**Jolene Listens**

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**Jolene Listens Ch. 09**

On Sunday morning I awoke to find myself alone in the bed. I sat up and my head protested by exploding. Well, not literally, but that's what it felt like. Thinking how much I hated hangovers, I stumbled into the bathroom and downed some aspirin. Resisting the urge to go back to bed I made my way downstairs to find my wife Jolene in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee and eating a bagel.

"That coffee smells good." I said pouring myself a cup.

"Would you like me to make you some eggs or something?" She offered.

"No, I'm not sure my stomach would tolerate that." I answered. "I think I'll just stick with a bagel too."

I toasted a bagel, spread some butter on it and sat down at the table with my wife. I was still nursing a nasty headache; you would have thought by now that I would have learned to watch how much I drink, but apparently not. Maybe this one would do it.

"So, did you enjoy the party last night?" I asked my wife.

She smiled at the memory. "Yes I did, although I didn't realize how much I drank. Thankfully I'm not really hungover this morning, although it doesn't look like you can say the same."

I ignored her jibe about my hangover. "So what do you remember?"

"I remember everything right up to the point where I was feeling woozy and you brought me upstairs to lay down. Things get a little fuzzy after that." She answered.

She was not feeling "woozy" before we went upstairs, but since she "knew" she was drunk, her mind must have provided that detail. It never ceased to amaze me how much our memory reflects what we believe happened, in contrast to reality. In fact, it makes me wonder what "reality" really is.

My wife went on to describe her little meeting outside that ended in a blowjob and her subsequent "drunken" gangbang upstairs. She seemed to remember what she felt and what was said directly to her, but it sounded like other conversations in the room escaped her notice.

For my part I pretended that I had not noticed any of her sexual activities, telling her that I was busy talking to Tom and working the room. She accepted that, but was worried that I was upset with her for her behavior. I pointed out that I loved her slutty behavior and that what happened after she was "passed out" was not her fault.

Normally all this talk of sex would have led to me fucking Jolene's brains out, but I was a bit worn out from all the sex lately and was not in the mood. A few months ago I would not have believed such a thing possible.

Later that day Tom called to see how we were doing, but I knew he was mostly concerned about Jolene.

"Say, I think I have a way to help you with your little problem." He commented.

"I'm listening." I replied.

"I have this friend who is a bit of an inventor and I think he's working on something that I think you both would find interesting." He said.

"Really?" I answered. I didn't know what he was talking about, but with Tom there was the possibility of something really fun.

"Yes. Come by my place after supper on Tuesday night and I'll bring you over to meet him. I promise it will be worth your time."

Well, that was enigmatic, but I was curious so I accepted his offer and informed my wife. She was more cautious than me, but she still wanted to find out what Tom was up to, so she didn't object. I could have forced her to go anyway, of course, but for some reason I enjoyed it more when she went along with my plans willingly.

On Tuesday night I found myself standing at Tom's front door ringing the bell. Jolene was right beside me wearing a relatively modest blouse and skirt. Tom answered the door and invited us in. He had a very nice house, not much bigger than ours, but more upscale in terms of features and furnishing. After giving us a quick tour he told us that he was driving us over to his friend Ned's house. Ned was a real geek who worked with Tom as a software engineer, but was also a part-time inventor. Tom said that Ned was working on something that not only would we be interested in, but that we could help Ned out with it. I still had no idea what he was talking about, but he wouldn't say more, only that we had to see 'it', whatever 'it' was and then we would understand.

Tom drove us over in his car; it was only a few miles away. Ned's house was much more modest than Tom's; even ours was nicer. Ned was a decent enough guy, kind of quiet and shy, but obviously quite intelligent. He seemed to have a computer in ever room and they were all networked to a central server. His "work room", which I think was originally the family room, was stuffed with electronics equipment and work benches. Geek indeed.

In the middle of the room was an office chair, the kind you might find in a waiting room, and underneath it was some sort of mechanism with a tangle of wires coming out of it and leading to some equipment on one of the work benches.

"This is it." Tom said with a flourish as he pointed to the chair.

"A chair." I replied, disappointed. I was hoping for something a little more exciting.

"Oh, no." He assured us. "This is the next big thing in adult entertainment."

"Really." I said deadpan.

"Now don't oversell it, Tom, it still needs a lot of testing." Ned cautioned.

"And that is exactly why Jolene is here." Tom answered.

Ned blushed at this point, but I was not sure why at the time. "OK, so what's so special about this chair?" I asked.

"Come over and take a look." Tom said.

Jolene and I were behind it, so we circled around to stand by Tom. There, sticking up out of a hole in the seat of the chair, was a fake cock. It was very realistic looking, but hardly revolutionary. Seeing that we were not impressed, Tom made a gesture in Ned's direction. Suddenly the cock started pumping smoothly up and down.

"Oh, I see, it's a fucking machine built into a chair. But what makes that so special?" I asked.

"It's much more sophisticated that you may think." Tom answered and made a motion for Ned to turn it off. "Feel it."

I was a little reluctant, but reminded myself it was just a piece of plastic, so I reached down and wrapped my hand around it. As soon as I did I snatched my hand back as if I had been burned.

"Something wrong?" Tom chuckled.

"It feels like real skin – and it's warm, hot almost." I replied, shocked.

"Really?" Jolene asked. "Let me feel it."

My wife reached out and fondled the fake cock, obviously liking what she felt.

"Wow, it does feel real." She said.

"How?" I asked.

"It's made of a material called CyberSkin and there is a small heater inside to make it warm. Amazing how real it feels, eh?" Tom replied.

I just nodded my head in agreement, still feeling a bit strange from touching it.

"Everything is programmable too: the stroke length, the penetration angle, and of course the speed. In fact, you can change any parameter while it's running, or you can program any pattern you want ahead of time and just let it run." Tom informed us. "This is still a prototype, but Ned needs to test it more before he can proceed with further development. The problem is finding women to test it. Ned isn't that socially adept and he does not trust too many people. I've convinced him that he can trust you."

Jolene looked at Tom with wide eyes. "You want ME to test it?" I saw fear, but also desire in her eyes.

"If it's OK with Pete." He answered her.

They all looked at me, including Ned. It seemed like a strange notion, using a machine to fuck a woman. Sure I'd heard of such things, but I'd never really thought about it much, at least not in connection to my wife. But now as I did think about it I found myself getting turned on by the perversion of it. I was also curious as to how much she could cum before she begged us to turn it off.

I smiled evilly and said to my wife, "Yes, I'd like you to help Ned test it."

Jolene gulped. "OK, what do I do?"

"Just take off your clothes and sit down." Tom answered.

She hesitated. "Go ahead." I prodded.

She blushed as she stripped out of her clothes. I don't know why; many men had seen her naked by now. Just another mystery, I guess. While she did that Tom applied some lube to the fake cock, although Jolene was probably so wet that it wasn't needed.

Then Tom handed her small box with some knobs on it and a cable running out one end. He explained that it was used to make the initial adjustments for the stroke angle and length. She turned one knob and the cock slowly pushed up, penetrating her wet snatch. She kept moving it up until it was apparently inserted as far as she wanted it, and then she adjusted the angle slightly with another knob. With the dildo filling my wife's pussy Tom pushed a button to save those settings and then showed her how to use the knob to withdraw it. When it was almost all the way out she stopped it and Tom saved that setting as well.

Now that it was all adjusted to her body Tom explained how to start the machine and control the speed. She started out slowly, enjoying the deep strokes the machine was generating.

"Notice how quiet it is." Tom commented. "Everything else is very noisy, which really turns a lot of people off. Also notice how her hands are now completely free. She can play with her tits, or her clit. She can even use a vibe if she wants. Since she's sitting in a comfortable chair she can watch pornos on TV, or whatever. Theoretically she could use it for hours on end."

"Theoretically." I replied. "If she were a nymphomaniac."

Tom chuckled. "We'll see."

By now Jolene had turned the speed up a little and was pulling on her nipples. It looked like she was heading for her first orgasm.

"A feature we have talked about adding is the ability for it to 'ejaculate' lubricant upon command. This would make it more realistic feeling and would be a great way to deliver some lube if necessary." Tom stated as we watched my wife shudder through her first climax. It wasn't the biggest I'd ever seen her have, but it was definitely one of the quickest.

She basked in the afterglow for a little bit while the machine continued to make squishy sounds as it stroked the fake cock in and out of her drooling cunt. When that subsided she increased the speed some and started diddling her clit with one hand while caressing her tits with the other. My wife was in her own world now, totally ignoring the three men watching her in quiet fascination.

Three more times we watched as she shuddered in orgasmic bliss, each one more intense than the last, and each time she increased the speed of the machine. At this point the fake cock was pumping faster than any human was capable and Jolene was nearly delirious with pleasure, moaning continually. Then there was a puff of smoke from underneath the chair and the fake cock stopped moving.

"Oh hell, what was that?" Ned exclaimed as he quickly got down on all fours to examine the apparatus under the chair, completely ignoring the sweaty naked woman sitting in it.

Jolene had stopped moaning, but made no move to get up. Judging from her heavy breathing I guessed that she didn't yet have the strength to move.

"It looks like the output FET in the motor controller blew." Ned commented, sill on his hands and knees poking at a tangle of wires and circuit boards.

"Can you fix it?" Tom asked.

"Yes, of course." Ned answered with an annoyed voice. "But not tonight. I need to figure out what went wrong. That FET should have been able to handle that motor even at any speed. Maybe there was ringing on the gate on the negative edge, or perhaps there's a logic problem that caused shoot-through. I have to do some analysis and debug it."

"OK, OK." Tom replied and then pulled me aside out of earshot of my wife. "By the way, I had to tell the guys at work that Jolene is not your wife, but a professional escort."

"What?" I barked. "You told them she was a hooker?"

"Yes, but an expensive one." He answered quickly, motioning me to keep my voice down. "They were starting to talk and I didn't think you wanted it to get back to your company that she's really a slut. I figured it would be less salacious if you had a mistress. I had to come up with something fast. Sorry."

"No, that's OK, I guess I can live with that." I responded.

"That does bring up a few other problems though." He said cautiously.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like tonight, for example. Since Ned thinks she's a professional he will want to reimburse you for her time." Tom answered.

"He's going to pay me for my wife's time?"

"He will insist on reimbursing you for the time he used that he thinks you have already paid for, yes." Tom said.

"OK, that'll feel weird, but I guess I can handle that too. How much did you tell him that I paid?" I inquired.

"Two hundred dollars an hour." He informed me.

"Really?"

"Oh yeah, if she were a professional 'escort' she could easily charge that much." He answered.

"Wow" was all I could say at that point.

I noticed that my wife was trying to lever herself out of the chair so I sprinted across the room and helped her up. Her legs were a little wobbly and her body was covered in sweat, but she seemed unharmed.

"So what do you think about Ned's little toy?" Tom asked her.

She smiled contentedly. "Very nice. I'm sorry I broke it though."

"Oh, don't worry, that's the point of testing; to find the weak points. I'm sure Ned can fix it, and it'll be better than it was before." Tom assured her.

"Oh good." She replied. "When do you think I can try it again?"

I was flabbergasted! She could barely walk after cumming four times on the thing and she wanted another go at it. Tom just laughed.

"My, my, you are insatiable." He teased, but Jolene didn't even seem embarrassed by his remark. She just gave him a mischievous little smile, telling us both that she agreed with him.

As my wife got dressed Ned approached, and without saying a word, handed me two crisp one hundred dollar bills. Jolene was looking the other way so I don't think she saw the transaction. I just nodded once and stuffed them into my pocket.

"When Ned gets the machine fixed, would you like to test it again?" I asked my wife on the drive home.

"Sure." She answered. "It was fun."

"What did you like the best about it?" I queried.

She thought about it for a moment and then replied, "That it didn't stop. It just kept going and going."

"How much longer do you think you could have kept going?" I wondered.

"I don't know." She answered. "I've never had that happen."

"You've never been satisfied?" I responded. "You've always been left wanting more?"

"Oh no, I've been satisfied many times - most of the time. No, I just meant that I've never had so much sex that I couldn't take anymore." She said.

I wondered what it would take for her to reach that point. Maybe I would find out when the machine was fixed.

The next day Tom called me at the office. He told me that he had a program where he rewarded his three most productive engineers every month. He had a pretty decent budget for this and let the men choose what they wanted to do. Usually they did something like play golf at a pricey course or go to a car racing school. This month he informed me they wanted to spend a couple of hours banging my wife.

Remember, they thought she was a hooker, so this seemed like a reasonable request to them. I wasn't sure at first, but Tom pointed out that this was a great way to satisfy her need for sex, and he could vouch they were all clean. Apparently one of them had already had sex with her at the party, which is probably how they got the idea. And if I wanted to he would pay the now normal rate of two hundred dollars an hour as well.

I didn't like the idea of pimping my wife again, so I turned down the money but told him Jolene would love to be the monthly reward for his engineers. It's funny how I didn't mind having her fuck other men, but it just felt wrong to get paid for it. Don't ask me to explain it. Anyway, Tom was cool with that and gave me the details on where and when she was to meet them. He thought it would be weird if I was there and might make the others wonder, so I agreed to stay home that night.

When I told Jolene about this newest development I was a little surprised that she was not angry that I didn't ask her first. I guess she was getting used to me arranging sexual encounters for her.

Jolene continued to fuck Ed Jacobson at irregular intervals and our own sex life remained strong. Her martial arts continued to improve and she was getting pretty good with the baton. Her body began to look like an athlete's. Not thin like a runner, or bulked up like a lifter, but tone and supple.

When the night came to meet with Tom and his three engineers I picked out an outfit from her ever expanding wardrobe that said "high priced hooker". This wasn't too difficult since she had everything from "elegantly sexy" to "total slut" by now.

She left about eight-thirty and was to meet them at a local hotel at nine. I told her I expected her home by midnight and to be a good slut for Tom. She just gave me a sexy smile and left. I reflected on the fact that it didn't seem strange to send my wife out to get gangbanged by four men. But not for too long - there was a UFC event on pay-per-view.

She returned home a little after midnight, and it looked like she had indeed been well fucked. She told me that Tom had met her in the lobby and took her up to the room, briefing her on the names of the men and what was expected of her. He wanted her to be uninhibited and assertive, but also do whatever she was told.

The other men were waiting in the room when Tom ushered her inside. There was an awkward silence at first; nobody seemed to know what to do, so Jolene asserted herself. She turned on the TV and found a music channel. Then she performed a sexy strip tease for them. Once she was nude she started giving them all lap dances, but by the time she got to the third man and sat in his lap she discovered he had pulled his cock out of his pants. It didn't take long for him to plunge it into her already dripping pussy.

Now that the fucking had started the rest of them stripped and she was surrounded by hard cocks. While she was getting her first fuck of the night she fondled and sucked on them like a greedy little slut. After the guy she was fucking came in her she moved to the bed for some serious debauchery.

The next two hours consisted of continuous sex with one or all of her holes always full. After she had drained them all several times she took a quick shower and returned home. At this point I didn't press her for the details; I could do that later if I wished. I just had her suck me off to relieve my hard-on and we went to bed, both of us satisfied. Yeah, life was pretty fucking good.

Tom called a few days later and told me that his guys loved their reward (Jolene) and were talking about "next time".

"Sorry dude, but I think word will get around the office pretty quickly and they will all want the same thing every month." He said.

"I'm OK with that." I replied. "It's only once a month after all."

"Well, actually I have this weekly poker game and I thought that it would be fun to have Jolene over once and a while to serve us drinks and such." Tom floated.

"Yeah, and then fuck everybody silly." I responded.

"Of course." He admitted. "But don't worry, I've known these guys for years and they are all married, so they are clean and will keep quiet."

"Sure, why not? Can I sit in on the first game at least so that I can meet them?" I asked.

"No problem, but the buy-in is two hundred bucks." He answered.

"Hey, I'm bringing the entertainment." I objected. "You can cover me."

"OK, OK, you have a deal." He chuckled. "The next game is on Friday night at eight o'clock till whenever. Sometimes it gets pretty late, but I have a feeling that won't be the case with your wife there tempting everyone."

"You're probably right." I replied.

By this time I didn't expect my wife to object to me arranging another gang bang for her, and sure enough she didn't. In fact, her response was one of enthusiastic anticipation. Her transformation was now complete, I had not needed put her into the deep hypnotic state for weeks now. She was the perfect little hot-wife, home-maker, marital-artist, cum-slut.

The next day I came home from work to find a sign on my front door that said "Hot Slut Central, Come On In". More than curious I opened the door and went in. Jolene was lying naked and blindfolded on top of a large towel on the floor. Her hands were tied above her head to the love-seat and her legs tied lewdly open to the sofa on one side and the heavy entertainment center to the other. It looked like whoever did it knew what they were doing because they used heavy rope and leather cuffs.

Above my wife's head, on the love-seat, was another sign that read "This little slut was bad and must be punished. Please use any of her holes as you see fit."

"Who's there?" She whispered a little fearfully.

I didn't answer her. Instead I just looked down at her naked form. Her nipples were hard little nubs standing straight up and her pussy was glistening with moisture. In fact, it looked like some semen was leaking out of it! Somebody else had come in here and already fucked her - maybe a complete stranger. I wondered who it was and how long she had been laying here like this.

Ultimately I could not resist the urge to use her myself, so I dropped my trousers and laid down on top of her. I don't know if she knew it was me or not, but she let out a little sigh when I entered her. I shagged her brutally for a few minutes before adding my cum to the rest in her hot snatch. Then, still without saying a word, I pulled up my pants and exited out the front door.

I waited in my car for a few minutes. I wanted her to think that I had been another stranger. I know that's weird, but it turned me on tremendously.

"Jolene, what the fuck is going on?" I asked when I reentered the house.

"Oh Peter." She exclaimed. "I'm so glad you're home. Please untie me."

"Who the hell did this to you?" I asked in mock anger as I started working on the knots.

"It was Ed. He left a note for you on the kitchen table." She answered.

After I untied her and helped loosen up her stiff muscles a little I went into the kitchen. There was an envelope on the table with my name written on it in large block letters. Inside was a note that read:

Peter,

As you know, I ordered Jolene to keep her pubic region shaved, and that if she did not she would be punished. Today I came over to fuck her and found her pussy was full of stubble. That just won't do! So I had to punish her. I hope you approve. By the way, don't worry too much, the other man before you is a friend of mine who will be fucking her more in the future. Also I kept a watch to make sure that nobody else happened upon her. Her safety is always paramount for me. But let's let her think that the situation was much less controlled than it really was or else it won't be much of a punishment.

- Ed

Wow, what a perverted, but clever, setup. I had to give the old guy some credit. I shredded the letter and then went back into the living room where my wife was still sitting naked.

"So, have you learned your lesson now? Are you going to keep your snatch shaved properly?" I asked sternly.

"Yes." She said in a small voice.

"So, how many men used you while you were tied up?" I asked.

"Two." She answered. "One about an hour ago, and another just a few minutes before you got home."

Good, it looked like I had indeed fooled her into thinking I was another stranger. What fun. I was getting hard again.

"Are you going to fuck me now too?" She asked in a hopeful voice.

"No, your cunt is a sticky mess. I want you to lay down and play with your slutty body while I jack off. You had better cum at least once before I shoot my cream all over you or you'll be punished again." I ordered.

She laid back and began frigging her clit with one hand while pulling on her nipples with the other. I dropped my pants and started stroking my already hard member while I watched her. She slid a finger into her dripping hole and began finger fucking herself. Then she slid another finger in, and then a third. As her orgasm approached Jolene started really slamming her hand into in her pussy as she furiously rubbed her pleasure nub at the same time. I watched her as her tits bounced from the violence of her attack on her own cunt. The look of wild sexual abandon on her face was intoxicating and the sounds of her whimpering filled my ears.

When her body went rigid and she clamped her thighs together with her fingers still buried in her cunt, I knew her climax was upon her. With my own lust building I watched her abdominal muscles ripple and her entire body shake as the pleasure rolled over her again and again. My cock got very hard, the way it does just before I cum, and then I shot my load all over my wife's stomach and tits. She rubbed it into her skin, the saucy wench.

I returned the cuffs and rope to Ed Jacobson and thanked him for the wonderful fun. He wasn't sure how I would react and was relieved that I wasn't upset with him. We talked about ground rules for Jolene's adventures and made sure we were on the same page. He was actually a very pleasant fellow and I chided myself for not getting to know him sooner.

Walking through the back door of my house I was greeted by the smells and sounds of a meal being prepared. As I came around the corner I saw my wife mixing something in a bowl wearing nothing but an apron. She looked sexy as hell and I couldn't help thinking that I was one lucky bastard.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 10**

"I'll see your ten, and raise you ten," The man to my right said as he threw in two chips. I was holding three nines, a duce, and a three. I considered whether to fold or risk another twenty dollars. I don't know why I cared, Tom had paid for my chips so it wasn't my money. I guess I just didn't like to lose. Before I decided what to do, my wife Jolene came out of the kitchen with some more beer and chips.

She was wearing a blue halter top that left her stomach bare and outlined her fine tits nicely. The black skirt was just long enough to cover her ass, but allowed a glimpse of her bare pussy when she sat down. On her feet she had on a pair of open toed sandals with four inch heels and straps around her ankles. In other words, slutty hot. And I wasn't the only one who thought so. The other men at the poker party were not shy in voicing similar opinions; of course they didn't know she was my wife, they thought she was a prostitute. A high priced prostitute, but a whore none the less.

"OK, I'm in," I announced as I tossed two chips onto the small pile in the middle of the table. Tom was next and he called, flipping his cards over. He had a full house, queens over tens. That beat my three of a kind and everybody else's hand too.

He chuckled as he raked the chips in. "Like taking candy from a baby."

Tom was ahead of everybody by quite a wide margin, and it was clear he was going to win eventually. I decided that this was a good time to change the character of this party. On the next hand I had a pair of aces and when my turn came and had to put most of my chips in to match the current bet.

"Well, well. Everyone hanging in there eh?" Tom mused. "OK, I'll see that and raise two hundred."

Everybody else folded. If this were just a poker game I would have too. "I'll see that and raise you everything else you've got," I replied.

"With what, you don't have that many chips," Tom challenged.

"I'll use Jolene as my collateral," I answered. "If you win then she's yours to entertain you until morning. That's easily worth the entire pot."

"OK then, I'm all in," he said and pushed all his chips forward. "What have you got?"

I laid down my cards. "A pair of aces."

Tom threw his head back and laughed. Then he melodramatically laid his hand down on top of the big pile of chips. The cards were in order: two of hearts, three of hearts, four of diamonds, five of spades, and six of hearts. A straight. That beat my lousy pair. But then I figured on losing because I knew everybody would win now.

"Come on over here Jo, and sit down," Tom ordered as he slid his chair back from the table.

I had my wife in her "expensive prostitute" mode, so she didn't question his order. She just strutted over to him, looking happy to be doing something other than serving drinks and getting her ass pinched. She sat down on his lap and he immediately pulled her face to his and placed a lip-lock on her. Within a few seconds of starting the kiss he had her top pushed up over her tits and was pulling on her nipples.

One of the guys apparently did not know about Jolene and started looking uncomfortable. "Well, I suppose that's the end of the game," he said and started to get up.

"Sit down," someone else said. "The party has just started. You should know by now that Tom always shares his good fortune."

The first man stopped moving only half way to his feet, a surprised expression on his face. Then he slowly sat back down, his eyes fixed on Tom and Jolene. I looked back in Tom's direction. He had broken the kiss and was now pulling my wife's top off completely.

"She's hot as a pistol, guys. Let's get this table cleared off," Tom declared.

The table was quickly cleared of poker chips and cards. Tom then stood up and lifted Jolene up onto the table. She leaned back on her elbows and lifted her hips up so that Tom could slip her tiny skirt down her shapely legs. He flung it over his shoulder and dove for her glistening snatch, burying his face between her thighs. Jolene threw her head back and let out a loud moan as Tom attacked her shaved muff with his mouth. It was a hot scene and the rest of us just stood around watching my wife toss her head back and forth as Tom pushed all her pleasure buttons.

Then he stopped and looked up at us. "What are you guys just watching for? Get on those tits and someone put a cock in the whore's mouth."

They didn't need to be told twice. The other four men surrounded them and lowered Jolene flat onto her back. Two of them started pulling and sucking on her already hard nipples while another guy tried to get his cock into her mouth. The angle was all wrong though and the best she could manage was to lick the head and pump the shaft with her hand.

It didn't take too much of this before Jolene started shaking and squealing her way through her first orgasm of the evening. Tom managed to keep his mouth on her pussy despite her bucking, slurping up the copious amounts of girl juice that was pouring out of her. When she was finished Tom suggested that they move her to the living room. He has a sofa in there that can be folded flat to make a perfect platform for multiple partner sex.

From here on out it was a six on one gangbang. The first round only lasted about twenty minutes; all the men had cum, including me, and needed a little break to recover. I took the opportunity to get some bottles of water from the kitchen. We would all need some hydration during the second round, which I knew would be much longer. I was right.

All of us men stayed hard much longer this time. Jolene was a total slut though, and took everything we could give her. For the next couple of hours she was continuously being fucked in one or all of her holes. It was incredible. In case you've never seen anything like this I'll explain how it works. There's no way six guys can service one woman at a time; it just gets too crowded and hot with that many people that close together. So we tag-teamed her. Normally there was only two or three on her at a time while the rest of us watched. When one would get tired or cum, someone would take his place. We keep up this rotation until nobody could get it up anymore.

At the end Jolene was still climaxing, so I know she had not hit her limit, if she even has one. Her body was covered in sweat mixed with cum and the room reeked of sex. I didn't know if I should be proud or shocked. Maybe a little of both.

I knew the party was over when all the men started getting dressed. I followed their lead and when I was ready I asked Tom if he wanted me to take her home that night and save him the trouble in the morning.

"No, no. The bet was until morning. Besides, I think I might like a blowjob when I wake up," he answered.

"Suit yourself," I replied and walked out the door, leaving my wife to spend the night with one of my best friends.

The next morning she returned home about ten o'clock looking much cleaner and fresher than the last time I had seen her. She confirmed that Tom had indeed demanded that she suck him off before breakfast, which she did. Then she said that they talked for a while before he drove her home.

Later that day while Jolene was out shopping for groceries (hey, the mundane shit still has to get done), Ed Jacobson paid a visit.

"Jo is out shopping right now Ed, but I can send her over later if you want," I offered my neighbor my wife just as easily as I had my friend the night before.

"Actually, I stopped by to talk to you. I have an idea that I think you will like," Ed replied.

For an old guy, Ed was quite the pervert, so of course I was interested. "What do you have in mind?"

"I have a few friends that are either widowers like me or divorced that I would like to share your wife with."

"Like that guy the other day when you had her tied up?"

"Leon, yeah, he's one of them."

"OK, but you don't really need to ask me, you know. I trust you."

"That's I appreciate that, but I'd like to make more interesting than just saying 'hey, do you want to come over here and fuck my neighbor?' I want to add some mystery and excitement."

"All right, what's your plan?"

Then he went on to explain his idea to me. I thought it sounded very fun indeed, so I agreed to help him put it into motion and provided him with the materials he needed.

The next day Ed and I tried our out new game for Jolene. We went to the gym like we normally did and when we got back I told my wife that I had some errands to run, so I just dropped her off at the house and drove around the block. I knew she would find the full-sized manila envelope taped to the door that Ed had left for her. Inside there was a transparency with some random looking words printed on it at irregular intervals which didn't make any sense. There was also a note for her that read:

"Put on your one-piece red sun-dress, some sandals, and nothing else. Then drive out to the state park south of town and park your car in visitors lot B. Bring the envelope with you and be there by 3:00. Take the walking path up the hill and follow the signs to the scenic outlook. Sit down on the bench there and wait for a man to approach you with a piece of paper that has your picture on one side and a bunch of random words on the other. Place the transparency over his paper and line up the corners. This will reveal your next instructions."

I was not running any errands, of course. I was with Ed at the park waiting for my wife to come up the trail. We had found good hiding spots where we could watch the proceedings using modest power binoculars. Several people and one couple passed by us while we waited, however none of them went to the scenic outlook. Ed had already checked it out and found that almost nobody went there anymore because some trees had grown up and blocked most of the view. That made it a perfect location for our first game.

About twenty minutes after three we spotted Jolene walking briskly up the path. I noticed she was wearing the dress I told her to and was also carrying the envelope. Despite the long walk up the hill she was only breathing slightly heavier than normal. Man she was in good shape these days. I was proud of her. Ed told me that in addition to the scenic view being partially blocked in recent years, many people just found the climb up the hill to arduous. I was surprised how well he negotiated it; for an old guy he was in pretty good shape himself.

My wife walked past our hiding place, her tits bouncing wonderfully under the thin cotton fabric, and headed down the short path to the outlook. After she was out of sight we moved to our second hiding location near the clearing where the bench was to wait for Leon. Jolene was there sitting on the bench as instructed. I wondered what she was thinking.

A few minutes a man came walking down the path towards the bench where my wife sat with her big manila envelope. Ed whispered that it was not Leon and I got a little worried; and excited. It was the chance of getting caught that made me interested in this game after all. We watched as he entered the small clearing and slowed down and stopped near the bench. It looked like he stood there for a moment, not sure what to do next. I think I understood. He expected to see a nice scenic view, but instead all he could see were trees. But then there was a beautiful woman in a little sun dress sitting there on the bench and he was debating whether he should say something.

He finally decided to say something to her. She looked up at him kind of questioningly. Probably wondering why he had not given her the page with her picture and the encrypted message. Finally she spoke a couple of words, and then a small conversation ensued. I really wished at this point that I had a directional microphone and a small audio amplifier so that I could hear what they were saying. I made a note to myself that we needed to figure out a way to get audio in the future.

After a few minutes of chit-chatting the man turned around and left. Evidentially Jolene figured out he was not the man she was waiting for and brushed him off. Good girl, I thought. A few minutes later Ed tapped me on the arm and pointed. A black man who looked to be about fifty emerged from around a small bend and was heading for the clearing with the bench where my wife sat. Ed whispered "Leon".

He went straight to Jolene and showed her the piece of paper with her picture and the random words. She smiled at him and pulled the transparency out of the envelope and handed it to him. He positioned it over his page and they both read the message. I couldn't read it from where I was, of course, but I didn't need to; I knew exactly what it said.

"Remove her dress and don't give it back until she has finished her task. That task is to suck your cock until you come in her mouth. She is to swallow every drop. If anybody else discovers your little tryst she must offer to suck them off too, male or female. Only after everyone has been serviced will you return her dress and allow her to leave. Place the transparency and the picture in the envelope. She must return it to her master to prove she has accomplished her task."

Ed had watched that spot for weeks and had only seen adults check out that particular scenic outlook, and even then there weren't many. It was just too difficult a climb up that hill for children and teens were generally too busy doing other things than wasting their time going up there. But to be safe we had Leon put a "Trail Closed" sign over the "Scenic Outlook" sign and Ed and I were positioned so that we could head off anybody long before they could see anything, if necessary.

When they finished reading the note Leon put the transparency and the page with the picture into the envelope and put it down on the bench. Then he reached down and pulled my wife's dress up. She raised her arms and he easily slid it off. She looked absolutely stunning sitting there nude in the sunshine, the breeze playing with her hair.

Then she pushed his shorts down to his ankles and grabbed his semi-rigid cock with both hands. She admired it for a moment before lowering her head and taking it into her mouth. I became mesmerized watching her pink lips make love to his ebony rod, so I startled when Ed jabbed me and pointed at the path leading to the clearing.

I looked up and saw someone heading our way. It was the young man that was here earlier before Leon arrived. I looked at Ed and shrugged my shoulders. He just smiled back. I guess we had just decided to let things play out and see what happened.

When our young stranger came around the bend and saw what was happening over on the bench, he froze in mid stride. Probably could not believe his eyes. He took a couple more halting steps forward, obviously unsure as how to proceed. Jolene noticed him then and gave him the "come here" gesture with her hand will continuing to suck on Leon's cock.

The stranger walked up to the bench and stopped within reach of my wife. Jolene stopped her oral attack on Leon's dick long enough to say something to the new arrival and then resumed her blowjob. The stranger just stood there watching them. After a few moments Jolene reached out and pulled down his zipper, but she was having problems with the button on his trousers. This woke him up and within seconds they were around his ankles.

Jolene grabbed his already hard cock and started stroking it slowly as she continued to suck Leon closer and closer to his climax. When I saw his body stiffen and his head tilt back I knew he was pumping his jism into my wife's mouth. She stayed with him through his orgasm and milked him dry. When she finally let his cock slip from between her pink lips it was already getting soft.

Now it was the young stranger's turn and she attached his cock like it was a steak and she hadn't eaten for a week. I wondered if she thought he was part of the setup too, and whether others would show up before she was finished.

Our young stranger didn't last long though and soon was adding his load to Leon's in her stomach. When she was done milking him for all his cum I noticed that he was still mostly hard and probably could have gone again. But he didn't ask for seconds; instead he pulled up his trousers and left in a hurry. Leon handed Jolene her sun-dress back, turned, and left. She slipped the small dress on and waited for a few minutes, probably waiting to see if Ed or I would show up. We had previously decided to not reveal ourselves so that she would never know if we watched her during these challenges or not.

Finally my wife stood up and headed back in the direction of the main path. Ed and I waited for ten minutes or so to make sure the coast was clear, and then returned to my car which was parked at the other end of this particular walking path.

As we drove back Ed and I talked about what we had just witnessed. We agreed that it was a very successful trial of our new game and we couldn't wait to play it again, however next time we planned to turn up the heat. When we got nearer to our houses I asked him who he thought Jolene would return the envelope to; who did she think her master was? Ed thought it would be me, but I wasn't so sure. We had intentionally left the wording vague to see what she thought.

Since the path from the scenic outlook back to my car was shorter than my wife's, we made it back before she did. I was sitting at my computer reading an Internet blog when Jolene returned home. Without saying a word she placed the envelope on my desk, kissed my neck, and walked upstairs. After a few minutes I followed her. She was on our bed, naked and pushing a big black dildo in and out of her hot little snatch.

"I guess you enjoyed your challenge," I said from the doorway.

"Oh god, I'm so horny. I wish you would have told him to fuck me."

"Maybe next time," I replied as I stripped out of my clothes. I watched her as she fucked herself with the fake black cock, stroking my own hard-on slowly. After she came I turned her over and fucked her doggie style, pulling on her hair and slapping her ass. She had another noisy orgasm before I shot my load deep into her hungry pussy. Then I sent her over to Ed and told her to fuck him dry as well.

That night Tom called up and said that his friend Ned had fixed his fucking machine and wanted to know if Jolene was available to test it. I gave the phone to my wife and she talked to Tom for a few minutes. It sounded like they were agreeing on a time.

"I told him we would meet at his place at seven o'clock tomorrow night," she informed me.

"Damn, I didn't know he was talking about tomorrow night. I already have something planned." I was meeting with Ed to plan some new adventures for Jolene, so maybe this was a good thing.

"Do you want me to call him back and cancel?"

"No, you can go without me."

"OK. I'll tell you all about it when I get home."

Sunday night I kissed my wife, patted her ass, and sent her off to visit my best friend and his crazy inventor friend so that she could test his fucking machine while they watched. As if that didn't sound strange enough, I was on my way over to my retired neighbor's house to plan some perverted challenges for her. I can truly say my life is anything but boring.

Ed and I brainstormed for a couple of hours and managed to create two additional challenges, although we did have ideas for several more. But I couldn't wait to get started on putting the next two into action. By the time Jolene returned home I was tired and getting ready for bed.

"How did things go tonight with the Tom and the mad scientist?" I asked her when she walked into the bedroom.

"Wonderful. I rode it for a over an hour while Ned recorded everything. Apparently he wants to make profiles that he can ship with it."

"How many times did you come?"

"Oh, I don't know. I lost count. Maybe ten or twelve. It's hard to tell when one just runs into another."

"Wow, you really are a hot slut."

"You love it. Oh! I wanted to tell you, he added something new -- it can squirt now! It's amazing how much it feels like a man coming. He really is a very clever man. Ned that is."

I didn't ask her for more details, I figured I could do that later. We were both pretty tired and went right to bed. I fell into a deep slumber almost as soon as my head hit the pillow.

The next couple of days came and went more or less normally. Ed and I continued to plan the next challenge for my wife, but I was not able to dedicate as much time to it as I wanted to. Progress on the project at work was slow, slower than it should have been and I was putting in overtime trying to keep on schedule. That's when Tom called and said he was getting another poker game together and wanted to know if Jolene and I could attend.

"You mean can you borrow my wife for a gangbang with your posse," I joked.

"Yeah, something like that," he chuckled.

"Well, I have to put in some overtime, but you probably knew that since we are behind schedule on our end."

"I heard that. Sure you can't make it?"

"Yeah, sorry. But I'll send Jolene over anyway. I'm holding you personally responsible for her safety."

"Like she needs my protection. From what I hear she could kick all our geek asses."

I laughed at that. "Pretty much."

"Well, tell her to be here tomorrow around seven o'clock."

The next day I was still at work when Jolene called and told me she was leaving for Tom's. I told her she was Tom's slut for the evening and to make me proud. She said she would do her best.

I finally dragged my ass into the house at about nine o'clock after putting in a fourteen hour day. My wife still wasn't home from Tom's poke-her party, but then I didn't really expect her home yet. I threw some leftover stir-fry into the nuke and vegged out in front of the television. I must have fallen asleep on the sofa because I woke up to the sensation of a soft wet mouth sucking on my cock. I looked down to see Jolene's head bobbing up and down on my already hard shaft.

"Oh fuck babe, that feels great."

She looked up at me with those sexy green eyes and managed to smile around my cock. She had become a master cock sucker in the last few months and for some reason it didn't take me long to blow my wad into her mouth. Like a good little slut she swallowed it all down and milked as much as she could while my cock slowly went soft.

"Thank you." She said after tucking me back into my pants.

"For what? My cum?"

She giggled. "Of course. But also for letting me go over to Tom's tonight. I really needed a good gang bang."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. I trust you were a good slut and that everyone left satisfied."

"Oh yes. Everybody left satisfied." I was still a little sleepy so I didn't really make much of the way she emphasized the word "everybody". I was pretty tired and didn't notice what time it was, I just stumbled upstairs and flopped into bed. I was asleep before my wife crawled in beside me.

I continued working overtime for the next couple of days, so when Jolene called me at work and said that Tom at invited her over at the spur of the moment I was a bit annoyed.

"Look, you don't need to call me every time Tom invites you over. You're a big girl, you don't need my permission. Just leave me a note or something so that I know where you are when I get home."

"OK, I just didn't want you to come home and wonder where I was."

Realizing I was a little harsh, I softened my voice. "I know, I know. Thank you for thinking about me. I love you. Have a good time."

By this time I was getting pretty tired of the long days and after eleven hours I called it quits. My brain was fried. I stopped for some take-out on the way home and was in the kitchen eating when Ed stopped over. I didn't really feel like working on our challenges for Jolene, but he was all excited about the progress he had made on planning the next one, so I didn't turn him away.

As I worked through the details with him, though, I started feeding off of his energy and started really getting into it. By the time we were finished I was as excited as he was. It looked like we could put the plan into action the next afternoon. I couldn't wait.

After Ed left I watched some TV, but when I started feeling myself getting tired this time I just decided to go to bed. Jolene was safe with Tom and would be home soon enough. Sleep came a bit more slowly than I anticipated, thoughts of work and my wife swirling in my mind. I vaguely wondered what Jolene was up to at Tom's as I fell asleep.

The next morning when my alarm woke me my wife was right there in the bed beside me as usual. She hardly even stirred when I kissed her cheek, so I let her sleep and got up to get ready for work. Just before I left the house I checked on my wife. She was still sleeping so I taped the envelope to the bedroom door, closed it, and left.

At ten o'clock I called home to make sure that Jolene was up and about. I didn't want her to be late for her new challenge. She answered the phone after three rings.

"Did I wake you up?"

"No, I just got out of the shower."

"My, my, you must have come home pretty late last night. Did you have fun at Toms?"

"Yes I did."

"You will have to tell me about it sometime. I imagine you have a lot to do this morning, so I'll let you get to it."

"Yes, it looks like I will be busy today," she replied in a playful way.

Again I found it difficult to work after that. Thoughts about my wife and her upcoming challenge came unbidden into my mind. I kept pushing them back, but they continued to intrude on my concentration. My imagination was working overtime and I was glad when one o'clock rolled around. I announced to Claire, our department admin, that I was taking a late lunch and left to meet up with Ed.

The bar wasn't the nicest in the area, but it clean and it had several attractive attributes. First, it was owned by a friend of Ed's. Second, it had good video surveillance, even in the bathrooms. That might sound creepy at first, but the cameras in the bathrooms could not see into the stalls. Apparently they were there to detect drug dealing and other illegal activities. The owner, Theo, told us that he has been able to reduce violent incidents dramatically this way.

Theo led us into a small room in back where the video monitors were installed. You really could watch the entire bar from here, including behind the bar. We watched the normal comings and goings of the post-lunch crowd and then, exactly at 1:30 we all watched as my wife walked in, envelope in hand, and sat down at the last bar stool, as instructed. She ordered a glass of wine and gulped down half of it immediately. I could tell she was a little nervous as she waited for someone to approach her.

What she didn't know was that the man she was waiting for was already in the bar and he was just as nervous as she was. Ed had recruited his grandson Greg for this challenge and the twenty year old was sitting at the other end of the bar. He couldn't have missed her entrance and indeed it appeared that he was watching her as she sipped her wine. After what seemed like an eternity Greg stood up and walked down the length of the bar. When he reached the other end where Jolene stood he said something and put the page with the incomplete message down on the bar.

Jolene removed the transparency from her envelope and placed it carefully over the page revealing this message:

"After making sure it is unoccupied, both of you go into the men's bathroom. Remove her dress, lift her up onto the counter and fuck her until you are ready to come, then shoot your cum on her tits and leave. If anybody else shows up before she can get cleaned up and her dress back on she must offer to fuck them as well. She may only leave when all comers have cum. Put both sheets into the envelope and give it to her to return to her master."

After they finished reading the message I could see a huge smile on Greg's face. Jolene simply put both of the sheets into the envelope and stood up. Taking his hand she led him towards the bathrooms. Greg went in first and looked around. Finding it was empty he ducked out quickly and pulled, my wife in after him.

They walked to the end of the room and there was an awkward moment while Greg tried to figure out what to do next. Then she said something to him and turned around. He unzipped her dress and lowered it almost to the floor allowing her to step out of it. When my wife turned around I could see that her nipples were firm little pebbles and she was flushed from her forehead down to the top of her gorgeous tits.

Greg put is hands on her waist and boosted her up onto the counter. As he unbuckled his pants Jolene played with her pussy, stroking her clit with one hand while pushing a finger into her hole with the other. The first thing that caught my attention when Greg pushed his pants and underwear down to his ankles was that he was partially shaved in his pubic region. His cock and balls were completely hairless and the bushy part above that was trimmed quite short. The end result was that it focused the eyes on his package and made it look more pronounced.

This was not lost on my wife who eagerly grabbed his manhood and fondled it briefly before guiding it into her drooling snatch. Greg wasted no time and began fucking her with great vigor, making her tits bounce nicely. In fact, he had to grab her hips and pull back on them to keep from pushing her up too far onto the counter and out of range of his thrusting cock.

"I think it's time for me to make my entrance," Theo said from over my shoulder.

He quietly entered the bathroom and neither of them seemed to notice; they were so caught up in their torrid encounter. As we watched, Theo from inside the bathroom and Ed and I using the hidden camera, Jolene started shaking in orgasm. It looked like she was saying "Oh fuck, oh fuck", or maybe "Fuck me, fuck me" over and over as Greg just plowed through her climax. It wasn't long though, before he started grunting and slamming his cock into her pussy with great force. Suddenly he pulled out and shot a thick creamy stream up onto her tits, almost hitting her face. The rest of it didn't go quite as far, but when he was done she was covered from the tops of her tits to her belly button in his jism.

Just as Greg was pulling his pants up and Jolene was scooping up the cum on her body and licking it off her fingers, Theo coughed dramatically and said something. If he was following the script it was: "What do we have here?"

Greg looked scared to death and rushed out in a panic. Jolene just looked at him as she continued to calmly slurp up Greg's cum. Theo told her that he doesn't allow prostitutes in his bar. She answered him, and he told us later that she said, "There was no money involved, just pleasure. Give me your cock and I'll show you."

Theo walked over to her, pushed his pants down to the floor and stroked his cock as he watched her finish cleaning up Greg's cum. He had a thin long cock with a noticeable bend in the middle. I wondered if he was born with it that way or if he injured it somehow. I also wondered how Jolene would react, but if she noticed she didn't say anything. She just threw her head back when he pushed it into her sloppy fuck hole.

I had to give it to Theo, for an older guy (I'd guess about 50) he sure had a lot of staying power. He just kept pumping through several more of Jolene's orgasms, slowing down each time, but never stopping. I found myself wishing for audio so that I could hear their bodies slapping together and my wife's cries of pleasure. Suddenly both Theo and Jolene looked towards the door. Ed and I were so engrossed with watching Theo and Jolene fuck that we hadn't noticed someone had walked into the bathroom.

Theo said something to him and then turned his attention back to fucking my wife. I looked closer at the new arrival and realized that it was the bartender. Returning my attention to Theo I could see he was getting close as his thrusts became more erratic and powerful. He didn't pull out like Greg, but busted his nut while buried deep in Jolene's pussy. The way he jerked and his ass clenched, he must have pumped a gallon of semen into her. The bartender just stood there and watched while he rubbed his crotch.

On his way out of the bathroom Theo patted the bartender on the back saying something like "Go ahead and get some." As the bartender dropped his trousers Theo took up a position outside the bathroom, probably to make sure that nobody else entered. I guess he was worried about things getting out of hand. I had kind of hoped they would.

Inside Theo was aiming his cock at my wife's dripping snatch, and it was some cock; thick and long. Jolene had been fucked with larger before, but this one was definitely one of the biggest. It was a good thing that she had already been loosened up two men already. It took him a few strokes, but eventually he got all of it into her. Even on the camera I could see Theo's cum being forced out of her pussy around his cock. Jolene looked like she was in heaven; I don't know if it was because he was her third fuck in a row, of if it was because of his size. For his part the bartender took it slow, probably trying to extend his pleasure as much as possible.

He was a young guy, maybe twenty-five, with the stamina and control commensurate his age. I don't know how long he fucked her like that on the bathroom counter, but I did see her shudder though at least one more climax before he picked her up and began slamming her down hard onto his cock. He literally picked her up until he almost slipped out of her, then dropped he back down. I figured he was close to coming and I was right because after a dozen slams like that he stopped and held her impaled on his huge rod. His head was thrown back and his eyes closed so I knew he was pumping his sperm deep into her body. When he lifted Jolene off and put her back on the counter his jism poured out of her gaping cunt.

The bartender got dressed and left. My wife sat there for a moment on the counter, and then carefully slid off until her feet hit the floor. She stood on wobbly legs and used some paper towels to sop up some of the liquid still leaking out of her snatch. After doing that a couple of times she pulled her dress on. It was a bit of a struggle to get the zipper back up, but she managed. Then she picked up her envelope and walked out.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 11**

*This chapter, in a departure from all the previous chapters, will be told from the perspective of Peter's best friend Tom.*

\*

I was always pretty skeptical of Peter's claims to have hypnotized his wife; he just wasn't that good at it. I had to admit though, that something had happened to Jolene to make her compliant and submissive. Perhaps her head injury had something to do with it. I didn't know for sure but I decided to try to find out.

The night of that first poker party we talked for about an hour after everybody else left. I tried to find out if she was aware of what was happening to her and why. I eventually came to the conclusion that she did indeed understand what was happening, but was fuzzy on why. One thing I was certain about, however: she really was enjoying her new lifestyle.

When Ned told me he was ready to test his invention again I saw an opportunity to test Jolene and maybe get more into her head. I asked Ned if he was ready to really test his machine this time, or if he wanted to hold back out of fear it would break down again. Predictably he said it was ready for a full test and that he had not intention of holding back. Of course, I was really interested in seeing how much Jolene could take. And I figured that afterwards she would be even more compliant than usual, making my job easier.

Earlier I had convinced Ned that we should record the test on video for evaluation later. He may also want it for promotional purposes eventually, I reasoned. He accepted that logic; that was one of the nice things about Ned, he was a very logical thinker. I thought I might have to do some convincing on Jolene, but she didn't even bat an eyelash when she saw the camera.

I knew she had a large sexual appetite, but even so, Jolene still surprised me. Ned and I threw everything at her that we could think of, but she never quit. After an hour and a half and at least a ten orgasms we finally stopped out of fear of physically injuring her. I would find out later that we were worried about nothing. I was amused that Ned still wanted to pay for her time, so I took the money and stuffed it in my pocket, not sure yet what I would do with it.

After that I took her back to my place and we had a couple of drinks while we talked. As she became more relaxed I talked softer and more soothing. After a while she was in a very relaxed, half-sleep state. No wonder Peter was able to hypnotize her, it seemed she was very susceptible to it. In fact, I suspected that she unconsciously assisted in the process; a kind of ultimate submissiveness.

As I quietly questioned her I discovered that she was secretly excited by Peter's sexual "post hypnotic" suggestions. I came to understand that she was powerfully aroused by being controlled and humiliated. The more Peter, and eventually others, used her sexually, the more turned-on she became. And I thought she needed more. Much more. In order to test my theory I began the process of convincing her that I, like her husband and next door neighbor, just wanted to use and humiliate her. The only difference, I told her, was that I wanted to maximize her pleasure as well as my own, and that I was willing to go to extremes that they would not consider. Then I woke her up and sent her home.

But in order to put my test for Jolene into motion I needed to make sure that Peter was busy; I didn't need him biasing the results. So I arranged to have his team get behind on our mutual project. It wasn't really that difficult, I just had to inject some new requirements which didn't create much extra work for my team, but added a shit load of work for his. So when I called a few later that week to see if Peter and his wife were interested in another poker party, of course he declined because he had too much work to do, but he did offer to let Jolene come on her own. I knew he would, although if he had known what I planned maybe he wouldn't have.

As Peter had guessed, this party was not planned as a poker party that ends up with some sex, but a full-on gang bang. And since all the participants thought that Jolene was a prostitute, I charged them each a hundred bucks for the privilege and told them I had picked up the balance. I had to keep up the fiction, after all, and they all knew I wasn't that generous. Anyway, for that kind of money it was a no holes barred, anything goes event. I had decided to start with just four men and in order to keep it simple I recruited three single guys from my team at work and my next door neighbor.

I made sure I had plenty of beer on hand, so by the time Jolene arrived everybody was oiled up, but not too wasted. Her clothes didn't stay on very long, but given the circumstances that wasn't surprising. Soon she was on her back with a cock in her pussy and one in her mouth as the rest of us stood around and waited our turn. For the next couple of hours it was continuous sex with Jolene being used in all of her holes, and at one point all three at once.

When everybody had cum in or on her at least twice we took a little break and ordered a pizza. When it arrived we had Jolene answer the door and pay for the pizzas. The look on his face when she opened the door completely nude was priceless. He just stood there for a moment, riveted by the sight before him.

"Come in," she said simply. How could he resist? He stepped inside and she closed the door behind him.

"I'll take those," she said as she reached for the pizzas.

He handed her the pizzas and she put them down on the table, picking up the money at the same time. After she paid him, he turned to leave.

"Wait. Don't you want your tip?"

He turned back to face her and she sunk to her knees. When she unbuckled and lowered his pants he looked surprised. But when she took his cock into her mouth his surprise was replaced by a look of pure rapture. I knew what he was feeling; Jolene was a great cocksucker. She made loud slurping sounds as she worked her magic on his young cock. It only took a few minutes, though, before she was drinking his cum. He pulled up his pants and left quickly.

We devoured the pizza and then everybody had another round with Jolene. Actually it would have been more accurate to say that she devoured the men. After two more hours of sucking cock and being fucked in just about every position I've ever seen, all the men were finished, but that total slut looked like she could probably go all night. In fact, after all the men left (shaking their heads in disbelief) Jolene took a shower and looked almost as fresh as when she first arrived. Simply amazing.

While she was drinking some water and re-hydrating I came up behind her and started massaging her shoulders. As she relaxed I spoke quietly into her ear and soon she was still and breathing slowly. She was still awake, but in that self-induced compliant state.

"Did you enjoy your evening?" I breathed softly in her ear.

"Yes, very much," she responded dreamily.

"Was that the best sex you've ever had?"

"It was the most I've had at one time."

"But was it the best?"

She hesitated. "Yes."

"Am I your master now?"

"You are the third."

"Who are the others?"

"Peter and Ed."

"But who provides you the most and best sex?"

"You do."

"Don't forget that."

"I won't."

"Good, now when you go home I don't want you to tell Peter what you did tonight."

"I can't lie to him."

"And I'm not asking you to. Just don't volunteer any information. If he asks you, reply truthfully. Can you do that?"

Another short pause. "Yes."

After that I woke her up fully and sent her home to her husband and my good friend. I was satisfied with the night's results. Jolene passed my test with flying colors and knew it was time to proceed to the next stage.

A couple of days later I called Jolene to invite her over for another party. She said she needed to call Peter first, but I knew he was working late, so the only question was whether he would let her come alone again. I had guessed that he would so I was not surprised when she called back and said she was on her way over alone. I told her to wear a single-piece dress, heels, and nothing else. By now I knew that she could handle a group of men that she knew in a relatively save environment, but what about men she didn't know in a less controlled situation? That's what I intended to find out.

When she arrived I had her strip out of the dress, which surprised her a little I think, since only the two of us were there. Then I had her close her eyes and I used a black magic marker to write the following on her stomach:

COCK SLUT USE ME ENJOY ME

After I was finished I had her slip the dress back on and I dragged her out the door to my car. I didn't tell her where we were going and she didn't ask. We drove in silence for the twenty minutes it took to get to my alma matter. I parked near the Athletic center. There weren't too many students around at that time of night, but at every college there are a always a few die-hards using the facilities to stay in shape. I led Jolene inside and down a long hallway. We got puzzled looks from a couple of young men heading the other way; probably back to their dorms. About half way down I took a left down another hallway and eventually stopped in front of a door that said "Men's Locker Room".

"What are we doing here?" She asked in a voice so quiet it was almost a whisper.

"You are going to take on every boy in there tonight." I purposely said 'boy' instead of 'man'.

"What? I can't fuck boys."

"Relax, they are all eighteen or older. But not much."

"I don't know..."

"Please trust me, my slut. I told you I would provide you with what you crave: cocks, lots of hard cocks of all shapes and sizes. And all of them to please you. Just imagine it."

She said nothing, but I could see the arousal start to take over. I unzipped Jolene's dress and pushed it down to the ground leaving her standing there in nothing but her heels. Although it was quite warm, I saw a shiver run down her body. Fear or excitement? Probably both.

"In you go," I said as I pushed her towards the door. "Be a good slut and drain every cock in there until I return to collect you."

I opened the door and gave her a little slap on the ass to get her moving. She stumbled slightly but kept moving forward and through the threshold. I could hear at least three distinct voices inside. Jolene moved slowly into the vestibule area and then around the corner into the locker room proper. Suddenly the talking stopped and for a moment it was very quiet. Then I heard one of the men say "Holy shit." I closed the door and walked away.

There was a small waiting area just down the hallway by the athletic director's office, so I sat down there and pretended to read a magazine while I kept an eye on the locker room door. I knew they wouldn't try to hurt her, so I wasn't worried. Besides, she could handle herself well enough. After about a half hour or so two more young men entered the locker room, a lanky black guy and a stocky white boy. About ten minutes after that three guys exited, laughing and generally in a good mood. I didn't have to wonder why.

Over the next hour or so three more college aged men entered the locker room and stayed in there for quite a long time. That made eight total so far, which was enough for the moment, so when the last of them left (I hoped), I went into the locker room before any more showed up. I found Jolene in the shower washing her hair and looking none the worse for the wear. What an amazing woman.

I walked her as quickly as possible out of the building and back to my car. For a few minutes I just drove and allowed Jolene to bask in the after sex glow.

"So, did you enjoy yourself?"

"Hmmm, absolutely."

"How many times did you cum?"

"I don't know for sure, I lost count. A lot though."

"More than that last time on the machine?"

"Oh yes."

"So what do you think of fucking 'boys' now?" I asked, emphasizing the word 'boys'.

"Hmmm, their technique needs improving and they were a bit rough at times, but they never seemed to get tired or go completely soft." She paused for a moment, deep in thought. "Overall they were fantastic."

"Would you like to do it again?"

She closed her eyes, leaned back, and smiled. "Whatever you want."

That was music to my ears. When I got back on the freeway I didn't head back home, however, I went the other way. I had a few other places I wanted to visit and Jolene was in just the right mood to make it really fun. The next stop was about twenty minutes later in an older, run-down area of a nearby town. I pulled into the parking lot of an old strip mall that was mostly empty now. One exception was a storefront with painted over windows and a sign that said "Pleasure Palace". Smaller signs said "XXX Videos" and "Adult Toys".

I turned to face Jolene. "OK, I'm going in first. I want you to wait a minute and then follow me in. Go right to the register area and ask them if they have a wearable vibrator that you can use while having sex." Her eyes got bigger as I talked. "They only have one and when he shows it to you tell him that's a lot of money for something that you aren't sure will really work. He will tell you that once you take it out of the store and open the package it's not returnable. Then ask him if you can try it on in the store before you buy it and pull up your dress to show him that you don't have any panties on."

Her mouth came open and I thought that Jolene was going to object, but she remained quiet.

"Then suggest that you could just slip it on for a quick test. I'm sure he'll agree. In fact, I think he will offer to help you put it on. At some point he will ask if you want to make sure that it will stay on during sex and will suggest going to his office. Go with him do what he wants. I will be waiting for you when you are finished."

"Are you sure about this?" Was her only question.

"Of course."

"OK. Whatever you say."

I smiled at her answer, gave her a quick kiss, fondled her tit, and opened the car door. Inside it was well lit and clean, despite the reputation these kind of places had. I walked over to the video section and positioned myself so that I could see the door and the counter. The manager was behind the counter. He was an older balding black man that was at least fifty pounds overweight. He ignored me. I pretended to look a gang bang DVDs as I waited for Jolene.

A minute later she walked into the store, and just as I had instructed walked straight to the counter. The manager perked right up.

"Can I help you miss?"

"Well, um, I'm looking for something specific." It sounded like she was nervous and embarrassed. I wasn't sure if that was an act or real. Maybe some of both. The manager just waited for her to elaborate. "Um, a vibrator."

"We have many different styles and sizes of vibrators. What are you looking for?"

"One that I can wear that stimulates, my ah..."

"A clitoral vibrator?"

Jolene nodded.

"We have several of those." He proceeded to pull a few boxes from a shelf behind him and place them on the counter.

"Um, I'm looking for one that you can use during sex."

"While fucking?"

She nodded again.

"OK, this one here is the only one that won't get in the way, but will stay put." The manager pointed to a pink box. "It even has an RF control -- no wires."

Jolene pretended to examine the box. "It's pretty expensive. What if I don't like it?"

"Once it's out of the store if you take it out of the packaging you can't return it. It's a personal hygiene issue."

"Well, do you have a display model or something that I could try out here? I could just slip it on quickly and see how it works." As she finished her sentence she lifted up the bottom of her dress and flashed him her bald pussy.

"I don't really have a display model, but I suppose for you I can open this one up." Then he opened up the box and dumped the contents out onto the counter. After getting everything out of the little plastic bags he put batteries into the vibrator and the remote.

"Here, let me help you put it on," he said as he moved out from behind the counter. "Lift your dress up."

She looked embarrassed, but she did as he requested and held her dress up to her waist, showing off her bare butt and bald pussy. The manager went down on one knee to fit the vibrator, which put her pussy at eye level of course. He reached around her and fastened the waist strap; his face only inches from her cunt. I wondered if he could smell her wonderful aroma. Then he had her move her legs apart a bit as he placed the other straps around each well toned thigh. After some final adjustments the small vibrator was positioned right on her clit, but did not obstruct her entrance.

The manager stood up and retrieved the small remote from the counter. "Let's see how it works," he said as he thumbed the switch.

Jolene jumped slightly. "Oh, my."

"Do you like that?"

"Yes, it's very, um, stimulating."

"I'll bet. That's only the low speed. Let's try medium." He pressed the button on the remote again.

"Oh, oh," Jolene gasped.

"How would you like to try out the other feature?"

"What other feature?"

"Having sex while you are wearing it."

"Oh, I don't think that would be a good idea."

"Bullshit!" The manager barked. "The way you are dressed and the way you are acting, you came in here to get fucked, and that's exactly what's going to happen."

With that he took her by the elbow and led her away and down the isle next to the one I was in. He wasn't forcing her; he didn't need to. I heard a squeaky door open, a brief muffled discussion between the manager and another man, and finally the door closing. A scrawny black kid, no older than eighteen, emerged from the same isle and walked behind the counter.

I continued to pretend to browse the videos for the next twenty minutes. Just as I was starting to get concerned I heard the squeaky door open again. In a few seconds the manager appeared at the counter again, but without Jolene. The exchanged a few words and the kid headed back towards what I assumed was the office.

I selected a black on white gang bang video and walked up to the counter. When the manager saw what I was buying he chuckled.

"Like the idea of white house wives getting some dark meat?" He asked knowingly.

"Oh, yeah. I'll pay for the lady's toy too."

"Sure mister, whatever you say."

"Is the boy fucking her now?"

"Yeah, that's my son Leon. She is his first white pussy. And a fine one it is."

"Excellent."

"She's a real nasty slut, that one."

"Don't I know it."

We chatted for a little bit. It was clear that he thought I was Jolene's husband, and I was fine with that. After a while the manager seemed to get impatient and headed back towards the office.

"Leon! I said once or twice. Now don't get greedy, boy!" He bellowed.

When he opened the door I could see Leon and Jolene naked the small office. The boy was leaning up against the desk and Jolene was kneeling in front of him, sucking on his flaccid cock.

"Aw, come on Dad, her mouth and pussy are so fine, can't I try her ass too?"

"You've had your fun. Get dressed now and help her too."

Leon grumbled, but complied, and soon Jolene and I were walking out the door. I was carrying a bag with the video in it, and Jolene was still wearing the vibrator. The remote control was safely in my pocket. While en route to the next stop I quizzed her about her time at the adult toy store.

"So what was it like asking for the vibrator and having him strap it onto you?"

"Humiliating. And exciting."

"Exciting in what way?"

"Sexually."

"It aroused you."

"Yes."

"Because he was black."

"Hmmm, maybe, but more so because it was so public. In the middle of the store like that. Anybody could have walked in."

"What happened when he took you back to his office?"

"He didn't waste any time. He pulled my dress up, pushed me over the desk, dropped his pants, and started fucking me. I was so wet that he just went all the way in on the first thrust."

"Did you get off?"

"Once."

"Did he cum in you?"

"No, when he was ready he turned me around and had me finish him with my mouth. After he came I swallowed it all and cleaned him up with my tongue. Then he left and told me to wait there. I was a little worried about that."

"Afraid of what he might be planning."

"Yes, and how long he would keep me there."

"But I was still out in the store."

"I didn't know that or what you had planned."

"OK, then he sent his son in."

"Yes. He told me that all white women were whores and should be naked, so he took off my dress. Then he told me to get down on my whore knees and suck him off."

"How did that make you feel, the way he talked to you."

"It was degrading, but oddly I wasn't angry about it."

"What did you feel? Be honest."

"Well, it kind of turned me on."

"Kind of?"

"OK, it turned me on quite a bit."

"Did you suck him off them?"

"Yes. I got down on my knees like he told me and pulled his pants down. He had a large beautiful cock; not the biggest I've seen, and not like in the pornos, but still big. I sucked and stroked him until he shot his load into my mouth. It shot six or seven times, which I can tell you is a lot. It was the most cum I've ever had from just one load, but I swallowed it all. He didn't get soft at all and I just kept licking and sucking him. Finally he told me to stop, which was good because my jaw was starting to get sore from being open so wide for so long. Then he sat down on a chair and ordered me climb on and fuck him good."

"Did you cum?"

"Yes, twice. The first time he called me a filthy white-trash slut. After the second time he said 'I bet you can't get enough black cock, can you?' When I didn't answer he repeated it and told me to answer."

"What did you say?"

"I told him yes. He smiled and said 'Tell me you are a black cock whore.' I did. Then he told me to say it like I meant it, so I moaned "I'm a black cock whore and I can't get enough big black cock in my white slutty pussy."

"Did he like that?"

"Oh yes. He also had me tell him how I was now addicted to black cock and would need to come back to him every day to get my fix. He came inside me soon after that. Then he had me get off him and clean up his cock with my mouth. He wanted me to get him hard again so he could fuck my ass. I was worried about his size, but his father came back and saved me."

"Would you have let him fuck you in the ass?"

"Probably. I'm not sure how well I would have been walking afterwards though."

"So, are you going to go back every day and get your fix?"

Jolene laughed. She had a lovely, sexy laugh. The kind that makes you want to hear it often.

"Not unless you want me to. But you'll have to drive; I have no idea where we were."

Now it was my turn to laugh. I told her that maybe we would return some day, but for now I had plenty of other adventures planned for her. For this night I had one more stop; one more test. If she passed this one then I knew she would willingly do anything for me. As I drove I kept her aroused by turning on the vibrator, but forbidding her from playing with herself. When I sensed she was near an orgasm I turned it off. By the time we arrived at our destination she was almost begging me to let her cum. I told her she would cum soon enough, but that she had do one last thing for me. She replied "Anything. I'll do anything, just let me cum."

We were stopped in front of a nondescript apartment building in a seedy neighborhood. "We are going to visit two men," I told her, "you will please them in anyway they desire for as long as they desire. Do you understand?"

Did I see a hint of uncertainty, or maybe even fear? If so, her voice didn't show it. "Yes, I understand," she replied huskily.

We walked into the entrance, but the lock on the "security" door was broken so I didn't bother calling up on the intercom. They knew we were coming and they were waiting for us. For her. Up one floor and down the hall to the apartment that I'd spent a week finding. Muffled voices could be heard inside. I knocked on the door. The voices stopped and the door opened in a moment. Jolene recognized the face the peered out. "Dominic?" she gasped.

Dominic grinned wolfishly. I pushed her forward into the dingy apartment. Her old boyfriend led us into the sparsely furnished main room (I hesitate to call it a living room) and Jolene got an even bigger shock. Sitting on an old dirty sofa was her brother Mick. He smiled wickedly at her as well, several missing teeth evidence of past meth abuse. Dominic grabbed her and started kissing her just as I had instructed. She resisted weakly, just as she had so many years ago. He pawed at her for a little bit before trying to push her dress down off her shoulders. While she didn't resist that much, she also didn't cooperate either.

That's when I motioned for Mick to step over and help his friend. Mick came up behind his sister and pulled down the zipper in the back of her dress. Then he held her arms down as Mick pushed the straps of her dress off her shoulders and down to her elbows. This revealed her tits which made Dominic whistle. "They still look great," he said.

Mick looked over Jolene's shoulder (he was a little taller than her) and replied, "They sure are."

Dominic began squeezing one tit with his hand while he latched on to the other one with his mouth. Mick was struggling to get the dress down the rest of the way and I decided to help him by turning the vibrator on. That did the trick. Jolene stopped resisting and let her brother push her dress down the the floor. "Hey, look what's written on her, Mick," Dominic exclaimed. "It says COCK SLUT, USE ME, ENJOY ME. And she has some sort of high tech vibrator strapped on too."

Dominic got down on his knees to inspect her vibrator tortured pussy while her brother reached around and played with her tits. Dominic pushed a finger into her pussy and it slid in easily. "Oh, fuck she's wet!"

I turned off the vibrator and Jolene moaned in frustration. "The only way you can cum now is using their cocks," I informed her. "Make them happy and maybe they'll give you what you crave."

Dominic announced that he had waited long enough for her pussy and pushed her down onto the dirty couch. Then he pulled the vibrator off saying that he didn't need the help. His pants were off in a flash and he was positioned between her legs. "Beg me to fuck you, slut," and to punctuate his demand he rubbed her clit roughly.

"Oh, oh, fuck me Dom."

"Tell me you want my cock. Tell me you always wanted it."

"I want your cock Dom. I've always wanted your cock, please, give it to me. Fuck me!"

Dominic thrust into her savagely, all those years of pent up frustration being released all at once. He fucked her hard and fast, but it didn't last long. In fact he came before she did, despite the fact that she was so turned on. This left Jolene even more frustrated and horny than ever. He pulled out of her and when she looked up she saw her brother Mick standing there with his hard cock in his hands. She looked shocked and shook her head. "No, I can't..."

But Mick would not be denied. His lust for his sister was obvious. He knelt between her legs and said in a low voice, "I've wanted to do this since you grew tits. I've dreamed about it so many times. I'm going to fuck you Jolene, and you are going to enjoy it."

Then he pressed down on top of her and pushed his cock into his sister's pussy. She bit her lip as if trying to deny the burning she felt in her pussy. He started slowly, trying to enjoy the sensation, but soon he was trusting into his sister faster and faster. Then I noticed a change in Jolene. It looked like she was losing the battle to stop herself from enjoying being fucked by her brother. She began moaning. I couldn't tell at first but then I realized she was saying "Oh Mick, Oh Mick."

Suddenly she arched her back and convulsed as her climax hit her. It looked like a powerful one to me and although Mick tried to ride it out he was unable to hold back either and added his spunk to Dominic's deep in Jolene's pussy. Mick collapsed on top of his sister and she threw her arms around him and hugged him close.

After that she sucked them both back to life and they took turns fucking all her holes. I lost count of how many more times she came, but she seemed to have more with her brother than with Dominic. We left several hours later with her ex boyfriend and her brother's sperm running out of her pussy and ass. She didn't want to soil the dress so I had her walk to the car naked and wait outside the car while I retrieved an old towel from the trunk for her to sit on. She didn't even hesitate to follow these instructions.

When we got back to my house I let her use the shower to clean up. Then I had her give me a blowjob before sending her home to her husband. He has no idea what she's capable of, but he will soon enough.

**Jolene Listens Ch. 12**

*This is the final chapter and is once again told by Jolene's husband Peter.*

\*

This challenge was the most sophisticated so far. Ed and I were waiting in a hotel room while my wife Jolene had to perform a series of tasks to collect the necessary clues which would lead her to us. That was the plan anyway. Something can always go wrong, but she knew she could call me if necessary. As I waited I went back over the details in my head, imagining my beautiful submissive wife following her instructions.

When she returned home from the gym she would find the first envelope on the table. In it was a note and receipt from a beauty shop for a manicure and pedicure. The appointment for today was circled. The note read simply, "Dress like you are going clubbing. Don't be late for your appointment." If she left immediately she would have just enough time to make it.

After her finger and toe nails were painted bright pink she was given the second envelope. Inside was another note that said, "Go to the following address and give Mistress Diane your name. She will know what to do."

That will lead her to a little shop where the younger crowd goes to buy their "bling" and get their makeup done. I had instructed the proprietor, Mistress Diane, to make her look trashy like the younger girls do these days when they are going out to "hook up". I told her I wouldn't mind if it bordered on street-walker. When she was finished she would give Jolene yet another envelope.

Like the others, this one had a short note. It read, "Go to the bar at the following address and locate Mindy. Trade your clothes for hers except for your purse. Do whatever it takes to get her clothes. In the pocket of her shorts you will find a hotel key on a chain. Put the chain around your neck, go back outside and take a right. Start walking. You'll know when to stop."

I can imagine Jolene's confusion about these vague instructions, but she will go to the bar anyway. When she goes in it's dim and it takes her eyes a few minutes to adjust. She looks around and only sees a few people inside, which is not unusual considering it was still pretty early. Nobody makes eye contract with her, so she steps up to the bar and asks the bartender if he knows Mindy. He doesn't say anything. He just motions towards the back of the bar with his thumb.

As Jolene makes her way to the back of the bar she notices a pool table off to one side in a little alcove that isn't visible from the front of the place. A woman in her thirties was carefully lining up a shot. She was wearing a garish green lyrca top that left little to the imagination and a pair of very short shorts that didn't cover much either. My wife walks up and clears her throat.

"Yeah? What'da want?"

"Are you Mindy?" Jolene asks hesitantly.

"That depends," she replies. "on who you are sweetie."

"I'm Jolene."

The woman puts her pool cue down. "Oh. Well in that case, yes, I'm Mindy." She looks Jolene up and down. "So, what'da want?"

"Um, this is going to sound strange, but I want your clothes."

Mindy laughs. "Is that all?"

"I mean, I'll trade you mine."

Mindy gets a serious look and steps forward. "Hmmm, those are nice rags alright, but not really my style. Got any cash?"

Jolene didn't expect that, so she looked in her purse. Do what ever it took, the note said. "I have fifty-two dollars."

"Is that all?" Mindy said, clearly disappointed.

"I'm sorry, that's all I have. Please, I need your clothes."

"OK, OK. I'm such a push over." Secretly she was quite pleased of course since I had bought the clothes in the first place. "Well?"

"What?"

"Get out of the clothes bitch. The deal is your clothes for mine plus the cash. So start stripping."

Jolene didn't really want to strip in the bar, but at the moment it was just the two of them. The longer she delayed the greater the chance someone else would show up. As she took off her silk top and designer jeans she wished she had not worn her favorite outfit. She handed them over to Mindy, now just standing there in her skimpy bra and thong.

"The bra too," Mindy demanded. "Can't really wear it with this top anyway."

Jolene unclasped the bra and handed it over as well. Mindy smiled evilly and said, "Wait here, I'll be right back."

Jolene watched with a scared look on her face as Mindy walked away with her clothes. She was slightly relieved when she saw her turn into the woman's bathroom. My wife stood there nervously for a minute before Mindy returned wearing the silk top and jeans, throwing her previous outfit on the pool table. Jolene quickly dressed and exited the bar. As she did she noticed a few of the patrons smiling at her. Obviously her exploit had not gone unnoticed.

Once she was back outside she remembered the key and reached into her pocket. Thankfully it was there with the chain just as the note said it would be. Jolene pulled it out and slipped it over her head as instructed and started walking.

She felt very conspicuous as she made her way down the busy sidewalk, her boobs bouncing with every step. The way she was made up she was sure she must have looked like a hooker. After a couple of blocks she heard someone off to the side call her name.

Jolene stopped and looked around. Again she heard her name. She looked carefully and saw a figure in a recessed doorway; the kind that had steps leading down to it.

"I'm Jolene."

"Come closer."

She took a couple of steps closer. Standing on the steps leading down to the door was a balding man in his fifties wearing a dirty t-shirt.

"I have what you need," he says and motions for her to join him in the doorway.

She steps closer, a little uncertain. He points downward, so she descends the steps with the stranger. When they get to the bottom he reaches out and touches the key.

"I can tell you what this is for," he informs her and pulls an envelope out of his back pocket.

Jolene reaches for it, but he pulls it back saying, "Oh no. You will have to pay for this."

"But I don't have any money."

"Then you'll have to earn it the old fashioned way," he says as he pulls down his zipper.

"What? Right here?"

"That's right. Suck me off right here bitch, and the envelope is yours."

Jolene saw no other alternative and hoped they were shielded well enough down in the dark doorway. She got down on her knees, wincing from the rough concrete and pulled out the stranger's hard cock. He stank of the sweat of a hard day's work. She went to work getting it over as quickly as possible. No doubt he tried to make it last, but my wife is an expert cocksucker and in no time he was pumping his cum into her mouth. She swallowed it all down, making sure to get every drop, and tucked his softening member back into his pants.

When she stood up her knees were dirty leaving little doubt what she had been up to. There wasn't anything she could do about that at the moment so she just held her hand out. The stranger gave her the envelope saying, "Your fella is one lucky bastard."

Inside was one last note which read, "Go to the hotel across the street from where you are now. Take the elevator up to room 522 and let yourself in. Announce to the occupants that you are the entertainment for the evening and that they are to enjoy your body in any way they please for as long as they please."

Jolene looked across the street. Sure enough there was a nice looking hotel there. She didn't know what awaited her, but she knew it would be an exciting sexual adventure. All of her challenges were.

At least that's how I imagined things would go for my wife. Ed and I had spent a lot of time and effort planning it and coaching the various players. But there would be no way to know until Jolene stepped into room 522. Ed and I were in the adjoining room watching via three wireless cameras and microphones that we had setup earlier. Leon's grandson and three of his young friends waited anxiously in the next room for my wife's appearance. If everything was going according to schedule she should be walking in soon.

Sure enough, about five minutes later the door swung open and in walked Jolene. I'm not sure I would have recognized her if I had passed her on the street. Mistress Dianne had done a good job with her makeup and hair. Along with the outfit she got from Mindy she looked like a coed with very bad taste. Or a color blind hooker. Either way it was a hot look for my wife.

She made her announcement as instructed, which got the attention of the young black men. One of them said, "Well, well, it looks like we have ourselves a white trash ho."

Another one responds, "It's time to party boys."

Another one added, "They say once you go black, you never go back."

They all high-fived each other as though that was the first time anybody had ever said that. Jolene just licked her lips and stepped forward into their midst. It wasn't long before she was naked and the horny young men were feeding her their hard cocks. And this time I recorded it all on high resolution video using the three nearly-hidden cameras.

They were not shy about using her body for their pleasure. They fucked her mouth, pussy and ass repeatedly. They even had all three filled at one point. It was amazing watching my lilly white wife sandwiched between four black guys as they pounded their cocks into her over and over.

I was amazed at the stamina of the four boys, which was impressive even for twenty-five year olds. They were able to regain their erections quickly after coming and they each did that two or three times during the evening. Jolene took everything they had and sucked them dry in a sexual marathon like nothing I'd ever seen. In the end she was still ready for more even after the boys couldn't get their cocks hard anymore.

One of the young men made the comment, "Fuck, she still hasn't had enough. Maybe we should sell her ass over on third."

He knew he wouldn't be allowed to do that. I think he was just trying to see how Jolene would respond. She was pretty cool, though, saying, "What would my cut be?"

All the men laughed and one of them said she could make good money doing private parties. She played coy and said, "Really, do you think so?"

"Oh, yeah baby. A sexy white bitch like you that knows how to take dark meat? Yeah, you could pull down good money."

"You boys are so sweet. Maybe we can do this again some time, but I have to go."

They all told her anytime she wanted a good fuck to just let them know. Then my wife slipped on her clothes, such as they were, and left. I knew she would go home and wait for me, so I helped Ed pack up all the gear and we headed back ourselves.

Sure enough, when I arrived at home she was waiting for me, still in the bright green stretch top and yellow short shorts. I asked her if she enjoyed her adventure. She assured me that it was the best I had come up with so far. I had her tell me about the entire experience from start to finish. Before she was done I had dumped a load in her pussy and one in her ass. What a day!

Between all the overtime at work and the time spent planning the challenges for Jolene, there had not been much time available for just a normal night out eating and drinking. Not that my wife had been sitting home knitting. When she wasn't over at Ed's place she was with Tom. I was starting to get annoyed that they were spending more time with her than I was, so I said "fuck it" and left work at four o'clock on Friday afternoon.

When I got home I told Jolene that we were going out for the night. When she asked what the special occasion was I just told her that I loved her and wanted to take her out on the town. She gave me one of those looks that meant she knew I wasn't telling her everything.

"OK. I know I have been neglecting you for that stupid job lately and it's going to end starting tonight. So hurry up and get changed," I said.

She kissed me and bounced up the stairs.

We managed to get a table at our favorite Italian restaurant. The food and service were fantastic as usual. Of course the bill was spectacular too, but it was worth it. After that we went to a little jazz bar nearby and shared a bottle of wine while enjoying the live music. I couldn't remember the last time we had such a good time out just enjoying each others company.

After the wine was gone we stayed around for a couple more hours drinking water to make sure I was good to drive home. Finally about one o'clock we headed out to make the three block walk back to where the car was parked. We were in an upscale area and so into flirting as we walked that I wasn't paying enough attention to our surroundings. That was a mistake.

Suddenly a young guy with a .38 revolver was standing in front of me and two more were standing menacingly beside my wife. One of them was brandishing a knife.

"Give me your wallet," he snarled, "and nobody will get hurt."

"And I'll take that purse lady," one of the others said to Jolene.

I glanced over and saw her hand move towards the pocket in her purse where her collapsible baton was hidden. She was getting ready to make a move, but I needed to take care of the gun first. At this point everything happened fast, but life and death situations tend to focus the mind so that you remember all the details in amazing clarity.

I stepped to my left and pivoted taking my body out of the direct line of the gun. At the same time I grabbed his wrist with my left hand and pulled him forward off balance. Then I used my right hand to twist the gun out of his hand before he knew what had happened. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jolene bringing her baton down viciously and the knife spinning away. That's one broken wrist, I thought.

My attacker must have had some training himself because he used my hesitation to kick it out of my hand. Tae Kwon Do or Karate maybe. I decide to stay close and grapple to neutralize his youthful advantage and avoid exchanging with him.

I still had his wrist so I pulled him in close and threw a knee into his midsection. It landed, but not solidly. I glanced in my wife's direction and saw her deliver a spinning back kick into one of her assailants, knocking him down. I should have been paying more attention to my own fight though, because I found myself getting tripped and going down.

I landed on my back with him on top of me. This was potentially bad for me. He reached out and tried to choke me. I threw an elbow at him which made him pull back. This gave me the room I needed so I threw my legs up and got one around the back of his neck putting him into a leg triangle. I cinched it up tight with my other leg and he realized too late that he was in big trouble. I pulled his head down to complete the choke and within seconds he was going to sleep. I held him for a few seconds longer because I didn't want him waking up too quickly and I knew that would also give him a bigger headache.

I pushed his unconscious body off of me and quickly got up to help my wife. But her attackers were already limping off. She was standing there holding her baton and breathing hard as she watched them retreat. The one I choked out moaned and tried to get up. I kicked him in the ribs to make sure there was no more fight in him and he crawled away.

Jolene looked at me, her eyes wide and her nostrils flared. I said, "Let's get out of here."

We quickly made our way to the car. It was very quiet for the first few minutes as I navigated the local streets and pulled onto the highway. Then out of nowhere my wife says, "I remember everything."

I thought she was talking about he robbery attempt we had just thwarted, so I replied, "So do I."

"No, I mean you hypnotizing me and changing me. Putting thoughts and suggestions into my head. Probing my memories and deepest feelings. Everything."

Shit. "Honey, I..." What the hell could I say?

"No. Don't say anything. I need time to think and sort things out."

I drove on in silence. Had I just lost my wife, the love of my life? That thought was so horrific I couldn't even hold it in my head. I just had to hope that she would forgive me. How could I have risked everything so easily? Maybe I didn't deserve her. I felt like I had been kicked in the stomach.

Thoughts of doom and self pity swirled in my head all the way home. By the time we got there Jolene no longer appeared confused, but rather she seemed to be relaxed. When we got inside she had me sit down in the living room with her.

"First off, I'm not angry with you. But there are some things I need to explain." She told me.

I was a little relieved at hearing that, but I wasn't off the hook yet. I listened.

"When you saved me last year from those guys in that alley I took stock of who I was as I laid there on the ground and I realized that I didn't like who I had become. I was vain, self-absorbed, sexually frustrated, and all around a bad wife."

I opened my mouth to tell her she wasn't a bad wife, but she held her hand up. "Let me finish. Please."

I remained silent and she continued.

"At that moment I wanted to change, to be worthy of your love, but I didn't know how to do it. Then when you told me that I should just listen to you something snapped in my mind. I just turned over all my decision making processes over to you. Not the trivial decisions, mind you, but the big ones. Like 'what kind of person do I want to be' kind of decisions. Somehow you figured it out and started changing my life; changing me."

"I wasn't really aware that you were doing it. Sure I knew that I was behaving differently, but I didn't really question it. The fact of the matter is that I was happier than I'd been in years, maybe ever. Then the attack tonight somehow returned me to normal, I guess."

"So now what?" I asked, fearful of the answer.

She smiled. "Don't worry, I'm not going to go back to the way I was before. I like the way I am now. I'm happy and I'm not sexually frustrated anymore."

"Really? But what about..."

"Yes, I enjoy being your submissive slut."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. I think I've always been a slut, but I suppressed it. Probably one of the reasons I was unhappy. You showed me how to embrace that part of myself and not be ashamed of it."

"Wow. That's so...cool!"

"But there's some other things I have to tell you. About Tom."

"Tom?"

"Yes, as imaginative as you and Ed have been, Tom makes you two look like pikers," She informed me.

"What are you talking about?"

Next my wife told me about how Tom had somehow hijacked my hypnotic suggestions to gain greater control over her. Then she told me about the parties with his friends from work, the videos of her riding the Fuck-Chair, the men's locker room at the college, and the video store. That was all shocking enough, but when she told me about fucking Dominic and her brother Mick my brain froze. I didn't know what to think or say. But my cock sure had an opinion, and judging from speed at which it went rigid, the word 'excited' would be a huge understatement.

But she wasn't finished yet. Apparently Tom had not only continued to arrange more perverted experiences for her, including repeat performances with her brother, but he was now recording them on video as well. What was really surprising though, was that Jolene enjoyed all of it and didn't want it to stop. That meant I would need to talk to Tom, and I wasn't sure how he would react.

Tom wasn't expecting us both to show up at his door the next day. After I explained what had happened the previous night and how I knew everything that had happened between him and my wife, he got a scared look on his face. What came next really took him by surprise, though.

"Tom, I want you to help me put together an adult website for Jolene."

"What?!"

"A pay site. I know you have some stills and a lot of video that we can use to start with. I'm hoping you still have all that cash you got from your friends when they thought that Jolene was a hooker. That should be enough seed money to get the server and hosting set up."

"Are you serious?"

"Sure. We could even sell that fuck chair your friend invented. And I know you've set up commercial websites before. What do you think?"

He got a big smile on his face. "Only if you make me the creative director in charge of coming up with new adventures for Jolene."

"I can't think of a better candidate for the job."

That was six months ago. The website is doing so well that I have been able to quit my regular job. Now I work half as hard and make three times as much. We both know that eventually this will end, so we are socking away the extra money. In the meantime though, we have no financial worries and are enjoying life to the fullest.

Jolene gets all the sex she needs and much of it ends up on the website. She still fucks Ed Jacobson and some of his friends on a regular basis. In fact, those videos are second only in popularity to the ones featuring her brother. Yes, she still has sex with Mick. In fact, he has moved in with us. They have sex often now. Sometimes he brings some friends over and they spend the whole day fucking my wife. The only rule I have is no drugs. I told him the day he moved in that if I find any drugs in the house, or if he comes home high, I will throw him out and he'll never have sex with his sister ever again. How's that for incentive to stay clean? So far he has.

We did put the FuckChair (trademark pending) on our site, but sales have been a bit slow. It's just too expensive. So I helped Ned redesign it to reduce costs. We simplified the hardware by doing more of the work in software; that was my big contribution. Then Ned modularized the system so that we could sell the core product cheaper. Then customers can buy accessories later. The FuckChair Mark II will be going on sale soon and I expect sales to be brisk.

When we first started the website we had a web cam for Jolene to entertain the members with. They loved watching her on the chair. Recently I added an interface so that for an extra fee (per minute) a member can control the chair remotely. That's a very popular feature and has generated a lot income for us.

We've even had several other women contact us about having us make videos of their adventures and putting them on our website. In fact one of them is coming over tomorrow to audition. That should be fun.

That's my story. So, am I a lucky bastard or what?