right away. I lay there on the table, still panting loudly. I didn't even try to get up. I knew I wouldn't be able to stand. But Kenny was apparently getting worried about keeping me down here too long. He helped me up to a sitting position and pulled me to my feet none to gently.

I steadied myself for a moment with one hand on the table and looked down at myself. My pubic hair, my vulva, my thighs, all were thoroughly soaked in a coating of fresh cum. I could feel it in the channel between my thighs and even up between the cheeks of my ass. I glanced down at the table where I had been laying. There was a huge puddle of it there. I looked up at Kenny and said, "I can't go anywhere like this! I need something to clean up with."

Both men were looking at me and grinning. But Kenny recognized the truth in what I had said. If I left here like this there would be questions. He didn't want that any more than I did.

He ordered Gordy to pull his pants up and sent him into their small storage closet for a bag of rags. Then Gordy watched and Kenny took more humiliating pictures while I cleaned up the mess they had made of my lower body.

I wiped away as much of their sperm as I could. The smell was still overpowering. But at least I had a chance of making it to the restroom now without leaving a trail of bodily fluids on the floor.

I put my dress back on and Kenny looked to make certain that no one would see me leaving. When the coast was clear I went out and walked past the elevators to the nearest ladies room. Someone was in one of the stalls and a woman was standing at the sink counter brushing her hair.

The two women were talking and they ignored me when I entered the room. But the woman who was brushing her hair stopped speaking in the middle of a sentence and turned to look at me strangely. I saw her nose wrinkle up and I knew that she could smell the fresh cum drying on my skin.

I avoided looking at her. I felt myself turning bright red but I had to clean myself up. I dampened a couple of paper towels and hurried into the empty stall, studiously avoiding the eyes of the woman at the mirror.

I pulled my skirt up to my waist and sat on the toilet. While the cum drained out of me I carefully cleaned a large portion of my lower body with the damp towel. The two women resumed their conversation. The woman who had been brushing her hair seemed to be having trouble concentrating.

The woman in the stall beside me finished up and after she washed her hands I heard both women leave. Before the door even closed the first woman was telling her friend about the slut in the stall beside her.

I took small comfort from the fact that I didn't know the women. But then, I didn't know most of the people that worked here. That was no guarantee that I wouldn't be coming into contact with them again.

I finished up with the damp towel. Unfortunately, when Kenny all but dragged me from my office earlier I didn't have time to grab my purse. It was still in my desk. I wanted to spray my stomach and thighs with a touch of cologne. But I would just have to make it to my desk like this. I had to hope that I was alone in the elevator. I could still detect the faint aroma of male cum.

Lunch had been over for ten minutes before I made it back to my desk. For that reason, I suppose, I was able to ride up to my floor alone in the car. I got some funny looks from the two women and the man in my office. But no one said anything.

What could they say? "Jesus! You look like you just got fucked by a horse!"

I went back to work for a while. But after about an hour I grabbed my purse and headed for the ladies room. I applied a few light sprays of cologne and felt a little less self conscious. I brushed my hair and repaired my lipstick. Then I went back to my desk and tried not to think about what my life was turning into, what I was turning into.

Once I threw myself into my work the time passed quickly. People started getting ready to go home before I even realized what time it was. I'd gotten off to a slow start this morning. But I'd managed to get caught up by quitting time. I felt good about that.

It wasn't until I started getting ready to leave that I thought about the subway ride home.

The conflicted thoughts I experienced really worried me. My first thought was that I should put off leaving for a few minutes and take a later train. But something inside of me demanded that I take my usual train, and my usual car. When I tried to tell myself that I should take a later train, avoid my admirer and behave myself on the way home I experienced a feeling similar to what crack addict must feel when you take away his crack.

I experienced and inexplicable feeling of near panic when what remained of my normal brain tried to make me do the right thing. There could be no question now that something was wrong with me. An addiction to adrenalin or an addiction to illicit sex, whatever it was it was unhealthy and scary as hell. But it was apparently no less an addiction than the addiction to drugs. I had to have it!

I cleared off my desk and took my purse out of the drawer. I was just about to leave but I was the last one in the room and I stopped to take a quick look around to make sure everything that was supposed to be turned off had been.

I heard a sound behind me and looked around to find the woman who had been brushing her hair in the basement restroom when I went in to clean up after Kenny and Gordy were through with me.

She looked around at the empty office and grinned. She walked up to me and sniffed. Then she said derisively, "I see you finally got rid of that cunt smell. You better watch your step. The company policy on fucking your fellow employees is pretty strict. I'd hate to see a cute young thing like you lose her job over a little bit of dick."

I almost corrected her. There was no way that Gordy could ever be accused of having a little bit of dick. But I was smart enough to stand there in silence while she walked around me and then chuckled to herself and left.

What a scary bitch! I had no idea who she was. But I was going to be careful to avoid her in the future.

I hurried from the office. I had to wait for the second elevator. The first one that stopped was packed. The second one wasn't much better. But when the doors opened the people scrunched back and encouraged me to join them. So I squeezed in and waited for the doors to close.

As soon as they did I felt a hand on my ass. At first I assumed it was accidental. But it remained there. Whoever it was they didn't grab me or pinch me. They just allowed their hand to rub against the cheek of my ass as the car went down to the ground floor. I don't know what the person doing it could have gotten out of it. But there was no way that it wasn't intentional.

I was beginning to wonder if there was a sign on me somewhere that let men know that they could do anything they wanted to me! I cannot remember ever before in my life a time when I was being so constantly subjected to sexual harassment. I understand that I was responsible for a lot of it. But that doesn't explain the groping hands in the elevators or in the crush of a crowded subway car.

I got to the subway a few minutes late and the anxiety I experienced when I thought that I might have missed my usual train was truly scary. It meant that I craved the excitement I received from exposing myself in public.

Of course I could have exposed myself to any man or men on any car and the excitement would have been there. But I had developed a strange sort of relationship with that first man and I felt compelled to meet him on the subway.

I managed to get to the platform on time and I caught my usual train. I even got on the car that I usually take. But he wasn't there! My flashing partner had either missed the train or was in a different car. I nearly panicked. I looked around for him before I even looked for a seat. I felt like I was going to be ill.

I finally looked around and found a seat half way down the aisle. I sat down and ignored my skirt as it rose up my thighs and nearly exposed my lack of underwear to the man sitting beside me. In fact, I was disappointed when it didn't.

I took my book out of my purse and placed my purse on the floor between my feet. When I sat back up my skirt pulled up a little more. I opened my book and held it up to my face. I glanced quickly at the man sitting on my right. Although he was holding a newspaper open in front of him, he was staring so hard at my bare legs that he didn't even see me glance at him.

I wriggled around in my seat as if trying to get comfortable and was rewarded when my skirt slid up a little farther. Because my legs were spread nearly six inches apart to make room for my purse on the floor between my feet there was only a fraction of an inch of material now separating the strange man beside me from a view of the female flesh he was trying so hard to see.

The seats were so close together that I couldn't try crossing my legs. So I reached down as if I was absently scratching some vague itch on my thigh and eased my skirt up a little higher with the underside of my forearm. I was sure it looked like an accident that I had exposed myself to him. But to be honest I really didn't care if it did or not. I glanced down and saw that my slit and a few red pubic hairs were exposed.

I brought my hand back up to my book and I heard his sudden intake of breath as he finally got a good look at my vulva. As soon as I realized that he was staring at my exposed sex I felt my arousal explode in my stomach.

I heard him whisper, "Beautiful!"

From that I knew that he was aware that I had exposed my pussy on purpose. He was complimenting my pussy loud enough that he knew I would hear him. He folded his newspaper without ever taking his eyes from my pussy. He placed his paper in his lap and then he reached his hand over very slowly and rested it on my thigh.

I sighed and slid down a little bit more in my seat. When I did his hand slid up my thigh and his finger came to rest against the flesh beside my vulva. I had to fight the urge to grab his hand and place it over me. I would have loved to have held his hand against my crotch and humped it like a dog humping someone's leg.

Once again I lost track of my surroundings. I was on the verge of an orgasm when the train pulled into my station and I was forced to run for the door. I was so out of it that I almost left my purse there on the floor!

I stopped at the top of the escalator and caught my breath. People looked at me funny as they walked past. But I ignored them and relived in my mind what I had just done on the subway. I finally had to force those erotic images from my mind so that I could walk home.

Although I was just as incredibly aroused today as I had been yesterday and the day before I didn't rush today. I walked slowly and tried once more to imagine what could be happening to turn me into the slut that I was becoming. There was just no answer and it was infuriating.

When I got to my apartment I went straight to the kitchen. I made myself a stiff drink and then stood in front of the refrigerator and tried to decide what to eat. I had eaten almost nothing in the last three days and the hunger was finally catching up with me.

I finally settled on a salad and some left over tuna casserole. What I wanted was a nice hot pizza. But it was Friday evening and if I called up to order one it would probably take an hour and a half to be delivered.

Before putting together a salad I went to my room and took my dress off. I changed into a pair of comfortable, loose fitting shorts and a t-shirt. Before I put them on I stared at myself in my mirror and thought about everything that had happened to me. That forced me to recall the horrible things that my uncle had told me about my mother. I got a sick feeling in my stomach for a moment. But then an even worse reaction set in. Inexcusable as it may sound, I actually started becoming aroused again as I imagined my mother serving as a sex slave to my uncle!

The phone on my nightstand caught my eye and I almost picked it up and called my mother. I'm not sure what I would have said. Despite the timing, I knew that my uncle was not responsible for what was happening to me now. Well, except for the things that happened behind closed doors in his office. That doesn't explain the changes in me. There really wasn't anything that I could say to her that would not make it impossible to face her in the future. And I knew that there was nothing that she could do to help me.

When I was dressed I went back out to the kitchen and made my salad. I ate it slowly and then nuked a little of the casserole and picked at it. I put my dishes in the sink and made myself another drink. Then I sat at the kitchen table and tried to cry. I wanted to. I felt like crying. But I couldn't! The despair was there. But the tears wouldn't come.

My drink was almost empty when I heard a knock on the door. I was sure that it was Ian. No one else every came to my door. I gulped down the last of it and got to my feet. Walking very slowly I approached my door. If that door had been a gallows I might have dreaded it just as much. And yet, as much as I fought it I felt the excitement build with every step I took. In a moment a man I hardly knew was going to make me undress. He was going to force me to have sex with him. He was going to give me orders and I would follow them. It made me sick that by the time I reached the door I was almost looking forward to it!

There was no doubt in my mind that it was Ian at my door. I opened it without even looking to see who was there. I almost cried out when I opened the door and saw Karl standing there grinning at me.

Before I could ask him what he wanted he walked right in without an invitation. That and his grin made it clear what he wanted. I suddenly remembered the long conversation that Ian had in the hallway with Karl and Mark last night. He must have told them about me!

As if to confirm my suspicions Karl said, "Close the door, Kari. I'm going to be here for a while."

So of course I did. I had no choice. He gave me an order. I had to obey. And besides, I felt the humiliation build as I imagined the things that Ian must have told him about me last night. With the humiliation came arousal.

Karl turned and went into my small living room. He sat down and said, "I heard some pretty amazing things about you, Kari. It appears that they are true! I am so glad. You are such a hot little piece of ass. I've been dreaming about getting in your pants since I first saw you. We are going to try some new things this evening. Ian says that you get off on being humiliated. Well baby, I have some fantasies that are going to curl your cunt hair."

He pointed to the floor in front of him and said, "Come over here and get undressed. I've been thinking about this all fucking day. I can't wait to see you with those clothes off."

I moved to the spot on the floor that he indicated. Even though he had gotten a good look at my naked body last night I was very nervous, and of course I was humiliated. I felt myself becoming more and more turned on. The things he just said and the almost feverish note in his voice when he said them were making me very nervous. But even so, by this time I wanted this to happen almost as much as he did. Unlike him, though, my desire was tinged by fear.

I needed very little time to remove my t-shirt and shorts. I whipped my t-shirt off, once more baring my tits to a man I hardly knew. If I had a choice I wouldn't do this. But for some reason I didn't understand I seemed to have no choice. If a man told me to do something I had to obey. I dropped my t-shirt and as I began to slide my shorts off I felt my skin tingling with excitement, excitement that I didn't want to feel.

I felt my excitement level rise dramatically as I stood before him naked and looked at the lust in his eyes. I was aware of the fact that I was getting turned on and I had come to recognize the correlation between humiliation and arousal that I had been experiencing these last few days. I had never felt that before. It was a recent phenomenon. I hated that I was reacting that way. But there seemed to be nothing that I could do about it. I felt it. I couldn't just tell myself to stop feeling that way.

I stood in front of Karl for a long time while he enjoyed the sight of my naked body. I had a moment to think about the strange way I was responding to men now. It was like I had two brains that didn't communicate with one another. I had one brain, my normal brain, and it was in charge most of the time.

I had begun to develop another brain, though. It was in charge when a man started to degrade or humiliate me and it forced me to submit to those men who were taking advantage of me. It even forced me to respond to them. That second brain seemed to be growing larger and taking greater control of my actions every day.

Of course, that didn't explain my spontaneous exhibitionism on the subway. I had no one to blame for what happened on the subway but me. No one had given me an order to expose myself the way that I had for three days in a row now. I was the only person to blame for the humiliation I experienced when I exposed myself to strange men on the subway. But I knew that someone had done something to my brain to create the need for that sort of behavior.

Karl stared at me for a long time before he finally sat forward in his seat and began to explore my body. His touch was gentle at first, quite pleasant actually. He ran his hands over my breasts and teased my nipples before sliding his hand down my stomach and lightly teasing my labia.

I shivered with excitement at his touch. But I didn't move. I didn't speak. I waited anxiously for his next command.

His finger moved lightly around my clit and I moaned softly. I nearly had an orgasm from his pleasing touch. But I was about to learn that I didn't know Karl very well. I was about to find out that he is not a nice man.

He ordered me to my knees and I dropped down between his legs expecting to be ordered to suck his cock. To my dismay I learned that the blowjob would come later. He had something else in mind at the moment.

He leaned forward until his face was only inches from mine. He was still smiling, something between a pleasant smile and a nasty leer. It was hard to read him at the moment. But I was about to learn that his "pleasant smile" was a façade. His true nature was about to come out.

I thought he was going to kiss me. He reached behind my head and grabbed a handful of my hair in a firm grip. He tilted my head back slightly and suddenly, with absolutely no warning he spit in my face!

A large glob of warm spit landed on my cheek just below my eye.

I gasped, cried out in alarm and tried to pull away in shock.

He chuckled in amusement. That pleasant smile remained on his face. But he held on tight and I couldn't move.

I brought my hand up to my face to wipe away his spittle but he snapped, "Leave it! Put your fucking hands down and leave them down, cunt!"

I was very confused now. He still had that pleasant smile on his face. But when he snapped at me it sounded as though he absolutely hated me! I didn't understand. I had never been anything but a friendly neighbor in the few months since we met. He seemed like a very nice man whenever we spoke. But now he had me worrying that I was in the hands of a psychopath!

But despite my very real and apparently justifiable fear, I felt the sexual excitement in me growing at this horrible treatment.

I looked Karl in the eyes and whispered, "Why? Please, Karl. I'm doing what you want!"

With his free hand he began to slowly spread the spittle around my cheek. I stared into his eyes and for the first time I saw something dark in him that scared me. And yet, even as I recognized that there was something in this man to fear, my excitement continued to build.

In a soft, almost affectionate voice he said, "Open your mouth, Kari."

I slowly opened my mouth. I wanted desperately to fight him, to refuse. But I could not. I was unable to turn control of my body back over to my normal brain. A man had given me an order. I had to obey.

He still had that sweet smile on his face when he moved his lips close to mind and spit right in my mouth.

I gagged. I was disgusted by the idea of what he was doing to me. I suppose that I've done a lot worse things with my mouth lately. But this, this was over the top. I had never even imagined that a person might do this to another human being! And yet I could see that spitting on me was exciting him!

I shivered in revulsion and tried not to think of what other perverse acts might excite him. But at the same time I realized that I was experiencing a very strong desire to reach down and tease my own sex. It sickened me to realize it. But I knew that if I could rub my pussy while he was degrading me this way I would quickly reach orgasm. That knowledge almost brought tears to my eyes. But it was undeniable.

I continued to kneel there between his legs, held in place more by his order to kneel there than by his hand in my hair. My face was still turned up and my mouth still open. I was incredibly aware of that foreign glob of spittle resting on my tongue. I wanted to spit it back out. I certainly didn't want to swallow it or allow it to remain in my mouth. But I merely waited there mindlessly for him to tell me what to do.

And all that time he stared at my face, taking pleasure from my distress.

He had pulled back slightly to observe me, to take pleasure from my horror after the first time he spit in my mouth. Now his face neared mine again and when his lips were over mine he allowed a large stream of saliva to escape from between his lips and slowly drain into my mouth while he stared right in my eyes.

I continued to be horrified by what he was doing. He saw that and it pleased him. But he also seemed to sense that I was aroused. Somehow I knew that he was aware of it and that only served to increase the humiliation I felt.

He pulled his face back again and he ordered me to close my mouth. I felt his hot saliva in my mouth. There was no taste. But the entire concept was still making me feel ill. I obeyed, though. I slowly allowed my mouth to close while he smiled down at me.

He watched me in silence for a moment longer and then he whispered, "Swallow, bitch. Swallow it all, you nasty cunt. Let me see just how low a pretty little girl like you can sink."

When he spoke to me like that, when he gave me that disgusting order, I nearly had an orgasm without even touching myself. Yet at the same time I was so upset that I had to fight back the tears. I was almost certain now that I was losing my mind and I didn't want to be crazy.

I forced myself to calm down a little. I nearly choked on his spittle but I finally managed to swallow it. I know it was my imagination but it seemed like I could feel it all the way down to my stomach.

I lost the battle to hold back the tears. But it pleased him when he saw the tears begin to run down my cheeks. His cruel smile grew that much wider.

He pushed me out of the way and as I lay on my side at his feet he stood up and began to take his clothes off. I sat up and waited for my next command. I still felt the excitement that this kind of treatment brought to me. It didn't matter that I now disliked this man intensely. I still watched anxiously to see the cock that he was going to fuck me with, because I really needed to be fucked at that moment. I was disgusted with myself for feeling that way. But I couldn't deny the need.

I think I covered my initial reaction pretty well. But I was really disappointed when he dropped his pants and his jockeys and I saw his cock for the first time. Karl is a pretty big guy and I expected his cock to be large. But it was probably not four inches long! And it was not much bigger around than my thumb. I think I understood now why he was so cruel. He was compensating!

He watched me closely while he undressed. When he first dropped his underwear I somehow knew that he was watching my face for some sign of disappointment or derision when he bared his little cock to me for the first time. I will admit that I was disappointed. But I am sure that it didn't show on my face.

He ordered me back up on my knees and as soon as I complied he placed the tip of his cock on my lips. I took his entire cock into my mouth easily and I sucked it as eagerly as I could.

It was the easiest cock that I had ever had to suck on. It just barely touched the back of my throat on some of his more violent thrusts.

Karl may not have been blessed with size. But he certainly had stamina. He fucked my mouth for a long time before he pulled his cock free and pulled me to my feet. As soon as I was standing he grabbed my upper arm and pushed me down the hall ahead of him to my bathroom.

It appeared that he wanted us to take a shower together. He led me to the tub and ordered me to get in. He climbed in behind me but I was about to learn to my shame and my utter disgust that it wasn't a shower he was interested in.

I was a little surprised when he bent me over and began fucking me from behind. I thought it was a strange place to have sex. But what the hell, compared to his strange behavior in the living room a few minutes ago this was no big deal. If this is what turns him on I guess it was as good as any place else. It hardly mattered to me, except that in this position I could hardly feel his cock in me. He really needs to do his fucking in the missionary position.

He fucked me violently for a good ten minutes. I hardly felt it and I never got anywhere close to reaching orgasm. We had to stop several times when he got carried away and his cock fell out. I had to reach down each time and guide it back inside of me. But he finally stiffened up and cried out as he came with not much more than the head of his cock inside of me.

I waited for him to pull out of me so that I could stand up. I was getting tired of bending over like this. But he still had the head of his cock inside of me. It seemed to be getting soft, but it didn't seem to get any smaller.

He continued to slowly grind his pelvis against the cheeks of my ass and then he ordered sternly, "Don't you fucking move an inch, bitch. If you do I'll make you so fucking sorry!"

I still didn't have a clue. Not until I felt the wet heat in my vagina. At first I didn't know what it was, what was happening. I had never felt anything like it before. Then it hit me. The son of a bitch was pissing in me!

But that wasn't the worst part. Shortly after I felt my vagina filling up with hot urine I had my first orgasm. I grunted and my pussy clamped down on his little cock and I had an orgasm. I prayed that he wouldn't realize it. But I heard him chuckle and I knew that he did.

The hot piss filled me up and began to run out of me around his little cock. It began to stream down my legs and still he was pissing! And before he finished, to my ultimate shame I came again.

It finally stopped. His little cock fell out of me and the piss continued to drain down my legs. Karl reached for another handful of my hair and he pulled me around until my face was just over his soft, slimy, piss covered cock and balls.

I knew what he was going to order me to do next. I could smell the piss on him and I was sure I would vomit now. But when he gave the order I opened my mouth and took his stubby little cock between my lips and started sucking. He guided my mouth around, forcing me to lick and suck his balls clean. He even made me lick his thighs clean.

The bitter, acidic taste of his urine filled my senses. But more than the taste and the smells, it was the horror of this degrading act and the fact that I had twice achieved orgasm while he was pissing inside my body that upset me so. How fucking depraved had I become that I would reach orgasm because a man was pissing inside of me?! And why was I compelled to just stand there and permit it?!

When Karl was satisfied that he had degraded me enough to compensate for his little dick he stood me up straight, pointed the shower head at me and turned the water on.

I screamed when a strong stream of very cold water hit me right in the chest. I struggled to move out of the path of the water but Karl held me in place until the water was comfortably warm. Then we traded places and he ordered me to bathe him.

I shampooed his hair and then I washed his body with my body wash. When he was satisfied he stepped out of the shower and told me to clean myself up. I took a shower then, dragging it out as long as I dared before shutting the water off and drying myself.

I brushed my teeth and then went out to the living room, hoping to find it empty when I got there. No such luck. Karl was waiting there. But he was dressed and I hoped that he was preparing to leave.

He smiled when he saw me and got to his feet. He guided me back down the hall to my bedroom and went to my closet to select a dress. He looked through my clothes and selected a skirt and a sheer blouse under which, up until now, I had always worn undergarments. I wore them for a reason. My tits showed plainly through the fine, nearly transparent material.

He watched me dress. When I was ready he selected a sundress and ordered me to put it in a bag.

I wanted to ask him where we were going. This guy scared me and I really didn't want to go anywhere with him. It also made me nervous that he felt it necessary for me to bring a change of clothes. But I didn't ask. I knew that wherever we were going I wasn't going to like it. I also had to admit to myself that I would probably be excited and end up hating myself for it.

It was after eight in the evening when Karl picked up the paper bag with my dress in it and escorted me from my apartment. We walked down the block in silence and went down the stairs to the subway.

I was a mess by the time we got to the platform. I might just as well have been topless and my nearly naked breasts had attracted a lot of attention as we made our way to the station. The whistles and the crude comments still rang in my ears. I was deeply humiliated, and incredibly aroused. I didn't want to be turned on by this. I just couldn't help myself.

We waited by the edge of the platform until the train that Karl wanted arrived. We got on and I was once more an instant hit. Although nearly half the seats were empty we remained standing.

There were probably only twenty or thirty people on the car. I saw four couples and a few women alone. But most of the other passengers were lone males and they all seemed to be staring at my chest.

Shortly after the train started out of the station Karl said, "I think that blouse is too revealing, Kari. You are attracting too much attention. I guess you should change into the dress."

I honestly didn't think that he meant right at that moment. Perhaps once we arrived at our destination. But not right there in the center of a subway car where everyone was already staring at me.

But he smiled and said, "Come on. You don't want to drag it out too long or you'll still be naked when we get to the next stop. Take that skirt and blouse off and I'll give you your dress."

It wasn't a matter of giving in, of submitting. Once more I had no choice. I had been given an order. But I was not so far gone that I didn't want to scream in protest. I actually formed the thought in my head that I couldn't do this horrible thing. Yet even as I thought that I was unbuttoning my blouse.

Several of the people watching moved closer as I began to undress. Most just remained in their seats and stared in shock as I unbuttoned my blouse, took it off and handed it to Karl. There was no question in my mind that I had never been so embarrassed in my entire life. And I knew that it was about to get worse.

Only a couple of the people around us had heard his instructions to me. But even those people wouldn't realize that I had no choice. I wasn't doing this because I wanted to. He wasn't holding a gun to my head. But I couldn't stop myself.

I didn't bother to try to cover my breasts. As soon as I handed the blouse to Karl I unbuttoned my skirt and stepped out of it. I stood naked in the center of that subway car while Karl slowly folded my blouse and put it in the bag. Then he did the same thing with my skirt. It was a couple of minutes before he reached down into the bottom of the bag and handed me the dress he had picked out for me.

As I slipped my arms into the dress I was forced to listen to the crude remarks from the other passengers. But I didn't look up from the floor. I couldn't face them. I felt my face glowing. I knew that it was bright red. I was blushing so furiously that my face felt like it was burning as I buttoned my dress as quickly as I could with my shaking fingers.

I don't think I drew a breath from the time Karl ordered me to undress until I had the dress on. I exhaled loudly when I was once more wearing clothes. Then I became aware of how turned on I was. My mind flashed on the little fantasy I had of undressing or being undressed by a couple of men on the subway when I was on my way home from the office. I had just experienced that fantasy and I am ashamed to say that I was on the verge of having an orgasm.

But Karl wasn't finished. He grinned down at me and asked, "Did that turn you on, Kari?"

I sobbed quietly and admitted in an embarrassed whisper, "Yes."

In a conversational voice he said, "Good. Lift your skirt and show me how wet your pussy is."

I could feel every eye on me as I reached down and slowly lifted my skirt. I held it up around my waist and I saw his hand moving toward me. I groaned in horror because I knew what he was going to do.

I was right. His fingertips slid through my vulva and slipped easily into my dripping wet pussy. To make my humiliation complete I had an orgasm as soon as he touched me. My pussy clamped down on his fingers. I bit down on my lower lip to keep from crying out. But it didn't work. Even in that noisy subway car my muffled cry of passion was clear and loud.

He waited for my orgasm to subside. Then he removed his fingers from my pussy and placed them in my mouth for cleaning. While I sucked his fingers clean I was shocked to hear most of the other passengers start to applaud. That didn't make me feel any better.

We finally got to the next stop and I was so relieved when we got off of the subway. Our departure was cause for another round of applause and more than a few pleas for us to stay on the car.

I still didn't know where we were going. But I was so very thankful to be off of that car. Even though what Karl had just made me do had been a recent fantasy, it was not a fantasy I ever intended to live out and I was so embarrassed that my chest felt tight. I was afraid I was going to have a stroke at the grand old age of twenty-one!

We moved across the platform to wait for another train. When it arrived I saw the disappointment in Karl's face. There were only half a dozen men scattered around the car. When I saw the expectant look on Karl's face I knew that he wasn't finished humiliating me.

He pulled me onto the car and once more we stood, even though there were empty seats all around us. A couple of men followed us onto the car before the doors closed and the train started to move. We hadn't even left the station before Karl said, "You know, I think I made a mistake. I liked you better in the other outfit. Take the dress off."

Once again we were standing in the middle of the car. All of the other passengers were seated around us. Not because they wanted to be near us but because they were closer to the doors that way.

I groaned, remembering vividly how embarrassed I had just been on the other train. I'm not sure why, but I took comfort from the fact that I was the only woman on the car. It seemed like these things he made me do were more embarrassing when there were women watching.

I slowly unbuttoned my dress and let it fall from my shoulders. I quickly removed it and handed it to Karl. Once more I was naked on a subway car and surrounded by astounded men who were obviously enjoying the show I was being forced to put on.

There were a few gasps from my audience. But there were no crude remarks this time. I waited in an agony of mixed humiliation and incredible arousal while Karl took his sweet fucking time folding my dress up and carefully putting it into the paper bag.

While he was pulling my skirt out, one of the men sitting nearby asked, "How do you get a woman to do that? It's all I can do to get my wife to leave the lights on in our bedroom when we have sex!"

Karl smiled at the guy and, still holding my skirt in his hand he answered, "I'd like to take credit for training the bitch. But it wasn't me. She came this way. I just borrowed her from a guy that lives near me. If you really want to know you can give me your number and I'll ask him to call you. But to be honest, I don't know if he made her this way or if he just found out that she was already easy. He wouldn't say."

The guy looked at me and then at Karl. Then he shrugged and said, "What the hell. It's worth a shot."

He pulled out a small notepad and wrote his name and number down on the top page and handed it to Karl.

Karl slowly put the slip of paper in his pocket and finally handed me my skirt. I didn't even bother to hurry into it. What was the point? I had been standing there naked for nearly five minutes now. Everyone on the car was now familiar with my body.

I stepped into the skirt, pulled it up and buttoned it. When I finished he handed me the blouse. There was certainly no hurry to put the blouse on. It didn't hide anything from view.

While I was buttoning my blouse, Karl said to the man he had been speaking with, "Would you like to see her do a trick?"

A wave of despair washed over me, followed immediately by a shudder of arousal. I just couldn't separate the two emotions.

The man grinned in anticipation and answered, "Sure!"

Karl said, "The bitch will do anything I tell her. She hates it. But she can't help herself. And the more embarrassed she is the more excited she gets. If you order her to lift her skirt up and you stick a couple of fingers in her cunt she'll cum all over your hand!"

He couldn't pass up that that opportunity. He immediately ordered me to lift my skirt. I had no choice but to comply. Even though I had just stood there naked for five minutes it was still humiliating to lift my skirt in front of everyone that way.

But I stood there, holding my skirt around my waist as ordered. He grinned and sat forward in his seat so that our knees were nearly touching. He reached out and cupped my vulva, causing me to gasp in response to the touch of another strange man on my once private parts.

Then, with all of those men watching and enjoying my humiliation, he extended two large fingers and slowly inserted them into my vagina. And just as Karl promised, as soon as his hand was resting against my vulva my pussy clamped down on his fingers and I gave out a strangled cry of unwanted pleasure and had an orgasm.

Now there were crude remarks from the other passengers and several requests for a turn between my legs. In the next few minutes, while I sucked clean the fingers of the man who had just brought me to orgasm I felt myself being penetrated by two more strange men, each of whom offered me their wet fingers to clean afterwards.

To my intense embarrassment I had cum with each brief penetration. The only reason the other men, all of whom had begun to gather around closely for a better view, didn't get an opportunity was that our train pulled into the station that was our destination and I was ordered to let my skirt fall into place so that I didn't get Karl arrested with my slutty behavior.

## Chapter 4

Posted: May 25, 2009 - 10:52:16 pm

I made myself as presentable as possible considering the blouse I was wearing and accompanied Karl out of the subway station and down a quiet residential street. We walked for four long blocks before we reached our destination, a nice one family home on a quiet side street.

We went to the front door and Karl opened it without even ringing the bell. I followed Karl into the living room and stood, looking around nervously at the two men leering at me and ogling my breasts through the sheer blouse I had been forced to wear.

Karl pointed to the kitchen and ordered me to get undressed and go get him a beer. I wasn't even surprised. I quickly removed my blouse and skirt and hurried to the kitchen. I was in no hurry to return to the living room. But I didn't want to piss Karl off. I had to do what he told me, just like I apparently had to do what every other man told me to do. But Karl scared me after the way he had behaved in my apartment and I wanted to stay on his good side, if he had one.

While I was fetching his beer I heard him telling the other two men in the room about the things we had done before we left my apartment and then he began to describe the ride here on the subway.

I brought him his beer and stood listening to the disturbing tale while the three men gazed at my naked body. Karl finished his degrading description of my evening. I was surprised that he even included a detailed account of when he used my vagina for a urinal. I would have thought that he would be ashamed of that. Instead he sounded proud. What worried me was that his two friends seemed to find that particular perverse act amusing, too.

I know that it was predictable, but I was nevertheless dismayed that standing there naked, listening to Karl speak and his friends make comments I started getting very turned on and I found myself wishing that someone would do something to me. I had been forced to experience several very public orgasms on the way here this evening. But I still needed a good fuck after all of this humiliation. It was tearing me up that I felt that way. I was no longer surprised, though. After three days of reacting this way to humiliation I didn't accept it as normal, but I was no longer shocked by it.

One of the men, after listening to Karl tell them about the subway ride, exclaimed, "Fuck it! I know we agreed not to fuck her. But I just can't sit here and stare at her naked ass. I have got to at least get a blowjob from the bitch!"

Karl glanced at his watch and said, "Okay, but don't take too long."

I was disappointed when I heard him say that he wasn't going to fuck me. But I watched him open his pants and pull his hard cock out and I am ashamed to admit that I was so turned on at that moment that the idea of taking this man's cock into my mouth and sucking on it until he came in my mouth actually excited me. I'd never seen him before. I didn't even know his name! But without even being told to do so I took several steps and dropped to my knees at his feet.

I heard them snickering at me when they realized that I actually wanted to suck his cock. But it only added to the excitement that they had such a low opinion of me.

I gripped the base of the stranger's cock between my thumb and forefinger and leaned forward to take it in my mouth. I was feeling a little frustrated. I really needed his nice cock in my pussy at that moment. But I was quickly becoming an accomplished cocksucker and with experience came confidence. And apparently, with confidence came desire. Unlike the man whose cock I was sucking I was not going to have an orgasm. But I was still going to enjoy this. I had suddenly discovered that sucking cocks was an exciting thing to do, probably because when I was doing it now I was doing it for people I didn't care for or didn't even know so it was very demeaning.

I tightened my lips around this stranger's cock and slowly slid them down the shaft as far as I could, teasing him with my tongue as I did. He groaned in pleasure as my hot, wet mouth enveloped his cock. His head lolled back and he closed his eyes and hissed, "Yessssssssss! Suck that cock baby!"

I carefully worked the fingers of my left hand under his balls and teased them with my fingertips while my right hand went to work on the last couple inches of his cock. I plunged my mouth up and down his hard cock rapidly and it didn't seem like any time at all before he lifted his ass off of the chair and managed to choke out, "Aw Christ! Here it comes, cunt!"

I was becoming inured to the terrible taste of male ejaculate after only a couple of days of being passed around like a party favor. Between the men that had cum in my mouth and the slimy cocks that I was forced to suck clean I hardly noticed the unpleasant taste any longer. I waited for the man to finish cumming in my mouth and I swallowed his cum easily.

It was over for him now. But I needed to get fucked more than ever. I started to sit up but I noticed a few drops of cum I had missed clinging to the head of his cock. I leaned back down and licked them up. Then I sat up and waited to see what my next humiliating act would be.

I still didn't know what it was that these men were keeping from me. But I knew that something unpleasant was on their minds. And it was apparently going to happen any moment now. Karl looked at his watch and said to the third man in the room, "You better hurry if you want some of that. You only have a couple of minutes."

I quickly found myself between the legs of the other man and eagerly sucking on yet another cock belonging to another man whose name I did not know. And I desperately needed to be fucked at that moment!

But my needs were not important to anyone but me. I sucked the third man in the room to a quick orgasm and swallowed his cum easily. As soon as I straightened up Karl said to the first man I sucked off, "Dan, you better take her back and let her rinse her mouth out. It's time."

Dan got to his feet and pulled his pants back up. I stood up and waited for him to buckle his belt and zip them up. Then I followed him out of the room to a small bathroom. He waited for me while I rinsed my mouth out with water. Then he handed me a paper cup and poured a little mouthwash in it for me.

After I finished freshening my mouth he grinned and said, "You might want to wipe your pussy off, too. You really enjoy this shit, don't you?!"

I didn't bother to try to explain what I didn't understand myself. I used a moist towelette to wipe away the fluids that were glistening on my vulva and then we went back out to the living room.

I returned to my place in the center of the room and the men sat staring at me and waiting in silence for whatever the hell it was I was waiting for.

The doorbell finally rang and Dan went to answer it. I was standing with my back to the door. But I didn't turn to look. I somehow knew that whatever it was I didn't want to know about it.

I heard a brief, quiet conversation in the foyer and then footsteps. They paused behind me and then I was surrounded by three huge black men.

I gasped in shock. These men looked scary. They were three of the biggest men I had never seen and they were scowling at me in a way that was terrifying. They were all well dressed. They were wearing suits. But they looked like gangsters.

All of a sudden I could hardly breathe. They seemed to suck all of the oxygen out of the room. I stood there naked and helpless and I had never been so scared in my life.

The man in the middle was apparently the man in charge. Everyone else in the room seemed to defer to him. I noticed that Karl and his two friends seemed to be afraid of him, too.

He looked me over closely. The look of disdain on his face did nothing to reassure me. He didn't seem to have a high opinion of me. After what appeared to be a very close visual examination of my body he asked, "How long you been a whore, bitch?"

I gasped and exclaimed, "I'm not a whore!!"

He grinned and his two companions chuckled right out loud.

He ordered me to spread my legs apart. I wanted out of here. I was terrified. But I instantly spread my legs open. He reached out and inserted a finger into my pussy. His finger was larger than Karl's cock and it actually felt nice. I might have enjoyed it if I wasn't so scared.

He laughed as he moved his finger in and out of me. He turned to the man on his right and exclaimed, "Shit! The bitch is like a fucking swamp. She's tight though. She'll be a good fuck ... for a while."

The man who seemed to be in charge pulled his finger out of my pussy and stuck it into my mouth. After I sucked it clean he turned around and asked, "Which one of you guys is Karl?"

Karl got to his feet and nodded. The man who had probed my pussy took an envelope out of his pocket and tossed it to him. He said, "We have a deal. Get the bitch ready."

Karl stuck the envelope in his pocket and tossed my skirt and blouse to me. He ordered me to get dressed. I stepped into my skirt and blouse and he handed me the paper bag containing my dress.

Without another word the man who had just apparently bought me turned and headed for the front door. The other two men moved to either side of me and I was led from the room between them with a large hand on either arm.

I wanted to fight them. I wanted to scream and cry for help. I wanted Batman to swoop down and take me away from here. Instead I was led outside and into a limousine like a lamb to the slaughter ... except for the limousine part. They don't take lambs to slaughter in block long limos.

A man was standing by the passenger door of the limo. Just before we got there he opened the door and the four of us got in. The driver, a tall, skinny white guy, shut the door and went around and got in the driver's seat.

Before he even started the car the guy in charge pulled his large cock out of his pants and spread his legs. He looked at me, waiting expectantly. I didn't want to make him mad. So I didn't wait for the order. I knew what he wanted.

I was lying on the floor at his feet. That was where his two goons had dropped me when we got in. I got to my knees and moved into position between his legs. His cock wasn't quite as large as Gordy's in the mailroom. But it was impressive.

I had never seen a black one before. I never thought that I would. I stared down at it for a long moment and then bent down and began to lick it. It was still soft, which made me nervous. But as I kissed and licked it and then took it into my mouth it hardened quickly. I was relieved that it didn't grow much larger. It just became as hard as steel.

While I struggled to please him with my mouth and my hands one of his goons lifted my skirt up over my ass and I was disgusted with myself when I realized that I was hoping that one of them would fuck me. I was terrified and incredibly humiliated. And so I was very aroused.

One of the men behind me played with my pussy for a while, even filling me up with a couple of large fingers. But the only one that was going to have an orgasm on this ride was the man whose cock I was sucking.

I couldn't even get half of his cock in my mouth and from the look on his face he wasn't very satisfied with my performance. But I used my hand on the remaining two thirds of his incredibly large cock and after about twenty exhausting minutes he grabbed my head and lifted his hips, wedging the fat head of his cock at the entrance to my throat.

I began to gag and choke as a huge amount of cum shot out of the end of his cock and straight into my throat. But I was totally helpless. He held me in a firm grip and though I struggled to pull away he shot all of that crap into my throat.

He finally let me lift my head away and struggle for breath. But he maintained his iron grip on my hair and as soon as I was able to breathe he slapped my face so hard I saw stars.

He yelled, "What the fuck was that, you stupid cunt! Look at that mess! If you got any of that shit on my pants I'm going to beat you until you can't stand up! Clean that fucking mess up. Fuck! Worthless fucking whore!"

First I had to scoop up the twin streams of cum that had escaped through my nostrils when I was choking. He watched me with a look on his face that left me wondering if I was going to see the sunrise. I timidly scooped up the mess on my face and shoveled it into my mouth. I swallowed quickly and began to lick up the puddles of bitter cum that had escaped from my mouth and were scattered around his hard, muscular stomach.

As I worked with my tongue to clean him I nervously examined his clothing. I was so relieved when I didn't see any wet spots on his clothes that I almost cried.

When he was satisfied he pushed me away roughly and I fell to the floor at his feet. He was still putting his clothes back in order when another hand gripped my hair and I cried out in pain when one of the goons pulled me into position between his legs.

There before me was yet another oversized black cock waiting for me to drain it. I was starting to get tired but I wouldn't have had the nerve to plead for a little recovery time even if I could. Even under these brutal conditions I was helpless to do anything but obey. As I dipped my head down and began to work on this next huge phallus I wondered if there were any limits to my recent pathological need to obey any order a man gave me.

My mind began to wander, in self defense I think. The second man was even more demanding than the first. He kept a tight grip on my head and worked it up and down on his large cock as if he was trying to force his cock into my throat. It was very painful but when I couldn't stand it any longer and tried to resist his friend grabbed my arms from behind and held them so that I was totally helpless.

By the time the second man was finished with me my face was covered with tears and I was convinced that something in the back of my throat was damaged. I feared that I might have lost the ability to speak.

But at long last the second ordeal ended. He didn't shoot his cum straight down my throat. He pulled back a little and after my arms were released I finished him off with my hand. He shot all of his cum, and there was a great deal of it, into my mouth. I was forced to taste it all and then swallow it with a great deal of difficulty.

At least this time it didn't shoot out of my nose and there was no mess to clean up.

I was saved, for the moment at least, from having to move on to the next man. The car pulled up in front of a large, dark building in an area of town that I didn't recognize. We got out of the car and I looked around nervously. We were in front of a building with no signs or lights on it. But I could hear the faint sound of music coming from inside.

I turned around and saw that the parking lot in front of the building was packed. All the other buildings in the area were dark and quiet. It was all pretty scary.

The driver closed the door and moved the car to a nearby parking spot. We went to the large metal door that seemed to be the only way into the building.

One of the goons pushed a button and after a brief pause the door opened. I instantly learned that I had been wrong about hearing music. It wasn't music, it was rap!

And Christ was it loud!

The man who was in charge of me now had a brief, whispered conversation with the man that had opened the door for us. Then he nodded to the goons and they led me through another door into a packed club.

I looked around and was not reassured when I saw that I was almost the only white person in the room. The room was full of black men. Some had black women with them. A larger number had one or even two white women with them. The only other white faces were the naked women dancing on stages around the room.

I couldn't even guess at the size of the crowd. It was a large room and it was packed.

I was led through the room and I attracted a lot of attention as I moved between the tightly packed tables. There were a lot of comments as I was led through the crowd. I didn't understand most of them. But it was easy to tell from the tone of their voices that the things they were saying were crude and of a sexual nature.

I was led to an empty stage against the back wall. The two men led me up onto the stage and we stood facing the crowd. I was so scared that I was seeing everything through a red haze. But I began to notice things as I waited to find out what fate awaited me. I noticed four men with large, professional looking movie cameras on the stage with me, already recording.

I noticed a large scoreboard on a stand against the wall, the kind you see at a sporting event.

The man who had apparently paid Karl for me came on stage after several minutes. When he did the painfully loud rap stopped assaulting my ears and for a moment I could even hear the loud crowd that was beginning to gather around the stage.

The man who apparently now owned me held up his hands and the crowd gradually grew silent. Once the room was quiet the man announced, "Gentlemen. As you know, we are going to try for the world record tonight. I have secured the services of a fresh young college graduate, twenty-one year old Kari French who moved to our fair city just a few months ago and still doesn't know what she is here for. She is not a whore and she is not getting paid to do this. I haven't fucked her yet. But I stuck a finger in her and I can assure you that she has a nice, tight little pussy. And the carpet is as red the drapes in case you can't see the cunt's bush from where you are standing."

There was a lot of snickering from the audience and someone yelled out, "Show us, man! Let's see what the bitch looks like!"

My owner, I don't know what else to call him, turned and nodded to the men holding me and they absolutely destroyed my blouse and skirt as they shredded them violently and tore them from my body to the cheers from the lust driven men in the audience.

Suddenly my subway ride with Karl this evening paled by comparison to this ... whatever this was. I was now naked in front of a huge audience. I was scared to death. And I was still waiting to find out what world record I was going for. Whatever it was I knew I wasn't going to like it.

The man quieted the audience again and said, "Alright men. It's going to be a long night. I need you all to be patient. Remember, it's free to fuck the bitch. If you want to get a copy of the movie you can pre-order it from any of employees in the club. Once it is available you can pick it up here or you can have it sent to your home. I'm sure your old ladies will get a kick out of that!"

There was more laughter and then he said, "Remember, you can fuck her in any hole and you can fuck her as often as you like. But don't hog the bitch. I want everyone to get a chance. And every time you get off in the bitch, make sure you go over and notify the scorekeeper."

I was just about to faint. The only thing keeping me on my feet was the two men holding my arms.

Someone brought out a padded table and I was lifted onto it. Straps held my arms in place and a thick leather strap went around my stomach. There were padded rails supporting my legs but my legs weren't restrained. My head hung down at the other end. There was a pad supporting the back of my head to keep it in place while the men fucked my mouth.

Now that everything was clear I was experiencing true panic for the first time in my life. But even if I wanted to finally resist my horrible fate, I was restrained and helpless now. I knew, though, that I would not resist. Even this I would not resist. I had no choice but to do what these men wanted. And even now, even at this ultimate indignity I found myself becoming aroused. For just a second, thoughts of suicide flashed through my brain. What remained of my normal brain did not want to live like this. I wasn't sure that I could live with myself even if I survived this.

The men in suits stepped back and the cameras came in for some close-ups before I got all messed up. From the conversations of the cameramen I learned that one of the cameras was providing a live feed to the internet and a huge audience was paying to watch me get gang raped by a building full of black men.

Before the rapes started I saw two young, naked, white girls standing against the back of the stage. They were watching me and smiling and joking. They didn't look any older than fifteen or sixteen. I had to wonder about the way they so obviously found what was happening to me amusing.

Then it started. I felt someone moving into position between my legs. He lifted my legs and held them against his chest as he edged forward and walked his long black cock into me. I was so wet down there, and I had needed a cock inside of me for so long that it was very pleasant, despite these horrible circumstances. But I knew that the pleasure would soon fade and this would become torture.

I couldn't see the man that was raping my pussy. My head was hanging down over the other end of the table and I was watching a man unbutton his slacks and pull his soft cock out. Two of the cameras came in for a close-up when he placed the head of his cock against my lips.

I opened my mouth and his cock slid inside until it hit the back of my throat. I had been so brutalized in the car on the way over here that I didn't even gag when his penis bottomed out in my mouth.

His cock began to grow long and hard. But unlike my new owner it was of normal proportions and it wasn't so terrifying. And he wasn't even very violent ... at first.

But the men who had gathered around to watch and wait their turns were not satisfied and had to egg him on. I heard someone call out to him, "Come on, motherfucker! That's not your fucking ol' lady. Fuck the bitch!"

He was apparently easily influenced. He rested his hands on my tits and squeezed. Then he began fucking my mouth as if it was a true sex organ. The first few strokes were very painful. But then his cock struck the back of my throat and kept going. The pain was excruciating. But I couldn't even scream.

He stopped for a few seconds with two or three inches of his cock down my throat. The crowd got a big kick out of it and they were very vocal in their praise of him. Shit! All he was doing was fucking my mouth. I was the one in all the pain!

I tried to turn my head away, to get free of that pole of flesh that was invading my throat on every down stroke now. But I was unable to evade him and whenever I got close he clamped down on my nipples with his thumb and finger and the pain was so bad I could almost forget about what he was doing to my throat.

The man that was fucking me must have finished. I didn't even realize that he was cumming. I heard a bell ring and out of the corner of my tear filled eye I saw a big red "1" go up on the scoreboard. There was a cheer from the audience. But it meant little to me. Someone else had already taken his place.

A moment later the man fucking my face finally reached orgasm and quickly stepped aside. I saw another big red "1" light up the second scoreboard as the second man in line started sliding his cock between my already swollen lips and straight down my throat.

It took a while for me to get my breathing under control as the men fucked my throat. It was easier once I stopped crying and could breathe through my nose. It was easier, it was never easy. Even after my throat grew numb from the constant raping cocks driving straight past the entrance it was never easy.

They turned the painfully loud rap back on after the first two men had finished using my helpless body and as much as I hated it the primitive rhythm gave me something other than the hard shafts of black cock that were plundering my body to concentrate on.

The next big hurdle came the first time that one of men decided he wanted to fuck my ass. The first three or four rapists had all taken my pussy. The sad thing was that I was in so much pain and distress from lack of air due to the oral rapes that I couldn't even enjoy those first few fucks before it started to hurt me. But it became an entirely new form of torment when the fourth or fifth man to rape me pulled his cock out of my pussy and began to force it into my ass.

It seemed to make the horrible experience even worse that because of the cocks in my throat I couldn't even scream. After every few men finished raping me one of the young girls would clean my body with a warm, damp cloth. It was soothing at first and I looked forward to it. But after a while I didn't even feel it.

I know that I passed out several times during that long procession of callus rapes. But unfortunately I was conscious most of the time. After a while, though, my mind could no longer handle the abuse and it would wander off on its own.

Sometimes the bell off to the side would ring when there was no one fucking my throat and I would look up to see the numbers on the scoreboard getting larger. They didn't seem to have a meaning for me though. I was no longer sufficiently aware of my surroundings to connect those large, red numbers to the number of men who had raped me.

My ordeal lasted long into the early morning hours. The club closed and they shut the music off. But a large number of the customers remained, waiting in line to take part in setting a world record for rape.

By the time it finally ended I was long past worrying about the damage they were doing to my body. I had stopped wondering if I would ever be able to talk again and I had stopped worrying that my pussy and my ass would never close again. I stopped thinking at all. I even stopped wondering how they could possibly find this amusing. My conscious mind pretty much just curled up in a corner of my traumatized brain and hummed a little tune.

I don't know what time it was when the ordeal came to an end. There was a cheer from the few remaining men and the man who had paid for me and brought me here made an announcement to the cameras, proudly reading off the numbers of rapes I had survived. If I had in fact survived. I wasn't sure that I had.

The two young girls, looking bored to death, cleaned me up one last time and the two goons helped me to sit up on the table. I cried out in pain when they pulled me to a sitting position. My pussy and my ass were numb. But my stomach felt like someone had been using it for a punching bag.

I couldn't stand. They had to hold me up to put my dress on me and they carried me out to the limo. I don't remember the ride to my apartment. I remember being carried to my door. I guess that Karl had put my purse in the bag because they had it and one of them dug my keys out and unlocked my door.

They carried me inside and dropped me on my bed. One of them looked down at me and shook his head. I heard him say to the other, "Shit! I shoulda fucked her in the car last night. I sure ain't gonna touch that shit now!"

I heard their derogatory laughter through a haze of pain and sleep deprivation. I told myself that as soon as they left I would go to the bathroom and take a hot bath, and I might have felt better if I had. But I was out cold before they left the room. I never heard them leave.

The sky had been getting light when they carried me inside. So I was confused when I finally awoke and it was dark. I looked at the clock on my nightstand and the fact that it was nearly nine in the evening only confused me more.

My mouth was dry and sore and my throat was burning. I started to get up to get a drink and take something for the pain but when I moved I realized how much pain the rest of my body was in. I cried out involuntarily. But there was almost no sound, nothing but a frog-like croak.

The various parts of my body began checking in and I wondered if I could make it to the emergency room or if I should just dial 911 and hope they would come to investigate when no one spoke into the phone.

I tried several times to speak, to utter just one word. But I couldn't.

I noticed that my wrists were black and blue from where I had fought against the restraints. There were also bruises around my waist where I had rubbed against the strap restraining my body when I fought to get free. But the worst of the pain was centered in my lower abdomen. My vagina and my anus both felt like someone had poured acid inside of me.

I hurt so much that I couldn't even sit up to examine the damage. I lay there and cried silently, certain that I would never be the same again. I didn't even begin to gather my strength until the hate began to build. It wasn't until I started focusing on getting even with Karl and the anger grew to the boiling point that I was finally able to move around a little. But even then I couldn't sit up.

To make matters worse, I heard my front door open and close and I think that it was pretty safe to assume that someone else was coming into my apartment to rape me. That was, after all, the only time anyone came here.

I listened to the footsteps as they neared my bedroom door and I began crying helplessly again. I knew that I was unable to defend myself. Whoever was about to enter my bedroom could do anything that they wanted to me.

I looked up through tear filled eyes and saw Karl's friend Mark enter my bedroom. He stood at the door and although I couldn't see him very well through my tears I could just make out his face. I heard the genuine concern in his voice when he asked quietly, "Are you alright?"

Based only on the sound of his voice I began to hope that he wasn't here to hurt me.

In response to his question I was only able to whisper, "No."

He came over to my bed and I heard him utter under his breath, "Jesus Christ! What did that son of a bitch do to you?"

But he didn't wait for a response. He said, "Hold on, Kari. I have something in my apartment that will help with the pain. I'll be right back."

I stopped trying to struggle to my feet and collapsed back onto the bed. I didn't know Mark any better than I had known Karl. But the concern in his voice gave me hope that I could trust him. It was an unusual feeling. I hadn't been able to trust anyone for a long time. I fell back on my bed, helpless to do anything else and waited for him to return.

He returned with a large glass of ice water and a bottle of pills. He sat beside me and handed me the water. I sipped it carefully and oh so gratefully. It hurt like hell, but if I was careful I was able to swallow small sips.

He held up the little plastic pill bottle and said, "These are some pain pills the doctor prescribed for me when I hurt my back moving some equipment at work. They might make you a little loopy. But they really work. Do you have any drug allergies?"

I didn't know if I did or not. The only prescription pills I've ever taken were birth control. But I didn't care. I needed something. I shook my head and he handed me one of the pills.

It took me several tries. But I was finally able to wash it down with some of the soothing ice water.

After he took the ice water from my hand he asked, "Do you need to go to the bathroom?"

I nodded.

He helped me to my feet. I noticed that the pill wasn't working yet, not that I expected it to that quickly. But I was afraid that if I didn't get to the bathroom soon I was going to embarrass myself.

With his support I was able to make my way to the bathroom. He put me on the toilet and while I sat there letting my bladder drain, Mark began filling my tub with hot water and bubble bath.

I sat on the toilet until the bath was ready. He helped me up and then he picked me up effortlessly and slowly lowered me into the bathtub. I didn't trust myself to speak. But after he dropped to his knees beside the tub and brushed my hair out of my face I took his hand and kissed it. It was the only way I could thank him at the moment.

He stayed there, holding my hand and talking to me quietly while I soaked. He explained that he ran into Karl earlier this afternoon. The son of a bitch was bragging about how much money some guy had paid him to obtain my services for the world record gangbang that he wanted to film.

Mark said that he had knocked on my door a few times this evening to check on me but there was no answer. This last time he was getting really worried so he checked and found my door unlocked. He came in to see if I was alright.

Between the pill and the hot bath I was starting to feel a little better. I tried to speak again. I was finally able to say, "Thank you."

It sounded awful. My voice sounded scratchy and throaty, almost masculine. But I was able to speak.

I said it again. "Thank you." Then I added, "I thought I was going to die. I honestly thought I was would die last night. Maybe it would be better if I had."

He ignored that last comment and began to wash me gently. I kept crying softly and then getting control of myself again. Finally he said, "It's okay, Kari. If anyone earned a good cry it's you. Let it out."

It was like I just needed permission. I stopped holding back. I covered my face and cried piteously while he sat up and wrapped his arms around me and held me. I hardly knew him. But for some reason I began to feel safe in his arms.

I started thinking about how nice he was. I couldn't remember the last time I had met a nice guy. But then I remembered what had been done to me. And he knew about most of it. He was nice. But no man is going to be able to deal with the knowledge of what I had just been through. I'm not sure that I'll be able to deal with it. I finally met a nice man and there was absolutely no chance that it could go anywhere. Isn't that just my luck!

He waited until I had calmed down a little. Then he drained some water from the tub and refilled it with more hot water. I relaxed while he finished washing my body. When his hand moved down under the waterline his touch became even more gentle. He said, "Let me know if I hurt you."

But it didn't hurt. It actually felt pretty good as his hand moved over my traumatized body. He finished up by washing my hair. Then, while I let the conditioner soak in I asked him what Ian had told him about me that day when he had seen me naked in the hallway.

He shrugged and said, "He was pretty secretive. He said some pretty derogatory things about you. He hinted that he had some power over you but he wouldn't say what it was. He told Karl and me that we were free to stop by your apartment whenever we wanted and have sex with you. He promised us that you would do whatever we told you to do. I wasn't interested. I mean, you are beautiful and sexy. But there was just something about the way Ian was explaining things to us that gave me the idea that you didn't really want to do the things he was making you do. I'm not a big fan of rape."

I kissed his hand again and held it against my cheek. I wished that he had come to my apartment yesterday evening instead of his buddy Karl. I was pretty certain that I was ruined now. And god only knows what diseases I was infected with last night in that club.

Mark finally got up and said, "Come on. Let's get you back in bed."

He drained the tub and helped me to my feet. I was surprised at how much better I felt. I was still in a lot of pain. But I didn't feel like a grenade had just gone off in my belly or like I had sandpaper in my pussy when I moved.

He ran the shower and I rinsed off quickly. Then he helped me out of the tub and dried me off. It wasn't until that moment that I started feeling self conscious about him seeing me naked.

I know. That was totally inappropriate. He had seen me naked before and he had seen me naked for the last hour or so. So many men had seen me naked in the last twenty-four hours that I couldn't even count them. But I was really starting to like Mark and it made me sad that with what he knew about me we could never have any kind of relationship.

I put my robe on. Mark tried to get me back into bed but I had been in bed for fifteen or sixteen hours. And between the pill he had given me, the hot bath, and the moving around I was starting to loosen up and feel better.

He followed me out to the kitchen and helped me into a chair. He insisted on making some soup for me and I was grateful. I was even more grateful after I ate it. It really seemed to soothe my throat.

I spread my robe open and tried to examine myself when he was out of the room for a moment. I was scared to death of what I was going to find when I examined my pussy. But except to note that my labia seemed to look like they did a couple of days ago I couldn't really see much. My stomach hurt so much that I couldn't bend over yet.

Mark came back into the room and saw what I was trying to do. I saw him and quickly covered myself with the robe. But he came over and said, "Let me look. I won't bite ... this time. Not until you are feeling better."

I was ashamed, but I stopped trying to push him away. I needed to know how much damage there was. He dropped to his knees and carefully examined my vulva and then opened me up with very gentle fingers.

I couldn't watch. I was too embarrassed, and too afraid of what he would discover. I was startled when I felt his warm lips on my mound. When I opened my eyes he was smiling up at me reassuringly. He finally said, "Whatever it was they did to you, you apparently survived it intact. I don't see any signs of damage. Of course, I'm not a gynecologist, darn it. I think that you should see one just to be on the safe side. But you look to me like a normal young woman. None of your internal organs are hanging out."

I laughed for the first time in what seemed like a very long time. Then I bent down carefully and put my arms around his neck. I hugged him and said, "Thank you. Thank you for being so nice. I wish you had come to my apartment instead of that asshole friend of yours last night."

Mark shook his head and said emphatically, "Karl and I are not friends! I talk to him when I see him around and we sometimes hang out at the pool together because we are neighbors. But there is something wrong with that guy. He has always made me a little uncomfortable."

I sat up and ran my fingers through his hair. I looked down at his kind, handsome face regretfully and said, "I wish I had known how nice you were before all this happened to me. I think that we..."

I couldn't finish that thought. But he knew what I was thinking. He took my hands in his and looked up at me. He smiled and said, "Maybe I'm not as shallow as you think I am, Kari."

I smiled through my tears and said, "You are sweet, Mark. But you don't know what has happened to me in the last three days. Hell! I don't know what has happened to me in the last three days! But there is something wrong with me now. I don't mean just that horrible rape last night. All of a sudden I can't say no to anyone. Whatever a man tells me to do, I have to do it. And what is worse, the more humiliating it is, the more degrading it is, the more excited I seem to become. I can't figure out why I am this way now. I have wracked my brain for something that might have happened. I know that I wasn't drugged. I have never been hypnotized in my life. I just suddenly changed a few days ago from a normal woman to a ... god! I don't even know what I am now."

Mark stood up and then leaned down and kissed the top of my head. He said, semi-seriously I think, "I don't know, Kari. You sound like the perfect woman to me!"

I chuckled along with him. But then, more seriously he said, "Don't worry. We'll figure it out."

He rinsed out my soup bowel and then he helped up and we went into the living room. He sat down on the couch with me and held me in his arms and once more I was aware of how safe I felt there.

I had to keep fighting back the tears when I thought of all the terrible things that had happened to me in the last few days. I knew that those things were going to be a barrier that he couldn't get across.

Mark is a nice guy and it's wonderful that he is helping me like this. It seems like a very long time since anyone has done anything nice for me. But the things that I have done, and the things that were done to me last night, those things made it impossible for us to be any more than friends. And that was so sad. Because now that I was getting to know him a little better I found that I was quickly growing fond of him.

It didn't hurt that he was the first man in a long time to be nice to me. On second thought, it did hurt. I desperately wished that I could turn back the clock and make it so that those things hadn't happened. I really wished that I had a chance at a relationship with this nice guy. There seem to be so few nice guys in the world.

We sat there for a long time. He held me and we talked a little. I noticed that he kept checking his watch and that made me feel sad. But I understood. I said, "You don't have to stay, Mark. I appreciate what you have done for me. You've really helped. But I know I'm not much fun to be around and after what they've done to me I know you probably feel uncomfortable. Thanks a lot for all of the nice things you did for me. But I'm alright now. You can go home."

He sighed and asked, "You aren't really a blonde in disguise are you?"

I looked up at him, trying to figure out what he meant. He smiled and said, "I was just looking to see if it was time for another pill. I'm not going anywhere. I kind of like sitting here with you like this. I like having you in my arms. You are a good fit."

I started to speak but he put his fingertip to my lips and said, "And nothing that has happened to you in the last three days concerns me."

It was nice of him to say that. But of course I knew it couldn't be true.

He took his arm from around my shoulders and said, "I'll be right back. I left the pills in your bedroom. Would you like something besides water to drink?"

I shook my head and watched him walk out of the room. He was back with a pill and a glass of water in just moments. I took the pill and he sat back down and put his arm around me again.

I turned my head and kissed his cheek. He turned to face me and tried to kiss me. I turned my head away and shook my head. I wanted to kiss him. But I couldn't, not after last night. I buried my face in his shoulder and tried to explain, "No, Mark. You don't want to kiss me. I'm ... I've ... I'm sorry, I can't even explain. It was so awful. If you knew you wouldn't be here with me."

He squeezed me tighter in his arms and turned my face up to his. He held my chin in place and kissed me lightly on the lips. Then he said, "I have some idea. Karl was bragging about it. Apparently he watched it on the internet. He offered to make me a copy of the DVD when it arrives. Kari, do you think that I blame you for what happened to you?!"

I sighed and responded, "No, Mark. God you are so sweet! No, I don't think you blame me. But you know about it and you will always have that knowledge in your head. How could you look at me now and not think about that?"

He smiled and said, "My only response to what they did to you last night is guilt. I am embarrassed by my gender. I feel like I should apologize to you. I feel guilty about something else, too."

I looked at him, wondering what he could possibly feel guilty about. He had been nothing but a perfect gentleman.

He blushed and said, "When Ian told us some of the things you did, some of it kind of turned me on. I'm sorry. I know that you are suffering. I know that you were taken horrible advantage of and you have been terribly abused. But when he told us about your little shows in the subway, it kind of excited me. I thought it was hot that you were giving his kid a sex education, too. I'm sorry. I would have thought I was a better man than that. But that was my honest reaction."

I laughed and was relieved that it didn't hurt when I did. He looked at me, thinking I was laughing at him I suppose. I blushed and rested my head on his chest. Then I admitted, "It turned me on, too. I didn't seem to have a choice. But god! I had to rush home after I flashed those guys in the subway so that I could masturbate. I didn't even wait to get undressed. I was too turned on."

Then I groaned in embarrassment and said, "God! I can't believe I told you that!"

He kissed the top of my head and after holding me for a few more minutes he said, "Why don't you come and stay with me for a while. I won't molest you. Or at least I won't unless you want me to. But I can protect you from Karl and Ian. I am going to have a talk with both of them and I think I am going to kick Karl's ass just for the hell of it. But still, I'll feel better if I am there to keep them away from you."

I felt a comfortable warmth close around me at his generous offer. But it wouldn't be fair to him. I replied, "I appreciate the offer, Mark. I know you mean it. But I'm not your cross to bear. The smart thing for you to do is go ahead with your life and smile and say hello when you see me around. Thanks to your kindness, and your wonderful pills, I'm beginning to think that I'll recover from what those people have done to me. But there are still those mental images, things that Karl told you that you could never forget. And I still don't know why I behave the way that I do now. You certainly can't trust me if I can't trust myself."

He chuckled and said, "Let's see if I can address your comments in order. First of all, I'm an atheist, I don't bear crosses. Second, you are quite welcome. I'm not in the habit of drugging women, but what the hell. Whatever works for us."

"I think we already addressed the problem of your recent sexual history and how I feel about it. Some of it turned me on. I can't help it. You know how men are. The rest of it, well, I am sorry that it happened to you. I guess there is a flaw in my character because I still can't seem to think of you as damaged goods. I'll try harder if you really want me to. But it's going to be a problem because I just don't think like that."

"I think we both have come to the conclusion that Ian is responsible for the recent change in your behavior. If I can refer you back to the recent statement that 'you know how men are, ' I am not all that upset that you would have to obey me if I told you to do something. I suspect that we will be able to get the truth out of Ian, one way or another. But I'm not sure how much of your behavior I'd want to change. I hope that doesn't piss you off."

"Lastly, if you have somehow been conditioned to a point that you have no free will when a man tells you to do something, why is it that I am having such a hard time convincing you that I like you as more than just a next door neighbor? What do I have to do, order you to love me?"

Love?! Did he just say love? It occurred to me that what he felt was affection, sympathy, a desire to protect me. He couldn't possibly love me. But was this a place to start? Could this become love? The potential for a relationship like that with this man was exciting. Because I already thought that he was the nicest man I had ever met.

I had to force myself to be realistic, though. Except for the sweet way he was treating me this evening, I didn't know him any better than I did Karl. And I thought Karl was a decent guy up until last night.

But Mark seemed so genuine, so sincere, and so honest. Of course I knew next to nothing about him. I didn't know how old he was, where he was from, what he did for a living, if he liked animals, if he drank too much. I knew too little about him to justify the feelings that I was starting to have for him.

He answered one question, though. He said, "Listen, I'm not a big fan of television. Do you have any board games? I assume that you are going to want to stay up for a while since you just slept all day."

That was something we had in common. I watched very little television.

I appreciated his offer. But the truth is, between his drugs, which had indeed made me a little loopy, and the warm fuzzy feeling that I was getting from nestling here in his arms, I thought I might be able to get a little more sleep tonight. And I didn't think that it would be fair of me to keep him up all night. I thought that I had a better idea.

I squeezed his hand and said, "I'd like to make you a counter offer. Would you like to sleep with me tonight? Tomorrow is Sunday. We can sleep late and spend a leisurely day together. I can't offer you anything but sleep. Not until I have recuperated a little. But I think I'd like to lie in your arms tonight and we can discuss living arrangements in more depth tomorrow."

Mark smiled and said, "I think I'd like that, a lot. Let me get a few things from my apartment and I'll be right back."

He took his arm from around me and I missed it immediately. He stood up and started for the door but stopped suddenly. He turned around and I saw that he was embarrassed about something. He smiled self consciously and said, "I ... um, I don't own any pajamas. I normally sleep in the nude. I'll have to sleep in my underwear. Is that okay?"

I laughed and responded, "No. If you are afraid that I'll run screaming from the room when I discover that you have a penis, I'm afraid I'm past that. I suspected all along that you had one. Honestly, Mark. I don't have a problem with you sleeping in the nude. It will make things easier when I'm feeling better and in the mood to sexually harass you. And I really don't want to be alone tonight. I know that I don't know you very well. But I know that you are nice and I am sure I can trust you. And I know that I like you. Hurry back."

After Mark left I got to my feet and walked around a little. I don't know if it was the pills he gave me, the passage of time or my body's natural powers of recuperation, but much to my surprise I was feeling a lot better. Not well, but better. I went down the hall and brushed my teeth. I returned to the kitchen and got another glass of water. Then I went to my bedroom and made sure it was neat and there was nothing embarrassing lying around.

The anguish came when, from force of habit I went to my dresser and just as if my ordeal was over now I tried to select a pair of panties to wear to bed. I could not bring myself to pick out a pair of underwear. And I knew that I would not be able to wear them if I did.

I sat on the side of my bed and cried when it was brought home to me that there was still something wrong with my brain. I was still wired to obey sexually demeaning orders from men.

Mark showed up a few minutes later and came back to my bedroom. He saw that I had been crying and asked what was wrong. I got up and took the change of clothes that he had brought with him and hung them in my closet. I finally turned and explained what had just happened.

He smiled and took me in his arms. He held me tight and in a lighthearted voice he said, "From what I've seen you don't need underwear. And you looked pretty damned hot without it. But don't worry. We'll figure this out."

I kissed him and then I began undressing him. I could see that it made him uncomfortable and for some reason that made it easier for me. If he had been leering and acting immature about it I would have had second thoughts. But it was obvious to me that his major concern was for me and he was afraid that it was too soon after what had happened to me for us to become so intimate, even if we were not going to have sex tonight.

I drew a lot of confidence from his attitude. I quickly stripped him down to his jockey shorts. His cock was not hard. But it twitched and reacted to the fact that a nearly naked woman was undressing him. I suppose that I would have been upset if he didn't react to me. I wasn't bothered at all that he did. I was amused that he was having such a hard time controlling his reaction. And I was flattered. This involuntary reaction pleased me. It was proof that he found me attractive and I needed that.

He tried to stop me before I removed his jockey shorts. He insisted that he could sleep just fine in them. But I ignored his protests and slid them down and off.

I remember the first few times that I had seen a male sex organ. I wasn't impressed. It took me a while to get used to them. You might think that after what I endured last night I would have developed an aversion. I guess my rapidly developing feelings for Mark had a lot to do with it, but I actually found his naked body very appealing, very sexy. His cock wasn't huge. It wasn't hard so I didn't know what it was capable of becoming. But it had a nice clean look about it that attracted me. He didn't have a lot of hair. He was circumcised. His penis wasn't covered with prominent veins or twisted or bent. It was just a nice clean cock.

I wondered for a moment if he would be upset if I pushed him back on my bed and started sucking it. Then I almost laughed out loud. I had never before wondered if a guy would be upset if I offered to suck his cock!

I did lean forward and kiss it. I heard his sudden intake of breath and I thought about it again. My lower body was still tender. And my throat was a bit sore when I swallowed. But I knew that I could suck his cock without a lot of discomfort. And I realized that I wanted to. I actually wanted to suck his cock!

I thought that spoke well for our potential relationship. But I had enough things in my recent past that I wanted him to forget about. I thought it best that I avoid giving the impression that I was a sex maniac. At least I wanted to avoid it at this early stage in our relationship.

I pulled the covers back on my bed and I got in on my side and got comfortable. I used to wear a sleep shirt and panties to bed. But since Ian had forbidden the use of underwear I now slept in just the sleep shirt. But not tonight. Tonight I went to bed naked. I was a little self conscious. But he had already seen me naked. Hell, a little over an hour ago I had spread my legs so that he could look inside of me!

We cuddled up together. He put his arms around me and pulled me close. He kissed my shoulders and my neck and said in a soft voice, "I'm so sorry, Kari. I wish I could make all of this go away. You don't deserve this. I promise you, though; I am going to make it go away. And I am going to make it up to you."

I squeezed his arms and said, "You are doing just fine, Mark. But you are already doing the one thing that I need right now. You are sweet and you are so nice, so sincerely compassionate. That is a rare quality and I feel lucky to know you. Thank you."

I checked to make sure that my alarm was turned off. I turned out my light and turned on my white noise machine and settled down to go to sleep in his arms.

I felt him stiffen when he heard the sound of surf. He exclaimed quietly, "What the hell is that?!"

I chuckled and explained, "I used to have trouble sleeping. Craig loaned me his mother's white noise machine. It works like a miracle. It's better than a sleeping pill!"

Mark didn't say anything for a few minutes. Finally he asked, "You got this from Craig, Ian's boy?"

There was something in his voice that caught my attention. But I replied quietly, "Yes. I told him once that I had trouble sleeping and he said that his mother had used it and it worked well for her."

Mark asked, "How long have you been using it?"

I told him that I had been using it for several months now.

He got up and came around the bed. He turned on my light, picked up the white noise machine and examined it. Then he asked me if I had any tools.

I told him where to find the small canvas bag under the kitchen sink where I kept a hammer, a wrench and a couple of screwdrivers. He came back and sat on the side of my bed. While he was out of the room it suddenly struck me that he had probably figured out in an instant the answer to the question that I had been groping with for days.

I watched him unscrew the bottom of the little appliance and carefully remove the plastic cover. I knew nothing about electronics or small appliances. But even to me it was obvious that someone had altered the device. There was a small gadget spliced into the wiring.

Mark examined it closely and said, "I think we have discovered what brought about the changes in your personality. This is the guts of a small, digital recorder. I am willing to bet you a kiss that this thing has been sending subliminal messages to your brain all night long for three months now."

I said, "You win."

He furrowed his eye brows and I explained, "The kiss. You win."

He leaned down and kissed me. Then he said, "You probably were not the reason he went to all of this trouble. Not that you aren't worth the effort. I suspect that he probably put this together for his wife. They split up. She probably didn't turn out to be the sex fiend he was attempting to program her for. Or maybe she did and he couldn't handle it."

I sighed, more than a little embarrassed and replied, "Maybe she didn't, but I did."

He laughed and said, "Yeah. But you are such a cute little sex fiend."

Then he asked, "Well, now that we've solved that mystery, do you want me to put this back together and plug it in for you?"

I laughed and replied, "I'll leave that up to you. How easy do you want me?"

He put the machine down and took me into his arms. He kissed me, but this time it was a lingering kiss, a real kiss. I held him close and we kissed for a very long time. When we finally pulled back from the kiss I was crying like a baby and I'm not even sure why. I was mad at Ian for causing all these strange changes in me and the problems that they caused in my once simple life. I was furious with Karl for the horrible thing he had done to me. I was happy because I was falling in love with Mark. And I was scared, because I didn't know how he could love someone who had been through what I just went through. I was also afraid because I didn't know how to change back into the person that I used to be, the real me.

Mark held me for a while. He seemed to know what I was thinking. He finally answered my question. "A little easy would be nice."

I laughed again. He did seem to have a talent for saying the right thing. And we seemed to have our weird sense of humor in common.

I smiled and said, "We can discuss whether or not to plug that back in tomorrow. Come to bed."

I waited for him to come back around and get in bed and then I did what I wanted to do since I undressed him. I slid down and began to kiss his beautiful cock.

I saw his body stiffen and he exhaled sharply. But then he reached down and gently lifted my head away from his cock. He drew a deep breath and said, "When you are feeling better I would love to finish this. But I can wait. You have been victimized by a lot of men in the last few days. I don't want to be one of those men. I think you are special and I want this to have a chance to last. I like you, a lot. I want to see where this is going."

As soon as he said that my heart rate nearly doubled. I smiled and said, "You could not have phrased that more perfectly. Now take your damned hands away from my head. I have been thinking about this since I undressed you. I want to do this. If I didn't I wouldn't be down here. Those men that have been taking advantage of me all had one thing in common. They told me what to do. Or they just did what they wanted to do to me. You haven't done that. You are more concerned about me than you are with having an orgasm. That turns me the fuck on! Now lie back and enjoy yourself. If you ever do something that I think you should feel guilty for, don't worry, I'll let you know. It's what women do."

He chuckled. But he finally gave in and fell back onto the bed. I placed my lips against his nearly fully erect shaft. I teased him with my lips and the tip of my tongue for a few minutes. I finally got to see his cock fully erect. It was worth the slight effort it had taken. It was nowhere near the largest cock that I had seen lately. But it was a cock to be proud of. It was about seven inches long, maybe a little longer. It was fat enough at the base that my thumb and the tip of my middle finger didn't quite touch when I wrapped my fingers around it. It was smooth and clean looking. It looked like something Michelangelo might have created.

I bathed it with my tongue for a few minutes and then I wrapped my lips around the tip and slowly pressed them down the shaft. I never intended to take his cock into my throat. Quite the opposite, after last night I never intended to take another cock into my throat. But it slid into my throat so easily. There was no pain and no effort at all. It was almost an accident!

Mark's reaction warmed my heart. He was definitely not taking me for granted. He swore loudly and his head came up off the pillow. He stared down at me in astonishment and when he saw that I wasn't in distress he shook his head and said, "Oh my god!"

I began to work my mouth and throat up and down his shaft. While I did that I moved one hand over is hard, firm belly. My other hand gently teased his balls. I could look up and see the ecstasy on my new lover's face and it turned me on more than I could ever have imagined.

After several exciting minutes he groaned and said, "Kari, I'm going to cum," my only response was to speed up.

He moaned and said, "Kari ... Kari it has been a long time. Maybe you should..."

My response was to moan in pleasure around his hard cock and pull back so that his cum went into my mouth and not down my throat. He tensed up and began to shiver and I felt my mouth filling up with cum. He must not have been exaggerating. It must have been a very long time. I had to struggle to keep up as he filled my mouth as fast as I could swallow.

His orgasm finally tapered off and I remained there, resting comfortably between his legs with his cock in my mouth. I rested my cheek on his belly and we stayed like that for a very long time. I think I could have fallen asleep like that!

But after several minutes he said, "You know, I have learned that there are times when an orgasm has analgesic effects. If you have a cold it can calm a nagging cough for a few minutes. It can divert your attention if you have a tooth ache or if your back hurts. It can take your mind off of just about anything that ails you, at least for a little while."

With that he reached down and gently guided me back up beside him. It wasn't until he began to move down, kissing his way down my body, that I realized that he meant that an orgasm might make me feel better. I thought he was referring to the one that I had just given him.

I thought about everything that my body had been through last night, all of the strange men who had raped me violently. I didn't want him to put his mouth on that part of my body. Not yet. Maybe someday, but it was too soon. I thought too highly of him to permit that.

But he ignored my protests and continued to kiss his way down my body. I had to admit that as the hormones began rushing through my brain I was discovering that he was on to something. I hardly noticed the pain any longer.

I made one last attempt to talk him out of it before he pulled my legs apart and stretched out between them. Then I lay back and held my breath, fearing what would happen when his lips reached my pussy. He had examined it closely out in the kitchen when I was worried about damage from the abuse I suffered last night. But this was different. He was about to look at me a hell of a lot closer. He was about to taste me. What if there was some nasty vestige of the abuse I had suffered last night? I couldn't stand that.

But if there was something there that didn't belong he didn't notice it. I started to relax after he had explored my pussy with his lips and tongue for a minute or two and seemed to be enjoying what he was doing. I have to admit that my fears were fading fast. He was very good at what he was doing and I was really enjoying it.

I was certain that I would not be able to achieve an orgasm tonight, and probably not anytime in the near future. That was just one more thing I was wrong about. His loving attention and gentle touch began to drive me closer and closer to an orgasm very quickly.

I reached down and grasped one of his hands. I squeezed it tight and bit my tongue to keep from telling him that I loved him. But I thought it.

I was almost afraid to have an orgasm. So much of my lower body had been in such terrible pain. But I guess he knew what he was talking about. I felt my body tensing up and there was almost no pain at all when I dove over the edge into a wonderful orgasm. I cried out and totally lost control until my orgasm released me from its grip and I was finally able to unclench and go limp under my sweet lover.

He continued to lightly kiss me on my thighs and all around my vulva and we held hands lovingly. I started crying quietly. But this time I knew why. It was a good cry. I was crying because suddenly I realized that my life had been turned around by this wonderful man in only a couple of hours. I couldn't say it yet. But I did love him.

He saw the tears and sat up. He moved up beside me, took me in his arms and said, "I'm sorry. I wanted to make you feel better. I didn't mean to hurt you. Why didn't you say something?! I'm sorry, Kari."

He kissed my face while I pulled him close and admitted, "You didn't hurt me, silly. I feel better than I have ever felt in my life. You were right, orgasms make good cough drops. I'm sorry, Mark. I'm not usually a weak, crying female. Or at least I never was before. I guess it's hormones or something. No. That's a lie. I'm crying because you make me happy. I'm crying because you are my hero. Now don't make me say anymore or I'll say something I shouldn't and scare you away. I don't want to do that."

He smiled at me and I felt my heart skip a beat because something in his eyes said that he knew what I meant, and he felt the same way. It could have been my imagination. It could have been wishful thinking. But I don't think so.

We kissed again, leaving something unsaid that now I'm sure we both were feeling. I turned onto my side and he nestled in behind me and pulled me close against his body. His hand cupped my breast tenderly and that was how we fell asleep. That was also how we awoke the next morning.

## Chapter 5

Posted: May 25, 2009 - 10:52:16 pm

I awoke early the next morning. I had slept nearly all day Saturday and all of last night. Between all of that sleep and that wonderful orgasm he gave me I felt almost fully recovered in the morning.

I lay there in the darkened room just before dawn and thought about Mark. For the moment the sexual harassment at work, the way I behaved on the subway, even the time I had spent with Ian and Craig were no more than slightly disturbing but strangely exciting events in my past. Karl and the people he had sold me to were another matter. I had to force myself not to think about that slice of hell from my recent past. I couldn't deal with that. Not yet. Not now.

I preferred to lie here with Mark's arms around me, his hand cupping my breast, and his cock nestled in the crack of my butt and listen to his deep, even breathing. I was in no hurry to start the day. Cuddling up to him here like this was just so pleasant. When we got up there would be problems to solve, decisions to make. This was nicer.

It was probably another hour before I began to detect a change and I realized that Mark was waking up. I waited to see what he would do before I spoke. What he did was very nice. He gently kissed my neck and my shoulder and then lay quietly, apparently under the impression that I was still asleep.

I put my hand over the hand that was cupping my breast and said, "Unless you have something else in mind, Sunday is the one day of the week I make a big breakfast. How do you like your eggs?"

He pulled me tighter against his body and asked, "Are you sure you feel like cooking? I can cook and I'd be more than happy to prove it."

I replied, "You are a guest in my home and you have been taking care of me since you got here. I feel just fine. And it would make me happy to make you a nice breakfast."

He laughed quietly and said, "Ooh! Snippy! I could just order you to let me cook your breakfast you know."

I answered, "Yes, you could. But maybe you should save your wishes for things like, 'take off your clothes' or 'let's fuck, ' you know, important things."

He kissed my shoulder and said, "I like my eggs sunny side up. I'll give you a head start in the bathroom. But don't dawdle because I don't think you'd like me as much if I started to wet the bed."

I sat up reluctantly and said, "Let's do it this way. I'll go start coffee while you use the bathroom. Then I'll come back and use the bathroom. We can take a shower and get dressed after breakfast."

He said, "Sounds like a plan. I'll hurry."

I went to the kitchen and started coffee in the nude. I don't usually spend much time in the nude when I am home alone. But for some reason I didn't feel any special urgency to get dressed. I was so preoccupied that I didn't realize at first that except for some miner tenderness in my butt I wasn't in pain! I felt great!

Once the coffee maker was doing its thing I started back to the bathroom. Mark was coming in my direction wearing his shorts and t-shirt. He stopped me and took me in his arms. We kissed and then he said, "You certainly are beautiful in the morning. I'll be right back. I'm going down the hall to get my Sunday paper before the neighbors steal it."

I used the toilet and then I brushed my teeth. I put on a pair of loose shorts and then thought long and hard about what kind of top to wear. I didn't want to look too sloppy. I wanted to be attractive, sexy but not obvious. But it needed to be casual and understated.

Unfortunately, whatever it was that met those criteria I didn't own it. I ended up putting on a loose fitting, midriff baring crop top. The only place I had ever worn it was as a cover up when I went to the small pool behind the two buildings of our tiny apartment complex. This was the first time I ever wore it without my bikini bra under it. I looked at myself in the mirror and I was pretty sure that Mark would like it.

Mark did like it. I could tell by his smile when he looked up from the Sunday paper and saw me. And considering what I have been through lately I was pleasantly surprised by the warm feeling I got when I saw his face and knew that he thought I was pretty and sexy.

I made breakfast and then we spent most of the morning doing the crossword puzzle in the paper. Then we had a light lunch and began to get to know each other better.

I learned that Mark owned his own small business. He was still struggling, mostly because it was hard to find the right people to work for him so that he could expand the business smoothly without compromising customer service. He had designed a few innovative metal fabrication techniques and patented the machines and the processes and his business was becoming very well known. He was getting inquiries from around the country now. He was nervous about that. He wasn't sure that he was ready. But he didn't feel like he had a choice. He summed it up by saying that by the end of the year he would either be filthy rich or unemployed.

He may have been nervous about his future. But he impressed me. I admired so much about him. He is incredibly intelligent. He is ambitious and not afraid to take reasonable chances. He is also level headed and seems to be keeping everything in perspective. His sudden success wasn't going to his head.

I learned where he was born and raised and where he had gone to school. I learned about his political views. I already knew that our views on religion were similar. We discussed goals, personal goals as well as business goals and we talked about what we were looking for out of life.

It turned out that despite his well ordered business life, his personal life was more haphazard. He wasn't sure what he wanted or expected in that area. It was important to him that his wife, should he ever find her, be intelligent and patient with a good sense of humor. But he didn't have some idealized version of "the perfect woman" that he pictured in his mind. He wasn't looking for a cookie cutter wife, two kids, and a picket fence. In other words, he didn't know who he was looking for, but he was pretty sure that he would know her when he found her.

I was even less specific. I had only one goal. I wanted to find a good man, fall in love and live happily ever after. I didn't tell him that I was beginning to think I might have found the man. Not just because we still had a lot to learn about each other. I didn't tell him because I didn't want him to run from my apartment in terror.

Although the subject had been serious we had been doing a lot of laughing and joking and the mood was light. But that all changed when someone knocked on my door. We had been putting off a couple of confrontations that needed to take place today. The odds were high that one of them was about to take place now.

I started to get up to answer the door but Mark waved me back into my seat. He got up and went to the door. I guess that neither one of us was surprised when he opened the door and saw Karl standing there.

Karl seemed a little disappointed that I wasn't alone. But he smiled and asked Mark, "Do you mind if I come in? The bitch has three holes, no waiting."

The smile never left Mark's face. But he moved so fast that Karl never saw it coming. I didn't either. I was shocked when Mark punched Karl in the face with all of his might.

Karl fell back and would have fallen on his ass if Mark hadn't caught him by the lapels and pulled him into my apartment. He brought his knee up and caught Karl right in the groin.

Karl screamed like a girl and collapsed onto the floor, holding his crotch in both hands and gasping for breath through his mouth because his nose was obviously broken.

Mark stood over him, waiting. The smile was gone from his face. It would be hard to describe the look that had replaced it. But if he was looking at me like that I would be terrified.

He waited until Karl tried to speak. It took a couple of minutes. Finally he stuttered, "Wha-wha-what the fuck?! W-w-why the hell... ?"

Mark bent down and grabbed Karl's lapels again. He drew his fist back and I thought sure he was going to hit him again. So did Karl.

Karl screamed and covered his face. He yelled, "Don't hit me again! You broke my fucking nose!"

I suddenly realized that I was standing up. I don't remember getting to my feet. I was poised to break them up. I didn't care about Karl. But I didn't want Mark getting in trouble.

Mark snarled, "You filthy low-life bastard. How much money did you get from that fucking pimp?"

The look on Karl's face changed immediately. It went from a mixture of terror and confusion to a mix of guilt and furtiveness. The weasel in him was coming to the fore.

Mark saw the change and said, "You fucking pervert, I'm still trying to decide between killing you and just putting you in the hospital. I have never hated anyone in my life as much as I hate you right now. And I think you know in the back of your pea sized brain that I could put you down right now and no fucking jury in the country would convict me once they heard what you did to that girl. Now answer my fucking question. It was not rhetorical."

I saw the gears turning in his head. He was trying to figure a way out of the situation in which he suddenly found himself. But I think that he was afraid of making himself look worse by discussing the money.

Mark started to draw his arm back again and Karl stopped trying to think. It must have been an ordeal for him. I don't think he did it often. He cried out, "TEN! He gave me ten thousand! But I gotta take her back because she is supposed to dance in the club and turn tricks in the back from now on."

His voice trailed off as he heard how awful what he was saying sounded.

In a deadly calm but terrifying voice Mark said, "You are going to give her the money. She suffered for it. I don't care if she throws it away. You are going to give her ever penny of it. And if you ever speak to her again they will find what remains of your body floating out to sea the next day. You have my solemn word on that. Look in my eyes, Karl. I have never been more serious in my life. That was not an empty threat."

Karl whimpered in fear and said, "But if I don't take her back to that club he is going to want his money back. Jesus, Mark! That guy is bad news. He'll kill me!"

Mark snapped, "You should have thought of that before you sold her to some fucking pimp. Whatever happens to you, you've got coming. Where's the money?"

The weasel look started coming back over Karl's face again. Mark must have been losing patience. He slammed his fist back down into Karl's face.

Karl screamed and covered his face again. Then he whimpered, "It's in my apartment! Christ! Stop hitting me!"

Mark pulled Karl to his feet and pushed him out into the hall with his arm twisted up behind his back. For the first time we noticed several of our neighbors standing outside my door, staring at the two men in shock. Mark ignored them and pushed Karl down the hallway ahead of him.

He was back in a couple of minutes with an envelope full of money. I closed the door behind him and ignoring the envelope I took a look at his hand. There was a lot of blood on it and I tried to pull him into the kitchen so that I could clean it up and assess the damage.

Mark shook his head and said, "I'm okay. I think all of that is Karl's. But we need to have one more confrontation. We might as well do it now and get it over with while the adrenalin is pumping."

I asked, "Should I bring the machine?"

Mark shook his head and we went across the hall to Ian's door.

I knocked. I think that Ian must have been standing behind the door listening. He paused for a moment, but I could see movement through the peephole and I knew he was on the other side of the door.

He finally opened the door and looked at us with a nervous smile on his face. He asked, "What was all that commotion?" as if he didn't know.

Mark answered, "You know damn well what all that commotion was." He pushed past Ian and I followed him in.

Ian was still trying to act innocent. Mark put an end to that when he said, "We found your recorder. I imagine that it has your voice and your fingerprints on it. So cut the innocent act and sit down. We want some straight answers or you are going to get some of what Karl just got."

Mark looked up and said, "You might as well come in here, Craig. You are a part of this too."

Craig came into the room. He was blushing furiously and it was obvious that he would rather be somewhere taking a beating than in this room with us. I didn't say anything. But I thought that at least he was nice enough to be embarrassed about what he had done.

He came in and sat down near Ian. He stared at the floor and in a quiet voice he said, "I'm sorry, Kari. When I offered you the white noise machine I didn't know that thing was in it. That doesn't excuse what I did later. But I didn't plan it. It just kind of happened. And dad didn't even know I gave it to you until last week."

To be honest, I know enough about men, and boys, to know that once they start thinking with their dicks they can't be trusted. I honestly didn't blame Craig for taking advantage of the situation when his father made him that offer that he couldn't refuse. It would be nice if our species had evolved beyond that sort of behavior. But I doubt very much if most fifteen year old boys would not have done the exact same thing that Craig did.

Ian was a different matter. If he had just had sex with me and kept his mouth shut that would have been one thing. But he had sex with me, gave me to his teenage son, and offered me to Karl and Mark.

The funny thing is that the only one that turned down his offer was the man I was falling in love with!

Mark didn't say anything to let Craig or Ian off the hook. He probably believed that they had every right to be ashamed and feel bad. But we had an ongoing problem here. My mind was still under the influence of those subliminal suggestions. And although we hadn't tested it out, it seemed that knowing it didn't make a difference to the way I reacted. I could still feel the tug of those compulsions to do things like flash men on the subway. I still felt the need to let men control me.

No one had given me any orders since we found the device and figured out what was going on. But I found myself having the same reactions to the same stimuli that affected me before I found out why was acting this way.

Mark turned to Ian and said, "We need to find out what was on that recorder. What kind of shit have you planted in her mind? And how do we counteract it?"

Ian blushed and said, "I have the script that I read from when I programmed it. I'll give it to you. But I don't know how to undo it. My wife was a frigid bitch. I wanted to get even with her for making my life hell. That was why I rigged that thing the way I did. But she left us before it had an effect on her. I never bothered to find out how to undo subliminal suggestions. Hell! I didn't know if it would even work!"

Mark glowered at him and said, "Get the script."

Ian got up and left the room. He was back a few minutes later and he was blushing even more than Craig. He was scanning the script as he entered the room. He handed it to Mark and said, "I'm sorry. You might understand if you knew my wife."

Mark shot him a look that made it obvious how disgusted he was with Ian. Then he looked at the script for a moment. I watched his eyes scan the paper and then he looked back up at Ian. He said, "You retrieved the machine a couple of days ago. What did you add that isn't on here?"

It looked like he was going to deny that he had altered the script at first. But he saw in Mark's face that he was already skating on thin ice. He turned and left the room. When he returned he was holding another piece of paper. It was obvious that he really didn't want to give it to Mark.

He was even redder now than the first time he came out of the back. I was curious to see what it was that could be that much worse than the original suggestions.

Mark reached out and grabbed the paper out of his hand. He glanced at it and his face started to look the way it had when he was beating on Karl.

Ian backed up suddenly. But he just looked down at the floor and said, "I'm sorry."

Mark seemed to be at a loss for words for a moment. Finally he asked incredulously, "Why would you do this to her?!"

Ian just continued to blush furiously. He shrugged and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Mark got to his feet and Ian backed up a little farther. Mark looked at him in disgust and said, "Relax, Ian. You aren't worth the effort."

Ian slumped down into a nearby chair. Mark helped me up. As we turned to leave Craig said again, "I'm sorry, Kari. I wish ... I don't ... I'm sorry."

I looked down at him. He looked like he was going to cry. I really didn't blame him for what he had done. But I was disappointed in him. He had been my only friend here for months. I went over and put my hands on his cheeks. I squatted down and said, "That was a terrible thing to do to a friend, Craig. I guess I can understand how you got swept up and just went with the flow. But I thought that you were better than that."

The tears were pouring down his cheeks. He sobbed, "I thought so, too. I can't explain what came over me. I'm so sorry."

I guess I knew what came over him. He was a teenage boy with a hard on. Hormones came over him. His father asked him if he wanted to get laid and that was where conscious thought ended. I understood. But even so, I wasn't sure that I could forgive him. Not for a while. It was different with Craig because I thought he was my friend.

Mark and I returned to my apartment. We went to the kitchen and sat at the table. I could see that Mark was uncomfortable. He was gripping those two pages of smut in his hand and even though he knew that I would need to see them, he was reluctant to give them to me. That in itself was scary.

I stared at the papers. They were sitting face down on the table. Neither of us spoke. I was just about to reach for them when I noticed Mark's hand. It was covered with drying blood and I was still concerned with how much damage he had done to his hand when he slammed it into Karl's hard head.

I got to my feet and said, "Come on. Let's clean that hand up. I want to take a look at it."

I think he was going to tell me that he could take care of it. But he didn't want me to see the nasty suggestions on those papers. He wanted to protect me from something from which he couldn't possibly protect me. Those suggestions were already implanted. I needed to know what they were. Then we had to find out how to get them out of my head.

But then, who knows. We might want to keep some of them.

I led Mark to my bathroom and carefully washed his hand. His knuckles were red and they were tender. But I was relieved to see that the skin wasn't broken. And the knuckles weren't swollen so I didn't think he had broken anything.

I smiled up at him as I dried his hand on a towel and said, "My hero! Now, shall we go back out there and decide which of those subliminal suggestions we want to keep?"

Mark lifted my chin with his fingertips and looked into my eyes. He said, "That's twice you've said that, Kari. I'm not a hero. I'm just a normal guy. Sometimes I'm not even a nice guy."

I looked him right in the eyes and exclaimed, "Bullshit! You had the same opportunity that all of those other men have had to take advantage of me. You not only didn't, but when you found out what they did to me you stepped up and started trying to put my life back together. And when Karl started gloating about what happened to me Friday night ... oh god, Mark! Any other man in the world would have had nothing to do with me after that horrible night. I don't know why you are different ... no, not different, better. I don't know why you are better, but you are. You may not wear tights and a cape, but you are my hero."

He kissed me and held me in his arms for several wonderful minutes. Then he said, "My tights and my cape are in the laundry."

I started laughing, but not so hard that I couldn't punch him.

We went back out to the kitchen. It was a little early still. But before I looked at those papers on the table I was going to need a glass of wine. I poured us both a glass. I didn't even know if he drank wine. But if he didn't I knew it wouldn't go to waste.

I joined him at the table. He was reading the script that Ian had used to program his wife and then me. It was a full page long. How many different perversions could he have programmed me for?!

He shook his head and handed me the top sheet, the one with the suggestions that had been programmed into my head for the last few months. Before I looked at it I said to Mark, "I was always skeptical that this subliminal suggestion stuff actually worked. I guess I'm a believer now."

He nodded and took a sip of wine. I saw his expression change when he tasted the wine. I smiled and said, "Give it a chance. It grows on you. And it's cheap."

I took a sip from my glass and then I looked at the single sheet of paper in my hand that had such a profound effect on my life. It was just a list of short statements. There weren't even that many of them. But they were repeated over and over. I almost laughed out loud. Was he too stupid to just read to the end and then go back to the top of the page?!

But then I noticed that they weren't repeated exactly. There were minor changes in subsequent statements. I didn't know if it made a difference. The first line said, "You must do whatever a man tells you to do at all times."

Farther down the page, when the list of statements began to repeat it was altered slightly to say, "You must to whatever any man tells you to do at all times."

The next time that instruction was repeated it said, "You must do what anyone tells you to do at all times."

That same pattern of slight alterations was repeated throughout. For instance, the next statement said, "You feel comfortable wearing revealing clothing in public."

When the line is repeated further down it is altered to say, "You feel compelled to wear revealing clothing in public."

Another example was, "You become very excited when men look up your skirt in public." That was changed to say, "You feel compelled to allow men to look up your skirt in public. Doing so arouses you."

There were statements to induce a need to perform oral sex. I was also programmed to enjoy group sex. But the one statement that was repeated most often in one form or another was that being, embarrassed, being humiliated, being degraded, these things excited me most of all. Every third or fourth statement pertained to that.

I should have been outraged. I guess I was a little. But the embarrassing thing was that reading these statements was turning me on. And when I started getting embarrassed I started becoming even more turned on!

There was no question that the programming had taken. I read down the list and I had experienced nearly all of the things that he had programmed into me.

I looked up at Mark. He was watching me. I blushed and slumped down in my seat. I hated to admit it to him. I wanted him to like me more than I had ever wanted anything. But he had to know. I think he already did. I felt like crying when I held up the paper and admitted, "It worked. I react just the way he programmed me to react. I feel what he wanted me to feel. I think what he wanted me to think. These things are in me, they are a part of me."

I started crying finally and through my tears I said, "I'm sorry, Mark."

He lifted me out of my chair and put me down in his lap as if I was filled with nothing but air. He held me close and kissed my ear. Then he whispered, "Have you decided which ones you want to keep? We should compare our lists."

I couldn't help it. He knows just what to say. I laughed so hard I had trouble breathing! I buried my face against his neck and when I could speak I said, "I'll let you decide. I must do whatever any man tells me to do at all times you know."

We kissed again. I know that we had joked about it. But the truth is there had been a lot of excitement in my life lately. I didn't necessarily want it all to end. But I didn't want to jeopardize my budding relationship with Mark either.

On the other hand, from his half kidding remarks earlier, I think that he didn't want me totally deprogrammed either.

We were quiet for a moment before I said, "Mark, it's good that we can joke about this. And I don't want to put you off. But some of this, some of the things that I have done, they do turn me on. Does that bother you?"

He smiled and reminded me that he had said the same thing. Then he admitted that he wasn't kidding. We kissed and as we kissed I brought one of his hands up to my breast. As his hand closed around it I moaned into his mouth and said the thing I had been trying so hard not to say since last night.

"Oh, Mark! I love you!"

I didn't mean to say it. Suddenly I was terrified. I sat up and saw that he was about to speak. I quickly put my fingertips over his lips and hurriedly said, "I'm sorry! Don't speak! I didn't mean to say that. Please, Mark, don't..."

He suddenly snapped, "Be quiet!"

And of course I had to. I had to do what a man told me to do.

Then he smiled and asked, "What did you mean when you said you were sorry? Does that mean that you didn't mean what you said?"

I slowly shook my head and said, "No, Mark. I meant it. I didn't mean to say it out loud. I don't want you to think..."

He smiled and finished my sentence, "That you love me?"

I felt like an idiot. And I didn't have the slightest idea what to say to him. But the cruel bastard finally let me off the hook. He pulled me close again and said, "I know you love me. I see it in your eyes. It makes me feel warm all over. And just so that we are both clear on where we stand, I love you, too. I suppose us heroes always fall for our maidens in distress."

I attacked him then. I kissed every inch of his face and neck and I guess he didn't hate it because I felt something moving under my ass. He finally gripped the sides of my face, putting an end to what could only be called a fit of hysterical kissing. He held my head still and then we kissed in the more traditional way. The kiss went on and on and became very heated. His hand returned to my breast, this time with no urging from me.

We reached a point that I couldn't take it anymore. This hugging and touching and kissing was wonderful. But I wanted more. I sat up and said, "Let's go. I think I left something you want in the bedroom."

He chuckled and said, "No. Not yet. I can't believe I just said that! But we still have some serious talking to do. And I think that it is too soon after what you went through to be getting your bones jumped."

I shook my head and said, "No! It isn't too soon. I feel fine. My bones feel fine. I need to be bone jumped!"

He laughed and held me tight. I moaned in frustration and said, "Soon, if you behave yourself."

I put my hands around his throat and squeezed lightly. I nearly screamed in frustration and said, "You fucking tease!"

He smiled and said, "That's the thing about heroes, we have strength of character."

He was kidding. But he was telling the truth. He did have strength of character. Every minute I knew him he impressed me more. And even though I knew it wasn't possible to be this much in love with someone I hardly knew, with every passing minute I loved him more.

He said, "We should check out the internet and see what we can find on subliminal suggestions."

I got up and got my laptop and we started looking. The results were very inconclusive. Some sites claimed that subliminal suggestion didn't even work. I knew those sites were wrong. I was proof of its effectiveness.

Some sites claimed that it depended on a number of variables such as the method the message was delivered, the duration the subject was exposed to the message, and the subject's susceptibility to that sort of programming.

We came away knowing very little that we didn't already know. And nothing we read told us how to reverse the programming. It was pretty frustrating.

Mark sat back after a while and pursed his lips thoughtfully. He looked at his watch and said, "I have an idea."

He pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number. While it was ringing he said to me, "I'm calling Gregg Collins. I went to college with him. His brother is a psychologist here in the city."

The phone was answered and Mark said, "Hey, Mouse! It's Mark. Is Gregg doing anything important?"

A minute later he was explaining our strange set of circumstances to his friend. They talked for a long time. They talked about me and my strange situation first. Then they spent a few minutes catching up since they apparently haven't talked in a couple of months. They finally hung up and I asked, "Mouse?"

He grinned and replied, "It's a long story. Gregg is going to call his brother and see if he knows anything about the subject. He'll get back to us. But it may not be tonight. That brings up another problem."

I waited to find out what the other problem was. He pushed his chair back, picked me up and placed me in his lap again. I was really impressed that he could do that with such apparent ease. He didn't even grunt!

He said, "You are still under the control of those suggestions Ian has coded into your brain with that fucking machine of his. Do you really think you should be going to work like that? We have been honest about the fact that we are ... entertained, by some of the possibilities. I might normally look forward to you coming home and telling me what perverted things you were made to do at work or about flashing horny old men on the subway. Even a hero can have a dirty mind. But when you can't say no there are no limits. That can easily become very dangerous."

I shrugged and asked, "What else can I do? I have to work."

I was quiet for a minute and I realized something about the way I felt when he suggested that I not go to work. I blushed and looked down at my hands. Mark reached over and took my hands into his and asked, "What was that for?"

I thought, "Well, here is where I sound like a real slut and kill any chance I had of being with this wonderful man."

I cleared my throat and explained, "When you started to suggest that I shouldn't go to work I felt a sudden attack of something like withdrawal. There has been a lot of excitement in my life lately and I have a lot of mixed emotions about giving that up. I don't know how much of that is due to the programming that Ian's machine has been doing with my brain."

"I have to be honest with you. I was never promiscuous. But I have always enjoyed sex, a lot. Lately it has been even more exciting. The idea of all of that suddenly coming to an end is kind of scary. I seem to have a craving for it, very much like a drug addict needs drugs. You have every right to demand that I stay home and stay out of trouble until we fix my brain. But it makes me sad that it might all go away. I'm sorry. I know you probably think that's disgusting. But that's how I felt when you suggested that I stay home. I know you are right. And I suppose that a lot of what I feel is programmed in. But no matter how it got there, that's what I feel."

He squeezed me in his arms and when I looked up into his eyes I saw that he was smiling. I looked at him curiously. He shrugged and said, "I told you that some of the things you did turned me on. I guess there is something missing in me. But I don't have a problem with some of it. I'm still going to kick Karl's ass if he ever comes near you again. But I have to be honest, I don't have a problem with a lot of that stuff as long as you are safe, and as long as you can say no when it is in your best interests to refuse to do something. For instance, what if some pervert on the subway ordered you to follow him home? I mean a real pervert, not like us."

We both laughed at that. But it was a very good point.

He considered the problem for a moment and then he asked, "Where is your office located?"

Then he rolled his eyes and exclaimed, "Isn't this weird? We are falling for each other and we know almost nothing about each other."

I fought to contain my excitement. I felt lightning bolts course through me every time he told me that he loved me or that he was falling for me. I took a deep breath and calmed down slightly. Then I told him where I worked. I explained that I worked for my mother's older brother. I even explained a little bit about their shady past and I told him what happened to me in his office on Friday.

He shook his head and said, "You sure are a pervert magnet, aren't you?!"

I sighed and said, "I am now. I never was before. On Friday I was beginning to wonder if someone hung a sign on me."

He sighed and said, "Well, you can go to work if you want to. But program my cell number into your phone. None of those suggestions that Ian planted in your brain precluded you from calling for help if you needed it."

That was true. I hadn't thought of that. I know that if there had been anyone I could have called I would have called for help when Karl sold me to those perverts at the club. Of course, thinking back on it, I don't think I ever had a chance to make a phone call after I found out I was in trouble.

I knew that the smart thing for me to do would be to stay home. But I couldn't spend the rest of my life locked in my apartment. That wasn't the reason that I was so determined to go to work, though. I am embarrassed to admit that I wanted to get back out there and see what would happen to me. I was looking forward to my next adventure.

I was terrified of what his reaction would be. But I thought I owed it to him to be honest. I said, "Mark, I have to tell you the truth. I hope it is because of the suggestions that Ian implanted in my mind, but the truth is I am turned on by the idea of going out into the world in my vulnerable state and seeing what happens. I know that I wouldn't have felt that way before Ian started messing with my mind. But now I am what I am and most of what has happened to me has turned me on. If you tell me to stay home I will. But if you leave it up to me, I am going to work."

Mark smiled and said, "I don't have a problem with that. I like it when you get turned on. I am giving you two orders before you leave the house. The first is that you will call me if you get in over your head. The second is that you remember every detail so that you can tell me what happens to you when you get home, just before I fuck you half to death."

I smiled and thanked him. Then I asked, "What do you suppose the odds are that you can love a woman as fucked up as I am?"

He pulled me close and said, "So far they are one hundred percent. If I start to become uncomfortable with this arrangement, I will give you the choice. You can go on this way, or you can tell me to order you to stay home until we can get you deprogrammed. Does that sound fair to you?"

I kissed him and replied, "More than fair. More fair, in fact, than any other man I know. I already love and admire and respect you for a long list of reasons. This little kinky streak of yours is just icing on the cake. Now, what is your cell phone number?"

We spent about an hour moving a few of my things into his apartment down the hall. Then we went to bed and made love and talked and made love and talked. I was a little worried that I would still be tender from all of the abuse in that club. But not only was I not too sore to have sex, it turned out that we were perfect for each other. I loved everything he did and I adored the way he moved inside of me. I know that most women cannot reach orgasm from vaginal stimulation alone. I can't always. But I often can, when my mind is fully into the man I'm with and I'm really turned on.

I came every time with Mark. He made sure of it. When we finally turned the lights out and cuddled up to go to sleep I was exhausted and I had no trouble going to sleep, even without the sounds of surf in the background.

## Chapter 6

Posted: May 25, 2009 - 10:52:16 pm

The next morning we got ready for work and we talked over a cup of coffee. He told me again that if I didn't want to take the chance I could stay home. He even offered to take care of me.

I thanked him for the offer. And there may come a time when I want to take him up on it. But we both knew that the main reason that I was going to work was not for the money. I assured him that I would call him if I got into trouble. I was embarrassed to admit once again that I was excited by the possibilities.

He was embarrassed to admit that he shared my excitement.

He walked me to the subway. But we split up at the turnstiles. He had to take a different train than I did.

I felt the excitement beginning to build as I stood in my usual place and waited for the train. I had no plans to expose myself on the way to work. But then, I hadn't planned to expose myself on the way home that first day either.

My train pulled up to the platform and I boarded my usual car. I looked around quickly to see if the poor man that had been the victimized by my first efforts at flashing had taken a later train again so that he could sit with me. I didn't see him.

The seat closest to the doors was open. That was my seat of choice. That was the seat that permitted me to sit facing the people sitting on the other side of the doors with nothing between me and them to protect my modesty.

I pulled my book out and opened it. But I wasn't looking at the pages. I may not have intended to expose myself this morning, but once I sat down facing my fellow commuters I felt compelled to let my knees fall open.

It wasn't anything obvious. There was no obscene display. I doubt if anyone looking could see more than a little bit of thigh. But I watched over the top of my book and it wasn't long before I detected a man who was facing me looking over the top of his book, right at my legs.

As soon as I realized that he was staring at my legs I felt a huge rush. He might just as well have been touching me. I looked around discreetly. No one else seemed to be paying any attention. So, very slowly I began to let my legs fall open a little farther. I wasn't wearing anything under my dress. I had planned on buying more thigh highs. But Karl's little business deal had messed up my weekend plans.

It was at that minute that I finally remembered that envelope full of money. It was still lying on the lamp table in my living room where Mark had dropped it. I had forgotten all about it!

But the money meant little to me. I had something more important on my mind at the moment. I watched the face of the man who was watching me spread my legs. I knew that he had to realize by now that it was not unintentional. My knees were fourteen or fifteen inches apart and my pussy had to be visible to him now.

I knew I was having an effect on him. I saw him blush and reach down with one hand to adjust his cock in his pants.

When I realized that he had a hard on from looking at my pussy I was terribly embarrassed. And once more I was incredibly aroused. I thought about the paper that we had taken from Ian with the list of the things that he had programmed into my brain.

Even knowing that what I was doing and the feelings that I was getting from it were a result of the suggestions that Ian planted in my brain I couldn't control my reaction. Images of that subway ride with Karl the other night when he made me change clothes on the subway flooded through my brain and added immeasurably to the feelings I was experiencing. I was ready now for whatever my day might bring.

My stop was approaching. I put my knees together and put my book in my purse. I took a few deep breaths and when the doors opened I was able to get up and calmly walk to the escalators. It wasn't until I started up that I found out the man I flashed on the train was right behind me.

He never said a word to me. He stood on the step directly below mine and as we slowly made our way up to the street his hand came to rest on my leg, just above my knee.

I looked back, startled. I recognized him. Our eyes met and he smiled and as we looked into each other's eyes his hand slowly worked up under my skirt until his finger was resting in my very wet crease.

I groaned when his finger touched me there and experienced a mild orgasm. I wasn't quite recovered when I got to the top of the escalator and I nearly fell on the sidewalk.

The man jerked his hand away from my pussy and steadied me for a moment. He smiled and said, "Sorry. I couldn't resist."

I smiled back and replied, "Me either. Thanks."

He released my arm and said, "No, thank you."

Then we went our separate ways. As I walked away I felt a confused jumble of thoughts and emotions. I was still very aroused. I felt a twinge of guilt. Now I was half of a couple. Last week I had been alone and I wasn't cheating on anyone. I felt relieved that the stranger had gone off in the other direction without ordering me to do something I shouldn't. And I felt disappointed that the stranger had gone off in the other direction without ordering me to do something I shouldn't.

I shuddered. I'm not sure why. I suspect it was excitement that my day had just begun and the games had started already. I was well aware of how my excitement level had increased when that strange man had touched my pussy and a wave of embarrassment had washed over me, followed immediately by arousal.

Now, as I walked to my office I remembered that there were at least three men there that were probably planning on fucking me today. And I knew that I was going to let them because I had no choice.

But my day of sexual servitude was all in the abstract until I actually got off of the elevator on my floor. I went to my desk, stuffed my purse in the bottom drawer and saw the note lying on my desk blotter before I even left to get my coffee.

I picked it up and read it nervously. It was from my Uncle Wayne. It instructed me to go to his office as soon as I arrived. I felt my level of arousal begin to rise even as I read the note.

I looked around suddenly. I had almost forgotten about the man and the two women I shared a small office with. All three of them were staring at me as I read the note. They probably noticed how red my face had gotten as I read the note. They probably knew what it said and who it was from.

I learned on Friday that word of my relationship with the owner of the company had spread all the way to the mailroom. So I assumed that the people I worked with were aware of it. I had been getting along well with the people I had met here at the office, especially the three people who worked with me in our little alcove. I haven't worked here very long and we were still getting to know each other. But they were looking at me now like I was some kind of spy.

I didn't know what the three of them had heard or what they were assuming. But the looks on their faces made me uncomfortable. I started to leave the room in response to the note. But then I turned back and asked, "Do we need to clear the air here? I don't know what you have heard. The boss is my uncle. But we were never close and are not close now. And believe it or not, no one knew when I applied for this job that he was my uncle, nor did he know that I had applied for a job with his company. I got this job because I was qualified for it. There was no nepotism involved. And just to be clear, I am still not close to my uncle and I am was not planted here to spy on you. So you can all relax. Hell, I don't even like him!"

I turned and left the room then. Maybe if they had a chance to discuss it they would decide to give me the benefit of the doubt. Or maybe they had heard the rumors about what I looked like when I left his office on Friday and were of the opinion that I was fucking my uncle, which was true of course.

I went down the hall to my uncle's office. His receptionist looked up when I entered. She made no attempt to hide her loathing and I didn't blame her. What surprised me was my reaction to look of disgust on her face. It embarrassed me. And of course, because I was embarrassed I felt myself becoming aroused.

There was a sneer in her voice when she said, "Go in. He's waiting for you."

She said the right things. But the note of revulsion in her voice left no doubt what she thought of me. It was also obvious that she knew the reason for my visit to my uncle's office.

I tapped lightly on my uncle's door. I didn't wait for a response. I opened the door and stepped inside. My uncle was not at his desk. He was sitting off to the side in a small seating area. He was not alone. There was a young man sitting with him.

Both men watched me enter the room. Both men were grinning and I had the distinct impression that they were talking about me and looking forward to my arrival.

I crossed the room and stood before them waiting for what I knew was going to happen. We all knew what I was here for.

The younger man stood up and walked around me with that arrogant look on his face that I was getting used to from the men who took advantage of me. Once they learned that I was helpless they all seemed to adopt that look.

He stopped behind me and his hands began to explore my body. First his hand lightly caressed my ass over my skirt and then he reached around to cup and then gently squeeze my breasts.

My uncle took great pleasure in introducing me to the young man that was presently exploring my body freely. He knew how humiliated I would be.

He said, "Kari, you probably don't remember the young man feeling you up, do you?"

I shook my head. I couldn't recall ever seeing him before. He looked a little familiar. But I couldn't say why.

The man was still squeezing my left breast with one hand. His other hand moved down and under the back of my skirt and back up to my ass. As his hand explored my naked skin my uncle said, "You have met. It has been a long time. You met him a couple of times at your grandmother's house. That is your cousin, Bryan."

Once more the humiliation and the arousal merged and climbed to an entirely new level. Bryan was a couple of years younger than me. He had been a real pest the few times I met him at my grandmother's house. And he had already been a little pervert. He was twice caught trying to peek at girls getting ready for bed at night and once he was accused of peeking at a younger niece when she was using the bathroom. I don't know all of the details. But that was the last time I saw him or his father.

Uncle Wayne grinned at the shock on my face and said, "He is just starting his senior year in college. He'll be coming to work here after he graduates. I told him what one of the perks was going to be and now he is a lot more enthusiastic about his future career.

Bryan moved his hand around under my skirt and cupped my pussy. He was pretty rough and it bothered me that everything about the way he was treating me turned me on. He was grinding his hard cock against my ass now and his hands were groping me as if he wanted it to hurt me. It was as if he learned how to treat women from his father.

Uncle Wayne said, "Come on over here and sit down, Bryan. Let's give the little cunt a minute to get more comfortable. You're going to like this. She is a hot little piece of ass, just like her mother was."

Bryan gave my pussy and my tit one last painful squeeze and then he released me. He went around and stood in front of me. He grinned down at me. His finger traced a line from my cheek down to my tit and slowly circled my embarrassingly hard nipple.

While he demonstrated his dominance and control over me he said, "I saw you naked once. You were thirteen. We were at Grandma's house. You and Tina were getting ready for bed. I snuck out of my window and crawled down the porch roof until I could see into your room. I saw your cute little tits and your pussy with a little patch of pussy hair over it. I sat there on the roof and rubbed my cock and thought about how much I wanted to fuck you. I can't believe I'm finally going to get the chance."

The little pervert was disgusting. But I could feel my pussy throbbing in response to his words and his crude touch.

He finally joined his father in one of the leather chairs in the corner of the room and the two of them sat back to watch me. I knew what he expected of me. They were waiting for me to undress, to "get comfortable."

What I didn't want them to realize was that because of that sick fuck, Ian, I was looking forward to this, too. I was going find this humiliating. This and everything else they did. And for that very reason I was going to have far more orgasms than these two perverts put together. There was no doubt in my mind.

But it wouldn't end there. And I don't just mean that they would be free to use me and abuse me as often as they liked. The humiliation would continue when I left here looking like a freshly fucked slut and everyone that I came into contact with realized that I had been in here fucking my uncle and his son.

As all this was going through my brain I was slowly unbuttoning my dress. I probably looked like a reluctant young victim to them. They didn't realize that I was teasing them. I was drawing it out to add to my own pleasure.

The problem is, when you are only wearing one article of clothing you can't draw it out very long. I was soon naked and it was obvious that they liked what they saw.

Uncle Wayne wiggled his finger and I moved closer. When I stood in front of him he pulled me into the space between his leg and Bryan's and they both began to explore my body and comment on it.

It amused them that my pussy was dark red with arousal now. It was throbbing and my juices were glistening in the opening. They commented on my pussy and on what a slut I was. They took turns shoving fingers inside of me and bringing them out glistening with my juices.

They each groped one of my breasts and severely abused my nipples, causing me pain with their rough treatment of my tender flesh and bringing me right to the edge of my first orgasm.

At one point, Uncle Wayne pulled his finger out of my pussy and ordered me to turn around and bend over. When I was in that degrading position he ordered me to reach back and spread the cheeks of my ass apart.

I did, and I felt his finger, with only my own juices for lubrication, being forced up into my still tender ass. It was the last part of my anatomy to recover from the violent rapes in that club on Friday night and Saturday morning.

I grunted in pain when he shoved his finger inside of me. They giggled like little boys at my reaction. Then they discussed that part of my anatomy. Uncle Wayne asked Bryan if he ever fucked a girl's ass.

Bryan replied, "Yeah, once. But the bitch didn't like it and never let me try it again."

Uncle Wayne laughed and said, "Yeah. That's why I like to do it. I love that the bitches hate it so much. And I like the way they grunt and cry when I do it. That turns me on. I used to fuck her mother's ass all the time when she was on the rag. Her mom hated that more than anything else I did. Well, except when I made her fuck my friends. She hated that the most. God I miss those days!"

I tried not to imagine my mother being subjected to those indignities by her older brother and his friends. No one wants to think about their mother being abused and objectified that way. But it was hard not to visualize my mother as a teenager being raped that way while listening to my uncle's vivid description of the events to his son.

Uncle Wayne glanced at his watch and said, "We better go ahead and fuck the bitch. She has work to do and I have a meeting coming up."

They stood up and quickly dropped their pants and underwear to their knees. My uncle pushed me down to the floor and asked Bryan which end he wanted.

Bryan quickly answered, "I want to fuck her ass."

Uncle Wayne said, "Not this time. We'll have to do that somewhere else. I don't want her screaming and drawing attention to what we are doing in here. But I am looking forward to hearing her scream when I shove my cock up her tight little ass. In the office, though, we are going to have to be a little cool about it. Do you want her mouth or her cunt?"

Bryan was still thinking it over when Uncle Wayne suggested, "It's all good, son. Why don't you start off in her cunt? I'll fuck her mouth and after a few minutes we can trade off."

Bryan apparently thought that was a good idea. He dropped to his knees behind me and as my uncle began forcing his fat cock into my mouth I wondered if they had done this before with some other poor woman. They seemed quite at ease with sharing such intimate acts.

I began sucking on my uncle's cock immediately. But after all of this degrading treatment I was extremely aroused. I had my first orgasm as Bryan worked his cock into my very wet pussy. I came before his cock was all the way inside of me!

I moaned loudly around my uncle's cock and both men realized I was having an orgasm. They laughed at how easily I was submitting to them and surrendering to the eroticism of the moment. Their laughter only added to the humiliation I was experiencing.

I stopped sucking my uncle's cock while my orgasm washed over me. He wasn't willing to wait for me to resume sucking on my own. He grabbed a couple handfuls of my hair and began thrusting his cock into my mouth. He wasn't prepared for the result.

During that horrible gang rape in the club over the weekend I had been forced to endure one huge cock after another being forced into my throat. As a result, I could now take a cock into my throat with little or no difficulty.

When his cock slid into my throat effortlessly and I didn't even struggle my uncle exclaimed, "Son of a bitch! Look at this whore! She's got the whole thing in her mouth!"

And then I came again.

Both men had stopped fucking me to look at my uncle's cock buried in my mouth and throat. They watched my body shudder through another orgasm. I was forced to listen to a few crude comments while my uncle reached around and explored my throat with his fingers.

He exclaimed, "Damn! I can feel my cock in her fucking throat. And look at her! Just kneeling there letting us do any fucking thing we want to her ass! What a fucking cunt!"

The men began thrusting their cocks into me again but after a couple of minutes Bryan said, "Hey dad. Let's switch off now. I want to fuck her throat before I lose it and cum in her cunt."

Uncle Wayne pulled his cock out of my mouth and Bryan grabbed a handful of my hair to use as a handle. He jerked me around until his slimy cock was resting against my lips. His father slapped my thigh and I spread my legs for him. Bryan watched my face and I knew that he saw the lust there as his father speared me with his fat cock.

He laughed and said, "Look at this bitch! She fucking loves it! God! What a fucking whore!"

Then, in a derisive voice he said, "Say ah, Kari."

I opened my mouth and he slid his hard, slimy, seven inch cock into my mouth and straight down my throat. He sighed loudly as his cock entered me and he began fucking my face immediately.

I think that I was more surprised than he was at how easy it was. His cock wasn't as fat as his father's was and it slid into my throat effortlessly.

The two men had stopped talking and began to concentrate on the pleasure they were taking from my body. Both of them had begun to fuck me violently and Bryan reached under me with one hand and began squeezing my left breast so hard that I was forced to cry out in pain. But my cries were muffled by his cock and he seemed to enjoy the effect.

After several long minutes he stopped tormenting my breast and grabbed my head. He held my head in place and fucked my mouth and throat violently until his body suddenly stiffened and began to tremble and spasm while he shot his cum down my throat.

His father lasted slightly longer, but only slightly. He was soon filling my pussy with his cum and I was humiliated enough to have one last orgasm before the two men turned me loose.

Uncle Wayne pulled me back around and forced me to suck his cock clean. When he was satisfied he said, "Go get some tissue off my desk and show Bryan how you clean your nasty cunt."

I knew what he wanted me to do. He had forced me to swallow the slime filled tissue on Friday after he crammed them in my mouth. Today he wanted to amuse his son and degrade me further by making me do it on my own.

So of course I did. I got to my feet. I crossed to his desk and took a tissue from the box. I spread my legs and while both men watched and leered at my whorish behavior I ran the tissue through my vulva and sopped up the cock cream that was draining out of me.

There really wasn't that much, not as much as there had been on Friday. But it was such a degrading thing to do. For that reason I shuddered in erotic pleasure as I opened my mouth and placed the slime filled tissue on my tongue. I closed my mouth and chewed until it was reduced to a wet mass on my tongue and I swallowed.

Both men had risen to their feet and were putting their clothes in order as they watched. Brian laughed arrogantly and said, "I'm going to bring my video camera in the next time I come in. The guys at school will get a big kick out of that. What a fucking slut!"

Uncle Wayne said to Bryan, "I'll tell your mother that I have a dinner with some clients later this week and we'll take the bitch to a motel. You can get all the pictures you want then."

I was finally allowed to dress and ordered to go to work. I put my dress on while they watched, amused. I ran my hands through my hair but I knew that I was a mess. I left Uncle Wayne's office and headed straight for the ladies room.

I heard my uncle's receptionist sniff dismissively as I hurried past. She muttered something under her breath that sounded like, "Whore!"

I almost laughed when I thought that it must really bother her that he was my uncle and that my cousin had been in the office, too. She never realized what a den of iniquity she was working in.

On the other hand, I never imagined that I would be working under these conditions and behaving the way that I was behaving either. As I made my way to the ladies room I tried to analyze my own reactions to what was happening to me now that I knew what the cause was.

There was a difference. I wasn't as scared now that I knew what was causing me to behave this way. And because I had been given the option of staying home and had instead opted to put myself into this situation knowing that these things would happen and that they would turn me on I wasn't nearly as traumatized by what was happening to me as I had been. I couldn't wait to get home and tell Mark what happened to me this morning.

The degrading sexual acts that I was being forced to perform still humiliated me. And I still had the same reaction to being humiliated, arousal. I realized that my decision to leave the apartment this morning and put myself into these sexually charged situations was not an entirely voluntary one. I had been influenced by the subliminal programming which made my subconscious mind crave this sort of degrading treatment. But knowing that didn't make me capable of resisting the need any more than a crack addict could resist using crack when they realized they were addicted.

The conundrum was that I hated being sexually abused this way, but because I was under the influence of those powerful suggestions that Ian had programmed into me I didn't want to resist the things I was being forced to do. I didn't want to be protected from the sort of humiliating treatment that I was being subjected to. I didn't want to have my brain returned to normal and be made whole again.

I made myself as presentable as possible in the ladies room. I got a cup of coffee and finally returned to my office. I was shocked when I glanced at the time and saw that all of that abuse had taken place in less than half an hour.

I glanced around at my three co-workers and blushed at the accusing looks on their faces. I felt like I should say something, try to clear the air. But what could I say? I certainly couldn't explain that it wasn't my fault, my mind had been warped by a white noise machine and I was now incapable of saying no to anyone. And oh yeah, my uncle and my cousin are both pretty good fucks!

That wouldn't do much to improve my reputation.

I got down to work and tried to ignore the others in the room. I didn't look up until Kenny came in more than an hour later with the distribution. He went around to all four of us and handed out interoffice memos and mail. He stopped at my desk and said good morning. He said it with a leer that my co-workers couldn't have missed.

I just nodded and turned back to my computer. But when he came to Terry's desk he didn't just drop his distribution on his desk. He went around behind the desk and carefully placed some papers in the center of his desk. Terry was the only male working in the room. Kenny placed his mouth close to Terry's ear and talked quietly. During the entire conversation both men stared at me, making it obvious what they were talking about.

I was the youngest of the four of us that worked in the room. Terry was probably the oldest. I would guess he was in his early thirties. I knew that he was married and had three kids. The two women in the room, Irene and Jenna, were both married as well. Irene was probably almost Terry's age. Jenna was in her mid to late twenties.

I had been kind of shy at first. I had listened to the three of them banter back and forth and I was shocked on more than one occasion by the sexual nature of their remarks. I didn't realize that people were even allowed to say many of the things they said to each other. But they seemed to get along well and I soon learned that it was just good natured kidding around. I hadn't begun to take part in those conversations yet. But I had begun to loosen up and sometimes laughed at some of the things they said to each other.

But in the last few days there had been a change in the atmosphere in our little alcove. When my co-workers found out that my uncle was the boss they had become a little more careful about the things they said. And now it seemed to be getting around that I had come out of his office reeking of sex and those who knew me and had heard about it weren't sure to think. But it was obvious that they disapproved.

Irene and Jenna watched Kenny whispering to Terry for several minutes and staring at me and I think that we all knew what they were talking about. Kenny leered at me again as he left the alcove and continued on his rounds.

Terry was still staring at me after Kenny left as if he couldn't believe what he had just heard. Both Irene and Jenna were glancing at me and then looking at Terry as if waiting for him to clue them in.

Terry finally asked, "Is it true?"

I felt the blood drain out of my face. I couldn't believe he was going to bring this up, especially in front of Irene and Jenna. I didn't know what Kenny had said to him. But I didn't doubt that it was true and that I was about to be terribly humiliated.

In a mousy little voice I almost whispered, "Please, Terry. Please don't."

As if I hadn't even spoken he asked again, "Is it true?"

Jenna was getting impatient. She chimed in, "Damn it, Terry! Is what true?"

He grinned at her, apparently emboldened by my reaction. He continued to stare at me as he said, "Kenny said that on Friday, our shy little Kari went to her uncle's office and had sex with him. That's your mother's older brother, right Kari?"

I groaned and nodded, unable to deny it because of my programming.

I heard Irene gasp in shock.

Terry continued, "And at lunch time you went to the mailroom and had sex with Kenny and his trainee for an hour. You did anything and everything they told you to do. You even posed for nude pictures!"

He turned to Irene and Jenna and said, "But that isn't even the worst part. This morning she went to Mr. Case's office and had sex with him and his kid! She did them both before she had her first cup of coffee!"

All three of them were staring at me in shock. It must have been obvious from my face that it was all true.

Terry asked, "Is it true, Kari? Kenny said you will do anything that anyone tells you to do, absolutely anything! Is that true?"

I felt the tears running down my cheeks. I expected to be sexually abused today. Because of my programming I was even looking forward to it. But I wasn't counting on my life being ruined. I didn't think that everyone in the fucking building would be told about the things I did. Suddenly it wasn't fun anymore.

Irene stared at me in disbelief for a moment. Then she asked, "Why, Kari? You seem like such a nice young woman. Why would you let them do those things?"

I wiped my eyes on a tissue and finally answered, "I have to. I don't have a choice."

Jenna exclaimed, "Bullshit!"

But Irene asked, "Why? Everyone has a choice! Why do you think that you have no choice?"

It was a long story and I didn't want to go into it with these people. But of course I had no choice. The question had been put to me. I had to answer. I avoided telling them about the horrible things that I had done this weekend. But I told them how this had all come about and who was responsible.

But they didn't let it go at that. Terry asked me why I came to work today knowing that I would be raped again.

I was forced to admit that it turned me on and that I had been given a choice by my new boyfriend but I felt compelled to come to work. I was excited when men made me do things.

Irene asked, "Men? Just men? What if a woman started giving you orders?"

I answered, "It hasn't happened yet. I'm not sure."

Then I thought about the paper that Ian had given us yesterday that listed the programming statements on the machine. They had started out with me having to obey all men. But as they were repeated they were altered so that farther down the page I had been programmed to obey anyone. I realized that if a woman told me to do something I would probably feel compelled to obey, just like I did when a man gave me an order.

The three of them looked at each other. It was hard to read their expressions. I think the skepticism was the most prominent reaction.

Several uncomfortably silent moments passed before Jenna exclaimed, "Bullshit! I don't believe it. I don't even think that subliminal crap is even real."

They looked at each other again and then Jenna said, "Stand up, Kari."

Even as I got to my feet I said, "Please, Jenna. Don't do this."

Jenna watched me rise, but she still thought I was putting them on. She said, "I have noticed that you aren't wearing a bra or pantyhose anymore. Why is that?"

I looked at her, pleading silently for her to stop this. But she ignored my silent plea and once more I was compelled to answer her embarrassing question. I moaned in embarrassment and answered, "My neighbor, Ian, ordered me to stop wearing underwear."

Irene chuckled. Jenna still looked like she didn't believe any of this was real. Terry was just enjoying the show.

Jenna asked, sounding just a bit disgusted, "So you aren't wearing panties either?"

I shook my head. I felt my face flushing as my embarrassment grew.

I heard Irene and Terry both gasp when Jenna said, "Show me."

I shook my head and pleaded, "Jenna, please!"

But my hands went to my skirt and slowly lifted it up far enough to reveal that I wasn't wearing panties.

In a choked voice, Terry exclaimed, "I'll be damned!"

I dropped my skirt but Jenna exclaimed, "I didn't say you could do that! Hold it up, slut!"

Irene gasped and exclaimed, "Jenna!"

Jenna ignored her and with a lewd smile on her face she said, "Hell! This is fun!"

The three of them watched me lift my skirt again. There was no door on our little alcove. Anyone walking past could have looked in and they would have seen me standing there holding my dress up. But no one but me seemed to care.

Jenna smiled at Terry and said to me, "Higher!"

Then she asked Terry, "What do you think, Terry? Does she look fuckable?"

I was surprised to see Terry blush. Irene was blushing and I was blushing. But Jenna seemed to be having a good time.

Irene said, "Jenna, come on! You are going to get us in trouble."

Jenna's grin widened. But she said, "Okay, slut. You can let your skirt back down."

She turned to Terry and said, "Look at her! She loves it! I'll bet her pussy is soaking wet."

Irene gasped and exclaimed, "Jenna!"

She grinned at Irene, but ignored her unspoken complaint. Instead, she turned to Terry and asked, "Do you want to check?"

Irene squeaked, "Jenna! What has gotten into you?!"

Jenna laughed and said, "Oh come on, Irene! You're no prude. Are you going to sit there and tell me that you don't think this is amusing?"

Irene blushed. But then she smiled and said, "Yeah, kinda."

Jenna turned to me and said, "Go ahead, cunt. Go over there and let Terry check your oil level."

Irene groaned and said, "Christ, Jenna! You don't have to talk like that!"

Jenna ignored her. I had no choice but to obey. And as I crossed the small office the four of us shared I felt the arousal building in me again. I walked around and stood beside Terry. He looked at Jenna and Irene as if to make sure they were really okay with this. He apparently didn't care what I thought about it. His hand came to rest on my inner thigh just above my knee and slowly worked its way up my thigh.

In a very short time I felt his hand come to rest against my vulva. I groaned again and struggled mightily to keep from humping his hand right there in front of the other two women.

His finger slid through my dripping wet slit and then I felt two fingers slipping slowly inside of me.

I was forced to rest my hand on the back of his chair or I would have collapsed onto the floor beside him. I was just about that close to begging him to fuck me right then and there. I needed it so badly.

He slid his fingers in and out of me a couple of times and then pulled them free. He brought his hand out from under my skirt and held it up so that Irene and Jenna could see how wet his fingers were. They smirked at me and then Terry put his fingers to my lips. I sucked his fingers clean and thought that I had never been so embarrassed in my life. But I was wrong. In the next moment I had an orgasm and it was obvious to the three of them. I couldn't stop it. I gripped Terry's wrist in both hands and sucked his fingers like a slimy cock and cried out as I reached an orgasm without anything even touching my pussy.

Jenna laughed right out loud and I heard Irene chuckle quietly. Terry was staring at me in disbelief.

Jenna exclaimed, "What a horny bitch!"

Terry pulled his hand away from me and I sobbed, "It's not my fault!"

Jenna still didn't believe it. Once more she exclaimed, "Bullshit! You admitted that this shit turned you on! You admitted that you talked this over with your boyfriend and decided to come to work today. You had a choice. You chose to be treated like this."

I shook my head and said, "But it wasn't a real choice! The way my mind is now this is like a drug to me. I crave this like an addict craves drugs. I can't control it. Jenna! You know this isn't how I am! I've worked here for months. You think I turned into some kind of nympho overnight? I don't have a choice."

Jenna grinned and replied, "Maybe not. But I think this is so hot. You're lucky I don't have a dick. I'd have your ass under my desk sucking on it."

Irene seemed more sympathetic than Jenna and Terry. She sighed and said, "Lighten up, Jenna. I believe her. I think you do to. You're just being mean."

Jenna shrugged and said, "Yeah. I guess I believe her. But I'm just giving her what she wants."

Then she turned back to me and said, "You can go back to work, Kari, as soon as you show Terry your tits."

Irene snapped, "Jenna! For Christ's sake!"

Jenna chuckled and said, "I'm doing her a favor, Irene! She likes it!"

Meanwhile, I was unbuttoning the top of my dress and then spreading the sides apart so that Terry could see my tits.

He stared appreciatively at my exposed breasts for a moment and then turned and thanked Jenna. Only then did Jenna allow me to button my dress and go back to work.

I quickly buttoned my dress and rushed back to my seat. It wasn't until I sat down that I saw the post-it note on top of the distribution that Kenny had left in the center of my desk. The note ordered me to go to the mailroom at lunch time.

## Chapter 7

Posted: May 25, 2009 - 10:52:16 pm

By the time I saw the note it was nearly lunch time. I had hardly any time at all to dread what would happen in the mailroom. To be honest, though, I was excited about getting fucked by Gordy's magnificent cock again. I had been raped, molested and sexually humiliated all morning. I reacted to that sort of treatment in what was now the normal way for me. I became sexually aroused.

It was only a few minutes before my three co-workers got up and, ignoring me completely, they left for the cafeteria.

I took my time, straightening out my desk and this time grabbing my purse so that I could make myself presentable after another hard hour of rape.

When I was sure that Jenna, Irene and Terry had time to catch an elevator and wouldn't see where I was going I made my way to the elevator lobby. As usual, by five minutes after the hour the entire floor had pretty much emptied out. I shared the elevator with one other woman. We rode in silence to the basement.

I turned left to the mailroom. She turned right to the cafeteria. No one was around when I knocked on the mailroom door.

The door was opened almost immediately by Kenny. I stepped in and he closed and locked the door behind me. He guided me to the center of the room and picked up a digital camera.

I groaned in dismay. I had forgotten about the damned pictures. But it didn't matter. Not anymore. Hell! I was an internet porn star now!

Kenny ordered me to take my dress off and started taking pictures. I tried to ignore him as I unbuttoned my dress and stood before the two men naked and vulnerable.

Kenny directed me into obscene poses for a few minutes. He took one nasty picture after another. Then he invited Gordy to join me.

Gordy was all too happy to get his hands on me again. He slid off of the nearby desk where he had been sitting and watching me pose for dirty pictures. He pushed his pants down. He was going to leave them around his knees.

Kenny said, "Go ahead and get naked. It will make for better pictures.

He didn't seem to mind baring that huge cock. I could understand why he was so proud of it. But he was less anxious to bare his large stomach. He did though. He quickly undressed and as soon as he was naked, Kenny began directing both of us. I posed with that large cock in my face and then in my mouth. He picked me up and placed me on a table and ate my pussy for a couple of minutes and then started working that large cock into me.

It went in easier today. I don't know if that was because I had gotten used to it on Friday or if it was due to the gang rape I was subjected to Friday night and Saturday morning. Whatever the reason, it felt wonderful as soon as he put that thing in me.

Kenny got pictures of his cock sinking into me and then more as he picked me up without taking his cock out of me and began fucking me standing up. We were directed through several more positions while Kenny went crazy with that fucking camera. He must have taken well over a hundred obscene photographs of us. Then he turned Gordy loose and told him to fuck the shit out of me. Those were his exact words.

There were more pictures as Gordy picked me up and placed me on my back on the table again. He was obviously glad to be turned loose. He began to pound into me violently with that huge cock. I loved it just as much as he did and I must have cum a dozen times before he finally reached up and grabbed my tits, squeezing them painfully between his chubby fingers as he tensed up and came inside of me.

I experienced one last orgasm as he ground his pelvis into mine and it was a massive one. I started to cry out loudly and Gordy quickly clapped his hand over my mouth.

My orgasm passed and I looked up to see Gordy grinning down at me. I grinned back and whispered, "Thank you. That was awesome!"

He blushed and finally began pulling his fat cock out of me. It made that same wet sucking noise that it had made last time. It was so fat that it created suction when he pumped it in and out of me.

I lay there on the table, exhausted, waiting for Kenny to take his turn. But it wasn't going to be that easy. First he had to humiliate me a little more. He came in for a close-up of my very satisfied pussy and said, "Christ, Kari! You're a fucking mess! Clean that up so I can fuck you."

I started to look around for some tissue but he said, "Use your fingers. Scoop it up and eat it. It will make for some great pictures."

So of course I had to eat the cum that was oozing out of me. But it wasn't as difficult as I thought it would be. I was beginning to get used to this kind of degrading treatment. And of course, since I was being degraded I was getting turned on again.

Kenny got some close-ups of me scooping up Gordy's cum and transporting it to my mouth on my fingers. Then he handed the camera to Gordy and said, "Get a few good pictures. Then you can put your cock in her mouth. Let her get you nice and clean and maybe you can get another load off before we have to cut her loose."

The way Kenny talked about me or to me disgusted me. He treated me like a farm animal. And of course that kept me so stimulated that I continued to be ready for whatever abuse he had in store for me.

Gordy hovered around and took a few dozen more pictures as Kenny penetrated me and instantly began to thrust into me as if it was a violent rape. Then he put the camera down and offered his huge, cum encrusted cock to my lips. It may have been easier taking that massive appendage into my vagina. But it wasn't any easier taking it into my mouth. It was so large that I couldn't really suck on it. It filled my mouth with my jaw open as far as I could open it. But he slid a few inches of his cock in and out over my tongue while I struggled to keep my teeth off of it. He enjoyed it enough that his cock hardened again and in self defense I used my hand on the eight inches that didn't fit in my mouth.

Meanwhile, Kenny was enjoying the way my pussy clamped down on his cock while I continued having orgasms and I imagine that he was further aroused by watching Gordy stretching my jaw to its limits.

Kenny finally came. He left his cock inside of me until Gordy came in my mouth. Then he made me suck his cock clean. Once I had posed for a few more pictures eating the latest load of cum out of my pussy I was finally allowed to dress. Gordy handed me my purse and escorted me out.

I didn't even know what time it was. I made my way to the ladies room on the other side of the elevator lobby and this time I was better able to make myself presentable. I washed my pussy and rinsed out my mouth. I sprayed cologne on my belly and my thighs and was brushing my hair when the door opened and that strange woman that had been in here on Friday came in.

She smiled when she saw me. She looked me over and somehow she seemed to know what I had been doing over my lunch hour. I tried to ignore her. I turned back to the mirror and checked my hair again.

She wouldn't let me ignore her. She came over and stood behind me. She sniffed and chuckled. She said, "You're learning. But I can still smell the fresh cum."

I jumped when her hand came to rest on my ass. She smiled and said, "I like you. I like pretty sluts. I can see that you enjoy cock. Have you ever eaten a nice juicy pussy?"

I shuddered and whispered my response. "No!"

She smiled at my startled response and asked, "How old are you, sweetie?"

When I told her that I was twenty-one her eyes seemed to light up. She chuckled again and said, "Young stuff! I bet you are delicious. What's your name?"

I told her my name and said, "I have to get to my office. I..."

She smiled and said, "Relax, dear. You have ten more minutes before your lunch hour is up. I think we have time to get acquainted."

I stood there wishing desperately that someone would come in. Anyone, just so that I could escape from this strange woman. But no one came in. And the woman reached around and cupped my breasts with both hands.

Her smile widened and she exclaimed, "Oh my! No bra! You are a little slut, aren't you? Did come to work without a bra or did your lunchtime lover keep it for a souvenir?"

I was forced to admit, "I didn't wear one."

She looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "It's funny. You don't seem like a slut. You don't strike me as the kind of young woman to go to work braless and spend her lunch hour on her back. Have you been doing this long? I don't remember seeing you down here before Friday."

I shook my head and said, "Friday was the first time."

I looked closer at the woman who was still gently caressing my breasts, and making them feel very warm and friendly. She was in her mid thirties to early forties, it was hard to tell. She had an excellent figure and was dressed very fashionably. Her clothing looked very expensive.

When I told her that the first time was Friday she raised an eyebrow and looked at me questioningly.

I said, "Please, it's a very long story. I don't have time to explain."

She nodded and said, "Wait right there. Go back to brushing your hair."

She dropped her hands and went into one of the stalls. I returned to running my brush through my hair while she used the toilet. Then she came out and washed her hands and said, "Come with me."

I followed her up in the elevator and down the hall to her large office. I was shocked to discover that she was the company's vice president, C.J. Harris!

She ordered me to sit down and asked me who my immediate supervisor was. I told her and she picked up the phone and instructed her secretary to notify my supervisor that she was borrowing me for a special project she needed taken care of.

I was in shock. And I was terrified. She hung up the phone and studied me in silence for a few minutes. I was becoming more unnerved by the second. Finally she said, "Alright, Kari. You have time now. Explain. I want to hear everything. Don't leave anything out."

I very much wished that she hadn't said that I couldn't leave anything out. There are details of this past weekend that I have no wish to recall. But I was given an order. I was forced to obey. I told her everything.

She sat in silence for close to an hour. I don't know how she reacted to what I told her. I was too embarrassed to look at her. I stared at the floor while I told her what had happened to me since I first flashed a stranger on the subway last Wednesday.

She waited until I reached the end of my tale and said, "Look at me."

I looked up. She was flushed. I couldn't tell if she was angry or aroused. She looked right into my eyes for a very long time and then asked, "You are aroused right now, aren't you? Telling me your story turned you on. How do you feel about that?"

I explained my two brain theory to her. I told her that a part of my brain hated these things I was doing. But that part of my brain had become increasingly mute. The other part of my brain, the part that was turned on by these things I was doing and was enjoying the humiliation and sexual abuse had pretty much taken over my life.

She smiled and said, "Good. Now, just one more thing and then you can go back to work. Come over here. Come around my desk and stand right here."

I started around her desk and she turned her chair to face me. I came to a stop when our knees were almost touching. She looked me up and down and said, "Pull your skirt up to your waist."

I had been half expecting this. But even so it was a shock. I reached down and pulled my skirt up to my waist and stood there while she studied my exposed flesh. After staring at me for a long moment she leaned forward and more closely examined my pussy. She even inserted a finger inside of me. That really took my breath away!

She smiled up at me and said, "I never would have guessed that you just had sex, especially not with the monster cock you just described. I am going to have to get to know Gordy a little better. I had no idea he had a hidden talent!"

She ordered me to step back and she got to her feet. She stared right in my eyes while she slid her own skirt up to her waist. Under her tight skirt she was wearing thigh highs and high cut nylon briefs. She slid the briefs down, stepped out of them and sat back down. She spread her legs and ordered me to kneel and pointed between her legs.

Even as I tried to tell her that I couldn't do what she was obviously about to ask of me I fell to my knees at her feet and stared at my fist close-up look at another woman's vagina. Even with the conditioning that I had been receiving over the last few months from Ian's white noise machine, I didn't think that I could do this. I couldn't even imagine it.

But she could. She placed her fingertips under my chin and lifted my head until our eyes met. She smiled and said, "I know it's scary, Kari. But it really is a lot of fun. I'm sure you'll enjoy it once you get a taste. I know that you've never done this before. Just do what you like having done to you and I'm sure you'll do fine. And I'm sure you will improve with practice."

I leaned forward slowly, not really knowing what to expect. I had tasted my own juices, sucking them from my fingers and lately from the fingers of any man who felt like feeling my pussy, as well as any number of cocks. I knew that taste wasn't unpleasant. It was certainly less objectionable than the taste of cum. But there was just something so very wrong about touching another woman's vagina.

The first thing I noticed was the way she looked. Her labia were slightly larger than mine. But they were probably swollen with arousal. Her vulva was dark red. Her arousal was obvious. My tale of being a helpless sexual pawn seemed to have quite an effect on her. I could see a faint trace of moisture in her crease. It was reflecting light from the windows beside her.

Next I noticed her scent. It wasn't the musky smell of an aroused vagina or even the smell of someone who had worked half the day sitting at a desk. Instead I detected only the light fragrance of what I could tell was a very expensive perfume. It was actually quite pleasant.

I delayed as long as I felt that I could, letting my senses form an opinion of this strange woman and the odious task I was about to perform. I finally touched the tip of my tongue to the sensitive flesh around her vulva and was rewarded by her sharp intake of breath.

I avoided her center and teased her the way I enjoyed being teased when someone, some nice man was doing this to me. I began to notice that it wasn't such an awful thing to do. At first I found myself wondering why men enjoyed doing this. What could they possibly get out of it? But then I thought about how exciting it was for me to suck a man's cock and it made more sense.

I gathered my courage and moved my tongue through her moist slit. It actually wasn't so bad. I knew that I couldn't trust my feeling because of that fucking machine of Ian's. But I found myself becoming aroused as I began to work around the edges of eating her sweet smelling pussy. I stopped experimenting and testing the waters and began to do what she asked of me. I started doing to her what I enjoy having done to me. I watched her level of arousal grow and as it did mine grew with it.

She had several orgasms as I ate her pussy with increasing eagerness. When she finally pushed my head away from her quivering pussy I was actually disappointed! I wasn't ready to stop!

Her body stopped quivering, her eyes opened and we looked at each other. She smiled and said, "I thought you'd enjoy that. Next time it will be your turn. Now, go back to work. And don't mention this to anyone."

I stood up and grabbed my purse. I started to leave but then I remembered that I was supposed to working on a special project for her. I turned back and asked, "What do I tell..."

Then I remembered that I wouldn't have any choice. "Never mind, I can't lie. If someone asks me where I was, what I was doing, I'll have to tell them. I can't lie."

She looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "What if I order you to refer any questions to me?"

I shrugged and said, "I don't know. If anyone asks I suppose we'll find out."

She smiled and said, "And if that doesn't work, well, the only one that can fire me is your uncle. And I would be surprised if he didn't get a kick out of it if he found out. Still, I'd rather he didn't. So remember that if you refer them to me you are being truthful and you are responding to an order."

I nodded and turned to leave once more. And once more I stopped and turned back. "I don't suppose you could do something about Kenny? It isn't that I mind so much. It's pretty exciting and Gordy is a wonderful fuck. But I hate all of those pictures and I am such a mess when they are done with me."

She grinned and answered, "I'm not sure. To be honest, I think I'd like to watch the next time you go to the mailroom. I'm very curious about Gordy."

I grinned back and said, "He is pretty amazing. It's a shame he isn't tall, dark and handsome and in possession of half a brain. You could build the perfect man around his cock!"

She laughed and waved me out of her office.

I went to the ladies room and washed my face and hands. Then I made my way slowly back to my office. I glanced at the clock on the wall when I entered. It was after two in the afternoon. I looked at my three co-workers. They were smirking, assuming rightly that I had been off somewhere having sex.

Jenna gave me a dirty look and asked, "Where the hell have you been?! Spreading that pussy around the office staff? Hell, girl! Your uncle owns the company. You don't have to put out to get ahead. Well, you have to fuck him. But that oughta do it."

I grew nervous as I wondered if I would be able to say what Mrs. Harris had told me to say. I almost sighed with relief when I told her that I was working on a special project for Mrs. Harris and she told me to refer any questions to her. It came out just fine! I shuddered in relief and went to my desk. I was further relieved to see that there were no notes on my desk. It looked like I was finally going to get a little work done.

I didn't get caught up. But everyone left me alone and for the next three hours I worked my ass off. I didn't get everything done. But I did alright. I got most of my work done.

I noticed Irene, Jenna and Terry leaving at the normal time. But I waited until I finished the document I was working on. When I finished I grabbed my purse and headed for the elevators.

I had only worked an extra ten minutes. There were still plenty of people leaving the building. I was only a little late. But I was worried about missing my usual train. My rational mind knew that was silly. Even if I missed my usual train there would be men on the next one. There were always men who wanted to look up a woman's skirt.

I had to stop when I got to the subway to put more money on my pass. By the time I got down to the platform I was nearly a half hour late and I had missed three or four trains. I felt an uncomfortable sense of loss and logic didn't seem to have an effect on it. I waited impatiently for the next train and it wasn't until I boarded and sat down that I noticed how much difference half an hour made. This car was much less crowded.

I took a seat facing the passengers seated on the other side of the doors and got my book out. I made no attempt at trying to fool myself into thinking that I wasn't really planning to flash some lucky commuter this evening. There was no other way to explain the vaguely uncomfortable feeling I had as the desire swelled inside of me. I needed to show my pussy to some stranger on the ride home.

I quickly dug my book out. I am not sure why that weak subterfuge was necessary. It was just a part of the process I guess. I turned to a random page and then looked over the top of my book to see if anyone on the other side of the doors was trying to peek.

I was disappointed when it seemed that no one was watching. But I wasn't going to give up. I couldn't. I spread my knees about six inches apart and watched carefully. I recognized the feelings that had me in an iron grip now. I NEEDED someone to look at me. I needed a man to look up my skirt so that I could become aroused.

And finally I got what I needed. I spotted a man in the second row who suddenly realized that my knees were unusually far apart. He was sitting slumped in his seat listening to an iPod. I saw his eyes focus on my knees and then glance up at my face.

I didn't care if he could see my eyes. I didn't care if he realized it was intentional. I needed him to look between my thighs and become aroused. I slowly spread my knees a little farther apart and glanced around at the other passengers. They were all wrapped up in their own little worlds. As far as I could tell only that one man was watching. I wouldn't have minded if more men noticed. I just wanted to avoid having the situation get out of control.

I spread my knees apart by stages, a little at a time until they were fourteen to sixteen inches apart. That caused my already short skirt to ride up. At that point I knew that he could see my exposed sex.

An enormous thrill coursed through my body. I could feel his eyes on the most private area of my body as though it were an actual physical touch. The heat radiated from that part of my body and I heard my heart beating excitedly.

YES! That was what I needed! That was the thrill I sought!

I brought my legs back together at the next stop. But as soon as the train left the station and everyone was seated I began spreading them again. This time he looked up at me and grinned. He knew now that it was no accident, no careless lapse. He knew that I was intentionally exposing my pussy. And he knew that I was aware that he was watching.

The next stop was mine. I was tempted to stay on the train. But then I thought about Mark and how excited he would get when I told him about my day. If I walked fast I could have a nice hard cock inside of me in ten minutes or less!

The train came to a stop and I scrambled out of the car and rushed to the escalator. I normally let the escalator do the work. But I was in a hurry and I rushed up the stairs, hurrying past the passengers who pressed to the right and allowed those in a hurry to pass on the left.

I didn't even wonder how many people were getting a good look up my skirt until I got off of the steep escalator and rushed down the street to my apartment building.

On the way up to my floor in the elevator I had a mental image of myself rushing down the hallway tearing off my dress as I went. When I arrived at the apartment and opened the door I almost screamed in frustration. Mark was not alone.

Mark and his guest looked up when I came in. I don't know what his guest must have thought when he saw me. But Mark knew just exactly what was on my mind. He smiled and got to his feet. He took me in his arms and said, "Calm down. This is Dr. Collins. It was his brother I called about getting you deprogrammed. He is a psychologist working with veterans at the VA Medical Center. He called me today and I told him all about our problem."

Dr. Collins stood up when I came in. I held out my hand and we greeted each other. I think he heard the edge to my voice. He smiled and said, "Your case is fascinating. I'm not sure that I can help. But there is a chance. I have done a lot of work with hypnosis, which in many ways is very similar to subliminal suggestion. They are both the planting of an idea in a person's subconscious mind. I have worked with some local surgeons helping people who, for one reason or another could not be anesthetized for surgery. The results have been astounding. I have also been working with veterans suffering from PTSD. Unfortunately the results in that area are not as impressive. So I can't offer you any guarantees. But since you have been so amenable to subliminal suggestion I think that the chances are very good that I can help you."

We sat and talked for over an hour about the recent changes in my behavior. I also admitted, once I felt more comfortable with Dr. Collins, which I didn't necessarily want to reverse all of the suggestions. I wanted to be safe. But I was enjoying some of the changes that had been made in me. So was Mark.

He suggested that I could still enjoy much of what I now enjoyed without being compelled to submit to anyone to my possible detriment. My inhibitions had been whittled away and he had no intention of making me more inhibited. I could, hopefully, begin to choose between those behaviors that were exciting and those that might place me in jeopardy. I would still be free to flash strangers on the subway, but say no if they ordered me to follow them home. I would still be free to have sex with my co-workers. And I need not even let them know that my free will had been returned to me.

I knew that it wouldn't be the same. But he was right. The way I was now was dangerous. I pointed out another problem. I might be difficult to hypnotize at the moment. I was highly agitated, highly aroused from the subway ride home.

Dr. Collins laughed and said, "Actually, it would probably be easier if you two were to adjourn to the bedroom for a little while and took care of that. You will be much more relaxed and much more susceptible to suggestion post coitally."

After a brief discussion, Mark and I got to our feet. We were on our way to the bedroom when I saw the pages that he had gotten from Ian, the list of suggestions that had been reformatting my brain. I never did look at that second page. Just out of curiosity I picked it up and looked at it. I was shocked and disgusted by what I read. The things that Ian had reprogrammed his machine to put in my brain were beyond perverted. I was so thankful that Mark discovered the recorder before I started listening to them for a long period of time. As it was I had only been exposed to the new instructions for one night and that was apparently not a sufficient amount of time. In addition to the original instructions he had added statements regarding sex with animals and sex with children. There was one instruction pertaining to bathroom sex that almost made me vomit.

I put the paper down, shuddering with disgust and said, "I only heard these for one night. Thank goodness!"

Dr. Collins nodded. He smiled and said, "I share your disgust. The man who came up with this list would make an interesting case study."

Mark and I went into the bedroom. I was still turned on from the subway ride. But knowing that the doctor was waiting for us out there made both of us feel a little self conscious.

That didn't keep us from doing what we came in there to do. It was a rotten job, but someone had to do it! We undressed and Mark took me into his arms. We kissed and held each other and touched lovingly for a moment. Then Mark suggested, "Why don't you lie down and get comfortable and tell me about your day?"

While I did that, he stretched out between my legs and began to work his magic with his talented tongue. I could tell when something I did today, or something that I had done to me, was especially exciting to him. He was amused by that first hour at work when my uncle and my cousin had amused themselves, supposedly at my expense. The truth was that I enjoyed it as much as they did.

If it had not been for Ian's programming I wouldn't have permitted it and I wouldn't have enjoyed it. I had to wonder now if my life would return to the safe, sane, normal humdrum life I had been living. I hoped not.

Mark was also turned on by the interaction between me and my co-workers when I had exposed myself in my office and allowed Terry to feel me up in front of my two female co-workers.

He wasn't turned off when I told him about my experiences in the mailroom at lunch time. But they were nearly identical to what happened on Friday, except for all the photographs. I wondered if I could get copies of those pictures. I would like to see them and I know that Mark would enjoy them.

Mark got a huge kick out of my interlude with Mrs. Harris. As I relived it for him now I knew that even without my programming I was anxious to repeat the experience.

I finished up with a description of my subway ride home. I think that for some reason we both found those simple acts of exhibitionism incredibly exciting.

I had to pause my narrative time after time while I enjoyed one orgasm after another. When I was finished with my little sex story he climbed up over me and we made mad, passionate love and I was struck by the fact that I had never enjoyed sex with any man the way I did with Mark. I'm not sure if he was doing something different or if it was just because it was Mark and I love him so much.

We assured each other that even if my brain was returned to normal the games would continue. I was happy to hear that he remained open to these little interludes and wasn't jealous in the least.

We cleaned up and put on casual clothes. I was a little uncomfortable about facing Dr. Collins again after spending half an hour or so having sex in the next room. But he was so relaxed about it that I quickly forgot my discomfort.

I sat on the couch and he talked to me quietly and calmly for ten minutes. I began to relax even more. I wasn't even aware at first that he had started. His calm voice relaxed me more and more. He talked to me like that and my fears that he wouldn't be able to hypnotize me began to fade.

I am a little confused about the process. I don't know if I ever was in a trance like state. I seem to remember everything he said to me. But those things that he said don't seem like they were geared towards accomplishing the goals we had set for him. The session lasted for more than an hour. I had no concept of time passing.

When he told me that we were finished I was surprised. I felt like I was still waiting for him to start. I didn't feel any different. But I realized that I was different when he sat back in his seat, smiled and said, "Kari, stand up and take off your clothes."

I felt a thrill run through my body at the suggestion. But instead of getting to my feet I turned to Mark and said, "I will if you want me to."

Both men chuckled. Mark asked, "How would you react if told you that I wanted you to do what said?"

I smiled and responded, "He's cute! I wouldn't mind at all."

Dr. Collins blushed. Then he laughed and said, "It is too soon to say for sure, but it looks like we may have made your sex voluntary again. I will be happy to come back if there are still problems. The brain is a funny thing and shouldn't be messed with. I'd appreciate it if you gave me a call in a couple of days and let me know if there are any vestiges of those suggestions that remain."

I thanked him and then I asked, "Now, back to your request. Should I get up and take my clothes off?"

Both men laughed and I'll admit that I was a little disappointed when Dr. Collins got up and said, "As tempting as your offer is, my fiancé is not as understanding as Mark is."

I got up and gave him a hug. I kissed him on the cheek and thanked him again. Then Mark shook his hand and thanked him. Finally, Mark tried to pay him for his time and trouble. He absolutely refused. We showed him out. As soon as the door closed behind him Mark turned to me and with a very serious expression on his face he said, "We need to talk."

He saw the sudden fear on my face and he smiled. He said, "Relax. I think it's a good talk. But I have been presented with some life altering options. Since you are now a big part of my life we need to discuss them."

We went into the kitchen and after deciding on what we wanted for dinner we began working together to prepare it. While we cooked supper he said, "Gregg called me from Vermont today to set me up with his brother and work out the details. After that we talked. He was telling me about the company he works for, J.A.M. Aluminum. He loves working there and he told me that as a result of some of the changes he has made they are going to be expanding their business."

I didn't see why this was important to me, but if it affected Mark in some way then I knew it would affect me.

He explained, "They want to buy my company. I have registered a few patents that they are interested in acquiring. They want to buy my company and acquire the patents. They will continue to operate my company as a satellite of their operation."

Then he said, "They want me to come to work for them in Middlebury."

I panicked! He saw my sudden change in expression. He put his arms around me and said, "And they want me to bring my wife with me of course."

I wasn't thinking too clearly at the moment. His wife?! Who the hell was his wife?!

He saw the confusion on my face and said, "You will marry me, won't you?"

I went a little crazy then. I jumped all over him, grabbing him and kissing him. And then the hormones went crazy. I held onto his neck and started crying like a baby. After all the crazy things that I had done, after everything that he knew about me, he loves me and he wants to marry me!

He held me and kissed my face for a moment. Then he asked, "Is that a yes?"

I was laughing and crying at the same time when I screamed, "YES, YES, YES!!!!"

We kissed again and then he held me away and said, "You will have to quit your job. We would have to move to Vermont. You are okay with that?"

I wiped my eyes and smiled. I said, "I'm sure that I can find someone in Vermont who will want to look up my skirts!"

He replied, "From what I learned talking to Gregg, that may be a problem. He says that he and his friends don't wear clothes a lot. And they have sex in all sorts of combinations all the time. I guess they must wear clothes sometimes, though."

I said, "I suppose I can find a job in Middlebury. But it may take a while. I am just out of college and don't have a lot of experience. Can you support us while I look for a job? What will your job be?"

He smiled and said, "That won't be a problem. They are creating another vice president position to handle the expansion. That is going to be my position. With my pay and my perks I'll be making around three hundred thousand a year. But the pay isn't important."

I laughed and said, "Three hundred thousand dollars sounds pretty damned important to me!"

With a straight face he said, "They are paying me more than a hundred million for my company and those patents they want. I'm only going to work so I'll have something to do. And you won't be able to get a job. You will be in something they call EPOD. You aren't going to believe this. But I think you'll get a kick out of it."

Epilogue

The company sent their jet down once the details had been worked out. They flew us to Vermont and we stayed with Gregg and his wife, Mouse, in the fucking mansion they had recently purchased.

I loved everything! I loved the state, it's beautiful and the people are really different. I mean that in a good way. They think for themselves and they are amazingly tolerant. I know I'm going to love living there.

The people at J.A.M. were like one big family. I had never experienced anything like it. Everyone was so friendly and they made us feel instantly welcome. While we were there we bought a house near Gregg, Mouse, and their good friends Brad and Jan. The company president is building another mansion next door to Gregg's house. They are all located in a small subdivision of incredibly expensive homes that is becoming something of a company housing area. Another wonderful couple, Mike and his wife Chaz are in the process of buying a house in the same area.

I loved it there so much I hated to go home and pack!

But we did fly back and get ready for the move. I went in and gave my two week notice. It was a strange but eventful two weeks. I continued to act as though I had no choice but to obey all of those people who thought they were taking advantage of me. The funny thing was, now that I knew I didn't have to obey them it was a lot more fun.

I met with Mrs. Harris almost every day of those two weeks. She, unlike all of the others, noticed the change in me immediately. I love oral sex, both giving and receiving. I had discovered on Monday that I really liked eating pussy. But when she returned the favor the next day I learned that I was a rank amateur. When she was finished driving me crazy with her tongue I returned the favor, applying the techniques that I had just learned. Then, when we were sitting together on the couch and cuddling I asked her if she would give Mark lessons.

Don't get me wrong. Mark is very good at it. And it is obvious that he loves doing it for me. But Mrs. Harris, Emily, was the master. She smiled and replied, "I would be happy to. I don't know if he'll learn anything. Some guys don't take well to instructions in this area of endeavor. But I've never met a man that doesn't enjoy watching two women making love."

I told Emily about the hypnotist and the changes in me. I told her that she was the only one that I had let in on my little secret. She found that amusing. But in the next two weeks we grew very close and we were both sad when I left for the move to Vermont. She did promise to visit once we settled in.

And we did manage to get together once before we left town. Brad enjoyed the show. But he also learned a few tricks from Emily. It was a very pleasant evening for all three of us.

About EPOD. I am now a proud member of the J.A.M. Aluminum family and I love EPOD. But if you want to learn more about Executive Pussy on Demand you will have to read "A Chance to Advance" and its sequels.