**Joanie Joins the Workforce**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

I am committed to my one true love: computer hacking, and stopping hackers. After college I went to graduate school and got my PhD in computer science. My parents were proud of me, and I was proud of myself.   
  
But after graduate school reality kicked in, and I had to get a job and make a living. I quickly got a job in New York City working at security at a major department store chain. Computer science, and in particular hacking and security, is a man's world, and I was the only woman in my department, working with four men. Two were around my age, and two were older. None were attractive. I, on the other hand, am good looking-hell, I'm downright pretty-and very sexy.  
  
I instinctively tried to hide how sexy I am after my first few days on the job, when I realized this was my working world. We worked in intimate quarters. But the first three days, before I recalibrated my sartorial choices, made a lasting impression on these horny and lonely geeks.   
  
Even once I was wearing my geek outfit (baggy pants and a sweatshirt) on a daily basis, I found I was in a sexist culture. The men would check out the interns and make comments about their legs, their breasts, and whether or not they "would kick them out of bed." I quickly discovered they never would kick any of them out of bed.  
  
They complemented me on my perfume, sometimes my lipstick, and even once on the way I walked. My walk has a wiggle; it always has. They suggested that "I dress like a girl," or they would point to a secretary wearing tight fitting clothes with her boobs practically bursting out of her tight blouse, and her skirt riding up her thighs when she sat, and say to me, that THAT is how a woman like myself should cress.   
  
I laughed off the comments, and pointed out that I was neither an intern, nor a secretary, and please treat me as a colleague. That would shut them up, but only until the next day. Sometimes one of them would put his arm around my waist, with a lame excuse such as moving me out of the way of a cart coming down the hall. He never did that with a man.  
  
A few times a week one of the men would find an excuse to touch me, although most of the times not on the boobs; my ass however seemed to be fair game. When I was complemented, I got a pat - or two - on my ass. "Good job, Joanie (pats). You're really coming along (pats)."  
  
After a few weeks we had a triumph and squashed an organized hacking attempt that might have caused the company to lose some big money. The leader of the pack, Bob, brought out a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black, opened and shared it in celebration. We each had a glass, but another co-worker, Sam, said it was a pity we had no ice. So we decided to quit for the day and to continue at a local bar.   
  
Near the office building there was a watering hole that catered to bankers, lawyers, and beautiful women hoping to end up with the bankers or lawyers. As we sat around at a table drinking delicious cocktails, the men would make remarks about the pretty women there and how sexy some of them were, as if I were either a man too, or simply not there at all.   
  
A typical remark would be, "Look at the melons on that one," for a woman with big boobs. Another one was "You see that? The babe that just walked by had an ass to die for."  
  
I got annoyed. I told them I had to run an errand but would be back in half an hour. I left to hit a nearby women's clothing store before it closed for the day. It was Thursday, so the store was open until 8pm. I bought a sexy outfit, and returned wearing it. It was September, but very hot, and I took advantage of the end of summer sales. When I rejoined the group they did not at first realize it was I sitting down at their table.   
  
"Whoa, Joanie," Bob said. "You look great!" He whistled, and so did the other three men.   
  
I was wearing a mini skirt and a semi-transparent, diaphanous blouse, through which one could easily see my bra. This was a stylish way to dress anyway among the 20-somethings, but nevertheless a stark contrast with my usual work clothes, where I dressed as a geek. (Baggy pants and sweatshirts.) My bra was lacy and fairly see-through, but try as one might, one could not see my nipples, since the blouse had pockets at the right places, which doubled the fabric there.   
  
Still, because of my transparent bra, it was an awful tease of a blouse, I knew. I went one step further and left the top two buttons unbuttoned, giving the men the potential to look down my blouse, should - for example - they stand above me while I was sitting.   
  
Sam welcomed me back by getting me a cocktail, saying "You have some serious catching up to do; drink up!"  
  
The men kept plying me with liquor. Since I am small and do not weigh much, and unfortunately - it's just biology - women get drunk faster than men. Even given all that, I get drunk easily, and sure enough, before long I was even drunker than they all were. Just so you know: Sober I am a good Catholic girl, and relatively moral and well behaved.   
  
Drunk I am the opposite, sometimes becoming an exhibitionist or a slut, or both. And I was drunk. That's why I usually do not drink. I knew I was playing with fire here, but I stupidly thought I could handle it. My outfit was not a good start, however.  
  
The men's remarks about the other women calmed down once I was back with them in my own sexy outfit. Looking at and ogling me, their very own Joanie who was sitting with them, replaced their fantasy daydreams about beautiful women who would never give them a second look. Good, I thought.   
  
The other two men were Frank and Jerome. Jerome got up to go to the can, and awkwardly tried to look down my blouse. My outfit was low cut, and when I leaned forward you could see most if not my entire bra. My bra was lacy, but basically it was transparent. I leaned forward to give him a better look.   
  
I said, "Like what you see?"  
  
I expected Jerome to be embarrassed, but he was not, and he just said, "God, Joanie, you have great boobs. You're the hottest woman here." He has a really low voice; he could be a bass in a singing group if he could carry a tune. I found his voice sexy. Then he left to find the men's room.   
  
For myself, I have a low pitched voice too. I sing alto, but it's a low alto. Unlike Jerome, I can in fact carry a tune. Men have told me my voice is so low it's sexy. I'm not sure I understand that, but it can only be good, right?  
  
Once Jerome had left, Sam said, "Unfair, Joanie. Now we all want to see your boobs!"  
  
I said, "You know, this is workplace harassment boys. Better watch yourselves."  
  
Bob said, "Hey, we're kicking back in a bar. The workplace is a block away!"  
  
I changed the subject, back to a creative detail in our hacking victory, and we all had a drink to that. But the men did not forget, and one by one they each went to use the men's room, each one getting a good look down my blouse as they got up to go. I did not mind; in fact I enjoyed the lusty attention. The alcohol running around my bloodstream was what allowed me to enjoy it, of course.  
  
When Bob went, he pretended to stumble, and grabbed my shoulder to steady himself, "accidentally" knocking loose another button on my blouse. Now I had three buttons open, making it very easy to see down my blouse. You no longer had to be standing over me. I got aroused. I left the buttons like that.   
  
The music got better, and as it got later, people began to dance. There was a little dancing area close to the bar. Jerome asked me to dance. I realized this was a mistake, but I love to dance, and this was a celebration after all, so I agreed. It helped that it was a fast dance.  
  
I was so drunk I had lost nearly all my inhibitions, and I was singing along to the Four Tops. I was having fun.   
  
I forgot that my moves on the dance floor are sexy in a highly suggestive way. Not so for the men, who barely know how to dance at all. They were comical trying to dance with me, but in a sweet, pathetic way. I did appreciate their efforts. As I said, I was enjoying myself.   
  
I have a few dance moves where I lean forward at different times, and I only gradually became aware that when I did so I was giving Jerome a wide open view down my blouse; he could see all of my bra encased boobs. That explained his broad smile while we danced.  
  
Next there was a slow dance. Jerome pulled me into him, and without thinking I took my usual slow dance position with my arms around his neck, and my groin up against his. I realized this was a mistake when I felt his penis start to grow and become big and hard. This was my co-worker getting an erection for me. Not good.   
  
Fortunately, Bob cut in on Jerome. I tried to dance more properly with him, but it was as if he invoked British common law: A precedent had been established. Bob said, "You should dance with me as you did with Jerome. Don't you like me?"  
  
Flustered, I said, "Yes of course, Bob. You're a great boss," and I put my arms around his neck, too, and let our groins touch as I had done with Jerome. I whispered in his ear, "It's just that I inadvertently gave Jerome an erection. I was embarrassed."  
  
"Joanie, men like to get erections. It makes them feel alive. And you look so lovely tonight, I got an erection just from looking at you." As Bob said that he ground his groin into mine, and sure enough I felt his hard cock through our clothes.   
  
"You know of course Joanie, that I'm your boss, and if you are nice to me, you will get ahead in our little world," Bob added.  
  
Drunk as a skunk as I was, nevertheless alarm bells went off in my head. I wondered if he were saying if I put out for him, he would give me a raise or something? Boy, did I hope that is not what he meant!  
  
After the dance we went to sit down, and the other two men wanted their turns dancing with me. I lied and said I was getting dizzy from the booze and it would be best for me just to sit still for a while. They were disappointed, but they let me be.   
  
Bob's leg touched mine under the table. I moved my leg away, hoping it was an accidental touch. His leg moved with mine, and again his leg was touching mine. The skirt I had bought in my impulse to dress sexy was very short. My legs are not long, but they are shapely, and men seem to appreciate them when they are on display, as they were then.   
  
I moved my leg away again, and his followed again. I gave up and let our legs touch. The men started to talk sports, and I was grateful, since now I could just tune out. Nobody expected me to contribute to a discussion of various football teams. Some day I really had to learn what fantasy football was. But there was no rush, as far as I was concerned.   
  
After a discussion that turned heated at times, while I was lost in a daydream, I felt Bob's hand on my thigh. I looked at him in surprise, and he smiled at me and whispered, "It's good to be the boss." Remembering my fruitless attempts to avoid our legs touching, I did not even try with his hand. I let his hand stay there.   
  
Of course, his hand did not stay there. It began slowly to move up my thigh. I was getting uncomfortable with this and began to squirm. This was a mistake, because as I squirmed to show my discomfort, Bob's hand suddenly jerked far up my thigh, under my skirt, and close to my panties. I held my legs even more tightly together.   
  
By now we had all had, including me, a few more drinks. Everyone was drunk, and I was close to falling down drunk. I finally had to go the bathroom, which would also end Bob's hand creep, since it was now touching the edge of my panties. The next creep would clearly be inside them.  
  
Getting up however the room began to spin. I was dizzy and I almost fell. Bob and Sam caught me in the nick of time, and in the process "accidentally" pushed my blouse so that it opened completely. Two buttons fell to the floor, and the others slipped out.   
  
The blouse was no doubt a product of third world wage slave labor. Buttons were never well done on such clothes. Crappy workmanship was great for voyeurs, and also I guess for exhibitionists like myself. My bra-encased boobs were now on display to the men, and also to anyone else in the bar that was looking my way.   
  
I was too drunk to bend over to look for the fallen buttons. I was also too drunk and too flustered to have the dexterity to button the rest, although I tried. Finally I gave up and just stood there with my boobs exposed. My boobs seemed to be pointing towards the men.   
  
Sam offered to help me to the women's room and he pushed closed my blouse, and I grabbed it to keep it closed. He put his arm around me to help me to steady myself.   
  
On the way to the bathroom he said, "Joanie, we are all desiring you. You look so amazingly hot tonight." He paused, thoughtfully, although it is unclear how thoughtful he could be in his drunken, lustful state. "Just an idea: Remove your bra when you're in the ladies room. I won't tell anyone, it will be our secret. Let's see if the men can tell!"  
  
I did not reply, I just said, "Thank you for your help, Sam."  
  
Sam said, "I'll wait for you here, and help you walk back." And he did.  
  
I did my business, and while in the ladies I began to think about what Sam said. My old slutty nature emerged; it always seems to do so when I drink. So I giggled, and took off my bra, putting it in my purse. I completely buttoned up my blouse except of course for the two missing buttons. That meant three of the five buttons were closed, but that way my now naked boobs were not on display at least.   
  
When I left the bathroom however I was curious to see if Sam would notice my boobs were now free to move about. I noticed they were certainly exercising that option, and jiggling around unless I was perfectly still. I was so drunk in order to stand perfectly still I had to hold the sink tightly with both hands.  
  
The perfect placement of the pockets, covering my nipples when I wore my bra, were no longer perfectly placed for my boobs, now free-to-roam about the bar. There was one spot in the ladies' room where the light was glaringly bright. If I stood there, one could see my boobs, nipples and all, through my blouse. Fortunately, the bar itself was dimly lit. I was safe, but not very safe.  
  
Sam either did not notice, or he was cool about it. I was still drunk, however, and fell into Sam. He felt my soft boob through my blouse and then he knew. Apparently he unbuttoned all the buttons except the middle one while he was steadying me. I was concentrating on not falling down, so I did not even notice.   
  
When I returned to the table, I felt that I was in disarray. It was pretty easy for the men to see my boobs, nipples and all, if I simply moved or swayed a bit. It's hard to sit still like a statue when the world is spinning around you. They all got some mighty fine looks.   
  
Frank flashed a cell phone picture, and even the small light from his iPhone allowed the camera to "see" through my blouse, revealing my boobs in his picture. Seeing what happened, Frank used his flashlight app, and lit up my boobs for the table.   
  
Jerome is quick, and understood what Frank was doing. He used his flashlight app too, and with both lights on me, my blouse became essentially transparent. It was as if I were topless. I was humiliated, and my face turned bright red.   
  
I asked Bob to put me in a cab; it was time for me to go home.  
  
I should mention that part of my having a great body is that I am thin, but nevertheless I have an hourglass figure, although my boobs are a bit too big for it to be a perfect hourglass. However men, especially drunk and horny men, do not seem to mind that detail.   
  
Bob held me and steadied me while he hailed a cab. He helped me into it, getting some healthy grabs of my boobs while doing so and undoing my remaining button, either intentionally or by accident. I was too drunk to be sure either way. But it was the last button, and so my blouse was now completely open. I was now on display both for him and for my taxi driver. The asshole.   
  
I gave the driver my address and the cab sped away. I felt that I had a narrow escape.   
  
The next day I had a bad hangover and called in sick. Since it was a Friday, this would give me the entire weekend to figure out what to do. I knew it would not be possible, after the time in the bar, to return to our formerly asexual work environment. I was truly angry with myself.   
  
Checking my email and nursing my hangover, I saw a circular where the store was looking for volunteers to share their expertise with the government of the City of New York, as a type of goodwill gesture. This would be my perfect chance to escape the mess I had made for myself at the workplace! What luck.  
  
Bob had to sign off on it. The first sign of trouble was when he suggested we go out to dinner and discuss it. I knew this was trouble, but I agreed. I desperately wanted the transfer. He took me to a romantic, fancy restaurant with low lighting. I dressed nicely of course, but tried to deemphasize anything sexy about my clothes.   
  
I'm sure I still looked sexy, I just always do, I guess. But within the rubric of sexy, I was going for a minimum. I think I pulled it off, too. It had absolutely no effect on Bob. He was my boss and he was in heat, or so it appeared to me. I could have been wearing a sackcloth and ashes, and he would still think I was sexy, his mind filled with my displays from the previous night at the bar.   
  
I was wearing a suit I had bought for the occasion. The skirt hugged my curves, but came almost down to my knees, which was long for me. Indeed, it was the longest skirt I owned. I wore a bra of course, an opaque blouse, and the suit jacket.   
  
The jacket was well cut, and the jacket made clear my body had the curves of a woman: my breasts were emphasized by the piping of the jacket, and it came in tight at my tiny waist, and then flared out at the top of my hips. It revealed nothing, except that I had the shape of a woman. Or more precisely, I had the shape of a shapely woman.   
  
First Bob tried liquor. To be polite I had a cocktail before the dinner. It was delicious, and I thanked Bob for it, raving about it. A second appeared before me. "There must be a mistake," I said, "I didn't order a second cocktail."  
  
The waiter smiled, and Bob said, "Since you liked it, I got you another one."  
  
I said, "Oh." I paused and then added, "Thank you, Bob. But as you saw in the bar, I don't handle alcohol as well as I should." I paused again. "But since it's here, I'll enjoy it, I assure you." I took a sip. Boy, it was good.   
  
Bob ordered an expensive bottle of French red wine, to drink with our meal, and the waiter constantly refilled my glass. I was not aware of it, but by the end of the meal we had consumed almost two entire bottles of the wine. I did not even see the second bottle be uncorked.   
  
Bob had rented a car, and he took me up to the Cloisters, reconstructed ancient buildings from France or Italy. Rockefeller had brought them over to New York, and they had a sweeping view of the Palisades across the river in New Jersey, or at least they did in the daytime. But the sun had already set.  
  
It was a nice night, and we took a walk along the edge of the cliff, far above the Hudson River. The cool night air caressed my face. It was highly romantic. I was drunk of course, and the alcohol made me forget I was not at all sexually attracted to Bob, who still, even on this date (and that is what it was, I had figured out by now) dressed like a geek. And in addition, he was around 10 years older than I, and overweight with a beer belly.   
  
But he did have one thing that sometimes is sexually alluring to a girl: He had power. More specifically, he was my boss, and he could let me do this thing for the city, or he could stop it. Power and domination were turn-ons for me, but only when I was drunk. I was drunk.   
  
Drunk as I was, I realized all this as he put his arm around me, and gently crumpled me into him. I like being crumpled. It makes me feel vulnerable and feminine. I knew where this was going, so I was ready when he lifted my head to kiss me, and instead of pulling away, I let him kiss me.

Bob was one of those increasingly rare people who still smoke. His breath smelled of tobacco and wine, and I found it intoxicating. I discovered I became aroused just by the smell of cigarette and alcohol.   
  
When I thought about it later, I guess I enjoyed the taboo nature of cigarettes and alcohol. I should explain; neither one is illegal of course. Lots of people smoke and almost everyone drinks, but smoking makes you sick in the long run. Perhaps because of that, people are moralistic and paternalistic about it.   
  
People have the same Puritan attitudes of disapproval about being drunk in public. I'm not talking about being "a drunk," for example a homeless man whose best friend is the bottle. They get pathos. No, I'm talking about a regular, hard working guy like Bob who one night drinks too much and is walking around in public drunk.   
  
That describes how Bob was that very evening. Maybe that's why I found the combination of the smells of alcohol and cigarettes on his breath so sexy. I have always been upfront about it: I am weird. I guess you could say I am alienated.   
  
I surprised myself by kissing back, opening my mouth, and letting our tongues mingle. This turned a harmless affectionate kiss into a sexy one. I was aroused.   
  
We kissed for a while, letting the sea breezes that rush up the Hudson at night caress our faces as we got more and more aroused by each other. I was still sober enough to ask at precisely this moment if he would approve my move to the City government for a year.  
  
He said, "Yes, Joanie. And I'll do it first thing tomorrow at the office if I can go home with you tonight." Then before I could answer he kissed me again.   
  
"Bob, you are a jerk,' I said pulling away from him. "You could easily have seduced me into your bed, but you made me sound cheap, like I would be fucking you to get what I wanted. Actually, I wanted to fuck you tonight, but making it a condition to get the approval ruined it."  
  
I couldn't believe I said that. Bob turned red and was stammering, trying to speak but unable. In a moment of clarity, I spoke a revealing truth, I don't know why. Well, I do know why: I was too drunk to stop myself.   
  
I said, "You're lucky, though, even if you are an asshole. Rewarding me for fucking you makes me feel like a whore, and that truly turns me on." I kissed him, and stroked his cock. My kiss had passion. Bob was at a loss. His head was swimming at what was happening, although I could see his cock was rock hard. I had him confused and I liked that.   
  
Next I surprised even myself.   
  
"Why wait?" I said. I took off my suit vest and my blouse, putting them on the ground, neatly folded. I was down to my bra. I dropped to my knees, and right there on the public walkway of the Cloisters, overlooking the Hudson with New Jersey beyond, I undid his pants and pushed them down, along with his briefs, revealing an impressive erect, hard and throbbing cock.   
  
"Mmm, nice," I said, as I licked it like a Popsicle.   
  
Bob was in a state of shock, and nervous to have his cock out in public, I could tell. "Don't you think we would be more comfortable..." he began. I swallowed his cock in my mouth, sucking him in almost all the way to his balls. His cock was too big for me to get it all inside of my small mouth. But I did a good job.   
  
I released his cock from my mouth and said, "No. Isn't it nice out here in nature? And there's nobody about."  
  
I quickly stripped, but still taking the time to neatly fold and place my skirt on my jacket. My panties I took off slowly, and he was rapt watching them slide, little by little, down my hips and then drop to the ground. I was standing in front of him naked. I just stood there, stark naked in front of him. The next move was his.   
  
The walkway was lit up at night, so it was not really dark. Bob was clearly stupefied by my boldness and completely flummoxed. I had become a brazen hussy. My body glistened in the glow from the walkway lights.   
  
He did not know what to do. His pants were around his ankles, and his hard cock was pointing at me. He must have known the next move was his to make.   
  
He moved forward to kiss me again, and while he kissed me I grabbed his cock in my hands and began to pump it. I was having fun. It was exciting for me to take control of my boss and make him so ill at ease. Here he was, in a New York City public park, with his sexy female employee naked before him, stroking his cock as he kissed her. He was scared. He was turned on. He did not know what to do.   
  
I took his cock and started to rub it around my pubic hairs. This was not easy, since he was so much taller than I am. I am a short girl. I took his hand and led him to a part of the walkway that climbed a little hill. I stood uphill from him, and then I was able easily to rub his cock around my genitalia. I must confess it felt nice. That and the kissing, and being naked in public, were all turning me on.  
  
We were lost in this, and we did not notice a couple walking down the path. The woman said nothing and walked right past us. Nothing fazes New Yorkers. But her date clapped Bob on the shoulder as it to say, "Way to go, buddy." He winked at me and smiled. This got Bob much more relaxed.   
  
Now Bob took charge. He took my hand, and led me to the grass. It was symbolically fenced off so that it could stay healthy, but we ignored that. He lay me down on the grass, and it felt nice beneath me. He spread my legs.  
  
He removed completely his pants and climbed on top. He kissed me and played with my boobs for a few minutes, and then positioned his cock at the entrance where all men desire entry. He said, "Are you sure about this, Joanie?"  
  
I said, "We shouldn't. You're my boss."  
  
He said, "I need you. Just this one time. I have to have you."  
  
"And your signature?" I wanted to make clear I was fucking for him for my reward. Just like a whore.  
  
"Oh God, yes. Yes!" he said.   
  
I saw the lust in his eyes. God, I love seeing lust in men's eyes. When the lust is for me, that is. I said, "Go for it, lover boy."  
  
My cunt was wet and welcoming as he plunged in. I think he was not getting much pussy in his routine life, because a few minutes later he exploded months of saved up cum into me. It seemed like his cock was a fire hose, filled with cum. It felt wonderful, actually, but I was far from sexual release.   
  
I knew the answer. "Let's go to your place."  
  
We almost ran back to his car. He dressed, but I stayed naked, carrying my clothes. I draped my clothes over my private parts, after I fastened my seat belt, but my tits were clearly on display. He drove that way, obeying all laws to avoid being pulled over. After all, he was driving drunk, and I was nude, sitting next to him.   
  
He lived in Brooklyn. He parked on the street. It was late and nobody was about, so I made a naked dash to his building's door. He punched in the code and we entered, him laughing, me giggling.   
  
We took the elevator to his floor and went to his apartment, and he took me directly to the bedroom, lay me down on the bed, stripped off his clothes, and jumped on top of me. I told him he had to get me wet first.   
  
The idiot did not know what to do. I could not believe it. I said, "Try pretending your fingers are a cock." So he tentatively stuck a finger in me. "Now move it in and out, Bob." He did. That helped.   
  
I gradually got wet again, but he was so embarrassed and ashamed, he had lost his erection. So I gave him what must have been his first blowjob. This poor guy! Here he was in his mid to late thirties, and he had precious little experience with a woman, that was clear.   
  
When he was good and hard, I stopped the blowjob and opened my legs wide. This he understood and soon we were fucking away. He actually wasn't bad, now that he was no longer scared from being outside, and reassured about his manliness.   
  
I ended up spending the night, and in the morning I introduced him to doggy style, as we did the deed again. I got up and made us breakfast wearing only an apron. It was a half apron, tying at my waist, and covering only the front of my body below the waist. He enjoyed pinching and massaging my bare ass as I cooked.   
  
His apartment had lots of windows, and I had opened all the blinds and drapes, ostensibly to let the sun in, but in reality to show off my body to any neighbors who could see in.  
  
To make it easy on the neighbors (I did not want them to get eye strain, thoughtful girl that I am), I saw he had a little balcony, with a tiny table and two chairs. It was not been used for a long time, if ever, so I cleaned the dirt off the table and chairs and served us breakfast on the balcony. He used it only for smoking.  
  
I kept on my apron, but I was stark naked underneath, and he was wearing a robe and nothing else. While we ate, me on display to his neighbors (if they were looking), I pushed my leg straight out and fondled his cock with my toes. He got hard again.   
  
I noticed some neighbors across the street were looking. They were not subtle. I figured this was not a common sight in those parts: or really, if you think about it, in any parts. But I was out of control. I was still drunk from all of the alcohol the night before. And I liked being the more experienced one, and in charge, a state I had never before been in.   
  
To keep the mood I discovered he had champagne in the fridge and I made us mimosas. We each had three, but then the bottle was empty, so no fourth mimosas for us. But I was seriously drunk again.   
  
So I told Bob to bring the furniture from the balcony inside. He obediently did, although he did not know why. Then I led him back to the balcony and got on my hands and knees and waved my ass at him. He could not do it. He could not fuck me in front of an audience, even if I was there, young and luscious, naked and willing, even inviting him. He just couldn't do it.   
  
I was disappointed. I was drunk and a slut, and he was too uptight. What a fool. But I am sweet and charitable, so I let him take me one more time, and this last time, I had my first orgasm with Bob. I even squirted. He was so innocent he did not know what was happening when I squirted. Wow.   
  
While we were lying there in the afterglow, his cum dripping out of my cunt, I said, "Let's go to the office and you can sign the form, okay?"  
  
He said, "Sure. Boy, this has been some ride we've been on together. Is it over?"  
  
"Yes Bob," I replied. "You wanted to fuck me in order for me to get your signature on the form, and I decided, why not do it in style? Don't read too much into it. I could just as easily have fucked Sam, Frank, or Jerome, or all of them in a gangbang, you know?"  
  
That was a super, super dumb thing to have said. "Really?" Bob said. I could see the wheels turning in his head. "How about I sign it on the condition you allow the team to gangbang you?"  
  
"Bob, I was being sarcastic. Who or what do you think I am?"  
  
"Well, Joanie, I guess I'm learning as we go. To be honest, I am not that knowledgeable about women."  
  
No shit, Sherlock, I thought. But I did appreciate his confession. Even though it was patently obvious, it is not easy for a man to say that, I should think. Especially not a man his age!  
  
"Oh shit," Bob suddenly said. "Joanie, it's Sunday. What time is it?"  
  
"It's 10am. Why? The office is open, we can still go."  
  
"Don't you remember the plans we made to do fantasy football this morning? At the bar? Or were you too drunk even to listen to us?"  
  
"You noticed, did you?" I said, giggling. "So you come to fantasy football late. No big deal."  
  
"Joanie, the men are coming here. At 10am," Bob said, as we sat on the bed.  
  
"Oh," I said, trying to think fast in my drunken state.  
  
A minute later I heard the voice of Jerome yelling out, "Anyone home? We're all here! Where are you, in the bedroom, still sleeping it off? Julie go wake him up the way you woke me up this morning." Even from the other room, I could hear the sexual innuendo in his voice, it was so thick. Or maybe it's just that my mind is in the gutter.   
  
A woman's voice said, "Do it yourself, asshole." This made me think she did something. A wake up fuck? A wake up blowjob? A wakeup strip tease, but no action?  
  
While I was ruminating, I forgot to get under the covers, and saw Jerome's face in the doorway staring at my naked, cum filled body. I quickly slipped under the covers. Frank's voice came from the other room, yelling, "Come on Bob! I've got the beers open and we're starting the pregame drinking! Guacamole and chips await!"  
  
Jerome closed the door to the bedroom, saying loudly, "Bob's getting dressed. He'll be out soon." Then I detected whispering. So everyone knew we had just fucked. Men talk, especially about sex. Shit.   
  
Bob got dressed, mumbling sorry. I was drunk, so my thinking wasn't perfect. Bob is a lot taller, bigger, and a hell of a lot heavier than I am, so I rummaged around and found a clean white shirt, and put it on, being careful to button all the buttons.   
  
I checked the buttons, too, and there was no risk of them falling off or coming undone. I checked the label: the shirt was made in Eastern Europe. Made no doubt by woefully underpaid artisans. But doubtless they were paid more than Asian wage slaves.   
  
I looked around some more and found a collection of silk ties. I took off the shirt. I found the longest one and tied it around my neck, and then pulled down on it and slipped my boobs above it. It gave them a little support. I put the shirt back on.   
  
I have a tiny waist even for a small girl like me, so there was no way one of Bob's belts would fit, they were just too huge. So I got another tie, and even that was too big, so I used it as a sash around my hips.   
  
I found a huge handkerchief, and I do mean huge. It barely fit but it served as a belt around my waist. Bob had no mirror, so I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I unbuttoned the top few buttons, and did not like what I saw.   
  
I unbuttoned the shirt to my waist, and then used another long tie as another breast support. Then I used a third. Finally they altogether had the effect of a push up bra. Then I buttoned up and again looked at my reflection in the window. I unbuttoned one final button, so I showed some cleavage. Perfect: I looked sexy as hell, and even attractive with my colorful silk "sash."   
  
My clothes, panties, and bra were in a pile somewhere in the apartment, but not in the bedroom. I entered the room when they were passing around cell phone pictures of me at the bar. Sam smelled my panties and was grinning. I was furious. I squashed my anger.  
  
The men, and the woman called Julie, stared at me. I smiled sweetly at them, saying, "Good morning boys. Drinking a bit early, wouldn't you say?" Then I walked over to Julie, and said, "We haven't met yet. I am the totally embarrassed Joanie, and I work with these animals."  
  
Julie smiled. "Pleased to meet you. I've heard a lot about you: all of it good, and all of it sexy I see it's all true, too. You look spectacular. I love what you did with what you had to work with." She winked at me. "How about a beer?"  
  
I don't like beer, but I didn't say that. I pointed to the empty champagne bottle, saying, "Bob and I had a head start. Mimosas. I already have a serious buzz"  
  
Julie smiled. She had a pretty face and a decent body. She was wearing tight jeans and a tank top, and clearly a bra. It was a good choice for a drunken fantasy football session. Not like me: Wearing a huge man's shirt and absolutely nothing else, except of course for four silk ties and a handkerchief.   
  
Julie sat on the couch, and I sat next to her, feeling safer next to a woman. This was an illusion, as it turned out. Jerome said to her, "Julie, I want you to dress like Joanie. Go into Bob's bedroom and change." He said it firmly. I suspected Julie is a submissive.   
  
"No," she said. Actually she kind of whined. Her tone was tentative, questioning. "I'm comfortable like this. You promised, remember?"  
  
I wonder what Jerome promised her? Maybe that he would behave at the fantasy football gathering, and not force her to do things? What things I could only imagine. Well, I guess one thing he could ask her to do was to change her clothes, since he just did that.  
  
"Do it, Julie," Jerome said.   
  
Julie was clearly reluctant, but she slowly got up off the couch. Jerome's voice suddenly got fierce, almost threatening, as he turned to me and said, "Unbutton, Joanie."  
  
Well, I am not a submissive. Far from it! But sometimes, when I am drunk, I enjoy being ordered about by a man who takes firm control. I know it's bogus, but I let myself believe it relieves me of responsibility for my actions. I undid the top button.  
  
"Keep going," Jerome barked. Julie began to walk to the bedroom, almost crying. I undid a second button. All the men were looking at me. Bob was almost drooling. "Undo all of them!" Jerome said, and I noticed his hands were clenched into fists.   
  
I thought about saying no, but the words would just not come out. Instead, idiotically, I complied, but painfully slowly. All the men's eyes were riveted on me. I could see the lust in their eyes. Every single one of them. I was getting wet.  
  
Fortunately, my handkerchief belt and my silk tie sash kept the shirt closed, even unbuttoned. But it opened around the boobs, and the men could see around half or more of my boobs. The nipples were still hidden, but only barely.   
  
Apparently Julie had returned. "You too, Julie. Joanie, help her." I could not believe it: both of us were in his power, as if we were in a trance. I helped Julie unbutton the buttons. She did not have a belt, or a sash. The shirt fell wide open. Julie clutched it closed.  
  
Jerome turned to the men. "Sam and Frank, would you mind please verifying that the girls are naked underneath their shirts?"  
  
Sam came to me, and Frank went to Julie. They both opened our shirts. Sam had fun removing the handkerchief and the tie sash. He felt me up as he did it. We were both quite obviously naked underneath them. Jerome said, "Now check for cum."  
  
This got us both alarmed. I looked at Julie and her eyes looked terrified. But seeing my eyes probing her, she simply shrugged. The men stuck fingers in our cunts, pumping them a little. Julie groaned. "Well?" Jerome barked.   
  
Frank said, "Clean. Julie is clean."  
  
Sam said, "Not so for this little wench." His finger was covered in Bob's cum. Jerome told him to offer it to Julie. Shaking a little she tasted it.  
  
"Whose cum is it, woman?" he said roughly, looking at Julie. She pointed at Bob, who blushed. "How does it taste?"  
  
Julie said, barely a whisper, "Good."  
  
"Say it again, woman. Louder."  
  
"Bob's cum tastes good. It's yummy," Julie said, as tears streamed down her face.   
  
I forgot how embarrassing and humiliating this was for me, and I forgot to wonder why I was even doing this. Instead I was consumed with fascination by what was happening with Jerome and Julie, and where on earth this was going.   
  
I knew about gangbangs. My former lover, Philip the banker, had used my body to get ahead. In Paris he had me fuck a potential client, who was into bondage and sadism. It was not too bad, but after he finished with me, he left me there bound, and basically I was gangbanged, without my consent, by four more men I had never even met. Philip won the account, and I was angry with him for a month, before he gradually won back my affections.  
  
Part of my weakening and coming back with all my love to Philip was that, while I never told anyone, and still haven't, looking back on the experience I found that I actually enjoyed the bondage element, once again because I had no responsibility for what happened. Even more outrageous, perhaps, is that if I were honest with myself, I had to admit that I liked the gangbang sex. I must have cum dozens of times.   
  
I was bound and gangbanged again in Zurich, this time by ten men in succession, one after the other relentlessly, when I was sold into sexual slavery "for charity" for 24 hours. Philip had blackmailed me into doing that. I still have not forgiven him. But it's our secret, okay: I actually enjoyed being gangbanged, even if I could barely walk at the end. My cunt was sore for days.

I had to know about Julie. I said to everyone and nobody, "Julie and I need some alone time. I'm taking her to the bedroom."  
  
"No you're not," Jerome declared. "She stays right here. I'm not done." Julie did not move.  
  
I said, "I know you are not done. You can continue later. She's coming with me." I had ice in my voice, and probably fire in my eyes. All my muscles were tense, as if I were about to start a race. Jerome looked surprised. Here was a woman wearing only a man's shirt, open at his command and revealing her body and its charms to the men in the room, and she had the audacity to defy him? Damn right, I thought.   
  
Jerome was smart. He knew I would not obey him, and my defiance would undermine his authority with Julie. So he said, in a firm and controlling voice, "You two ladies have ten minutes. Better start now." Jerome turned his back to us, and declared to the men which quarterback he wanted. He actually used the phrase, "I have dibs." I have no idea what name he used. Nor did I care.  
  
Julie was frozen. I took her hand and pulled her after me. She obediently followed me. The two of us sat on the bed. We talked for a long time, way longer than 10 minutes. Nobody disturbed us. I could tell from the sounds from the other room that the men were drinking heavily, and arguing about football. For them, I guess this was fun.   
  
After around a half hour, and lots of tears, I understood what was going on. Julie was indeed a submissive, and Jerome enjoyed humiliating her. He would make her wear revealing clothes, and often she would give strangers peaks at her body.   
  
He took it to the next level a few weeks ago, when he brought home a friend she did not know and forced her to strip in front of the man. He jerked himself off while she did it. She got super turned on.  
  
A few days later he hosted a card game. The other men bet money, and he bet the clothes Julie was wearing. Little by little he lost, and she gradually became naked. Pictures were taken, naked Julie posing with each man, and a few groping liberties were taken, but that was it.   
  
She was as wet as she had ever been when it was over. Jerome rewarded her by spanking her while she was naked, bent over his knees. She came during the spanking even though her privates were never touched.   
  
A few days ago he made her go naked, with only a light coat covering her. He took her to a major store with a long escalator so that anyone below her could look up her coat, and people coming down the other way could look down it. Then he had her blow him in an alley. He was out of control in his domination, and she was helpless: she felt she had no choice but to submit. She loved it.   
  
"Has he even made you fuck someone else?' I had to ask. I could not help myself.  
  
"Yes," she whispered. "That was two days ago, with a stranger, while he watched. We did it at Jerome's apartment. It's the only time." She paused, thinking. She added, "It was my first time with a man. I don't even know his last name." Her eyes fell to the floor in shame. I said nothing. I looked at her, trying to radiate reassurance and support.   
  
Julie added, "You know, Joanie, I loved it. I came, too. And after he left Jerome fucked me three times, and I loved that, too. Seeing me do it with the stranger, me being a virgin and all, it all really turned on Jerome. He could not get enough of me. I was so happy."  
  
I said, "I would have loved it, too, I'm sure."  
  
Julie looked at me, surprised. "You too?" she said. "Are you...like me?"  
  
"Not exactly," I said. "We are weird in different ways. For example, Bob is my boss, and I just fucked him so he would let me transfer out. I felt like a whore. It turned me on."  
  
"You're the first person I've confessed this too." Julie said. "But now I guess everyone in the other room knows, too. Men talk. They're probably discussing what humiliating experience Jerome is going to make me do for them, even now."  
  
I agreed. "It might be a gangbang," I warned.   
  
"I know. I'm terrified," Julie said.   
  
"Would you do it, if Jerome commanded?"  
  
"Joanie, I would have no choice. I just have to obey. I go into a trance or something. It's awful," Julie said.  
  
"Gangbangs are not so bad, actually. At least I enjoy them sometimes," I said.   
  
Julie looked at me in thunderstruck horror. "You've...you've done it before?"  
  
"Three times," I said. "Twice I was tied up and it was without my consent. I was raped, basically. The third time I was acting out my adolescent fantasies. But looking back, and being honest with myself, I enjoyed all three gangbangs. I loved the look of lust in the eyes of the men just before they ravished me."  
  
"Oh my God," Julie said. "You're just like me, only a few steps ahead! Quite a few, I guess. And my God! I had the same adolescent fantasy. But reality is different. I'm scared, Joanie."  
  
"Of course you are. All of us girls are. For me, the terror is part of the thrill. But I suspect few girls are like that. For you, I don't know. These matters are highly personal. But remember: You don't have to do anything you do not want to do. It's your body."  
  
"I know," Julie said. "I tell myself that fifty times a day. But when Jerome talks a certain way, my body, my mind, my soul are all within his control. I am so ashamed."  
  
"I understand," I said. "I get it." We were silent for a while. I broke the silence, saying, "Are you ready to go back out? Let's button up first."  
  
We entered the room and found four drunken men. It was still an hour before the first football game began. Jerome said, "That was longer than ten minutes, Julie."  
  
"It's my fault," I said, defiance in my eyes. Jerome looked at me. His eyes penetrated me. There was something in his eyes, and I suddenly was in his power again. He could tell.  
  
"Come here, Joanie," he said with a voice that brooked no dissent. I obeyed. "Lie on my knees, face down." I obeyed.  
  
Jerome lifted up the shirt, exposing my naked ass to the men, and he began to spank me. He spanked hard, and I got wet. Julie said, "Stop, Jerome! You are hurting her!"  
  
"Be still, woman," he said to Julie. He growled to me, "Joanie, am I hurting you?"  
  
My reply came out as part moan, "Yes." I was so turned on being spanked with three men and Julie watching that the moan slipped out. I was squirming a little, rubbing my cunt on Jerome's thigh. He could tell. That was for sure.   
  
"Should I continue?"  
  
"Yes," I moaned.   
  
"Harder even?"  
  
I was silent. He spanked harder. Now I actually moaned. He spanked both ass cheeks for some time. The spanks were getting very painful.   
  
"Frank, see if she's wet, okay?" he asked in a normal voice. Jerome turned me over and unbuttoned the shirt.   
  
Frank stuck a finger in me and then licked it off. "Wet like a river, Jerome. But a hell of a lot sexier."  
  
"Women, go the bedroom, lie on your backs on the bed, naked, and raise your arms above your heads," Jerome commanded. Julie and I just stood there, shocked. Then Jerome said, "Do it. Now," in a voice that was icy and threatening. We scampered in to the bedroom. I heard Jerome asking Bob if he had some rope, and silk ties.   
  
Bob had both. Frank and Sam tied our hands to the bed board of Bob's bed. Jerome came over and spread our legs. "Julie, choose who fucks Joanie first," he commanded.  
  
Julie looked at me. She said nothing. He came over and leaned over her face and kissed her. It was a long kiss. She sighed in pleasure. "Who fucks Joanie first, woman?"  
  
"You do," she said.   
  
"Fine. She's a fine wench, she is," Jerome said. "Now Joanie, before I fuck you, two things: Who fucks Julie first?"  
  
I stayed silent. Jerome shocked me by slapping my face. "You asshole," I said.   
  
"Who fucks Julie first?" Jerome said again, his voice dripping with menace.   
  
My blind blanked. I forgot everyone's name. I pointed.   
  
"Okay, Sam, you get the honors," Jerome said.  
  
Against my better judgment, but curious as hell, I asked, "What is the second thing?"  
  
Jerome smiled as he undressed. His smile looked malevolent. He then climbed on the bed, awkwardly positioning himself over me, and stuck his cock above my mouth. "The second thing, woman, is to open your mouth and make me cum."   
  
I opened my mouth. His cock was surprisingly big, but I got most of it in my mouth. It was not as if I had a choice as he bore down my face. He was almost crushing me, and I had trouble breathing and began to make gurgling noises.   
  
Jerome eased up on the pressure and then he let me suck him in earnest. My hands were tied so I could only use my mouth. I heard moans from Julie, and knew that Sam was fucking her. She was right next to me but I could not turn my head to see. But it was pretty clear. Indeed, from the movements of the bed and the squishing sounds Sam's cock made in what must have been her very wet cunt, it was obvious.   
  
Suddenly Jerome withdrew from my mouth long before I could get him to cum. "Not good enough, bitch," he said. "Let's try your cunt." He moved so that he was positioned to enter me.   
  
"Ask for it," he commanded.  
  
I was silent.  
  
"Ask for it!" he commanded. His tone sent ice through my veins. I wanted to say "No!" but I was too scared to speak.   
  
Then Bob saved me, saying, "Qui tacet consentire videtur. Just plunge it in her, asshole."  
  
Jerome said, "You're right, Bob. Thanks." I was surprised Bob knew that Latin phrase, and even more surprised Jerome did. Although now that I think about it, maybe he just got the 'plunge it in her' part. In any event, he was inside me, whether I wanted it for not.   
  
Jerome was a good fuck, just as Julie had said. I had a lot more experience than Julie, that was clear, and I knew I good fuck when I saw one. This was one, too, no question. The fact that Bob and Frank were watching, and Julie was fucking her heart out right next to me, made it very erotic.   
  
I began to moan. I did not want to, the moans just kept popping out of me. It was intense. An orgasm was building. I could feel it.   
  
I looked over at Julie. She was moaning non-stop, and raising herself to meet Sam's thrusts. She was really into it. So was I with Jerome, I'm just not that vocal. I saw Bob and Frank putting money on a table. I listened, trying to catch what they were saying. It was not easy, because Julie was moaning in my ear, and I kept moaning too. The sensation was that intense.   
  
Bob and Frank were betting on which one of the four of us, Julie, me, Sam, or Jerome, would cum first. It figures, I thought. The smart money was on Julie flashed through my mind, but as it did, I lost it.  
  
"Oh my God, Oh my God," I yelled, and my body rose to meet Jerome's. My legs wrapped themselves around him and they pulled him into me, crushing him and holding him still, as I screamed in orgasm. My orgiastic scream is a strange mixture of a screech and a growl. It left no doubt what happened.  
  
A second later Julie came. Her orgasm was equally obvious. Her orgiastic cry was different. I can't describe it, but trust me, nobody had any doubt about what happened.   
  
My legs released their death grip on Jerome and he resumed fucking me, as I whimpered. Sam had also resumed fucking Julie after her rather spectacular orgasm. To my surprise, Bob now yelled out, "Switch!" I found out later this had been arranged with Jerome in advance.   
  
Both men stopped fucking us, and Sam climbed on top me, grinning from ear to ear. "I've been wanting to fuck you since I first saw you, Joanie," he whispered in my ear as he positioned his hard cock at my entrance.   
  
"Well this is your chance, lover. Make it count," I whispered in his ear.  
  
At the same time, Jerome climbed on top of Julie. He said to her, again in his commanding, brook-no-dissent voice, "Prepare yourself, girl, for a wild ride."  
  
Julie looked at him with a mixture of love and fear, and nodded his head. "Say it," Jerome said.   
  
Julie said, "Jerome, I am yours. Do with me as you want. As you must." She spread her legs so wide one leg was on top of my knees.   
  
"Camera!" Jerome called out. Frank snapped a picture of Julie's wide-open cunt. Sam got off me, spread my legs to the max, and Frank took a picture of the same view of me. I was now breathing heavily. It turned me on to be so desired. I am such a pervert, I thought. I found myself disgusting, but there was nothing to be done.  
  
Sam resumed fucking me, but Jerome untied Julie, and had him lay over his cock, sideways, front down. He slapped her ass as he fucked her. He was slapping hard! After only the third or fourth slap her ass was turning red. She was groaning and moaning, her body heaving up and down on his cock.   
  
Frank came over and started playing roughly with her boobs. Julie had nice boobs. They were smaller than mine, but beautifully shaped. Her nipples were a work of art, all by themselves.   
  
I could not get a good look at all that was going on because my body was heaving with the pounding Sam was giving me. He was fucking me hard, as if his life depended on jamming his cock all the way into me. He began to grunt as he thrust. I put my legs around him and said, "Yes Sam. Fuck me just like that, it is so good." I started kissing his chest when it was within range of my mouth. I was still tied up.   
  
After what seemed like a good long time, and a near continuous orgasm on my part, Sam blew his load into me. I was surprised; I thought he would pull out. Now I was good and sloppy.  
  
Frank too noticed. "You idiot. I don't like sloppy seconds."  
  
"You mean sloppy thirds, or even fourths, buddy," Jerome said while he fucked and slapped Julie, who was now crying and moaning incoherently. "If you count her fuck with Bob just before we came."  
  
"You mean fucks," Bob said, obviously pleased with his conquest. "I'll get the jelly."  
  
Bob came back, and Jerome said, over here first. Jerome took a lot of the jelly and greased up Julie's asshole. Bob greased up mine at the same time.  
  
I said, "No, Bob. I don't do anal." This was a lie, of course, I have done anal a few times, and I even kind of liked it. But doing anal with a co-worker, with the in team of co-workers looking on, was just too much.   
  
Like letting them gangbang me wasn't? What a bizarre distinction I was making. But I just did not want to do it.   
  
"Yes, you do," Jerome said. He was still fucking Julie. Doesn't that man ever cum?  
  
"No, I don't. Sorry boys. I'm letting you fuck me; I'm letting all of you fuck me. I sucked two of you, I'm naked for you and I am spreading my legs. Jesus Christ, I am seriously putting out for you, for all of you. I'm not doing anal."  
  
"You've put out for everyone but me, Joanie dear," Frank said. "And I don't do sloppy seconds." He glared again at Sam.  
  
Sam shrugged. "Impasse," he said.   
  
Jerome said, "Tie her up, men, face down on the bed. I'll do the honors."  
  
"No," I said, but I was ignored, as Frank and Sam grabbed my arms. Bob flipped me over as if I were a rag doll, and the weight of a pillow. It's true, I'm thin, I'm small, and I don't weight much. But I'm at least 100 pounds, and that's a lot to flip so effortlessly, especially because I was fighting it. And no, you do need to know my precise weight. That's between my scale and me.   
  
The men held me there while Bob tied me up. I kept protesting, but everyone was suddenly deaf. Jerome was still fucking Julie, and she was moaning incoherently now. Her moans began to sound like a baby's babble. I was beginning to get worried about her, but apparently I was the only one.  
  
Mostly, though, I was worried about me, as it looked as if I was about to get anally raped. As Frank climbed on top of me, I said, "If you do this, Frank, it's against my will and you are raping me. And the rest of you are complicit. I'm saying no, and I mean NO!" I spit at Sam.  
  
"She's serious, guys," Sam said.   
  
Julie stopped moaning long enough to say, and it was barely audible, "Leave her alone." Jerome hit her ass hard, but with his fist. I guess it was punishment for speaking up for me. She began to cry. Jerome threw her on the floor onto her back, climbed on her and began to fuck her brutally, even viciously.   
  
Now Julie moaned loudly. She cried out "Oh my God!" and then she came, violently. Her whole body shook and everyone stopped to look at her, in the middle of her orgiastic bliss. Everyone but me, that is. I was still tied to the bed.  
  
Frank forgot about ass fucking me. But I was still naked, tied up face down on the bed.   
  
Bob got behind me, lifted my ass in the air, and began to fuck me, doggy style. This was more like it. "Cum inside me," I whispered to Bob. "I don't want Frank touching me."  
  
Bob fucked me with the most enthusiasm he had yet exhibited. The men started cheering him on. It was pretty vulgar, they were saying things like, "Stick it to her, Bob! Nail the bitch!" My favorite was "Fuck that sweet bitch's brains out!"   
  
Then Jerome piped in, "Make her beg for it, Bob." I was glad Bob ignored Jerome and just kept quietly, but fiercely, pounding me hard. I do not beg.   
  
Jerome pulled out of Julie, the man had still not cum, leaving her whimpering on the floor. As she whimpered, Frank mounted her and took her in the ass. She gasped, and said no, please don't, but she said it weakly and Frank ignored her. Then she began to moan and everyone knew she was into it. I suspect she was an anal virgin before Frank took her.  
  
Jerome came over to me as Bob was ravishing me, and began to spank me. Sam joined him from the other side of me and they were both spanking me, hard. I loved it, pervert that I am. Jerome now began to talk dirty to me, too. He said things like, "You like it, don't you, slut. Bob, fuck her hard. Nail the little bitch. Split that little slut in half."  
  
Sad to say, but this talk turned me on even more. The men were driving me crazy. I did not want to cum so soon, but I did, letting out a blood curdling orgiastic scream. But Bob did not stop. He was going to fuck me until he came. I realized that might be a while, since I must have already drained him of all of his cum last night and this morning.   
  
The longest fuck I had ever had up to that point probably lasted 20 minutes. This fuck by Bob became a marathon. I came three more times. There was a lot of spanking; a lot of dirty talk, and at one point Jerome dragged a sharp knife over my body, terrifying me. I came almost immediately when he did that, and almost got cut, I was shaking so much. I figure it was 40 minutes or so before Bob finally came.   
  
Long before that, Frank unloaded his spunk into Julie's ass. Julie was really a mess, lying face down on the floor, breathing hard, whimpering softly, white cum dribbling out of her ass and continuing down her thigh before reaching the floor, mixing with cum leaking from her well used cunt.  
  
When Bob finally finished with me, I was finished. Julie was, too. She was still lying face down on the floor, still naked. The men admired her ravished body: her wide-open asshole and the red welts on her ass cheeks, and then Jerome rolled her over and they saw her swollen, engorged cunt. She had been maximally used.   
  
I could not see myself, but Bob told me later I looked just as spent, just as used. I found out even later there were lots of pictures taken, so I did see one that showed me just how used up I actually was at that moment. Wow.  
  
The next day I met Bob for a late breakfast. We went over to the office, so he could sign the release. There was really no way I could work on a daily basis with the men who gangbanged me. I could not even try to ignore what happened. But now I knew them all in a different way. Except for Frank, we all had carnal knowledge of the others. It gave us an intimacy I found hard to give up.  
  
Bob told me there was no need. He for one would love to keep seeing me. It would be easier if I worked elsewhere. He even proposed dinner with Sam, who apparently was infatuated with me. I liked the idea of going out with two men, then going home for a threesome. But I said no.

I said no, because I did not want to be such a wild, out of control sex addict. I determined once again to give up alcohol. I did give it up, and the boys replayed their memories of me, and that had to be enough. I felt good off alcohol, at least for a while.   
  
I knew I would weaken again. I just did not know back then how, or when, it would happen. I found out soon enough.