**N.U.D.E.**

by[bigrimmstales](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=514777&page=submissions)©

I saw the tiny brass panel adjacent to the ostentatious display my firm uses to advertise itself. I'd never seen it there before and all morning as I went about my work as Company Director I couldn't help but want to find out more. Curiosity about what the acronym meant was eating me up inside. I could not understand why. It was unusual to see full stops between each letter, but surely not so strange as to make me obsessive about knowing what the letters meant.

My concentration was completely shot by this. As my colleague spoke, so my eyes watched his mouth opening and closing but my mind was asking, 'does it mean Noted Upmarket Digital Electronics?' After all, this was Silicon Valley and we were all meant to be computer geeks. Or could it have been Never Undersold for Design and Engineering? Maybe there were silent letters in the acronym like and, for, the, or to?

I'd worked in the company for five years. Everyone called me 'Miss Prissy' behind my back. I'd heard them at the coffee machines. I didn't know why. I always dressed respectably in fitted jacket, white blouse, pencil skirt two inches below the knee, best quality panties, garter belt and stockings, well-fitting bra that kept my good sized breasts under solid control, and black leather shoes of the highest quality. I never wore a high heel, being nearly six feet tall anyway. I kept my long blonde hair in a practical and tight bun as I'd been taught to do at finishing school and I always spoke well, having a crisp and clear English accent. I never deviated from this uniform at work, seeing no need to confuse my business things with my private ones.

I'd come over with my late father when he saw the opportunity in computers back in the early 80's. But why prissy? Yes, I did not have a sex life, swear in public, join in dirty jokes on the shop floor or anything like that but underneath I was a red-blooded woman of thirty-five. I could not understand why they couldn't see that. Ok, nobody had asked me out in many years and at work it was as if I was androgynous, but prissy? No, I wanted to live life, if there was the chance for it. I just had never had that opportunity since Daddy died.

By lunchtime I'd exhausted all the acronyms for N.U.D.E. that I could think of. Daddy had had me schooled at the best Catholic establishments in England and then Switzerland, but no recall of my extensive mental dictionary could come up with a suitable explanation. And besides, it couldn't be anything dirty, could it? Surely that would not be allowed on a plaque in the centre of a business district?

By lunchtime it was eating me up totally. I had to go find out.

I went downstairs via my personal exit, feeling more and more excited by the adventure as the glass tube descended to street level. I turned left out of the pneumatic door and walked into the little lobby that was the entrance to N.U.D.E.

A very pretty receptionist greeted me, smiling sweetly and said, "Ah, welcome madam, you must be Dominic's 1 o'clock. Please wait here and I will page him. There are some relevant magazines on the rack over there and please take your jacket off and hang it on the rail. You won't need that for a while."

She giggled as she said this last bit and had spoken so fast that I had no chance to correct her, and now felt in typical English style it would be improper to do so. What should I do? Well, I guessed I could wait and explain the mistake to this Dominic person. So, I unbuttoned my jacket, placed it on a hook, straightening it out of course so it hung properly and then sat in one of the sumptuous armchairs that were placed opposite the receptionist. I picked up a magazine to read but was too shocked and, I admit, mesmerised.

"I'm Dominique," she said jauntily. "I know it can sound confusing but Dominic is my husband and set up this therapy centre. He has freed so many souls from their shackles of repression..."

I was hearing her, but it was what I was seeing that was shocking me. The reception desk was high, with a wooden top. Nothing out of the ordinary about that, you might think. It was the lower part that was unusual. There was a glass panel that curved round. It was frosted bar a two-foot wide section that exposed from Dominique's waist to her calves. I couldn't take my eyes off what I could see.

The folds of her sex were glistening with juice. Dominique had a gold ring piercing her clitoral hood and her shaven labia were plump and full, unmistakeably aroused. There was a creamy white deposit at the lower end, dripping from her vagina. How did I know all this? Because she was sitting with her legs wide apart! Should I tell her? Well, I thought I should but every time I went to speak she said something else...

"Many women and some men have been cured of their reticence about being naked, or helped to celebrate their exhibitionism. If Dominic had not found me I would have stayed the suppressed young thing that sat in an accountancy department, dressed like a nun and never said boo to a goose!"

She laughed again and I found myself laughing with her, starting to think that her description could have been me. As a child I used to go into my parent's bedroom stark naked and bounce around on their bed. I'd done it for years as an innocent child but when I was becoming an adult my father had stopped me. I could not understand why. I felt rejected. When I was 18 and drunk I remembered these pranks, stripped off, ran into their room and did it as a dare. He thrashed me just as he had done when I was a child for other bad behaviour. I had great big stripes on my bottom for days. I felt so guilty too because when he did that I got a funny but very pleasurable sensation in my 'front bottom' from it rubbing against something hard between his legs and I went all flushed and dizzy. He told me it was wrong. It wasn't until I was 19 years old I discovered that I had had an orgasm. How naïve I had been about what was going on and about my body.

"Yes," I said, at last getting a word in edgeways though never letting my eyes shift from staring at her beautiful sex. I did not for one moment find it wrong to admire this woman's private - or in this case not so private - parts. "I was always taught nudity was fine but then whipped for doing it. I've stayed well covered ever since."

"You were whipped?" She asked, her fingers sliding down over her shaven pubis to rest over her clitoris. "Were you naked when it happened?"

"Yes," I said simply, though as I spoke so a tingling began between my thighs. I felt the first hint of my skin flushing. Her index finger was seeking the pink bud below the gold ring. I felt naughty, like I had as a child. I continued speaking. "Yes, I used to..."

I told her the detail of going in to my parent's room.

"How developed were you at that time?" she asked, her finger now sliding between her labia, opening them slightly, the juice flowing and slicking her digits.

"I had developed pubic hair and my breasts grew incredibly quickly," I replied, not aware that I had moved my hand to hold one of them gently as if to illustrate my point. I continued. "So many at school were envious of me, but at the time I just didn't make any connections between these changes and how stern and protective my parents became. You know, mummy once spanked me so hard on my naked bottom for talking to a boy at the garden gate? She said I was showing too much flesh. I was only in my swimsuit that she had bought me! So then I was soundly hit for wearing something she had sanctioned. I was so confused. Still am."

"Well, that is why you are here honey, to get over those things." She said this with such sweet sincerity, though her breathing was more rapid and I could see her fingers delving deeper into her open labia. I was talking to someone clearly masturbating in front of me and I was enjoying it, now no longer shocked! I wanted to turn her on, so continued my tales...

"One day when I was 19 Daddy took me to the river. I sat in my dress on the side, but it was such a hot day and I wanted to swim. He told me I could, but I had not got my costume. I felt my body become even hotter, thinking back to those times when I had stripped and they had spanked or whipped me. I felt, you know," and I whispered it, "wet, down there."

"Oh, yeeesss!" she exclaimed breathlessly, her fingers moving faster and her thighs wider apart. I felt the naughtiness returning and my simple white panties flood with my juice. I opened my legs slightly, wanting to expose myself to the air. Or was it to her? I was not sure. Nor did I care at this point. "Carry on," she urged.

"Well, I just stripped off! I pulled off my dress, unclipped my bra and slipped out of my panties. It was so hot I did not care that I was naked in front of my father. I wanted to cool down in that horrendous heat and besides, he had seen me naked before so what did it matter? Well, that was my rationale, though secretly I wanted a spanking too!"

It was my turn to giggle. This was the first time I'd admitted two things to anyone else. First, I had wanted to be naked. I loved to expose myself. Second, I enjoyed being spanked or whipped, because I got off on it. Now I had a third turn on, by talking about it I could get other people off too and I was sexually hungry through watching Dominique masturbating openly in front of me. I did not think for a moment there was anything wrong in this being another woman.

"I dived into that water and left my father open-mouthed on the river bank. When I came up for air he was sitting there, his hands covering his crotch. You know, for all my schooling I was so naïve about what men had between their legs and what that thingy did! So I called him to come join me."

"What happened?" Dominique asked, her breathing ragged, as the juice spread as she pleasured her sex and scraped her nails over her inner thighs. It was such a turn-on that I now had my legs as wide open as my pencil skirt would allow. I was scared of someone coming in, but then thrilled by it as well, just as I had been at the river when I risked being seen by hunters in the forest.

"He hesitated, but then I implored him to join me. Well, what a sight! I'd never seen one of those thingies get angry, as my Mom called it, later. He was huge and stiff, though once he had stripped off and dived in the cold of the river soon made it shrink." I was laughing, remembering how his face changed from lustful pleasure to a grimace in just a few seconds. "When I dived to look closer on the pretext of swimming around, his winkle was just that, shrimp size. I made a big mistake."

"What?" She asked, now using as few words as possible I noticed, clearly struggling to hold off her orgasm as she heard my story. I was determined to tease her by extending it as much as I could. I realised I could be quite controlling and was enjoying this. My panties were soaking!

"Take..them..off," she panted, clearly noticing my state. She smiled weakly, her fingers working furiously at her clitoris.

I did! In the lobby of a therapist whom I did not know, in front of a receptionist I had only just met but was now recounting my tales of exhibitionism, spanking and incest. This was bizarre but no more than the things I had done in my teenage years and suppressed as a business woman. I sat there, closing my legs again, but pantiless. It felt sinful but good.

"Better?"

"Mmmm." I replied, savouring the freedom and now aware of my nakedness beneath the prim skirt. Yes, I was outwardly prissy I realised. Then I remembered the story...

"I told Daddy that he didn't have a very large thingy."

"Why don't you call it what it is, darling?" she panted. "It's a cock, a dick, a prick but not a thingy!"

"Ok, that is what I called it then. Yes, it was a cock and a very nice one too, but I mocked him. He was so angry! He lifted me up out of the water and dragged me to the bank. I was screaming and shouting at him, but noticing his cock was getting bigger and bigger and bigger as he pulled me nude onto a big boulder. Daddy was always strong, working out daily, so I was no match for him. I hadn't noticed him pick up a branch with lots of twigs covered in masses of leaves."

Dominique's fingers were deep in her. She was leaning back in her chair, almost lost in her masturbation, but still urging me to continue. Her other hand had released a beautiful right breast, completely unfettered by a bra, and whose nipple was so hard and long, pierced twice by crossing gold bars. She was moaning softly. My legs had opened as if involuntarily and my skirt had risen up my thighs, exposing my wet and long inner labia. I wanted her to see. I wanted her to know I was aroused not just by the story but by her. I wanted her, if truth be known. There, I have stated it. I wanted her. This was my fourth realisation.

"He turned me across his lap, beating me severely with the branch. I felt my body go from cold against him, the water still cooling me, to hot. No not just hot, on fire. But the heat was within me. My lower body..."

"Your cunt!" she corrected.

"Yes, my cunt was on fire, desiring the pleasure of the beating and the warmth of my naked father and his ever-so-hard cock that pressed against me right against my clitoris. He must have been aching badly, trying to control his manly desires..."

"Manly desires," she said, mocking me with a fake English accent but said by a woman who was panting and clearly only seconds from a screaming orgasm. "You mean he wanted to fuck rigid his little daughter."

"Well, not so little by this time. I was a 36DD, 22 inch waist and 35 hip, with long legs that men said they wanted to lick from toes to waist, though I'm sure they really wanted to say my cunt," I said, feeling hungry for my fingers on that area that had been so neglected for years. I took the plunge literally, sinking my index finger between my pussy lips. I was so wet I met no resistance. On the contrary things had opened up like a flower.

"Oh yeeeessss, fuck yourself as you talk," Dominique said, now gritting her teeth as she tried to stop her orgasm happening too quickly.

"Thank you," I heard myself say, as if accepting a sandwich in a restaurant! Finishing school, if it had done sex lessons, would have probably had us practicing our manners after being forced to suck a man's cock and thanking the man for use of his prick. Old habits die hard, but new ones such as frigging myself in front of another woman were surprisingly easy to acquire. I wanted nothing better than to please her by doing this. I had two inside me as I continued and felt I could take more.

"Well, he did not fuck me, but I brought me off just with the tip of his cock brushing against me. At the same time, as I came and it was the noisiest I think I have ever done, so he exploded with sperm..."

"Spunk or cum," she interrupted.

"..Yes, cum, onto my belly and pussy hairs. He was embarrassed after that and dived straight back into the water, telling me to as well so that the cold killed any spare, er, spunk. I didn't want to. I was fascinated by the creamy cum on me and the warm feeling that had spread all through my arse and cunt area from the beating and the orgasms. Dominique, I tell you," I said, struggling to keep composure as I felt a huge wave of pleasure threatening to engulf me, "I was so happy and didn't care it was my Daddy. In fact, I was pleased it was him. I could trust that cock, paradoxically. Yes, it was tantamount to incest but I could trust him. Oh, darling I am going to have to..."

She screamed. And I mean screamed. Not a quiet orgasm. No one that could have shattered glass it was so intense.

"..Come."

And I screamed too! I couldn't help it. Miss Prissy was writhing and wriggling and shoving her fingers as high into her pussy as possible. Dominique was punishing her nipples with one hand and her fingers were also far up her cunt. She looked beautiful in the throws of her orgasms. Yes, like me she not only had one but went on to several more. I wanted to crawl over and lick at her pussy, to push my fingers in her. The fourth admission was now the thing I most wanted to do. I instinctively knew that was what I desired. And I told her.

"I so want to fuck and lick you."

"After your session," she struggled to say as yet another wave of her personal tsunami overcame her.

Then the door to the office room opened and a tall man, dark skinned and dressed in a white coat came out. I tried to cover up but it is hard to do quickly when fingers are pushed deep into one's cunt.

"Hello," he said, as if addressing anybody in a surgery, not a 35 year old woman who was now blushing scarlet and felt stupid and dirty for even doing this and forgetting he was there. "You must be my 1 o'clock?"

"Well, y..." I trailed off, interrupted by a buzz on the outer intercom. Dominique must have locked the outer door.

"Mrs Eleanor Fraser here, I have an appointment at 13.00 hrs with Dr Dominic powers?"

Dominique looked at me. I laughed. Soon we were all laughing.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I only really came here to find out what the initials mean on your very unusual plaque."

Mrs Fraser buzzed again and in came a petite and extremely pretty woman in a pure white dress. She seemed to be wearing no underwear as I could see the dark circles of her nipples and I could swear the triangle below was hair not panties.

"Eleanor," Dominic said, greeting her warmly and placing a hand swiftly under her dress. "I see you have obeyed your therapist. Good girl."

I was stunned and turned on too.

"Miss, er, I don't know your name," he said, turning to me, "Has just had a therapy session with my wife. She was asking what the initials on the door mean and I was just about to tell her."

"No," I found myself saying. "No, don't tell me. I want to spend some more time guessing but here is my card." I handed one to Dominique, inhaling her strong sexual bouquet as her hands met mine. "I need to get back to work now but please arrange an appointment via my PA and I can learn more. Lovely to meet you all and I look forward to my treatments."

I was smiling as I left.

It was only when I got back up to my office that I realised I'd left my knickers behind.I didn't care. I didn't want to wear any, just like Mrs Fraser.

So what did N.U.D.E. mean? I cleared my diary for two hours every day for the next four weeks. I intended to investigate thoroughly.

**N.U.D.E. Ch. 02**

So what did N.U.D.E. mean? I cleared my diary for two hours every day for the next four weeks. I intended to investigate thoroughly. It was now day two and I had an appointment for 12.00 hrs.

I had dressed for work as always respectably. I wore a fitted jacket, white blouse, tweed flared skirt one inch below the knee, garter belt and stockings, and a well-fitting bra that kept my 36DD breasts under solid control. I have a good body that nobody other than my mummy, daddy and the doctor had ever seen. Yesterday was an exception as the receptionist of N.U.D.E. saw more than I had ever envisaged, but only from the waist down. Only, I thought to myself. That was some only! I had masturbated in front of her, teased her with the story of my youth and watched her do her own teasing and pleasing of her pierced clitoris. And since that time I wanted her, or someone else, to see more of me and appreciate that I was not the 'Miss Prissy' my company thought I was.

Today I had felt so good that on my way to work I broke my habit of never wearing a high heel. I stopped at Jimmy Choos© and bought an incredibly expensive pair of red leather shoes with delicate straps that seemed to caress my feet yet hold them firmly. I could not get out of my head how like bondage it was; not that I had ever tried it, but could imagine it to be. I am nearly six feet tall, so now I had a towering physical dominance over others. It was so noticeable when I came into the office. I saw men suddenly shift their approach and women too. I liked it. I was subliminally giving messages of being more in control yet a sexual being. To compromise, I had kept my long blonde hair in a practical and tight bun, just as I'd been taught to do at finishing school. Oh, but since yesterday I had decided panties were not on my list of essential clothing; be that at work or in private. I also unbuttoned the blouse to show some flashes of my lovely breasts that strained against their bra, something I had never done before. I had always kept my managerial distance behind an invisible line created by a persona that included my usually formal attire. But now the boundaries were being blurred thanks to that first visit to N.U.D.E. So, managing the instant wetness that came from having so many people admiring me emerged as my early challenge of the day. What secretly excited me was that they might be able to smell my unfettered scent.

Getting through the morning was a struggle, made worse by the need to manage some board politics. I stood the risk of being outvoted and usurped by a clique of three members of the board. My father before he died had tried to protect my future as the family board representative along with my mother who never took an active interest and my wonderful Uncle Albert who had come over from England but who left everything to me while he partied with young men and women. I'd been to one of his parties; shocked and leaving early when I realised that the naked man by the pool sandwiched between the chauffeur and the society woman was him. However, I knew I could call on him when needs be and he always gave good advice. In fact, I wasn't so sure I would run away from one of those parties if he asked me again. A lot had happened in 24 hours, thanks to N.U.D.E.

But back to the issue, there was a small group that wanted to oust me. They cared nothing for the business or its people, behaving like the greedy capitalists they were. They had arrived like wolves in sheep's clothing and my father had not seen they were schemers. However, when I turned up at their meeting wearing my slightly changed clothes, I knew that this simple act had thrown them off course. Meek little Miss Prissy was not so meek any more, or at least that was the image, and I had done my homework. I countered every accusation, every attempt to show me up as incompetent in the business with hard, irrefutable, facts.

Something else I noticed too. Jason Banks, the leader of the pack and our Marketing Director, was stumbling over his words. It was so unlike him, though the hard lump that was clearly showing in his lap suggested I was getting to him in a way that was more usual. He was renowned for working hard and playing hard too. He had literally had every secretary appointed, with one leaving pregnant. Daniel Francois de Caune, our Human Resources Director was hesitant too, though probably because he was only strong when Jason was on terra firma.

However, I was more interested in de Caune's wife Emilie de Caune, formerly Emilie Jackson who was at one time my PA but worked herself up to Company Secretary. I was surprised when she married de Caune; he seemed so asexual and had been a bachelor for a long, long time. I noticed that Emilie said nothing, yet seemed to be studying me closely, especially my legs and feet. Her nipples were stiff on her pert little breasts, as if trying to break through her thin cotton blouse. She was constantly crossing and uncrossing her long sun-tanned legs and I guessed that when I had crouched to plug in the digital projector and my skirt had tightened across my arse she noticed the lack of a panty line. I felt like saying, 'yes honey, I have no panties on.' What was going on in that pretty little head? I made a mental note to invite her to lunch tomorrow and later told my PA to organise it.

It was 11.45 and I was struggling to keep my mind on the game. I knew I had to complete this meeting but it was getting dangerously close to my first real appointment with Doctor Dominic Harrison at N.U.D.E. I could see that Emilie was feeling the same, looking decidedly hot and bothered. I wondered if it was not just my hard facts but had something to do with the way I had positioned myself on the desk so that my stockinged feet were on the board table and she had a perfect view up my skirt that had 'accidentally' ridden up my thighs. I found it so exciting. It was like when I exposed myself to the receptionist Dominique yesterday.

Jason would have seen my stocking tops too, which was clearly keeping him aroused. It was so obvious that they had deliberately sat one on each side of the table, hoping to be able to see each other and signal. However, they had not counted on me positioning myself on that table and facing more towards Emilie, blocking her husband's view of her. To make matters worse I had commandeered the digital projector's remote, so they had to ask me to change slide if they wanted to show their PowerPoint©. Of course, I made a complete hash of it, showing slides too soon that gave me the chance to think ahead how to refute their arguments.

I looked at my watch, having countered and filibustered all morning, then spoke.

"Look, I know you have had concerns about the direction of the business and clearly had a view that I was incompetent," I said, now standing over them and staring into each person's eyes as I scanned the boardroom. I continued, "But please, just come to me if you have concerns. This was my father's business and I want to see it grow. I may differ with you about the 'how' but with the right ideas I will listen and I do want to work in collaboration with you. I suggest we close now and reconvene next week, when I will have some more news for you that I think will totally remove your worries. Let's meet informally in the meantime and I will talk to you each individually about my ideas. In fact, Emilie, how about lunch tomorrow?"

She stood open-mouthed. Was she feeling guilty about how reasonable I was being or was it something to do with the continuing desire that she signalled with her pert tits? I noticed her eyes seemed glued to my tits, their swell revealed by the slightly open blouse.

"I'll get my PA to talk to your secretary Emilie, is that OK? Emilie?"

She could only nod. I made the point of not making a similar offer to the others. No, they would be made to wait and I was sure Daniel would find out in the bedroom tomorrow night. That is, if he shared her bed.

"Thank God that is over," I whispered to my PA. She smiled back with an expression that said. 'I know what you mean'. I hadn't noticed until I came back from N.U.D.E. yesterday how pretty she was, but like me she was a very conservative dresser. It was like a little mission in my mind to change all that.

"Yvette, I am going to lunch now. I'll be away about two hours and in a private meeting, so please do not send any texts or call me unless it is absolutely urgent. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Ponsonby."

"Call me Helene, Yvette. You have been one of my most loyal employees and I see you as a friend."

I'd wanted to say that to her for years, but that Miss Prissy nickname had been true. I had stayed terribly formal with everyone, but I wanted to change it now. N.U.D.E. had altered me in some imperceptible ways. When I phoned them to make my appointments, I sensed I was on a fantastic journey that would change me forever. The monetary cost was high but I was looking forward to my coming therapy, whatever it was. Besides, I still had not worked out what those initials stood for, so I had to go just to find out, didn't I?

As I left I heard the delayed, almost stunned, reaction, "Thank you Miss, er I mean Helene."

"See you in two hours, approximately." I said gently, almost seductively, whilst smiling and staring straight into her eyes.

I went downstairs via my personal exit, feeling more and more excited as the glass tube descended to street level. I turned left out of the pneumatic door and walked into the little lobby that was the entrance to N.U.D.E. Dominique called equally excitedly through the intercom, "Come in Miss Ponsonby". I was just about to correct her like I had Yvette when the door buzzed and I was let into the waiting area. My cunt was immediately liquid as I recalled yesterday.

"I bet your cunt is like a lake, isn't it?" Dominique said, her voice hoarse with lust. It had clearly triggered similar memories. I blushed.

"Oh yes, I have spent all last night and this morning distracted by thoughts of the pleasure I received yesterday. I had not realised how long those desires had sat dormant in me."

"I can smell you," she said. "I am very attuned to a woman's desire. Dominic has taught me well, as he will teach you. And here he is..."

Dominic entered from the room he had been in yesterday. His white coat gave him the air of a doctor. He had a broad smile and rather than shake my hand, he pulled me to him, his mouth hard onto mine and his tongue forcing between my lips. I was blown away! I just opened up, letting his tongue run over my teeth and play with my own that now snaked out to seek his. I felt my breasts heave and my nipples swell. My cunt was swimming in my juice and I could smell my excitement and feel his. His cock was hard against me and I knew that it was huge.

No sooner was he kissing me than it was over. I'm sure it had been a long time, but somehow it was not long enough. I heard Dominique sigh behind me. I sensed she wanted to kiss me too, not her husband.

"Right, I want you to come into my treatment room and answer some questions. It won't take long, so long as you are honest."

So long as I am honest? How will he know if I am not?

Then, as I walked through the door I saw it. He had a GSR machine, a lie detector. There was a long leather couch, like psychiatrists use. There were some other instruments nearby too.

"Strip please," he instructed in a soft, inviting way.

I hesitated. Why? I'd had my cunt on display this morning and yesterday to a woman and now I was shy with a man?

"Miss Ponsonby, if we are to make progress we need to get going straight away. Now, do we have to spend sessions in hypnotic suggestion until you are comfortable displaying your body to me? Dominique says you have beautiful legs and a lovely shaped cunt, so what is the problem?"

Why should there be one? No man had ever seen me naked, but here was a man who had probably seen so many naked women that one more was no shock to him. Yet still I blushed that Dominique had described me to him, and obviously in some detail. However, I felt proud she liked my body, at least what she had seen. Ok, here we go. I stripped, piling the clothes in my usual neat way on a nearby chair. Then, I climbed up onto the black leather couch.

"Lose that bun please."

"OK," was all I could say, as I let my long blond hair cascade down my back and over my breasts.

"Please ensure that your breasts are fully exposed. Keep the hair away from them."

I was disappointed, he made no comment about my hair which I considered one of my most beautiful assets, but I ensured that the locks fell down my back not my front. I had lovely large yet very firm breasts so it should have been good to have them on show. In fact, ever since my visit to N.U.D.E. yesterday I wanted to bare them to others but now...

"Right, now I am going to put these electrodes on your fingers. They will measure your responses as I ask you questions. The other apparatus we will use later."

"Ok," was all I could muster. I felt peculiarly self-conscious again, being totally naked on his couch. My pussy seemed ludicrously bushy, unlike Dominique's, and I began to wonder whether he liked it or not. I saw him look at it quite intensely but there was no expression on his face as he placed the electrodes on my fingers, only a gentle squeeze of my hand that could have been to test responses or else was a simple sign of reassurance. His eyes never wandered up to my breasts which surprised me and then left me doubting if I was attractive.

"I'm just going to calibrate the machine."

I did not like the way he sounded formal, having been so overtly sexual and informal when he met me. There was silence now, bar the hum of the machine and the muffled sound of Dominique greeting someone who had been buzzed in. I imagined I could hear my own breathing.

"Good, you are an excellent subject."

How? Because I'd stripped off? Was my pussy nice? What was excellent? I was naked and vulnerable on a stranger's couch and thought I was here to free up my sexuality. Originally it had been to find out what the N.U.D.E. acronym meant, but that quest was very secondary now.

"I'm going to ask you some questions. You must answer as truthfully and accurately as you can."

"What happens if I don't? Do I get a shock?" I asked, laughing weakly at my own pathetic attempt at a joke.

"No," he said simply, "It will show up on the GSR meter's printout as significant peaks and troughs. So remember, be honest, no matter how hard that may be to do. Ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be. I bet they don't make prisoners undress like this when they use lie-detectors?"

"No, but then their sexual problems are very different to yours," he replied, again using that nerdy scientist tone that he seemed to have adopted. My God, he was so serious! Anyhow, what sexual problems? I hadn't really told him anything.

"So please answer these questions: What is your name?"

"Miss Helene Jean Ponsonby."

I heard the machine's printout pens scraping across the paper.

"Where do you live?"

More scraping.

"3400 Archers Boulevard"

Again, the pens darted across the paper.

"Is that true?"

"Yes"

There was a click and another scrape of the pens, though shorter.

"Ok," said Dominic, "I've adjusted the main recording machine. We can begin. I will intersperse some very personal questions between general questions concerning your sexuality and interests, some non-sexual. Most questions will require a yes or no answer only. Remember, you must be honest."

"How many years have you been growing your hair?"

"Fifteen"

"Fifteen?"

"Yes."

A light, short scrape of the pens.

"Did you masturbate this morning?"

What? I had to answer this?

"Did you masturbate this morning?"

"Yes," I answered, hearing the pens scrape slowly over the sheet. I was blushing. I'd never admitted to anyone I masturbated and I had to admit I had done it over five times since yesterday lunchtime, even in the office toilet. Ok, think, I told myself. If it was a slow scrape of the pen then it must be true I thought. Probably the spike would be short.

"Did you use your fingers?"

"Yes."

I had regretted not having a vibrator this morning. I wanted to have something filling me. My dreams had been so obscene that night, always including a man with a big cock fucking me to pleasure. All I had done was diddle with my clit using my fingers.

"Have you ever used a dildo?"

"No."

The scrape was slow again.

"Would you like to fuck me?"

What? He is my therapist. I need to maintain a professional distance. I had to lie; he could not know that in my heart I wanted that kiss we had to turn into a full-blown sex session, possibly with Dominique as well. My God, my head was racing with the dirtiest thoughts. I answered quickly but not honestly.

"No," I replied, almost snapping it out.

I heard the pens scrape maddeningly. He had to know I had lied. I heard him chuckle under his breath. How humiliating.

"Please be honest."

"I am.."

The pens scraped madly again. I was a useless liar. It was my turn to chuckle.

"Would you like to fuck my wife?"

That had been my fourth realisation yesterday. I believed I was bi-sexual and wanted to take his wife's pussy in my mouth or fuck her with a strap-on, something I'd read about in the Black Lace© anthology I bought last night and had read until the early hours.

"Yes," I whispered, realising what a revelation this was and how I'd been more willing to admit that than wanting sex with this man. The pen moved slowly.

"That's better," he stated, reassuringly.

Then he listed a whole set of sexual practices, asking me in turn which I liked. If I did not know, he would explain it and then ask me if I wanted to try it. Sometimes I lied with a 'no', horrified at one level by the practice but inside secretly intrigued. I don't know why I even tried to deny it as each time I did the GSR knew. There was little I was unwilling to try in reality, other than scat and peeing. He also asked me questions that could only be psychometrics from some personality test. We used that type of thing when recruiting, trying to get to the real person. I was not fazed by these as I was sure they would help him know me better. But it was his last question that surprised me.

"Do you remember seeing Mrs Eleanor Fraser yesterday?"

"Yes," I said, remembering the petite and extremely pretty woman in a pure white dress who had come in yesterday for the appointment that Dominique had assumed was for me. I recalled that she seemed to be wearing no underwear as I could see the dark circles of her nipples and the triangle below was hair not panties.

"Would you like to fuck her?"

"Yes," I replied, quickly. Well she wasn't here so what was the harm and it was not going to happen, was it, even if I had fantasised about her all night along with the others?

"Right, thank you. Please put on this mask with its attached brain sensors, ready for the next part of the therapeutic investigation."

I hesitated. He had handed me a full leather face mask with only a hole for the mouth and mesh at the side for my ears. Over the cap were about ten sensors wired into it, with a box attached that was some form of wi-fi transmitter.

"Please put it on," he asked gently.

I was wary, but he had been so nice to me so far, if a little formal. So, I pulled the mask over my head taking care with my long hair. Darkness enveloped me and I felt a little fear, but somehow trusted this man. Dominic buckled me in at the back, pulling the strap very tight. I heard a switch on the transmitter click.

"In order to ensure as much control over extraneous variables," he stated, sounding ever so much the scientist, "I am going to strap you to the table by your wrists and ankles."

I was shocked and not a little unsure, yet with complete passivity I allowed him to tie me down. The manacles were very soft, not cold against the skin so clearly designed for the purpose he claimed, yet now I felt really vulnerable. I was reminded that I was still attached to the machine when I heard the pens scraping madly up and down the pages.

"Now just lie back and relax," he said, as he cradled my head, placing a soft pillow behind it so my face was slightly raised off the couch. His voice was soft, soothing. "Lie quietly while I adjust the alpha wave sensors and calibrate them."

I complied but despite his caring tone felt scared. The loss of sight was disquieting. Also, this made my other senses acutely aware, especially my hearing and sense of touch. I was sensitive to the arousal in my nipples and the almost painful swelling of my clitoris and sex lips; such contrasts, fear and pleasure.

"Mrs Eleanor Fraser, will you come in now please?"

"What?" I asked, stunned. The machine was going mad, picking up my physiological changes. I was naked and exposed to this person who was almost a complete stranger to me. Could I really let her see me for all my desires and fantasies? Up to now it had been theory. Could I really do it?

"Afternoon, Eleanor. Are you ready to try?"

"I don't know Doctor, I know I want to try but this desire has been buried for so many years since school. I don't know if I can lick another woman's..."

Her voice trailed off.

"Cunt?" asked Dominic. The machine went mad!

"Y-yes, her c-c-cunt."

They were talking as if I did not exist. I was naked and exposed to her and there was no consultation with me. She was going to use my cunt as therapy and yet I was not to be consulted? Should I be mad at this, or should I let the tingling that was so evident in my cunt and tits turn into full-blown pleasure?

"Good Eleanor, you said it without need for hypnosis. Now, we agreed to start with your own sex so that you could fulfil your homo-erotic needs and make love to someone familiar with your body and its parts. What better than a woman? Remember how you have gone without underwear for weeks to become aware of your own sex organs? Well, now we are going to give you the opportunity to explore someone else's. Remember how I asked you to start the therapy session?"

"Yes, Doctor Dominic," she replied with obvious subservience and obedience to her therapist.

"Dominic, and this beautiful woman is called Helene," he said so gently to her. I could feel his kindness, wanted to bask in his compliment to me and sensed his enthusiasm for his patient. "Now, begin as I instructed."

I could hear her approach. There was a rustle like clothing being taken off. There was a 'good' from Dominic, and then I felt a soft pair of lips hesitantly kiss mine, the only part of my face full exposed. It was definitely a woman, so I knew it was Mrs Frazer.

"Come on," urged Dominic, "You can kiss better than that."

She was back, this time forcing her tongue into my mouth as Dominic had done earlier. I opened up, welcoming her urgent but rather tense exploration.

"Relax, think colour orange Eleanor."

There was an immediate relaxation in her mouth, the kisses becoming very sensual. I just loved her kiss, wanting her to keep going. And she did. I could hear a moan come from deep in her throat. Was Dominic touching her or was this due to the simple pleasure of kissing me? Then I felt her hands grasp and caress my breasts. She had both tits in her slim fingers, teasing the nipples with hard concentric circles of her thumbs, but not stopping the sensual tonguing. She was so good. I felt my juices well up and pour out of me, creating a little flood on the leather couch. I groaned involuntarily.

The machine kept going, now being used to record my responses to this sexual experiment for me, therapy for Eleanor. I could hear the needles scraping insanely over the graph paper. My body was on fire and the instant, noisy feedback from the machine added to the excitement.

"Eleanor, you are forgetting," Dominic said, giving the gentlest encouragement though slightly chiding.

I felt bereft when in response to this comment she parted her lips from mine. I need not have been disappointed as suddenly those same lips engulfed my right breast, teasing the full nipple between her teeth, and then suckling on me like a baby. I felt the teat harden, the unattended one growing in sympathy and longing to be touched. I did not have to wait long as she left a salivary trail to move her mouth onto the other, licking along the way in the valley of my tits with her long, pointy tongue.

"Good girl," I heard from a man's voice that seemed so far away. I was so turned on my mind was focused on sheer pleasure, blocking out anything other than Eleanor's ministrations and my body's gratification. Now her hands were kneading my teats; squeezing them quite painfully, yet giving me accompanying ripples of pleasure as her tongue lapped and lapped. These sensations spread down over my belly and chest, and nagged incessantly at my aching clitoris.

"Good girls," I heard this time. My GSR and presumably that alpha meter were registering something that told him my current state was a good one. I could no longer hear the needles move, only the heavy panting of my unseen lover.

"Now Eleanor, remember what I said?" I heard Dominic prompt. I sensed her tense, her teeth biting a little hard on my left tit and her body stiffen. I heard myself say it, ahead of Dominic.

"Think colour orange Eleanor," I urged, gently but desperately. I instinctively knew that whatever was to happen would be good for both of us.

"Damn it!" I thought, as her lips disconnected from my breasts. I felt frustrated again, but it was my own impatience to experiment that was the weakness here, as Eleanor's tongue was trailing down over the ample curve of my tit and sliding painfully slowly over my taut belly before delving into my navel. I'd never envisaged it as an erotic site, nor experimented in any way, seeing it as just a functional place, the scar tissue following disconnection of mother and child. Now, however, I felt the sexual messages passing up to my breasts and down to my cunt which by now was liquid gold.

I felt something else too. Her ample breasts were brushing against my thigh. The first adult woman to ever rub against me in a sexual way and oh how she was rubbing! One tit was each side of my right leg at thigh height, their nipples pressing into my sensitive flesh. It was almost too much. I suddenly thought of work, of Yvette and Emilie, imagining them between my thighs and me theirs, licking at their cunts and them reciprocating.

"Oh for fuck sake!" I shouted,"Get that tongue deep in my pussy!"

I sensed her freeze. Shit, had I overdone it?

"You heard her, Eleanor, lick her vagina. She wants you, she likes you, she demands your attention. Yes, lick that extremely hirsute vagina with its aroused labial area." Dominic added supportively, if a little clinically. Heavens, he was describing it as if it was in a text book! What about the 'hirsute' bit? Did he think my cunt looked like a man's beard?

Whatever, it did the trick.

Eleanor's tongue snaked its wet path down from my navel. She repositioned herself between my firm thighs, sighing slightly as she pushed on through my hairy snatch to slip effortlessly between my cuntlips. Oh, my God! I was in heaven. Her tongue definitely was long and ever so thin at its tip. She explored first the hole, making little circles around the entrance that by now was a stream of my juice. I heard and felt her lapping the wetness, tiny moans of pleasure coming from her. I could not move to help her, hold her head there, or any of the other things I'd only read about the night before. I wanted her to swirl her tongue around my clitty. I was aching like mad, wanting release. My mouth was a torrent of obscenities, urging her on; wanting her to fuck me with that fleshy 'glossa' as I'm sure the good doctor would record it in his patient records.

Her hands were tormenting my legs. She was stroking the warm soft flesh of my long limbs from top to bottom, frequently letting her fingers touch my outer sex and less often a nail would tease my little rose beneath. Oh, how I wanted her to be adventurous, to abuse me more with her fingers, even to enter my holes with them. I did not care. I had had a rapid re-education last night when I devoured the anthology. Now I was ready, or so I thought, to try them out. Should I tell her to do it? Would I upset the therapy?

"Good, good, Eleanor, let your hands work as much as your tongue. Explore inside and around Helene's vagina as much and as far as you can."

I felt her freeze a little at Doctor Dominic's words, but then she relaxed again, her fingers being more bold, opening my sex; realising that by doing so she could sink her tongue deeper into my cunt. Oh, what bliss and yet what frustration. My breasts were being left unattended and nobody was kissing me. I could not move other than to push my pubis into her face. I was groaning with pleasure but also some emptiness because I could not explore fully this new discovery of my desire for and enjoyment of sex with a woman.

"Oh, fuck me with your tongue, please, please, you are so good!"

I could hear myself, sounding like some sex-demented woman, desperate for her love and attention, wanting her to touch me everywhere and anywhere, but most of all I wanted her to bring me off with that delicious tongue of hers. How on earth could she be so repressed about doing this when she had such an amazingly skilful thing in her mouth that was so pleasurable?

"Hear how you are wanted Eleanor? Yes, she wants you. You are good, you are capable, and you are desired."

Dominic was reassuring her, reinforcing the positives. I heard those words as a mantra for me too. I was in need of that reassurance as well. Somehow it raised my own sexual awareness. I saw my body in an incredibly positive way. I had no need to repress who I truly was, though knew I needed to find out more about who that was, but now I was going to enjoy the tongue fuck, accept the love of a woman, revel in being exposed to them both. Yes, I loved being exposed. I remembered the joy too of seeing someone respond with excitement, like Emilie and Dominic's wife.

"Oh fuck! Yes, fuck my twat with your beautiful tongue. Yes, yes, yes, fuck me Eleanor. You are such a beautiful lover. Pl-e-a-s-e make me cum."

My language was shameless, obscene and I loved it! No more Miss Prissy, that was for sure.

"Yes Eleanor, make her cum. Dance with your glossa on her clitoris. And masturbate openly for me."

She stiffened again. Now I wondered if he had taken her too far, as I had nearly done. I had to encourage her too. Maybe if I gave her permission it would be easier than from a man.

"Yes, darling Eleanor, masturbate for me. Run your juice-soaked fingers over your own pussy. Do it, while you lick my aching cunt. I so want to cum with you. Please, if for nobody else honey, do it for me? I fantasised about you last night..."

Oh, my God, now I had said too much, hadn't I? But no, she seemed to be more enthusiastic because of what I just said. Her hands trailed away from my thighs and pussy. I knew where they were heading, like any horny woman would do. I heard her mouth groan and grunt into my pussy. I felt her body's movements; her fingers had entered her, that was obvious. I could only imagine how slick and wet they were with her pussy juice; its aroma now thick in the air and mingling with mine.

"That's it, Eleanor! Excellent, you are exposing your beautiful cunt and masturbating in front of Dominique (who is watching on the reception monitor) and me."

It was working, whatever the therapy was meant to be. She did not stiffen or slow down. No, she let out a most arousing groan and I could sense her tongue moving more urgently around my clitty. And if she was aroused, I was doubly so. The other person to feature so prominently in my fantasies last night and on my way to work was watching me being licked to a state of seventh heaven. Oh how I wanted Dominique to be here in person as her husband created his magic.

That was enough for me. I came, screaming into the mask. Lights flashed before my blindfolded eyes, my body leapt up off the couch, pressing hard against Eleanor's mouth, my tits felt heavier than ever and so aroused, and the language that came from my mouth would have shamed a prostitute. I was out of control. And all I could hear somewhere in the distance was Dominic saying,

"Excellent, Eleanor, you have brought her off so well. Excellent Helene, you are so responsive, I am sure we can remove your repressive tendency too."

Then another gush of obscenities could be heard in the room. I felt Eleanor rocking and shaking between my thighs. I imagined her squatting or kneeling with her fingers teasing and playing at her sex. Her cumming was long and extremely noisy like she had exorcised years of inhibition in one physical encounter. I heard her crying then, so softly. I realised this was her first orgasm doing what she wanted, making love to a woman. They were tears of joy.

She kissed and licked my pussy again, with no prompts required by the Doctor. My God, she was so good being bad!

Then I blacked out as orgasm number two hit me.

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I came round to someone taking off my shackles and the finger electrodes. The hands that touched me seemed to be a female's but were not the long nail-clad ones of Eleanor. No, these seemed tiny hands, someone very petite. I was so groggy, having never experienced something like that, especially having two orgasms in quick succession. I could not speak; my head was spinning with thoughts both joyful and obscenely erotic. I did not even care that I could not see, as if my desire to be in control had gone yet no one had really dominated me.

I felt the soft lips on my own. There for a fleeting moment as she pressed against me, hugging me close.

"You were amazing Helene. I have not seen such responsiveness in a long time."

It was my favourite receptionist. I felt Dominique's hands reach for the buckles on the mask and release it, pulling it forward and off my face. No sooner done than she had a brush out and was smoothing down my long blonde hair. I sat obediently, in silence.

"Eleanor has asked me to thank you for helping release her from her seriously handicapping inhibitions. I cannot break client confidentiality, but I would advise you that she has further to go than she perhaps realises, so should you see her outside the confines of N.U.D.E. then please do not exceed the stages reached should you desire to fuck or be fucked by her."

The language seemed terribly strong, very 'unclinical', but I had to acknowledge the point she was making. One thing that was very clear with Dominique, there was no ambiguity.

"No, no, I-I won't," I said, extremely hesitantly.

"Well, the brain scanning, together with the questioning whilst connected to the GSR, suggests you are an extremely sexual woman, capable of highly predatory and domineering behaviour. You have a strong urge to expose yourself and force others into exhibitionist and voyeuristic behaviours. You might prove a little strong for Eleanor."

I laughed.

"Me? I've hardly had a boyfriend, certainly not one who has seen me naked, never a girlfriend, and yesterday was the first time I expressed any real desire for anyone and that was you. So I would have thought I was submissive not..."

She shut me up with the tenderest of kisses. I could think of nothing but the words I said to her yesterday.

"I so want to fuck and lick you," I repeated when I broke away to gasp some air.

"I know," she said, tearing open the Velcro© fastenings on her white coat to reveal her completely naked body underneath.

"Mnnnnn," was all I could say before I pushed the coat off her shoulders, drew her fine breasts up against my hard teats and kissed her passionately.

'Oh well,' I thought to myself. 'By the time we have fucked I will have to be back at work. I'll find out tomorrow what N.U.D.E. stands for.'

I heard her moan into my mouth.

I had a sudden thought. I was so much like my Uncle. It must be in the genes. I laughed inwardly as my hand slid slowly down her naked belly to her bejewelled, wet and slick cunt lips.

I sensed we were not alone. I opened one eye to peek over Dominique's shoulder. I was pleased at the audience.

Dominic stood in the entrance to the consulting room, smiling.

And naked...

**N.U.D.E. Ch. 03**

My visit to the sex shop on the way home had been an education in itself. Dominic suggested it, based on his analysis of my sexual needs. His specialism it transpired was through the use of brain wave patterns and skin response data to identify scientifically a man or woman's deepest and most hidden sexual desires. His meters were not standard fare either. In fact he had patented some modifications and additions that no one else had even considered possible. N.U.D.E. Ltd. was both his experimental laboratory and a therapy service. I was guinea pig and willing patient.

'No guinea pig has ever had it so good,' I thought, chuckling to myself.

"Yes, can I help you beautiful?"

He was just as I imagined sex shop owners to be (so apologies to any owners who read this who are not). He was short, fat, greasy and leering down my blouse like I had no head on my body. I let him. I knew I was beautiful now and so he could look. I'd left my bra off after my appointment at N.U.D.E., opened the buttons as far as I dared, so he could stare as much as he liked at my human pendulums. Hell, I loved the freedom; just like the men in the office had when I got back to work. They'd never seen their Director look so refreshed and confident. Or my tits look so much like they wanted out of that prissy white blouse.

Mind you, it was my PA, Yvette who got the most enjoyment that afternoon. I'd sensed something about her that morning; something that said behind the conservative dressing was a desirable, desperate woman. So, I'd already made it my mission to free her thinking and her clothing, if I had my chance, and I did; but more of that later. Let's go back to 'Slime Ball, the sex shop owner'. Could that be a title to a film? I chuckled again to myself.

"Darling man," I said, oozing sexual promise by lowering my voice, "can you take your eyes off my titties now and point me to the best vibrators, strap-ons, full masks and whips you have in the place?"

Wow! I felt powerful. Dominic had said I would. He had identified my dominant nature and it was having an effect. The Slime was stammering and slobbering away as he escorted me like Uriah Heep to the things I wanted. He was such fun to play with. The bulge in his obviously stained trousers suggested a rather aroused snake and not a little one either. Shame the rest of him was so repulsive. However, it did not stop me surreptitiously undoing another button on my blouse so that my large nipples were offered to his unstinting gaze. God what a sense of power! To think, I'd been hiding them for years. How plain stupid, I thought.

I also thought this man should be blasé about showing me his array of vibes, but his hands were shaking. However, he did know his stuff. He picked out three or four of each size, some I recognised as the Rabbit© design, and others that were exotic in the extreme.

"Here," he offered, "try this against your hand. It's manufactured from a very soft latex and made in Germany. Not the cheapest but all my female clients think it is better than the rabbit."

It was red and called 'Smartvibe G2' from Fun Factory ©.

"We call it the Red Gigolo," he added. "If you turn the dial on the base, which is angled so that you can see it more easily, you can change the level of sensation from soft to hard. Not the longest, but they say it is very sensual."

I put it in my palm and turned the strangely shaped dial. He was right, the design was clever. The tip was not like a cock, more an ovoid shape, but clearly designed so that when pushed against the cunt its tip would touch the clitty and the rest part the pussy lips. If inserted, my guess was that strange end would curve up and vibrate against the g-spot. My nipples hardened as I thought of the pleasure it could give. I couldn't resist. I turned it to full and pressed the tip to my right tit, letting him see the pleasure my breast was displaying as the vibrations spread out. I moaned, unable and unwilling to hide my delight. I just knew that was a wonderful toy!

"Yes, this one I will definitely have. But put your fucking eyes back in their sockets," I snapped, though my face showed a smile. I bet he never expected that language from my plummy mouth. His went back to his obsequiousness. I continued giving instructions, "Now, show me that Rabbit and that one with the twin prongs, which I assume are for the cunt and arse at the same time?"

"Y-Yes," he stammered, "Very popular madam."

"Listen, you. I can see you know your stuff but my business sense tells me you are not getting the best out of this shop. Want some advice?" I asked as I handled each new toy and nodded approval, adding them to the wire basket he was carrying for me. I carried on, not giving him time to answer, "I have a junior marketing assistant whom I bet will have a better idea of what this needs than you. I could lend her to you for two weeks and she will come up with recommendations, but you put one paw on her skin and I will rip your obviously large dick from its socket, understand?"

"No, I mean, yes of course," he said, his hand subconsciously covering his cock as he imagined the pain my threat would cause if carried out. "Thank you."

"You lack image. You have some fantastic toys and you know your stuff, but you don't make it attractive to come in here; particularly for women." Oh, well, give him both barrels, he could only tell me to fuck off. I persisted, "You dress shabbily, your hair is greasy and you are overweight. How can I imagine sex when the man selling it to me looks like he went off it years ago? Get yourself smartened up and fit, you'll sell ten times as much, and get the shop tidied up too. It's sleazy. Not many women want to come into a sleazy place. I only came here because it was on my way home. My marketing assistant will help you." My God I was on a roll. The thing was I had never been so honest with someone I hardly knew; with the exception of the people at N.U.D.E. Ltd.

"B-but I can't afford to pay her," he replied, sounding a bit stunned by my barrage of feedback. I loved having him on the back foot, slightly humiliated.

"That's OK. I want her to be freed up a bit. She is one of a number in my Company who need to have their eyes opened, if not their legs." I laughed at my own joke. Or was it a joke? Since my second session at N.U.D.E., I had walked the office reassessing my staff. I noticed the prim ones, the overtly sexual ones (very few), the normal (whatever that really meant), the gay (of both sexes), the anonymous and the unknown. I realised that my father and myself had subconsciously selected a large number of people who could be described as 'inhibited'. Rebecca Thompson-Forbes had come to the Company on the recommendation of my Aunt Alice in the UK. She had a degree from Oxbridge and an MA in marketing, but I realised was languishing in my marketing department, working for Jason Banks but clearly not noticed by him. If she had been I'd have seen a very different worker; wearing less and probably leaving pregnant by now given his capacity to shag his way through the Company. Yes, this assignment was perfect.

For the first time since I'd come in here, he lifted his eyes to mine and said brightly, "Tell you what, you have any of the toys you want for free and I will take her on as marketing consultant."

He did have beautiful, bright blue eyes. There had to be a story behind this man, but now was not the time. "Agreed," I said simply, "Now show me the rest on my list."

I left after another hour with a bag full of toys, one of which was already inside me. Tony, as I got to know him by name, recommended an egg-like gizmo that acted like Chinese ben-wah balls but vibrated and had a remote control that I had placed in my handbag. His eyes had really gone out like stalks when I lifted my tweedy skirt, parted my hairy sex and popped the contraption into me. Then I turned it on. Wow! The second 'wow' of the day. This was so pleasurable, keeping me on the edge of orgasm all the way home.

Well, that was not accurate. I stopped at a number of boutiques on the way, buying some new clothing, including some better and sexier lingerie. I realised Dominic was right. I needed to dress the part and in fact, 'dress to kill' he had suggested. It was the last shop I visited that caught my eye. I'd never noticed before as I would normally have been in my car or in a taxi. The sign in gothic style over the door said, 'Simply Leather'.

The entrance was nothing special, just a vestibule with steep stairs leading up from it to a shop above the dry cleaners. A tiny picture in the window drew me in. It was a leather corset, shown from front and back, with full lacing. I had no idea where I would wear it, but I wanted it.

In the gloom of the downstairs vestibule I reluctantly pulled the vibrating egg out of my cunt. It smelt nice, of aroused woman, of me. I slipped it back into a bag. I was left suddenly feeling empty, literally.

I climbed the stairs, struggling with all my shopping bags. The stairway was dingy, the light almost yellow and casting giant shadows. I hesitated, and then turned the round brass handle at the top. It was locked. I shook it, in case it was stuck. I sighed, ready to traipse all the way back down. No, I would knock. I banged on the door. Nothing. I turned, ready to descend, when I heard the locks being slid back.

"I'm sorry darling," a disconnected voice said from somewhere inside the room. "Aggie was counting money with me so we locked up for safety's sake. Come on in, come on."

I couldn't see anybody. I peered into the room, but all I could see was more of the gloomy light on the stairs. Who was it and who the hell was Aggie?

"Come in!" the voice repeated in an enthusiastic English voice; another of my countrywomen. Ok, I can't see I thought, but there was nothing menacing here. I stepped inside. "Come through to the back of the shop."

I could see a white light framing a doorway. Suddenly I was blinded by that light flooding the room and shielded my eyes as best I could whilst hanging onto my multitude of shopping bags. A shadow of a slim, tall woman dressed from head to foot in something obviously tight, stood in the open door.

"Oh, I'm sorry. What a stupid so-and-so I've been turning the lights off out there. Here, let me carry some of your bags."

What an amazing voice! It was so gravely and deeper than most women, like that famous British Actress whose name would just not come to mind. She had taken hold of some of my purchases. O, the relief. I'd not realised just how burdensome they were until those stairs.

My eyes had adjusted to the gloom that now was bathed in backlight. This woman, whom I assumed must be Aggie, was wearing jet back leather trousers tightly buckled over extremely high heeled boots. They looked amazing, moulding to her body like a second skin. But it was her top that totally entranced me. It was a leather corset, in the finest of leather that cinched in her waist to an almost impossible narrowness. Her breasts, that were not insubstantial, were tightly confined yet spilled onto a clever balconette concealing, though surely only just, her young nipples. I estimated her age as about 19.

I was so transfixed on her that I did not notice the other woman approach.

"Hello, terribly sorry for making you feel ignored. We do like customers you know," she said, in clear and very upper class English accent, laughing heartily and making me forget my initial irritation on the stairs. Besides, Aggie had already left me distracted in the extreme.

"Fine, er, fine, yes perfectly ok," I said, unable to take my eyes off Aggie and her wonderful clothes; and equally wonderful body.

"She seems to have that affect on every woman who comes in here, gay or straight," said the woman, unperturbed by my obvious fascination with the other woman. "I'm Amelia, though most call me Amé; after that herbal drink that everyone says I consume too much of." She laughed again. So confident and giving an impression of being welcoming and kind. I found myself instantly drawn to her: both of them in fact. We shook hands and then she kissed me on both cheeks, lingering slightly longer than normal in a way that made me shiver with pleasure.

"Aggie, put the lights on will you darling. I don't know what you were thinking of turning them out. We're making money at last; don't make us look like some cheap outfitters."

"Sorry Auntie, I don't know what I was thinking about."

"No problem, I'll punish you later," Amé said as if she was just discussing the weather. I had little idea what her type of punishment might be.

"Yes, Auntie," came the resigned reply.

"Isn't she a little old for punishment?" I asked, wanting to defend her niece.

"Darling, no one is too old to be punished if they have the predilection it. I can see by one of your bags that you have been in our local sex shop. He gets many clients from me, especially those into BDSM. My speciality."

I blushed. For all the adventures I had had over the past days I was not prepared for this simple challenge that I had entered a sex shop. Crazy, but all those prudish years were not going to be wiped out in one fell swoop; particularly the prissy thoughts and feelings. Damn it, I had to overcome that past. I knew it, my therapist knew it. I steeled myself for the admission.

"Yes, I bought quite a lot there actually. My therapist insisted I buy toys and whips. No idea what and how I use most of them. I'm a learner though, so still finding my feet."

"Finding your pussy more like," she retorted, laughing as she said it and instantly putting me at ease.

"Oh, yes, never knew I had one before this week," I jibed back, joining in the laughter.

Only Aggie didn't join in, but stood silently, her head lowered slightly. It was clear who was in control here, and what the relationship might be between aunt and niece.

"So how can we help you?"

"I don't know, but I saw the picture of a corset in the window and just knew I wanted one."

"Are you dominant or submissive or a bit of both, you know, a switch?"

"Dominic, my therapist, says I am predominantly someone who needs to control. Potentially I appear to be Domme?" I said, with a slight question mark in my voice as I had little idea what the implications of this were bar my late night 'Black Lace©' education.

"Bloody hell!" she exclaimed in her posh English accent. "That man has taken all the fun out of fucking. Well, not really, it is just in the good old days we found our orientation by trial and error. His method is so bloody accurate he's robbed people of all that embarrassment and angst as they struggled to find their way through the sexual world and in particular the BDSM one. Mind you, I've done well out of him."

"He refers people?" I asked, as Amé began to circle me, assessing my size. I liked her penetrating eyes on me.

"Oh, no, he is too ethical for that. It's just that his clients, who are mainly frustrated, prudish women (well initially at least) start to search for more appropriate clothing to pursue their new sexual freedoms," she explained, in her light chirpy way, stopping a moment and smiling. "Would you mind taking off your clothes? It would be so much easier to measure you accurately."

I unbuttoned my blouse, unquestioningly, noticing she licked her lips as my heavy breasts came fully into view. It was not long before my skirt was pooled around my red shoes and I stepped out of it. I was naked bar my Jimmy Choo extravagance.

...And very aroused.

It was the first chance I had had since the speedy introductions and businesslike directions from Amé to look at my outfitter. She was absolutely striking, with short grey hair framing a perfectly symmetrical face. Her eyes were a deep, deep blue and piercing in their intensity; yet I did not shy away from looking at her. She had a beautiful corset on too. It was a clever mix of leather and lace. Her full breasts were cupped in a fine, jet black lace that extended into a high collar, almost Victorian in its severity, that circled a long, proud neck. How kissable I thought, feeling even more aroused by the idea.

Her wide nipples could be just distinguished behind their dark veil. When she shifted slightly sideways, while taking her numerous measurements, I could see they were stiff, fully aroused and objecting to their enforced confinement. I imagined how beautiful they must be when unfettered; imagining too the most erotic picture of suckling at them. It made me question Dominic's diagnosis, but then maybe I had the wrong understanding of what dominance meant.

She was chatting to me and I was replying, but if anyone asked me what it was about I would have to hold up my hands and say I could not remember. I was far more interested in my appraisal of her. She had such fine bone structure; a combination of clearly defined face, delicate hands and perfectly feminine torso, yet a sense of immense strength too in her musculature. I could imagine, and did, running my hands over her naked flesh and feeling at once protective of her porcelain-like skin, her seemingly fragile bones and yet marvelling in the strong definition of her muscles. I pictured her thighs, currently clad in a leather mini-skirt over fine fishnet (presumably) tights, being strong and surrounding me in a tight embrace; yet so long and definitely female and almost feline in their grace.

She turned away from me and I admired the tight leather over her perfect bottom. Each buttock was encased in soft, shiny skin, with not a bulge or unsightly line in sight. I surmised that she was naked bar the tights, if they were tights, under her skirt. I scanned down to delicate feet that I imagined were caressed by the fine fishnet. For a reason that was becoming less and less inexplicable, I had an urge to kiss and lick those feet; and from there work my way up with tiny movements of my tongue over her entire body. I suddenly connected with Eleanor's 'assault' on me this morning and my pussy turned to liquid. Surprisingly, I felt no shame for my thoughts and desires. Far from it, I was enlivened and hungry to make those wicked needs reality.

"Mmmm, your scent is divine," Amé said, kneeling at my feet with her tape measure tracing my inner thigh. "Open your legs a little more please," she added, her voice a mix of desire and efficiency.

I found myself being a little slut, opening them a little too far and getting lightly admonished by her as she pushed her soft hand against my naked thigh to move the leg back a little. I thrilled at that touch, and even more so as her fingers brushed my hairy pussy lips as she completed her measure of my inside leg.

"My, we are a wet and bushy one!"

"Yes, sorry," I heard myself say. Dominic and his wife had both told me that morning that I would gain from removing such a 'hursuit abundance of pubic hair' as he had called it in his typically medical way. Of course when Dominique said it I knew she was just advising me on the basis of his notes. "Dom -er - my therapist commented this morning that I was very hairy down there." And then I found myself continuing, wanting to tell her what I felt, "but the wetness is caused by you. You are so, so very sexy in that outfit." There, it was out. I had at last said something really complimentary about another person and in an explicit sexual context. It was not like with Eleanor Frazer this morning when I had been strapped to the couch and she had been so frustrating in her hesitation; this was me saying it without any constraints or (as this morning) restraints and so boldly to another woman. My bisexuality was out. What I had not expected was the reply.

"Yes," she said simply, "We will do something about that when I have finished my work."

It wasn't an 'if you like we can' or even just a 'thank you, that is flattering', she was stating a fact that it would be attended to after my fitting. I felt incredibly aroused now, erotic thoughts invading my thinking more and more; imagining both Aunt and niece pleasuring me.

"Do you mind if Aggie takes some measurements too?" Amé asked drawing me abruptly out of the trancelike state I had entered as obscene desires became more and more vivid. "She is still learning this specialised trade."

"No, no, no," I replied, overdoing my eagerness. To have her niece appraising me too was wonderful. I realised I liked to be an exhibitionist. I wanted to be on display and adored. I was definitely coming out of my shell and Dominic was right, I needed to.

"Aggie, come here." Amé said, suddenly extremely sharp in her tone. She held out her hand with some sort of leather strap. Then she made an order that I had only read about before. "Stand still so I can attach your lead."

I had totally ignored the possibility that the diamond studded choker around Aggie's neck could be a collar. Now, as I looked more closely, I could see the loop that would enable her Aunt to attach the leash. Amé gestured and her niece stepped forward, immediately placing her hands high on the back of the neck like a prisoner of war. She stood so proud and tall and her Aunt looked so severe. That was it, the next command was inevitable!

"Wipe that proud look off your face! You could not do a simple thing today like leaving the lights on. You are to be punished."

Aggie's head went down in apparent shame, but I detected a flicker of a smile.

"Sorry Mistress A" she said, like a little schoolgirl.

'It's OK, wasn't a big deal', I was going to say to Amé, but suddenly I wanted to see the punishment. Yes, it would be like the training of Amelia De Coursey in The Bound Maid, a book I'd read years ago when at boarding school in England and been soundly beaten with a cane for reading 'such filth' as the head teacher called it. It was my time to smile, thinking how hypocritical it had been to beat me for reading a book about BDSM.

"Ah, so good to see you responding positively to my punishment regime for Aggie, Madam."

"Call me Helene, please," I replied. "I was just remembering my own punishment at school. Isn't it strange that only now I have recalled it, after all these years?"

"No, not really Helene, sometimes we suppress things that we found painful or sinful as a child or young adult."

I thought about it for a moment. It was the latter, sinful. I had almost orgasmed as Ms Hardcastle had made me stand at the end of one of the long balancing beams in the gym then ordered me to bend over and lay my body along the polished wood. When I was in that position, with the end of the apparatus pressed hard against my vulva she had lifted my skirt, pulled down my white school panties and wildly thrashed me two dozen times. With each stroke I had pressed forward against the edge of the wood. Gosh! I had forgotten how pleasurable that had been eventually when confused with the pain of the strokes.

Something else too, the eccentric old battle axe had some strange theories about punishment. She had then given me the cane and ordered me to punish the other girls whom I had passed the book around to, and the one who had given it to me. I suddenly realised how, though I started hesitantly, I had got into caning them very quickly. I had enjoyed it, especially since I ensured each girl was positioned exactly as I had been and though at the end of each course of strokes all were massaging their sore and naked bottoms, there was also a look that passed between us. It was pleasure! Virginia, who had given the book to me - and who had willingly given herself, come to think of it - was sentenced to an extra two dozen strokes. I remembered suddenly, after so many years, the quiet moan she had let out close to the end of her punishment. I clearly saw her smile as she looked back at me, despite the criss-cross of red welts across her naked white rump. Also, Ms Hardcastle had been smiling too, though with her back to the rest of the school that had been made to watch this spectacle. I smiled, remembering this after so many years. So deliciously sinful I realised, but so confusing at the time because of the sensations and the head's final reaction.

"Helene? Hello, anyone in there?"

It was Amé's voice. I was startled, jumping as I came back to the present.

"So sorry, I was remembering a time when..."

I told her the whole story, suddenly making the connection that my dominance had come from the actions of my head teacher. We were in the Sixth Form at the time and all young women. It was only a few months before our final exams and I went off to finishing school in Switzerland. What amused me even more was the realisation that Ms Hardcastle was really a Domme and all that public punishment had been an excuse to give us a different kind of education.

"Yes, you blocked out the event not because it was frightening, disgusting or painful, but because it was delightfully sinful, pleasurable and not a little confusing for your young woman's mind I would bet. The Head was less than honest with you all, possibly to cover up her own needs. That is not a good Domme who lacks honesty. Now, I am going to be honest with you." Her tone had changed to one of sudden, unquestionable dominance. "Aggie is submissive, a tarty little bitch whom I would not doubt deliberately turned off those lights hoping that her Mistress, her Auntie Amé, would punish her." She stroked Aggie's face with such a delicate, affectionate touch. "You, on the other hand, for all your naïveté about the scene (the BDSM scene) are clearly both an exhibitionist and a mainly dominant one at that."

"An exhibitionist? How can you say that?" I stuttered, disbelievingly.

"With respect Helene," Oh, no, that phrase that often meant there would be none shown. "In your story you made no protest about having your cunt and arse on show to the school. You have been to N.U.D.E. where no doubt you have experimented in an open way with your sexuality. Wouldn't surprise me if you haven't shown off your cunt to the lovely Dominique? Plus, I have the evidence here."

"How?" I asked, displaying a level of naïveté and stupidity too.

"How? Why, you are still standing naked in front of me! More than that, when you went into lalaland your fingers were so gently stroking a pussy that is positively dripping with lust." She said in a kindly and not at all incredulous way. "You just don't know what power and capability you have, nor how wild and open your sexuality really is for others to see and for you to discover. For example, in front of you is my gorgeous niece whom you could take now and know I would not mind." Her hand was stroking the lovely leather clad buttocks of her charge, then she slid her hand over the young woman's tightly constrained belly and up to her breasts, freeing one tit from the precarious balconette. She continued. "If I did object, she would be hidden from you. Take what you really want. Let your mind follow its desires into this world, not the fantasy one; but first, Aggie you are to assess Helene's size by eye and touch only. Every one you get right will result in the pleasure of your choice, each wrong will be the punishment of my choosing."

"Yes Mistress A," she replied excitedly.

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Aggie circled me, looking me up and down. Then her hands began to trace over my body, first a few inches from my skin which became hot and goose-pimply. She did not say a word, but I sighed when at last her hands, that had kept a parallel distance of about one inch even when tracing my breasts, touched me. Only then did she start to give her measurements to her aunt who stood, pen in hand, watching.

Aggie cupped each of my now heaving breasts, her face expressionless, but her fingers kneaded and caressed each nipple then slid over and around each globe. I knew I was a 36C. That is what I had worn size-wise since I was 18 years old and I was no heavier now than then. She was arousing me more and more as she assessed me, her fingers pinching; making my teats stand to attention, hard and aching. I bit my lip as the ministrations seemed to continue unabated.

"36D," she said confidently.

"Well done," Amé said.

"But I'm a 36C," I contradicted.

"No darling, whoever fitted you did not do it properly. I noticed that you have a slight bruising below and to the side of each titty. Find you feel constrained at times, especially when aroused?"

"Yes, yes that is true. In fact, that is why I took it off this afternoon, though my other reason was I wanted to flaunt myself in front of my PA who is more repressed than I have ever been. I just thought it normal to be that way if, er..."

"Aroused," she completed for me. "Yes, but our tits do change shape and size over time and you, being in your thirties and obviously not fucked enough, if at all..."

"How do you know that?" I asked, incredulously.

"I can tell. Your reactions, your clothes, so many hints," she replied dispassionately. Even so, I felt embarrassed for being a thirty-something virgin.

Aggie was now running her hand from the top of my head, over my face, tracing down between my breasts. Then she stopped and spoke.

"Stand with your feet together please and perfectly upright," she instructed politely. I straightened up. She started again.

Her fingers moved slowly this time down my front, her perfectly manicured nails teasing and light on my skin. She reached my navel, giving an estimated distance to Amé, then continued down brushing over my pubis, her digits parting a precise path through the coarse hair. I felt a surge of embarrassment again, but not that she was touching me. That hair had to go. Her fingers stroked between my labia, taking a light sample of my juice as she traced between my thighs, knees and ended at my big toes. My God it was erotic!

"Five feet, eleven inches tall; possibly even a little taller, though she has a tendency to try to hide it by not standing erect enough. I will look at her back too." Aggie called to her aunt.

Suddenly I found myself standing to attention, my breasts jutting, my tummy flat and my back straight.

"Well done!" exclaimed Ame, referring to Aggie's accurate measurements, not my improved posture. "What gave the indicators?"

"She is so amazingly symmetrical. Beautiful proportions and absolutely ideal." She replied, making me compare this experience with what it must be like to be an animal in a show ring. "Miss Helene, you are such a hidden beauty of a woman."

I smiled, unable to speak. I had never considered myself this way. I had dedicated myself to the business and always dressed conservatively, but they were saying what? That my body was beautiful? No, surely not.

She circled me, making me shiver with excitement being naked to her gaze. I wanted her to want me, but I also wanted to test by looking at her expressions and listening to her voice whether this flattery was genuine. Her hand this time started at my feet. She placed one index finger on the skin of each heel, then traced maddeningly slowly up my hot and naked flesh. She ran them over my buttocks, sighing quietly as she traced from the base of my arse to the dimples above.

"What beautiful arse cheeks. I am going to enjoy doing the buttock measurements. You have such firm musculature," she said enthusiastically.

"Yes, darling," said Amé in agreement. "Shame she is apparently dominant. I would love to take her over my knee and spank her."

"Oh, yes!" replied Aggie, with schoolgirl enthusiasm. "Perhaps she may like to be topped from the bottom?"

"Mmmm, and what a bottom!"

They both burst into fits of laughter. I had no idea what they were talking about but it sounded fun. In fact, I was curious to know what it would be like to be spanked again after all these years. Would it be like when my father punished me for mocking his shrivelled dick after he had dived into a freezing cold lake? I remembered the pleasure I had felt then when pain turned to ecstasy as I lay bent over his hardening lap.

Her fingers joined together, travelling up each side of my spine and sending such amazing sensations over my body; with nothing seeming to ignore my pussy's nerves that were on full alert. I felt the juice seeping down my inner thigh and wished that Amé could see it. Yes, I was a born exhibitionist. It was all I could do to keep my thighs together.

"She is so responsive Mistress Amé. I will now assess her arse cheeks."

"Miss Helene, Aggie is now going to use our patented measurement system that ensures all our fitted garments are exclusively tailored to your exact anatomical fit. She will use her hands just as she did on your breasts, though sometimes in the examination her fingers may probe as all our clothing is designed to accommodate modern sex toys."

Probe? What did she mean by that? I felt her thumbs press into the crease running underneath each buttock at the top of my thighs, then her fingers stretch and press down as if she was making a mark on my skin. Then she moved to press her thumbs where that mark had been made and stretched the span of her hand again. She called out the measurements to her Auntie. Next she slid an index finger into my arse crack, finding the opening to my little rose bud. I gasped.

"Ah, a virgin anus. How wonderful," Aggie exclaimed with delight. "I'm sure you will want a rear zip to enable access to be gained easily?"

I heard a sigh from Amé. It was clearly bringing her some pleasure too, and another as her niece slowly pressed her thumb further in to its first joint before measuring the span. I was delighting in the new sensations from this dry but careful assault. She called out another measurement, then continued, first taking her thumb out of my anus. You know, I didn't want her to. I just seemed to accept that this hole should be open to as much pleasure as the next one she invaded. So, I was delighted when her other hand circled to my cunt lips and her thumb again pressed home. I gasped with pleasure. This time it was to the deepest point and then she measured the remaining span up my pubis. Another measurement was recorded. She was to the side of me now, with her breasts pressed hard to my arm and her pubis to my leg. She was rubbing herself against me, exciting me and judging from the pointy state of her teats, herself too. I couldn't help but sigh like her Auntie. That is when I detected a faint shiver in her body. Had she orgasmed from the frottage?

"Ah, looks like Aggie is going to choose her own fun at this rate. I have not been able to fault my measurements using the orthodox way with our less calculated - excuse the pun - but certainly more exciting method. However, perhaps I should punish her for cumming without permission. She is one of the 15% of women who can cum just by touching their tits. Imagine the possibilities if we all did that. Can you picture the scene on packed commuter trains in rush hour?" She laughed while the images and eroticism surrounding that thought made we quite envious of Aggie. "But she must be punished for cumming without asking either of us for that permission," she added sternly.

"Oh Auntie," I heard her say with a slight whine and certainly a heavy breathlessness. "That is unfair as you did not make it part of the rules."

Ame sighed again. "Yes, you are right, I did not. How doubly disappointing. However, do not expect a light paddle when you are in the right position."

"Thank you Mistress."

Now I was positively dripping from my cunt. Aggie had orgasmed, turned on by me. What I admired was how sharp-eyed her aunt had been. Amé seemed to miss absolutely nothing

"So Aggie, having done so well, what is the reward you want?"

"To be slave to you both, Mistress Amé. To be dominated by both of you and to be used as you see fit. That will be my greatest pleasure."

Amé took hold of my hand, bringing it up to Aggie's large and so firm breast. The nipple was pierced with a fascinating diamond-encrusted ring; so delicate that it would not chafe, but that sparkled under the shop's downlights. I bent to kiss the not insubstantial areola and felt her teat grow under my tongue. I sensed the power in me to give or take away pleasure. I also felt Amé place the handle of the leash in my hand, whilst I heard her unbuckle something on her niece. Then, as my tongue lathed and lashed at her offered breast, knowing it would bring her towards an automatic orgasm again, there was the unmistakeable sound of a long zip opening and a sigh from the young girl's mouth.

"Oh, she is so wet," hissed Amé, with unquestionable lust. She had stripped her niece of her leather trousers and had those tailor's fingers trailing over and in the pussy of her niece. It was so forbidden and yet so delightful, both imagining it and smelling the delicate, sensual bouquet of Aggie that wafted to my nostrils.

"Pull her down onto all fours, Helene. Order her to lick your cunt," she said, almost spitting out the words as her powerful, dominant side took over, educating me. It was all I could do to release my mouth from its hard suckling, but I realised that she would be bereft of my attention for a moment and that would increase my level of control over her. It was just like that very morning, when I had been desperate for Dominic's patient to continue licking my titties. All the woman had been doing as she broke contact was to move further down in order to give me even greater pleasure. As I remembered this, I had pulled Aggie down by her leash and collar, never speaking just pulling. She was soon on all fours, her knees spread slightly, assuming no modesty from the rear. Then, with Amé's guidance I grabbed the back of her head and pressed her hard to my cunt, ordering her to lick and pleasure me. My, that tongue! It was long and pointy. I could imagine her kisses, sensual French kisses. My pussy gushed, almost like piss.

"Yes, that's it," encouraged Amé. "I will go fetch the whip now that she is on all fours and her glorious arse is exposed, ready to take its punishment. Now make sure her head stays arched up and her face well buried in your cunt lips." She paused as she admired the view of naked arse, cunt lips dripping and the little rose above obviously exposed to her view, then stared past her niece's head to the surrounding bush. "My, you are a hairy woman. I think we need to talk about the choices around that." She added, almost clinically but with a pleasant and firm tone.

I was ashamed of how hursuit (to borrow from my therapist's description) I was, yet aroused and paradoxically, I was gaining back a sense of control. I looked down at Aggie, admiring the tight corset that hugged her and cinched her waist, then the firm white bottom with its strong musculature. I noticed the faint traces of earlier punishments. I noted too her shoes. Their spiky heels held a fascination for me, imagining their capacity to arouse the fetishist and their potential to play a part in domination. The feelings in my cunt were intense and I caressed my tits as I looked down; sensing the power of my position and a sudden acknowledgment of its responsibility. Not only my pleasure, but hers too was according to my will.

Of course, it was also up to Auntie, who shocked yet pleased me by reappearing naked bar her high laced boots and those fishnets that turned out to be hold-up stockings. What wonderful, strong thighs she had. Her body was that marvellous mix of musculature and yet delicacy. It is hard to describe even now, but the nearest I could come to it would be the body of a beautiful dancer. I was mesmerised by her and could understand how her niece had fallen under her spell. Just like when clothed she had grace and poise, with a walk that was at once confident and sexy. Her pussy was shaven and gold rings glistened from her clitoris and the prominent sex lips that hung so tantalisingly at the apex of those wonderful thighs. Also, I hadn't noticed that she too had nipple adornments. Plain gold bars pierced each teat. I could now see they were both very long with wide areola. Their darkness suggested babies had suckled there once, but her firm physique showed no signs of the harsh impact of motherhood. This was a woman of middle age but with the body of one much younger.

"Lick her, my honey. She is so close to the edge. Her pussy positively drips for your tongue," she said to Aggie, her voice calm but authoritative.

There was silence, as Amé suddenly raised her hand and brought it crashing down onto her niece's backside. Not a murmur of dissent or pain, but her administrations to my cunt became intense, almost unbearable. I was so turned on from the previous play and yes, I was dripping. She fucked and fucked me with her tongue, dipping in then sliding it over and around my aching clitoris. I came.

"Ohhhhhhh! Yesssssss," I hissed and groaned.

I was shocked by the suddenness and immensity of the orgasm that came from so few licks by Aggie. I was acting like a man, drawn by the visual stimuli as well as the sensual licking and sucking between my thighs. There was sound to add to the erotic play too. Her Auntie was spanking her so soundly, making her press her head rhythmically into my cunt again and again. It was amazing! I had discovered that the multiple orgasm I had had the previous day was not a one-off. I was rising to a crescendo of pleasure, lights bursting behind my eyes, my cunt afire with sensations, my stomach and thighs responding with ripples and quivers of delight and I kept cumming; one after the other, over and over. It seemed impossible, but the release of years of suppressed need seemed to have happened. My therapist was right. I just needed the conditions for liberating my vast libido.

"Hit the slut again!" I heard myself saying, wanting the orgasms that now rolled one into another to never end. "Yessssss."

At some point in this orgy of sensation, but I cannot remember when, I had lain myself back on the hard floor, my back arched and her head clamped firmly between my thighs. I had no care for her needs, only mine. Her Auntie was also just a vehicle to help me achieve my pleasure. To use a cliché, floodgates had been opened. My sexual needs were palpable. I just took all pleasure I could, all the sensations, the sexual delights that were enhanced by a now rhythmic spanking of the niece. I came and came again. Then I passed out.

When I came to, Amé was kissing me. Her mouth was soft against mine, her tongue gently teasing my lips and teeth. She tasted sweet, like fresh apples. A thought momentarily came into my head, 'where is Aggie?' but then realised there was still a face pressed hard into my pussy. Oh, no, it was not her. That was Amé's firm hand cupping my pubis, not moving but holding that incredibly aroused place. It was as if she was calming it, though her mouth was certainly not calming anywhere else on me. Then out of the corner of my eye, that I allowed to open for one distraction from the intense pleasure of Amé's kisses, I saw her standing, watching, her head down in submission and her fingers deep in her cunt. Yes, she was a slut. I closed my eyes and left the image floating there as Amé began to slowly, ever so slowly, caress my sex. Oh, she was wonderful. My aching clitoris was teased and my lips stroked so sensually, so lightly then strongly with a tortuous deftness of touch that made me groan and moan into her mouth with the intense pleasure of it all.

Amé's tits slid and rubbed against me, their hard bejewelled tips acting like fingers over my flesh. Her thighs added to the intense frottage; feeling the contrast of the white, soft thigh and the stocking legs toying with me, exciting me and increasing the totally sublime sensuality of this wholly unexpected experience. For one brief second, my mind thought, 'this would never happen at Marks and Spencer's ©'. I almost giggled to myself but as new sensation after sensation covered my naked body I was held, almost wrapped in the intense pleasure I was receiving. In fact, that was the most remarkable thing. I was having to do so little and yet being given so much. I had never thought that people would want me in this way. I just wrapped my arms around Amé and let her give me what I had craved deep in my heart. I was loving this focus on me, my pleasure. I was enjoying the slick wetness of her cunt against me and the increasing urgency of her breathing that matched my own. I knew it would not be long as she broke from my hold and slid down, making a scissor between my thighs with her strong legs, grinding her pussy hard against mine and taking me to yet greater pleasure. She propped herself on her elbows, facing me, her mouth uttering a torrent of breathless, complements about my body.

"Oh, yes your titties are so fucking beautiful. If you were Aggie I would torture them endlessly with clamps. They are so heavy. Look at the sweat dripping between that deep valley...and your cunt is so gorgeous. I want to lick and suck and fuck it. I want to see you use it to paint my niece's pretty little face, smearing her nose and mouth, taking your pleasure ...."

It was a torrent of increasingly graphic and erotic thoughts; things that clearly Amé enjoyed and wanted me to enjoy, whether actually experienced by me or my lovers. It just added to the turn-on of her hot pussy rubbing and grinding its lips and clitty against mine; the contrast of jewelled and smooth cunt versus my wiry thatch. A momentary sense of embarrassment made me step out from the pleasure, causing awareness of my naivity in these matters, but also alerting me to my surroundings and the sight of Aggie, her legs wide open on the floor displaying a cunt filled with her fingers that fucked away still as she orgasmed noisily. It was too much! I was suddenly aware of my impending cumming. I felt the intense heat radiate out from that tiny clitoral bud, its hard pink tip directly in contact with Ame's significantly larger one. I was sure it was more like a tiny cock, or was it the jewel that pierced it? I was unsure and anyway, who cared, as the ripples of pleasure spread up and out and across my whole body. I could swear there was not a part of me disengaged from that orgasm.

"Fu-u-uck, yes fuck me, yes, yes, yes..........arrrgggh!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. I didn't care if the whole street or town heard me. I just wanted everyone to share my pleasure and for Amé to not stop fucking me with her cunt against mine. Then it happened.

"Oh, Helene you are so fucking amazing, so fucking, fucking wonderful and I am going to cuuuuummmm."

And come she did; over and over like I had. I watched through bleary eyes as her hands caressed and toyed at her breasts, pulling on the little adornments that seemed to be there to add to her pleasure. Her breath was rasping and again the very well spoken and posh Auntie became a lexicon of obscenity. What she was going to do to Aggie and me was nobody's business! You know, in my aroused state, she could have done any of them and I would have been happy.

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I was sure I would be there regularly from now on. So, after more sessions in which she taught me how to spank and control her niece, bringing the sexy little bitch to orgasm without once touching her pussy, I left feeling tired but so energised. It is hard to describe the mix of feelings: sexual energy and need overcoming sheer physical exertion from a day spent protecting my business and exploring my new sexuality. 'New?' I heard myself question. 'No, just dormant and now out and unstoppable.'

It was after midnight when I got home. That was when I realised I had not chosen the design. I shrugged. I would leave it to Ame and Aggie. I knew I could trust them to make something just right for me.

They had given me a bag of gifts, instructing me to open it in my bathroom when I got home. I could guess what it was, but that would have to wait for the morning. I just had to go to sleep. They'd exhausted me.

Then another thought struck. I had been to the clinic for two days, had a whole range of sexual adventures, discovered that I was mainly a Domme, confirmed my bisexuality and yet, despite my curiosity had failed to find out what N.U.D.E. stood for.

Oh well, there was always tomorrow and I could not wait...

**N.U.D.E. Ch. 04**

I entered the office on the third day, the Wednesday, feeling energised and ready to keep my promise to that greasy slime ball of a sex shop owner. I knew I had just the right person to market it properly and turn it into the best, the kinkiest and the most profitable one in any North American city. In fact, that was the task I was going to set her; my protégé and future sex partner. Well, I had to have something from this too, didn't I? Free toys were never going to be enough. Still, I did like slime ball. Under the greasy façade Tony Delgado was a nice man trying to get out.

I wore a tight pencil skirt, split on the right thigh just enough to make it sexy but not too much that it would become tarty. I had hold-up stockings, with a seam down each leg and no panties. I had taken to discarding that unnecessary garment, enjoying the freedom it gave me. You know, the previous night when I had got home from the leather couturier (and a bout of BDSM) I had read an article on the history of clothes. It said that women had only started wearing panties in the last 200 years. Why on earth was that, I asked myself, if we had no need for them other than to mop up our perfectly good cunt juice? Apparently our cunts adjusted to the lack of panties, giving out measured amounts of love juice even when aroused that would never shame us, unlike a man cumming in his underpants. My God! What a turn-on, just thinking of a man made to cum in his pants. That was enough for some good 'ol love nectar to seep out of my smoothly shaven pussy.

Yes, readers, when I got home I opened that bag they gave me on leaving the two seamstresses. Inside was a special women's razor, blades, shaving foam for sensitive skin and an unusual oil whose instructions advised rubbing onto my newly shaven pussy lips to moisturise but also inhibit hair growth. It was not until the next morning, after crashing out exhausted from the endless sex, that I had used the contents. It was amazing, the sensations, and the intense sexual feel of my smooth labia. I had masturbated for ages this morning, so much so for the first time in all my years with the Company I was late.

I hoped my staff liked my top too, a white silk blouse that moved with such grace as my big naked tits danced underneath. I revelled in the feel of my hard nipples straining and swaying, wanting to be unfettered yet alluring because they could not be fully seen. It was such a mix of primness and whoring. I knew both the men and the women were looking at me as I walked past their desks to Rebecca Thompson-Forbes's office. At least Jason Banks, the creep for all his good looks (and her boss), had given her a hidey-hole to work from though so often I saw her out of it and sitting at a desk in the open plan near to my own office. Then it struck me, had she been trying to get noticed by me?

Her degree from Oxbridge and MA in marketing lay unused, working for that brilliant but selfish and cruel bastard of a man. She was going to be languishing no more, and Jason would notice her more for her skill than her cute arse and perky breasts to which she had persistently refused him access. That was why she was languishing. No, she was holding out with fierce determination. In fact, I had wondered for a while if she was gay until yesterday when I had seen her stare, admittedly discretely from behind her desk, at the mail man's obvious hard-on, caused by a secretary bending and showing her panties. She had even allowed herself a little giggle, a lick of her incredibly full and sexy lips and a discrete stroke of her hand across the top of her breasts. That gesture was such a give-away of something more happening under those tweedy clothes that seemed modelled on the old me.

The door was closed. Unusual I thought. I tried the handle, locked. I rapped on the door, pressing my ear to the wood in an attempt to hear anything.

"Rebecca? You in there?"

No reply, but there was some sharp whispering and what sounded like a chair being moved. I knocked again.

"Er, coming Ms Ponsonby!" came the strangely warbly reply.

What was going on? I stood, suddenly feeling slightly irritated. I listened again. More whispering and then the door opened, unnaturally slowly I thought. To my surprise it was our young mail man who came out to greet me.

"Well thank you Ms Thompson-Forbes for the advice," he said in a voice that was suspiciously loud, as if he wanted the whole office to know. Plus, his face was more akin to tomato than the olive skin he usually sported.

"You are welcome. Please ask for some of my time whenever you need it, though perhaps it would be best to book it with my secretary so that she can arrange a more suitable venue."

What was she talking about? This office was as good as any.

"Ms Ponsonby, please come in," she welcomed, gesturing me to sit in one of her office chairs as she adjusted her waist band and I quickly noticed, slipped her feet back into her sensible court shoes. She followed my glance.

"Oh, these shoes are killing me!" she blustered, though I knew they were not new. Nothing she wore ever seemed to be. This was strange, but not so much as the peculiar smell that hung in the air. It was familiar. I had smelt it at N.U.D.E. Ltd only yesterday when...

I smiled. She hadn't, had she? I watched her dab a silk hanky at the sides of her mouth, just like people do with a napkin after eating a delicacy. I went for it.

"So, been sucking some cock this morning Ms Forbes?"

I closed the door behind me, feeling a sudden rush of blood to my pussy. I locked it discretely. I watched her beautiful porcelain skin flush the brightest of reds, but there was fire in her eyes; the residue of continued desire. My god, she was beautiful behind all that stuffiness.

"You have, haven't you?!" I exclaimed excitedly. I wanted to know everything, but how would she react? I didn't go to the chair. I went to her, lifting her chin in my hand to stop her from lowering that pretty blushing face. "Go on darling," I purred, "Tell me all and don't stint on the descriptions. I love cock-sucking. Well, ever since I discovered it yesterday."

A quick flash-back to N.U.D.E. The therapist's cock had entered my mouth. It was my first time, but I loved its hardness and heat sliding over my tongue. I'd come close to choking but the porn I'd read made it seem so simple to swallow him, remembering to treat it like I was sucking a sausage (without the bites of course!) but deep into my throat. I knew I had impressed him by his delighted groans of appreciation. I came out of my daydream to hear her say,

"Yes, this was my first time too. It was fantastic! I couldn't get him out of my mind since, since..."

"Since seeing his hard dick bulging in his pants after that sexy minx Mandy bent over in the office?"

"You noticed too?" She asked; the excitement in her overcoming the embarrassment that showed on her lovely long neck.

"Oh yes, she has such a beautiful arse."

"Yes, she has, I mean, er, no, I was referring to Tom's er, er, bulge."

She giggled again. I noticed the hand gently sweep the top of her breasts, but this time continue over the large peak and trace down her right side.

"Makes you horny, doesn't it, thinking about that enormous cock? It was enormous wasn't it?" I asked, with a slight edge of authority and gravitas in my voice, intimating she had no real choice but to tell me.

Her hands shot out in front of her, imitating a fisherman boasting about the size of the fish he'd caught. She adjusted down from a ridiculous 18 inches to a still magnificent 11.

I sighed.

"Yes, so beautiful and ...yes...BIG!"

There was part of me thinking I would never have had this conversation with anyone before I visited N.U.D.E. Ltd and the other half thinking I had to know everything: size, taste, smell and feel? I didn't need to ask.

"Oh, Miss Ponsonby, I have never taken a cock in my hand or mouth before but I just HAD to have him! I had been reading a Black Lace novel about it. It's the height of my oestrus. When I am in this state I just get so horny but I have no partner to get rid of it on..."

"You could wank. I do." I interjected quietly but directly, deliberately being crude and pushing her. I watched her expression. Her eyes brightened, but not with shock. I saw lust. That tell-tale hand slowly stroked down her right breast again through the appalling jacket on that green tweed suit. Her left hand was behind her back. Caressing her shapely arse, I wondered, judging from the rhythmic movement of her elbow at the side?

"I do, er, rub myself"

"Wank. Say it, now." I ordered, though softly. How far could I take her I wondered? I remembered what Aggie and Amé said about me, that I was 'a natural Domme, though might like to be topped occasionally'. They also said I was a consummate exhibitionist and that was becoming truer. If they could see me sitting in one of Rebecca's chairs now, my legs open, feet resting up on her desk.

"Yes, WANK!" she said, almost shouting it out in relief. I'd learned well from my therapist. It was like a confessional for the sexually repressed. I smiled at her, looking into her deep blue eyes, and nodded approval.

"Such a passionate, urgent word. Now, tell me what happened and do not leave out a single detail or I might have to bend you over this desk and spank your lovely bare arse," I said firmly, whilst keeping an enigmatic smile.

"Yes Miss," she replied smartly, as if in obeisance. I could feel the balance of power tipping into my favour, if not my lap. I spread my legs wider, gesturing her to sit in her office chair directly opposite me, knowing my smooth pussy lips and stockinged legs were on obvious show to her. I noticed her eyes kept shooting between my thighs, making my cunt cream with pleasure.

"Well?" I said, urging her to continue.

"He was enormous. I..I..had found him in my room this morning snooping I thought on my desk and threatened him with the sack for entering unattended. I asked him where he had got the key and he said that my boss, Jason, had given it to him and instructed him to find out what I was up to because he kept seeing me talking to you."

I kept calm. The bastard was getting paranoid. Good. I had only spoken to her twice after the Board meeting on very trivial matters. Who was informing him of my movements? I chose to let it go for the time being. Besides, the thought of Tom the mail man's cock was much more appealing.

"Tom pleaded with me. For all his macho look he is a sweetie underneath, but I played him like a pro. I told him that I would not tell anyone but that was in exchange for him showing me his dick," she stopped, giggling like a schoolchild. I did not respond, keeping a neutral face and silent. So, she continued. "When he unzipped his trousers my, er ..."

"Cunt?"

"Yes, yes," she repeated excitedly. "My cunt was instantly awash, although really I think it was triggered anyway just by seeing him. I have fantasised over him so many times. I just had to have him! It was like the handyman and the society debutant in one of those smutty sex books. She grasped his dick from his button-down trousers, and I did the same. I couldn't help myself. It was so beautiful, growing in his hand as he pulled it away from the steel of the zip."

"Go on," I urged gently, already wet myself with lewd thoughts. I pulled my skirt higher on my thighs, letting my fingers drift down to my legs. Rebecca's eyes followed where my fingers were going. Now I knew she could see my cunt, open and shaven. The hand stroking the breast lingered longer and moved closer to where I estimated her nipple would be. I bet it was hard under the tweed.

"Take that jacket off and carry on," I ordered supremely confident she would obey. There was no ambiguity what I wanted. Nor was there any hesitation by Becky as I had instinctively known. The three buttons were undone slowly, sexily, as if wanting to expose herself to me in as seductive a manner as possible. Did I hear her sigh as her breasts came into view?

"Beautiful," I heard myself say breathily. This woman was a dark horse! Under that tweedy exterior she wore a red quarter cup bra that did little other than be a shelf on which two most ample breasts jiggled and jutted. Her nipples were large pink saucers, their ends long and stiff. "Beautiful," I said again, stunned.

Only my hands could speak, moving slowly and sensually up my now revealed thighs and over the hold-up tops. She licked her lips, staring blatantly between my thighs at my cunt and caressing fingers. I liked her looking, the exhibitionist in me taking full control.

"You are so beautiful Miss Ponsonby, I mean it. So was he and so shy really. I knelt before him and undid his belt, dropping his trousers to the floor. His lycra© briefs came next as their only function was to support his balls, not that enormous dick. I just had to taste it, so I licked it slowly from the mass of jet black pubic hair to its angry red head. He is circumcised and so large around the knob that when I knelt up and engulfed it with my mouth I had to stretch my jaw wide. It was so fulfilling knowing that I had that powerful cock in such a vulnerable position with my sharp teeth all around it. It gave me an amazing sense of power over a man, something I have not felt in a long time; not since working for that bastard Jason....oh, sorry ma'am..."

She started to cry, quietly, sitting in her chair half naked and looking suddenly so powerless. I wanted to get up, but then there was something pleasurable in her vulnerability. For a split second I could understand Jason Banks's raison d'etre. He was hooked on power and control. I bet he enjoyed making her cry though I guessed she was professional enough to take it home with her and never let him see how much he was hurting her. I would deal with him later. Now I wanted to live for pleasure and the jiggling of her breasts as she cried added a perverse eroticism.

"Ignore that worm, tell me about this real man and his snake!"

I made her laugh. Oh my God, I loved to watch the way her breasts moved on top of their cups! My fingers were rubbing slowly against my labia, teasing the folds open. Her eyes never left that site, staring, her mouth open and her tongue discretely licking at her lips. A smile that was mixed with lust, creating an enigmatic look not unlike the Mona Lisa, crossed her face. How beautiful her features were, but did she know it?

"Continue," I ordered, surprisingly sharply.

"Yes ma'am," she answered, clearly equally surprised by my sudden order. "He was so hard in my mouth and yet I wanted to follow what I had read about and got onto my haunches so that I could take his pulsing hot dick deeper and deeper. I was surprisingly relaxed, opening the back of my throat and swallowing just as the character in the book instructed the heroine to do."

"We've been reading the same book I suspect," I laughed, my fingers now deep into my cunny. She was arousing me so much I was in blissful danger of losing control, but now she too had her skirt up and her fingers rubbing frantically under her matching red knickers that I could see were stained with her juice.

"You are not to cum!" I snapped, taking control away from her. "Now continue the tale. I want to know what he did with you," I added in a sugary voice, pleased with the way I had used my instinctive need to dominate.

"Oh, yes Mistress," she said, sounding delighted that I was dominating her and yet behaving impishly as she slowly raised her hand from her cunt and licked each finger whilst looking me straight in the eye. The little slut! We had been reading the same books and had found out so much about our sexuality.

"Well," she continued, "he grasped my hair as he realised I was able to swallow him like a sword and not be violently sick. He used my head like a cunt, pushing in and out. Oh, I felt so proud of myself but also so slutty, and naughty and so many things that I have never been or known. You know, I found I wanted my throat to open up as much as possible because I found that when my nose touched close to his hairy pubis, he had such a wonderful musky, manly smell. Hard to describe..."

"Yes, my therapist Dominic smelt the same yesterday," I interjected, my mind quickly recapping the feeling and smell of him deep in my mouth and his balls over my nose, the scrotum heavy and perspiring with the energy and excitement of it all. It was so different to the sweet aroma of his wife and the patient whose treatment I had assisted.

"So arousing!" she exclaimed, "And when I felt the pulsing increasing and his heavy balls in my hands seem hotter and hotter, I could not wait for my first taste of a man's cum. I was afraid and yet exhilarated."

"Oh yes!" I screamed, biting my lip to stop my orgasm coming too quickly. My cunt was streaming with liquid and my fingers danced a tarantella over my stiff clitty. I looked up through half-closed eyes at her tits, their teats hard and fantastically long. I wanted to suckle and bite them, to rub them against my cunt, to do so many things with her. Then I gave my last order, "Continue slut!"

"I felt his balls tighten, and his cock stiffen more against my throat. There was a heat that built inside my mouth as my saliva dribbled down me between my tits. That is why I have no blouse, it is soaked, but with more too. Then I heard him moan, so deep in his throat and his arse that I was holding now clenched tight. He pressed forward, using my mouth. I knew it, but I did not care. I wanted to be nothing but a slut, a cunt hole for him to fuck. And that was when he came; with a huge spurt of cum shooting into my throat. It was so hot Mistress and seemed endless, though clearly it was not. I sucked and sucked at him, my fingers digging into his arse, pulling him onto me again and again as more and more spurts came. His legs almost buckled with the power of his orgasm. I felt so happy, so fucking happy!"

I came. I could not speak. My fingers had pleasured my pussy so much that I couldn't stop cumming. My head was filled with images of the past few days, the switch from frumpy Ms Prim to Domme but with tinges of slut. Look at me! My legs open and exposed to my Marketing Director's deputy and my fingers covered in my juice as I lay satiated from masturbating in front of her.

It was some time before I came round from my sex-induced stupor. I could hear her voice but not register immediately where I was. She was standing next to me, her horrible tweed skirt a pool on the floor, her fingers toying over her damp panties. I could smell her sweet sex, strong in the air and mingling with my scent too. How strange that I could tell the differences between us. Perhaps it was that I had always been an excellent amateur 'sommelier'; never the waiter, too lowly, but always knowing which wine to drink or which bouquet aroused the senses the most. Now she was stimulating mine.

"Take your panties off."

She obeyed in an instant, arousing me yet again by bending over so provocatively as her tits spilled out of the tiny bra cups.

"Now wank for me. Show me how a bad girl cums," I ordered, taking up my role of Domme again. A cruel sense of dominance overtook me as I watched her pleasure herself, her fingers delicate but hard in their rubbing of her hairy cunt. That fuzz would have to go!

All she had on now was her bra, that near useless item that did nothing but accentuate her enormous tits. She was big, bigger than me and had been probably hiding them in shame of their size. No more. I would see to that.

God, I loved her face as she masturbated. She was surprising me with the length of time she was taking to cum, but then I had stopped her. No, I had forbidden her to.

"Darling, you can cum any time you like. Like me to touch you?"

"Please, please, please," she pleaded.

"Come closer you poor little thing," I invited, sounding seductive, almost pitying in my tone; and then I quickly rammed two fingers hard into her cunt, cruelly, watching her expression change, and laughed as I did it. "If you want to be my slut you will have to accept that I come first, that I can be as cruel or as nice as I like, that you will have to serve me food, pour my drinks, and generally do as I tell you. Are you ready for that?" I asked as my fingers played mercilessly with her cunt, knowing instantly that this would work for her and bring her off. I heard the change in her breathing, saw the breasts heave, felt the juice flow freely. Finally, there was the scream, piercingly loud and unlikely to have failed to penetrate the thick oak door to the open plan. There was a hard knock on the door. I would ignore it. Shouts to ask if everything was alright. I ignored it. More bangs.

"It's OK!" I shouted, eventually, controlling the irritation in my voice. "We turned the TV on for the NASDAQ but got the wrong channel and way too loud. Oprah had some fighting contestants. I think the cleaners have been watching movies not working at night. It's all OK now."

"Yes, Miss Ponsonby," came the muffled reply from outside. Thank God for that lock! "Sorry to have disturbed you."

"No, no, it shows good citizenship at work Caroline. We are having a special meeting, so I'll speak to you later. I am pleased with your response."

Well, it was true but she was the nosiest, most interfering secretary anyway. In fact, she needed a good spanking. A cruel thought was nestling in my brain, but then I had other things and people to attend to. I pulled Becky down onto me and kissed her hard on the lips, soon wrestling tongues as she accepted quickly the lure of being bisexual and pressed her tits hard against me, feeling those superbly hard nipples through the silk of my blouse. They were like fingers pressing against my own teats. So many games to play with them, I thought. Then I pushed her to the floor, opened my legs once more and gave her the most important command,

"Lick my cunt, now."

Oh, how she licked! There was no hesitation. That hard tongue of hers that had tasted and traced the cock of Tom the mail man was now lathing my clitty. I stroked her fine blonde hair, making little moans as she worked at my smooth snatch. I felt my desire build rapidly. She was playing my pussy like a fine instrument, taking it from soft, quiet pieces to loud, rousing crescendos then quiet, and soft, then up to those peaks, over and over until I felt the flood of my first orgasm by her build from my clitoris and radiate out across my body. Every part of me shook and spasms of pleasure overcame any reason. I bit my lip, stopping the scream that wanted to come out. It was almost too much. I wanted to stop at one, but she cupped my breasts through the silk. They were now tender and aroused. She pushed me back in the chair. It was my turn to feel helpless. Her tongue traced right around my outer labia, setting off little pulses of pleasure, then attacked my clit like a demented conductor waves his baton. I came again and again until my body was satiated and the shaking stopped.

She stayed kneeling between my legs, sobbing quietly. Why? I lay back, unable to move, to respond, to even stroke her hair and reassure her. I could not function for a long time, but I knew I loved this woman. I loved having her at my feet, pleasuring me, I know, but there was more to this. It had been a very physical encounter but something else was happening in this room.

"Thank you, Mistress." I heard her whisper to me. "Thank you for helping me find myself. Well, you and Tom. I know I am ok now, I am a real woman."

It took a supreme effort on my part to sit up and stroke her lovely long hair; so fine, so silky. I still could not speak. Though the shaking was now completely gone, I was exhausted. Yes, something more than sex had just happened; despite the act being so blatantly physical.

Another few minutes passed, while Becky eventually stopped sobbing and I got my energy and voice back. I took her face in my hands, gesturing her to stand up. I stood too, planting a long, passionate kiss on her lips as our bodies pressed together. We were the same height, both ample breasted, both blonde, but there the equality ended. I was her Mistress and I would care for her, just as in her way she would for me. I broke away, seeing the instant disappointment in her eyes, but I had to give her that assignment.

"I have a task for you. It is unusual, but I need you to be kept away from the politics of the office for your own protection and I am giving you something challenging." She said nothing, as if she completely trusted anything I told her, so I carried on. "You are to look at the marketing of the Love Channel Sex shop on 5th and Main. Tony Delgado is the owner. Currently he is a greasy little slime ball to look at, but under that stereotypical exterior is a kind man and one keen to have your help. That you will give him, but you are not to take any nonsense. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes I do," she said excitedly and to my great delight without question. "When do I start Miss..er...Mistress?"

"Today. I'm giving you a week to probe his accounts, check location, bring in shop designers and do well, whatever you please really. Work your magic on the business, and work it on him too. If you like him, fuck him or spank him. I do not care, but I want you to prove yourself. Now," I stopped talking, delving in my handbag to retrieve a gold company account card endorsed with her name. "My PA organised this late yesterday. You are to liaise only via her as I trust Yvette with anything. In fact, I have plans to add her to my new harem." I laughed to myself, but realised that was not far from the truth, though I knew I wanted men as well.

"Thank you Mistress, thank you."

She kissed me so hard and passionately having taken the card that my pussy began to regain life, sending signals that it needed a good seeing to again. I ignored it, with much disappointment, but I knew I had more things to do. Besides, I had to prepare everything for that appointment with Emilie de Caune, the Company Secretary, and the thought of seeing those pert little titties pressing behind her usually expensive blouses was almost too much. I couldn't wait to find out what was really going on with those directors. I just knew I would get it out of her, one way or another. Also, I had a 3 O'clock at N.U.D.E. today and there was so much to do. I had no idea what Dominic had in mind for that session. I was no good at guessing his particular brand of therapy.

"Well, hurry on. Go see Tony. And.."

"Yes, Mistress?"

"You have not asked me what I will say to Jason Banks, which in itself is interesting."

"I have no need to Mistress. If I had not got this, I had determined to resign and just serve you."

"I'm glad you have not, because though our relationship is Domme and Sub as I understand it, and forgive me if I am naïve in these things, I would never have accepted your resignation. No, you are going to fight him and win, using some pretty novel ways I have no doubt."

I smiled, watching her get dressed. Oh, those breasts were so lovely. Not as firm as mine but nature had given them a wicked animism. I wanted to play with them as much as I could.

"No panties. It is my only rule. Well, for now." I ordered, as she was just about to pick them up from the floor.

"Sorry Mistress," she said, then smiled, clearly happy with this edict. She tossed them straight into the bin. An interesting find for the cleaning ladies, I thought.

When we were both tidied up, having straightened our skirts and buttoned up anything that had buttons, we brushed each other's hair in perfect silence. There was no need to speak. In such a short space of time, and such a sexual episode at that, we were in harmony. I did not know why, but I suspected it had something to do with my time at N.U.D.E. Ltd.

We kissed for the last time that week. I would not see her until her assignment was done and I had completed mine.

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Emilie de Caune, our Company Secretary, walked into the Ivory Club Restaurant like a model on the catwalk, her shoulders draped with a fur which I hoped was a fake. She had had her flaming red hair cut in a modern bob and her face looked as if she had specially visited the beautician this morning it was so perfectly made up. Her green silk dress looked new, its front a deep vee separating pert breasts that were clearly unfettered by any bra. Her matching shoes were high, adding to her already tall frame and pushing her hips forward so seductively. A long necklace in platinum hung from the gorgeous long neck, its pendant drawing eyes to the firm curves of those partially revealed tits. Nothing she wore was an accident, everything had purpose and meaning.

I had another of those flash-backs I kept getting about my recent sexual experiences. This one took me to the boardroom yesterday where Emilie had for the first time come to my attention as a promising if repressed sexual being. I had been sitting on the board table, deliberately to disorientate the other executives, and had positioned myself so that my stockinged feet were on the board table and she had a perfect view up my skirt that had 'accidentally' ridden up my thighs. I found it so exciting, knowing that she would see my naked cunny. I loved the exposure but it was also a strategy to both allure and be a smokescreen to distract the members from my real agenda. I also had a theory about her. She was married to another board member, Daniel Francois de Caune, our Human Resources Director. It was a strange alliance, he being so asexual if not homosexual, I could not be sure, but they had no children and it seemed he did not want any. I disliked him intensely, not trusting his motives.

His wife, however, was another story. I had never got close to her, but then again that was before my visits to sex therapy. That time in the board room had raised my curiosity at two levels: her part in the attempted 'coup' (was she follower or instigator?) and her as a person. Would she fuck with me, to put it crudely? Well, to say it honestly, seeing her in that dress made the second one more than just a case of being curious. She was stunning!

"Emilie!" I greeted, smiling while holding her gaze then deliberately letting my eyes drop to take in the expanse of flesh between neck and navel. Those tits were doing an amazing job holding the dress together, though I saw the glint of a little platinum pin a few inches under the bust that said this was not all magic. Was I imagining it or were her nipples hardening as I looked? I held her hand in greeting, not letting it go when perhaps it was appropriate to do so, but instead looked back into her eyes and pulled her forward to kiss her on both cheeks. Again, I made the kisses a little longer, a little more intimate. I delighted in her inability to say a word, but noted the rise and fall of her bosom. I'd helped it along by ensuring the back of my hand, which was lifted to my bosom, pressed one of those hardening teats as we came together in greeting. It was a deliberate test of strength of will as I kept her there that little bit longer, our hands trapped between us in greeting. She did not attempt to break, but the heave of her breasts and their obvious arousal said such a lot. Yes, I was in control.

"Come, you look lovely, come and sit at the table," I invited, gesturing her to sit but never taking my eyes away from hers, even when she looked away. When she glanced down to secretly check and admire her own sexy breasts my eyes were there when she looked up again.

"I'm so glad you could come and wow, how gorgeous you look. Why, if I was that husband of yours I would be fucking you all lunch hour!" I said, smiling and then quickly changing the subject while offering her the table d'hotel menu, "So, what do you think we need to do with the business Emilie? I want your opinion and no one else's."

I could see her eyes widen and she scanned my body too, taking an indecent length of time looking between my titties at my 'accidentally' unbuttoned blouse. It had taken me some time to steel the courage to do this, especially in this posh restaurant, no matter how much I had discovered my love of exhibitionism. However, it was such fun and made me wet just doing it, plus seeing the reaction on her pretty face. Well, not just her face. Her tits now had continuously huge teats struggling to get out along with their pert globes underneath. I could only imagine how long and hard those nipples would be when suckled in my mouth or pinched between my fingers. I knew now that she had dressed to please me, not just to meet me. What wonderful power!

"I - I - can't agree with my husband," she stammered. It was as if getting those words out had taken some effort, coming as they did first with hesitation and then almost blurted. Did I detect fear in her eyes as she had darted them back and fore around the room when she said it, almost conspiratorially? "He wants to take over with Julian, that egotistical bastard. He has been badgering me incessantly with their grand plan, which is totally flawed in my view. Your father had a vision and quite rightly knew it would take time to achieve it. They want to run before they can even walk, but what can I do? He is my husband, well at least in name, and if I did what I wanted to do then he could turn very nasty."

Well, this had taken an unusual turn. I had asked for her view and I was getting more than I had bargained for. I kept my gaze steady, concerned expression on face, hand touching her thigh in a gesture that reassured, yet hopefully aroused. I stroked that firm thigh through silk. So erotic, especially as her dress had ridden up her legs and more than a little stocking-covered flesh was showing. My fingers had only to move an inch further and I would have contact with her shapely leg. I sensed her posture change, saw her skin blush, and just knew something would happen with this woman.

"So, let me explain some other plans I have for the business," I offered, not responding immediately to her revelations about the plot, but letting my hand slide the silk higher up her thigh until my fingers touched her warm stockinged leg, hold-up lace like embossed paper. I heard her quiet gasp as I continued. "I want us to expand into some biometric engineering products and services, using our software and hardware expertise to exploit the market in psycho-sexual research and the accompanying pleasure market that is growing exponentially. In fact, right next door to our offices is a clinic where the owner and main therapist has developed an astonishing set of machines to not only assess sexual arousal, but also to stimulate lost libidos in men and women. In fact, I have been going there to unblock my own sexual hang-ups and enjoy my greatest desires."

I stopped a minute, watching her, letting my hand talk for me.

"Emilie, I think we have a new product line that is controversial, but that's an advantage for sales; plenty of publicity. There will be never-ending demand," I said enthusiastically, my hand now stroking in tiny circles the bared skin between her stocking tops and her pussy. She was opening her legs like a slut. I loved every minute of touching her, not even stopping when the wide-eyed little waitress (beautiful too I noticed) came to offer us some pre-meal drinks. I didn't let up either with my ideas. "I've experienced two of his products that I mistakenly thought were just simple GSR and ECG machines. Honey, it was only later that it was explained to me that both these gadgets used electro-feedback, through sound and electro-magnetic pulses calibrated to work 'under the radar' of human awareness yet subliminally feeding the body. Can you imagine having your cunt licked out while your whole body has been hot wired to multiply the pleasure sensations?"

"Please, I cannot take it much longer..."

"Take what?" I asked, feigning innocence as I always did now when I wanted to gain more control.

"Your hand...not touching me, you know, there!" she hissed under her breath, trying to not be heard by other diners.

"So Emilie, you want me, another woman, to touch your pussy? Is that what you are saying?" I pressed, using a tone that was at once light and yet a little mocking of her weakness. I let my finger tips reach only a couple of millimetres from her cunt lips. I wondered if there were no panties as the heat coming from her sex seemed to confirm it, as well as the wisps of hair that brushed my fingers. I asked directly, slightly loudly too, "And are you without panties my little minx?"

"Yes Helene," she whispered, her face an expression of ultimate desire and yet perversely intense shame showed in the blush that had spread everywhere visible.

"Why, you are a naughty one aren't you?"

"Yes Helene, I...."

"I what?"

"I want to be with you; ever since the boardroom, and to be honest for a long time...Please?"

Had she been instructed to do this by her husband or was this genuine? Should I touch her cunny and let it lead us to the bedrooms above the restaurant? Or test her more first? Could they be trying to use her to keep me out of the way for some reason or put me off their scent, making me think she was on my side? Suddenly I had a moment of self-doubt. Was this a touch of the old, staid me coming back? Or was I being sufficiently careful as a business owner? Besides, her husband was plotting against me. Fuck them! I let my fingers delve between her swollen sex. She was so wet, so very wet, and her cunt seemed small and tight around the two fingers I plunged into her pussy.

"Tell me honey cunt," I ordered rather than asked, "Has your husband ever fucked you? You seem so virginal, so tight.

"Oh no, that is the problem."

I let the tips of my fingers tease and pull at her cunt lips, sensing her wetness increasing. I watched her sexy little tits heave as she caught her breath.

"I don't know why I am telling you all this. You make me suddenly feel it's ok to talk to you?" She moaned slightly as my fingers plunged a little deeper, then withdraw. She continued. "He never uses the 'front door'. You see, I am bi-sexual and I thought he was, but now I know he is gay. He prefers virgin men's arses to mine, though sometimes he uses me as a fuck toy. I like that, as he is so dominant when he is mounting me and skewering my anus. Ever had your little arse fucked?"

Where was this going? One minute I had been calling the shots, now she wanted to know about my sexual preferences and her language and tone suggested she wanted to be top. No, that would never do. But I had no need to worry...

"Forgive me Helene, I...I get so explicit when horny and ...oh....your fingers in my..."

"Cunt?" I offered, feeling decidedly horny as all my effort was on her pussy, giving pleasure and gaining too. "I never want to hear you use euphemisms ever again, understand?"

"Sorry. Oh my....."

She was biting her lip, clearly trying to stop something that was unstoppable. I finger fucked her with no care if we could be seen or not. Looking around, most people were deep in conversation, the restaurant filling quickly and noisily with its lunchtime diners. No, there was only one person watching, and she was our waitress. I'd noticed movement up and to our left. I could see her sitting behind a row of potted plants that lined the upper dining floor. It was a stainless steel and glass balcony-like structure that seated only one row of tables, most accommodating only two people. She was at one of these, her hand discretely between her thighs. I realised she could see down my blouse from there, which in itself gave me a thrill, but knew that if I pulled Emilie's dress fully open, she could watch me fingering this charming woman.

I looked up, staring straight into her eyes, which never once faltered or looked away and gave my order to Emilie.

"Emilie, let the nice waitress up on the balcony see my fingers in your cunt."

She was so desperate to cum that I reckoned she would do anything and I was right. Without a murmur of protest she hitched the dress high, lifting her sexy bottom off the seat to do so. Oh, and yes, again just as she'd said, she was panty-less. Such a beautiful cunt, if rather like I had been on my first days at N.U.D.E. Her cunt was surrounded by a mass of wet, red pussy hair that covered not only her thickly engorged outer labia but up to her navel and across her inner thighs. The colour was not out of a bottle. I had never seen such hairiness on a woman. It was sexy, but I also knew that less was more.

"So much better now, though that thicket needs to go. I want to see you shaven, with your cunt open and willing," I said, secretly eager to see that as soon as possible.

I looked up at our waitress who was clearly finger-fucking, and smiled at her. She was biting her lip and just like Emilie obviously trying to hold back, so I undid another button on my blouse and ordered Emilie to open her legs wider as my fingers plunged right down to the knuckles. I saw my guest's eyes dart to my titties, knowing the hard pink nipples must be on full view for her. It was enough. She came, a low moan hardly suppressed exiting her lips as my fingers dripped with a sudden gush of juice. 'She is a squirter!' I thought to myself, smiling triumphantly as I continued to finger her, watching as another and then another orgasm followed, accompanied again my more juice.

I glanced up. The pretty little waitress was coming too. She had pressed her knees close together, probably aware that to leave them open would mean every diner below would see her. I was disappointed. I wanted to see her humiliate herself and show her cunny to the diners. If she had been sacked, I would have given her a job. She was too beautiful to stay working here; perhaps I would make the offer anyway. Whatever, I would make sure we had more than a little fun together, be it today or another. Excuse the cliché, but I wanted to have her on the menu.

When they had both come to, I told Emilie to go to the bathroom and freshen up, but only once she had licked all her cunny juice off my fingers. She pleased and surprised me by doing it without any consideration of who might be watching. I noticed that at least two men and three women stared in our direction as she did it, the little slut. I smiled at them and praised Emilie for her daring. Then I sent her off to the toilet and beckoned the waitress down to take our order. Emilie would eat whatever I chose for her.

The waitress was called Anais. How apt I thought. She was so petite, though her breasts seemed disproportionately large for her tiny frame. I noticed her blouse was unbuttoned almost as indecently as mine, though below she had one of those amazing 'push me up and out' bras to emphasise her tits even more. I used to do that when at college to increase the tips I received; strangely always getting even more from the women than the men. She chatted amiably with me as she took the order, never once mentioning what had occurred. No, there was no need.

"Ah, your girlfriend is coming back," Anais said as she made her excuses to go place the order.

I patted the seat next to me, indicating Emilie was to sit down by me again. I felt I wanted to know more about her. In particular, and as the lust subsided, it became so important to me that I built more allies within the business. However, there was still that nagging doubt about how loyal she really was being. Was this a charade for my purpose? How could I find out?

"Darling Emilie, you seem to like to show your body and how naughty you can be. How long have you had this need to be slutty?" I asked, my voice low and seductive. "And how long have you fantasised about me?" I continued, curious to know more about her.

"I've noticed you for a long time." She said simply and for all I could tell, honestly. "Previously you dressed so drearily but I have sensed a certain sexual power in you that attracted me from the very first day we worked together."

"But I never knew!"

"No, you were always supporting your father, never noticing me other than when you championed my promotion and then I realised that you had been paying attention to what I did." She stopped, wiping a tear from her eye.

"Emilie?" I asked, concerned. "Why are you so upset?"

"I thought I had no hope with you," she replied, tears streaming down her face. "You seemed to be a man's woman, not a lesbian."

"I'm not a lesbian!" I exclaimed, too loudly as diners close-by turned their heads. I lowered my voice. "No, I am bi-sexual. I like women, yes, but I think I would like to try a cock again in this pussy."

"Again?" she asked, surprised by this revelation.

"Yes, again. Yesterday was the first fuck by a man I have ever had. In fact, yesterday was a first for many things at N.U.D.E. Ltd."

There was sudden silence, my head drifting to thoughts of the session yesterday on the machines and the following session with my therapist, Dominic and his wife. When he came in my mouth that was wonderful, but when I gave him permission to fuck me then that first painful thrust was taken over so soon by the following hour of raw, hard fucking. He was astonishing in his capacity to keep stiff and not cum until I wanted him to. Oh, that hot spunk in my pussy was wonderful! I let it drip and dry on me that afternoon, sure people would smell it as I walked through the office. I didn't care. No, I did care. I wanted people to celebrate their sexuality, just as I was learning to do. And that is when the idea came to me...

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...She was looking at me, her beautiful green eyes boring into mine. I looked back lovingly, stroking her firm naked breasts and stomach as Dominic attached the electrodes. He had already inserted a new probe he had developed. He had slid it slowly into her cunt, commenting on how hairy she was and bringing in Dominique, his receptionist and wife, to look too. Always the scientist, I thought.

How did we end up here? Well, we had eaten at the Ivory, and during dessert I left on the pretext of needing a pee, but instead rang N.U.D.E. Ltd.

"Dominic, can your machine test if someone on my staff is lying? Can it test if she really desires me?"

"Yes to both questions," was the simple reply.

"Good, I am bringing my Company Secretary with me..."

That was only half an hour ago. I had told Emilie to 'trust me' and she did just that, not even objecting when I ordered her to strip in the same room I had done yesterday. This was meant to be my therapy session but I just knew that I would receive it in another way, so gave it to her. Now I had the duty of strapping her to the special couch, interspersing the tying down with those strokes of love. I found it difficult to be disciplined when such beautiful tits, with their amazingly long nipples faced me, and a belly so taut and smooth. I admired Dominic's willpower, though I did notice his white medical coat was decidedly tented. I giggled.

"Dominic, your cock is showing!"

"No it's not, but if you want it to be I can arrange that easily," he answered quietly, smiling at me.

"Yes, I think I'd like that."

"Think?" he challenged. I knew immediately what he meant. I had to stop suppressing what I most desired.

"Get your clothes off and show me your cock," I ordered, feeling the power immediately spread through me as the Domme took over.

"Yes Mistress," he said, immediately unbuttoning his coat to reveal his half naked torso. His chest was muscular, with a nice spread of body hair. He unbuckled his trousers, letting them drop.

His cock stood hard against white 'cycle shorts' style briefs, pushing violently against the fabric, with little pulses evident. He could not hide his pleasure from me. I stood staring at that spot, waiting.

He stepped out of the pool of cloth on the floor that was his trousers, then slowly removed the briefs. What a magnificent cock! I just loved to see its thick, long shaft and bulbous head, the peehole open and a little drip of precum unmistakeable on its head. I could vividly remember its taste. Under it was a heavy ball-sac, tightening up as his arousal dominated and the engorged cock-head touched his flat belly way above his navel. He was magnificent!

Emilie appreciated it too. I watched her hips leave the couch, almost subliminally responding, offering her hairy cunt to him. Her eyes had disconnected from mine to stare blatantly at his manhood. Juice dripped copiously from her sex. Her nipples seemed to harden even more and her breasts heaved with excitement. I heard her sigh.

"That's better," he said, then continued, "I have broken some of my own rules with you Helene; usually keeping myself out of the session physically, but you connect with some desires in myself that seem to be in symbiosis with your own."

"I can't understand a word you are saying for all my education, but if you mean you can't resist fucking and abusing me, then I am happy to accept," I replied, realising he was one of probably very few who would be allowed to dominate me, yet he was accepting a more submissive position today. He knew as well as I did that he was under my paid instruction from now on. We laughed, simultaneously.

"Right, back to business. Helene, I have noted your instructions and will assimilate them into my investigative script."

"Dominic, this is the last time I'll say it. Quit the scientist talk, you can sound incredibly stuffy when all we're talking about is fucking better." I laughed as I said it, trying to lighten what might be a hard message. He could be incredibly stiff and I don't mean down there. "Let's get going. You have permission to do whatever is necessary to free this darling soul here."

I leant down and kissed her hard on the lips, while my hands roamed her body, stroking everywhere that was not impeded by wires or electrodes. I felt her tongue snake into my mouth, teasing at my teeth and tongue. My pussy wept with lust for her. I broke the kiss and turned away, stroking my hand up and down my therapist's cock briefly; then headed for the room Dominic had prepared for me...

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I had a bank of televisions in front of me, showing Emilie from a number of angles. I realised that this was what Dominique must have seen when I was bound like that yesterday. I felt more juice seep from my cunt, aroused by the thought of being exposed to someone. Then I focused back on the screens, aware of a subtle ache in my clitoris. One monitor gave a close-up of her face, another her cunt, with its soft lips divided by that new probe and other TV's panned in on sections of her body. Two further monitors seemed to be connected to cameras that worked on motion sensors, one following Dominic's muscular body as he moved around the room adjusting the kit, sometimes stopping to stroke a hand over his subject, his cock never seeming to diminish its arousal. The other camera was a whole-body view of Emilie. I could not get over how beautiful she was naked, in spite of her bushy apex. She was so firm everywhere and her nipples were as I had imagined, immense. I had never seen teats so long and nor had Dominic judging from the way he kept touching and playing with them.

I connected the mic into the socket on top of the console as Dominic had instructed and put the Bose© phones over my ears. I looked at the control panel in front of me and worked out that each numbered monitor connected to a corresponding camera via the joysticks that lined the top of the board. Only numbers 5 and 6, which obviously linked to the motion sensors, did not have instructions stating 'do not touch'. There were also two key switches that had clear functions; mic to whole room and mic to therapist. I switched on the latter one, connecting me directly to Dominic's headpiece.

"Can you hear me sexy?" I whispered into my microphone. He nodded back, aware that to speak would give a clue to Emilie of what my intentions were. "Good. I just want you to know that you have an amazingly beautiful cock. I love its size and texture. The head fills my mouth in a way I had only ever fantasised about. Thank you for taking my virginity. It was way past time I realise, but now I have an opportunity to catch up. When this investigation has finished, I want that dick hard in my cunt and you are to take me as urgently and as passionately as you wish. I want you to do it in front of her. However, you will have nothing if you fuck her first. You understand?"

He nodded again, careful to ensure Emilie didn't see him. I watched his cock twitch violently. Good, for all that 'dispassionate scientist' persona, I had got under his skin.

"Now begin. I will feed you extra questions as we go."

Dominic introduced the session as he had done with me.

"I'm going to ask you some questions. You must answer as truthfully and accurately as you can."

"What happens if I don't? Do I get a shock?" She asked, laughing weakly at her pathetic attempt at a joke. Just like I had done!

"No," he said simply, repeating his mantra as again he done with me. "It will show up on the GSR meter's printout as significant peaks and troughs. So remember, be honest, no matter how hard that may be to do. Ready?"

My God, even his answers were standardised!

"Ready as I'll ever be. I bet they don't make prisoners undress like this when they use lie-detectors?"

Had she borrowed my script? I had said the same. No wonder Dominic had answered so dispassionately. How many people had asked the same things?

"You are not a prisoner here. Please remember you can leave at any time that you wish. Are you comfortable?"

"Well, as comfy as someone can be naked, exposed and tied to a couch while a nude man with such a magnificent dick is close to her," she said, laughing weakly again.

"Thank you for liking my cock, Miss Emilie, but let's get down to business?"

"Well, what is business here? I've heard you have some amazing products and Miss Helene has some proposals to put to you."

Damn, I had not had a chance to discuss that fully yet.

"Proposals?"

I saw her chest heave then fall. She had realised her gaff, but recovered well.

"Er, yes, she wants I think for us both to fuck with you, using the machines to enhance the pleasure. I can't think of anything nicer. Do you like anal sex?"

He did not answer. I was disappointed not finding out, but was relieved she had given nothing away about my ideas with his products.

"I'm starting now."

The machines whirred. We would have to do something about that, reducing the levels to nothing or perhaps linking to bio-feedback sounds that would increase the pleasure or help the investigation. I saw her body lift from the couch, the monitor focused on her cunt showing faint vibrations of the probe. She was biting her lip.

"I'll reduce the vibration on that one to 'just discernible'. It makes a good arouser for the rest of the body." He turned a dial on the black box that controlled all the apparatus. "Now for the first question."

"Your name?"

"Emilie de Caune"

The needles moved slowly on the recorder and the computer screen next to me mirrored the actions. I realised that Dominic was recording digitally as well as in the traditional way. He continued with a set of mundane questions, calibrating the apparatus. I watched his cock subsiding from its rock hard state, clearly unaroused by the mundane. Strangely it was not disappointing, even soft he had beauty. He picked up the notes he had made over the phone with me, a copy transposed onto the computer, coinciding with her reactions so that we could see later how her answers tallied.

"Do you like vaginal sex?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, the main machine not reacting, the trace hardly deviating from the middle. However, a second machine was going wild. I deduced this must be the one linked to inside her cunt.

"Do you like a cock up your arse?"

"Oh, yes," she said enthusiastically. The main machine again stayed relatively still. The second one was going wild, with peaks and troughs even greater than for ordinary fucking.

"Do you like your husband?"

She hesitated. What was the problem?

"Y-yes," she said. The main machine went crazy, the second one crazy too. Of course, she did not like him but she did like him fucking her in the arse! It was the only thing she liked about him. I spoke in the mic.

"Dominic, I found out today that she loves it when fucked in the anus. He is the only one available to her at the moment, but she appears to not like him. Ask her another question, 'does she love him?'"

"Do you love your husband?"

She hesitated again, then answered.

"Yes."

The main machine went crazy, the second evened out. So, she thinks she ought to express love for her husband but does not love him and it creates no sense of desire in her. It is only the anal fucking that is left as the connection between them, and then all she becomes is his fuck toy when he's not buggering some man.

"Go through those questions we agreed," I ordered, eager to get at the truth.

"Do you feel obliged to obey your husband?"

"Yes." The machine stayed steady.

"Does he have some hold over you that makes you stay with him?"

She hesitated, I homed in one of the cameras on her face. She had tears in her eyes.

"Please be honest Miss Emilie and answer the question."

He repeated it. I watched her breasts heave, more tears in her eyes that trickled down her cheeks.

"Yes." The meter stayed steady.

I knew it! She had come to me to set me up but something had happened between us over longer than I was aware, something deep and sexual, that overcame her order from him. Yes, Daniel Francois de Caune, our Human Resources Director, was a buggering bastard but he understood nothing about what women want and desire.

"Comfort her a moment, Dominic. Go to her and wipe those tears away. Make her feel good."

Dominic moved away from his machine and took out some clean tissues. He bent over her, smiling down at her as he wiped the tears so gently from her eyes and cheeks, then let the tissues brush down over her breasts, making her nipples stand stiff and long.

"Lick her nipples," I ordered.

"Oh, God!" she murmured, unaware how the sensitive mics around her picked up every sound. The second meter was going wild, her arousal feverish; as Dominic's long tongue lapped and circled her titties. She was writhing on the couch, tied and helpless. I loved seeing her like this, though wanted it to be me lathing her tits. I stroked my pussy as I watched then realised I needed to keep control.

"Stop it!" I snapped at Dominic, partly through jealousy and partly because I needed her to be kept aroused. In the restaurant she had revealed her inability to control her thoughts and speech when aroused.

He moved away abruptly.

"No, please..." she pleaded.

"We must continue," Dominic stated simply...

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It took nearly an hour to get out what I needed to know. Emilie was not a willing partner in this conspiracy. She was besotted with me, wanting to be my 'fuck slave' as she called it, though what that meant I was still not too sure. However, my therapist ascertained that she loved exhibitionism, like me, and to be dominated. There was nothing on the list of sexual practices that Dominic interspersed with his other questions that she had not tried or wanted to try. Even scat and peeing were, unlike me, on her agenda. However, it was clear that I could still not fully trust her as her husband had something on her that he might try to lever harder than before. I would still have to be careful with her, but Dominic had suggested some more radical 'treatments' to make her mine. He had a new machine that we could experiment with.

"Ask her if she would like to overcome her fears."

Dominic moved to her side, his cock rampant again, having listened for so long to her sexual desires, obviously wanting to play with her.

"You can touch her anywhere you like. Just get her agreement."

My therapist spread his palms, stroking her body anywhere and everywhere there was unimpeded flesh. He even managed to play his fingers each side of the probe in her cunt, teasing at her pussy lips to achieve full engorgement. Then, with his fingers still playing at her cunt, he bent to kiss her. How beautiful his firm, muscular arse cheeks looked. His tongue was out before he even reached her lips, parting them like it was his cock entering a virginal cunt. It was so sensual and overtly sexual. I knew what he was doing as he had done it to me. I could not help touch my cunt lips again. I remembered how his tongue fucked my mouth, moving in and out repeatedly. I heard her moan. It was inevitable.

"Now move away and ask her."

"Oh, ple-e-ease," she whined as he stood away, his cock pulsing and bouncing, clearly reluctant himself to stop. He forced himself to regain composure.

"I have a machine that enables people to gain confidence and make correct personal and sexual choices. I think you are ready for it and the pleasures it can give you. Want to try?"

"Anything, anything that gives pleasure, please," she panted.

He walked across the room, the camera following his magnificent body. His enormous cock announced his coming, sticking out and bouncing as he walked. His chest and stomach muscles were tight and firm, not an ounce of fat on him yet well built and not skinny. I watched every movement and saw that Emilie was doing the same, though from her position she would only see his firm arse. I wondered if she wanted to spank it as much as I did.

Dominic pulled a trolley across to the couch, trailing a long cable across the room, then stopped beside Emilie. He picked a black helmet off the top of the small cart, larger than the hood I had been made to wear. He lifted her head, disconnecting some of the other electrodes he had used on her skull, and placed the helmet over her until it completely covered her eyes and ears. He bent and kissed her hard on the lips, his hands again caressing her breasts and cunt lips. He certainly knew how to reinforce compliant behaviour.

"You have such a wonderful body Emilie. This machine will ensure that it is only used as you wish and by or with people you wish to play with. Now I am going to remove your vaginal probe too, as I need to use manual stimulation to ensure maximum pleasure."

"Oh, please, anything!"

The slut! She was desperate to be fucked but I was damned if she was going to fuck him before me. Since he had poked my cunt yesterday lunchtime I had wanted that sensation again and again. Even my evening with Amé and Aggie had not shaken that desire.

"Now watch the light that will move before your eyes. Relax as much as you can while I adjust the controls."

I watched the computer monitor now, as instructed by Dominic. There was a knock on the door and a welcome person entered.

"Hello Helene," she said, her voice husky and decidedly sexy in tone. "Dominic instructed me to come and join you. He wants me to record the session and her responses, but I wanted to see you too. You know it will take him another ten to fifteen minutes to get the settings right?" she half told, half asked me, as she walked towards me with that look that said everything.

"Hi Dominique," I replied, smiling widely as my hands immediately went out to her. We kissed deeply. I grabbed hold of the front of her medical coat and ripped the Velcro apart. She was naked underneath bar her hold-up stockings, just as I liked. My fingers delved everywhere as we continued a hard kiss. I knew we had a little time before the session got going fully. The coat was soon on the floor and I had two digits deep in her bejewelled cunt. She had my blouse open and was playing with my tits... I reached to my waistband, unhooking my skirt then unzipping the side and letting it slide to my feet. It was my turn to be naked bar my hold-ups.

"Ten minutes for a quick fuck," I whispered in her beautiful little ear.

The room smelled of our pussy juice. I sighed as we slid down to join the coat, then I turned on top of her and buried my head eagerly between her soft, warm thighs. I felt the stab of her tongue in my sopping open cunt. Absolute heaven.

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Thankfully Dominic took longer than expected to set things up, otherwise our furtive fucking would have meant missing the mind programming that he did to Emilie.

"...and from now on, you will tell Miss Ponsonby everything that your husband and his friends are up to concerning her business. In return, every time you do you will be rewarded with the deepest sexual longings that can only be satiated by service to Miss Ponsonby or any person she instructs you to serve and please. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir...I understand," came the dreamy voice from under the prototype hypnosex unit.

"Well, she was a difficult subject. There is so much repressed anger, desire, love - for you I hasten to add, Helene - and an intense hunger to please and serve. That husband transpires as a cold, hard bastard, who in my view needs taking down..."

"...Enough, Dominic!" I interjected, feeling as much as anger as my therapist did, but wanting to channel it into some thoughts that were about more than revenge. I wanted Emilie to find a happiness in her life that he had never given her and I wanted her so badly as both a friend and a lover. I was divided in my mind by the obvious manipulation I had arranged using the hypnosex device.

"Dominic, how long will this mind-control work?"

"I don't know, but I do know that no matter what suggestions I made, if she did not in her subconscious want to do those things they could not happen or if did, then would not last long."

"Are you telling me that..."

"Yes, she is totally faithful to you. If you had gone the conventional route you would have achieved the same job, though taking longer, and now she is going to get intense sexual reward for her loyalty too. There will be no sense of division. You have short-circuited the intense guilt underpinning her behaviour: years of duty to her bastard husband and an equal sense of longing for you, and a few other women before I hasten to add..."

"So each time she confides in me her guilt is eased and her sexuality released to ...er...play."

"Yes, that is about it. Freud would have been proud of me, and made a mint of this invention if he was alive today!"

"Yes, I want to talk to you about that..."

However, for the next hour all I wanted to do was fuck and be fucked by Dominic and his beautiful wife. I knew I was keeping a board meeting waiting, but this had become too important. My sexual desires needed serving.

So, it was an extra hour in 'therapy' during which time Emile lay naked beside us asleep; almost as if the confessional under Dom's device had drained her energy. Meanwhile I tasted that beautiful sperm washed over my teeth and tongue, felt the hard cock deep in my cunt and bowel, and was loved and licked everywhere by the gorgeous Dominique who had become such a great friend and lover since that chance meeting.

Eventually I woke Emilie, helped her dress, between much kissing and touching, and then made my way back into the office, flushed and decidedly wobbly on my feet but with a glow inside that would not diminish all afternoon.

I sat down at my office desk, looking at the sea of papers but registering nothing.

Just one thought.

It was hard to believe it was only a few days since I had begun visiting N.U.D.E. Ltd and still I had no idea what the initials stood for!

**N.U.D.E. Ch. 05**

I stretched out naked on my big brass bed. The tough metal frame and Vi-Sprung mattress was one of those expensive necessities I had chosen to invest in only yesterday. If I was to change my sex life, there was no place for single beds or even doubles. No, this was a super king size with a firm base that meant years of promised pleasure. Also, now I had taken full control of my inheritance, my late father's mansion was the logical place to move in to.

The idea had suddenly occurred to me a few days ago while Emilie de Caune, my Company Secretary, was buried nose deep in my pussy. I needed a place that could accommodate my 'playthings' and yet had space for me to withdraw from the world at times. That was something I still required; an oasis of solitude that in the case of Ponsonby Hall was my separate wing. This had been mine from a child but I'd hardly seen it through Boarding School in England and finishing school in Switzerland,and had not been there since Daddy died, so currently I had decorators in to spruce it up.

Just as I'd got to know my father really well, working together to make a successful electronics business in the Valley, so he died. Mummy I had not seen for a few years as she had returned to England, distraught and with no interest in the business. Now I needed my allies and I knew just where to start. I picked up the phone and dialled.

"Uncle Albert?" I asked, not recognising the male voice at the other end.

"I'll get him sweetie," replied the camp voice. It was one of Uncle's boyfriends probably. There was a long silence.

"Queen's residence, can I help you?"

"Uncle! You are outrageous. Besides since when have you declared as exclusively an arse fucker?"

I heard the palpable silence.

"Helene? Geez I didn't recognise you. Likewise, since when did you shed the prim language and say it as it is? My God, have you had brain damage?"

"No Uncle, just a reorientation of my thinking thanks to a brilliant clinic, but it's not that I want to talk about..."

"Shame," he interrupted. "It's so refreshing to hear my best loved niece talking like a slut. God, I thought the nuns had reprogrammed you to be Mother Theresa with a plum in the mouth.All I wanted was for you to take cock or cunt!" He laughed, almost choking. I could imagine it. He was almost 70 now but with the body of a 40-year-old gymnast. I could picture him at one of his astonishingly debauched parties with his fine head of grey hair bobbing up and down on some man's cock or woman's pussy. I'd always been invited once 18 and always gone (curiously), but sat like the Mistress of Tweed drinking at most one Buck's Fizz then left discretely. My panties would always be soaking but the nuns had driven those fine censors into my brain - guilt and shame - no matter how fascinated and aroused I'd been.

"Uncle! I need you to be serious for a moment."

"Ok, so long as you tell me about this change in you. Dammit, it makes me excited just thinking about it!"

And I bet I knew what that meant. I'd seen his cock - huge! And that is when I had a sudden flashback to something I'd clearly suppressed. It was my mother on her knees in the kitchen at a party and...my God...it had suddenly come back...it was my Uncle fucking her mouth! It was a startling memory. Dominic from N.U.D.E. Ltd. had been right. I had some hidden memories to uncover.

"Helene?" I could hear the concern in his voice.

"I...I'm here Uncle, it's just...oh never mind. Let's get down to business. I have a problem to sort out. Two directors are plotting to remove me as Chair and trying to find allies."

"So who is it?" He asked, the change in tone telling. I loved the way Uncle could switch from hedonist to entrepreneur and serious Director the next.

"It's Daniel de Caune and Jason Banks."

"Nothing new there, the old poof and his croney up to their usual tricks?"

Never PC, always direct, that's Uncle. They may have been usual, but he needed to know their seriousness.

"Well Emilie tells me her husband is plotting to gain a controlling share through use of a loophole in the articles of the Company, whereby he has been buying shares and has called a special General meeting to put new plans for the progress of the business. That includes removing me and his wife too. He has made a pact with someone from outside the Board who has a high level of funding available."

"Emilie? How did you get that meek little lapdog to talk?"

I hesitated, but no, if I was to make a line in the sand and really live this new life then he should be first to celebrate the coming out of Helene...

"I fucked her," I said as nonchalantly as I could.

Again, silence.

"I think we need to meet, but before we do get your mother on the phone and tell her to get that sexy arse of hers out here on the next flight. It's time she stopped grieving and moping about in that big house in the Old Country."

"Yes," I said, smiling, remembering that image one more time of mummy on her knees."I'll call immediately. She can stay with me, I've moved back into Ponsonby Hall."

"About bloody time! Get Emilie along too. Haven't seen her in quite a while, er, can I share her?"

"You, my lovely Uncle, are incorrigible!"

"I know. Fights like this give me a real hard-on."

I giggled like a schoolgirl, which released a whole new set of memories....

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"Uncle Albert!" I said, greeting him warmly as he stepped out of his Rolls. He was clearly taken by my extremely short skirt and pure silk blouse, cut low to show my breasts that I'd chose to leave unfettered. I'd picked my highest heels, deliberately, knowing what would happen when we climbed the sweeping curve of the stairs to the drawing room. With my height in those Jimmy Choos, I knew I looked fabulous

I saw his eyes scan fleetingly my face, a broad smile getting even wider as he stared blatantly at my tits, down to my long legs and back to my bosom, where his gaze stayed as he spoke. My nipples responded, hardening under his gaze.

"Well, well,.well. At last the swan has emerged. Well actually she was always there: just dressed in the most fucking awful tweed suits and prim little dresses that hid those magnificent tits."

"Thank you Uncle and I'm sorry I have been hidden from yours and everyone else's gaze for so long. In just over a week I've made some dramatic steps to catch up with life and get in touch with my sexuality, but we have more pressing issues to address. Come, follow me," I gestured, inviting him to follow me up the stairs.

I heard the sigh. I knew he would be looking directly up my skirt at my shaven labia rubbing so delightfully against each other as I climbed to the drawing room. I felt a slight reddening of my face, but that sudden sense of embarrassment felt strangely arousing. Was that the modicum of submissive in me? I knew my pussy lips were shining and wet.

"Come on in Uncle," I invited, as I opened the door to the room. I glanced down to see an unmistakable bulge in his white chinos. He was ever the dapper dresser and that magnificent cock of his was clearly pointing high and right. He'd once claimed never to use Viagra and I suspected I had just seen the proof. My thoughts became overwhelmed with lewd images: he with my mother, him with me and Emilie, who was quietly standing by my large glass topped table.

"Uncle, this is..."

"...Emilie," he interjected. "It is a long time since I have had the pleasure."

The heavy innuendo in that statement could not go unnoticed, as Uncle Albert swept across the floor and took her hand, before kissing her on each cheek.

"You look ravishing my dear. Or is it more you have just been ravished?" he asked, smiling as his eyes took their familiar route to assess her body and he inhaled deeply. "I can smell your cunt juice. Am I right?"

"Oh, yes," she acknowledged proudly, unfazed by Uncle's typical directness. "Mistress has aroused me and spanked me soundly," she said, in an almost childlike voice. "It was a gift in exchange for the information I am going to give you."

"So show me your spanking," Albert instructed quickly, smiling sweetly at us both. And before I could protest, Emilie was bending over the table and had lifted her little skirt to reveal the most delightfully red posterior that matched her equally fiery pussy hair. She assumed the position programmed via Dominic's Psycho-hypnosis. This had left the autosuggestion that the more she revealed about her husband's plot, the more pleasure she would be given by me and my entourage.

"Beautiful," Uncle said simply, releasing his enormous aching cock from his trousers and in a trice thrusting without ceremony into the wet engulfing cunt lips of my latest conquest.

She screamed, but not in pain. No, her face showed absolute delight. Her arse must have been stinging, but clearly she was relishing the heat; thrusting as Uncle's heavy balls slapped against her thighs. She could do nothing but take the assault, whilst her eyes looked glazed with pleasure and her body flattened against the glass. I could imagine those firm little titties squashed out like eggs on a plate. Mmmmm.

At the peal of the front door bell, I left them; the sounds of fucking echoing into the large hall. Emilie's penchant for screaming (something also programmed in by Dominic as a counter to an instruction to be quiet given by her louse of a husband) meant no one could doubt what was happening. It was hard to tear myself away, and not least because I'd made up my mind that incest was not a sin any more. Well readers, who could resist a cock like that? Another 'thank you' to Dom whose boxes of electronic tricks were aiding my liberation by the day.

I opened the door to Yvette. My smile must have signalled approval. She wore a light blue dress, well above the knee, and her huge breasts (previously hidden like mine had been) were just about held behind the V of her plunging neckline. The clinging silk emphasised nipples that stood like rocks at sea. Her hair she'd had cut short, showing off her long, slender neck. I liked the delicate lobes of her ears, once untouched but now sporting lengthy designer earrings in the shape of two silver men, naked and erect.

"Mmmm, gorgeous," I said, reaching out to touch one of them, though the statement was more than just about the engorged cocks on the jewelry, "I approve. Where did you buy them?"

"Rebecca's new business venture. The sex store you asked her to turn around. Well, here is one of her first innovations; sexy or what?" She asked, laughing. I could tell this was still all daring and new for her, just like me.

"Just wonderful," I replied, moving in close to hug her and plant my lips firmly on hers. Wow, in just a few days I could feel her respond like an absolute pro. Her tongue slid into my mouth, hunting and pleasuring as its tip slid sensuously over my teeth and duelled with my own hungry 'glossa'(sorry readers, too much Latin education). She was an excellent kisser. From frump to hump in just a few days was one of my best achievements, but Yvette exceeded my expectations in the way she was responding to the release of her sexuality. I could not help but be delighted as those amazing mammaries heaved and pressed hard against me. Dominic had been right. When he used his gizmos on her she needed only little tweaks of the neurones to help remove her reserve. "Just a few permissions were needed," he'd said. Phew, she was hot.

It took a lot of willpower to break away. I satisfied myself with a quick grasp of her firm arse that was clearly pantyless and her hands doing the same to me. I could have jumped her there and then, but we had serious work to do. Besides the increasingly frequent screams of pleasure from upstairs suggested Uncle and Emilie were close to reaching their climax; well about the third in quick succession to be more accurate for my Company Secretary. I suspected my relative was capable of withholding his cum for a long time.

"I'm so glad you are here darling. Welcome to Ponsonby Hall. Let's go to the Drawing Room where my Uncle Albert and Emilie de Caune are waiting, Well fucking really as they could not resist using the time efficiently," I said warmly with a giggle. Well what else could I say? As we ascended so we heard the loud masculine grunt of Uncle, clearly spilling his seed at last into my Board's Secretary. Not to mention her screaming orgasm, so high pitched it seemed as if it could break glass.

"Wow!" exclaimed Yvette

"Yes, wow!" I replied, indicating the route and delighting as I looked over my shoulder and watched her animated tits swinging and straining against the low cut V of blue. "I think she has just christened every one of the 20 plus rooms with the sound of that orgasm," I continued, laughing and feeling so excited by the future promised by Uncle both at work and home, but in the short term I wondered how I was going to get through our secret meeting without the need to fuck this gorgeous woman.

"Here we are," I announced, as I pushed open the heavy oak door, to be met by the sight of Emilie and Uncle sitting at the table as if butter couldn't melt in their mouths. However, one gift from Dom's treatment of my own sexuality was heightened visual and auditory acuity. It meant that when I looked through the glass top I could see that Emilie was sitting with her legs apart, cum dribbling onto the chair and down her legs, and the digits of Uncle's left hand lost within her red thatch. This was going to be some challenge to my self-control.

I instructed Yvette to lay out the documents she had brought. Again tested by the glorious view of her naked arse cheeks slowly revealed as she stretched out to spread the papers. 'Good girl,' I thought, as her pussy was clearly smooth as a baby's bottom and not a little wet judging by the glistening large lips. Such wonderful strong thighs and calves I noted; so lovely to lick and stroke.

'Pull yourself together,' I said to myself, gritting my teeth in some pathetic way meant to steel my resolve. To think, one week before my prissy Ms Ponsonby self would have been disgusted and probably spoilt everything by telling everyone off. Now my problem was a very different one.

I sat down and let Yvette present her findings, as instructed.

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It was five hours later that we had our plans agreed. Charlene Bourlet, my family's lawyer, arrived after we had held a closed session of the 'fabulous four' with Uncle just so focused and driven to protect the family business. He had been such a strong supporter for so long, but now he had stepped up one gear more showing a determination that left me feeling no one could beat us. The plan was agreed, with just my mother to sign everything off once she arrived.

"Where the hell is that mother of yours?" Uncle asked impatiently while sitting back drinking a glass of the best claret I could find in the cellar. With one very wet hand now on Emilie's knee, the other imbibing, he looked so relaxed and yet his voice signalled some irritation. Why should he expect anything other of mummy? She had been devastated by Daddy's death and had withdrawn back to the old estate in the UK. I'd never visited there in years, but she had apparently used some of the inheritance to renovate the house. Yet she seemed to have no visitors other than her younger sister, my Aunt Agatha, who lived in London and then once a year my father's brother Uncle Albert and my cousin Andrew, Uncle's son and heir. I'd last seen that spotty urchin when he was about 18 and due to go to live in Mauritius with his sister Juliette and their French mother. Now Auntie Suzon was a prude in need of a lightening up. Another ex-convent girl apparently. I could hardly remember her.

"She promised to be here within 24 hours, so I expect her any moment now. My driver is on alert to pick her up from the airport and bring her straight to us, but given how isolated we are they are going to be some time," I answered, mesmerised by the sight of Uncle's fingers having moved to toy lightly with Emilie's red pubic hair. She was being such a slut, with her legs wide apart and showing no embarrassment at all that Charlene, Yvette and me could see everything. I found myself smiling as I noticed that my lawyer was clearly aroused but trying to be so professional. She was moving her papers slowly from the table, obviously making sure there was no obscuring of her view while pretending to be the serious adviser. I decided to test her.

"Erotic isn't it?" I whispered in her ear, knowing the little blow of air on her ear lobe would probably arouse her further.

"Er, pardon?" she replied, giving me a look that suggested I had just caught her with her hand in the cookie jar or somewhere more intimate. Her blushed skin looked cute, I thought.

"Erotic, isn't it?" I repeated, using my most breathy voice close to her beautifully delicate ear. It was all I could do to not give it a kiss or even better, a lick. "Uncle likes to toy with his women, and he is so good. Enormous cock too you know," I added, coolly.

"Has he?" she asked a little louder than perhaps she intended, clearly surprised as her eyes widened and she licked her lips. She looked down, eyes darting away from Emilie's now wide open thighs to Uncle's obvious bulge that in those chinos left little to the imagination.

"Oh yes and I am sure if you asked he would show it to you, or better still skewer your tight pussy on it," I offered candidly and not a little excited by the idea that I might get Charlene to shed her professional image and become another notch on Uncle's bedpost; and hopefully mine.

"How do you know it's tight?" Surprising me with her husky reply that oozed sexual tension, if not a little amusement in her tone.

I giggled, then said, "Well, you are unmarried, 40 years old and clearly so busy you probably have a hard time finding a good fucker despite your beauty." I giggled again, enjoying this banter.

It was her time to laugh as she retorted, "You little Sherlock Holmes! But the flaw is I might have a huge vibrator at home to keep me open and ready for a good shag."

"And have you?" I asked, my eyes meeting hers in a way that oozed lust when accompanied by my widest smile.

"Of course," she offered simply.

Of course? Hell, here was I, only just allowing all that pent-up sexuality out and she has been freely fucking her cock toy whilst keeping up appearances as the cool lawyer. I hugged her tightly from the side, in a move that showed both affection and approval. She surprised me again by hugging me back and then letting her hand slip from my waist to gently squeeze my right buttock. What was she telling me? I turned to try to read her facial expression and was shocked to meet a pair of soft, sensual lips locking onto mine. It was brief but my pussy reacted like a full fuck was on the cards.

"Sorry, I've wanted to do that for a long time," she whispered, the voice again husky and ever so sexy. My pussy was throbbing, I could feel my clitoris engorging and my nipples were fighting with the silk to get out. I thought Uncle was going to have to wait his turn.

"Can I join you?" Yvette asked, approaching us from her side of the table, having completed the final notes she'd made.

I turned, still slightly shocked by the rapidity of both the disclosures and the behaviour, but knew I had to keep my authority with my PA, and of course recent lover. I looked at Charlene, who nodded her approval and gave me a big smile.

"Oh please, you look so ravishing in that dress."

"Yes," said Charlene, "and good enough to eat." The innuendo was not lost on us, nor the fact that her eyes never left looking directly at my PA's deep swell of bosom.

I gulped. Was this woman predatory? I'd never seen this side of her in all the years I'd used her Company. However, when she had previously assisted me I was the office frump, the Miss Prissy of the Valley, and she was the perfect professional. Besides, there hadn't been Uncle and Emilie in front of us behaving as if we were not there. His fingers were deep in her pussy again and she had turned to trace the long and obviously wide contours of his cock. I doubted it would be much more time before that zipper was slid down and (as I remembered now from that repressed memory) his wonderful dick released. The scene was not helped by the low moans escaping from both their mouths. It set me off, the predatory Domme emerging.

"Yvette, take off your dress and show Charlene what a lovely body you have," I ordered, expecting resistance as I had not done this to her before. How wrong I was. She shrugged, then reached down to the first button that was only a few inches above her navel, revealing more inches of her expansive breasts, then followed with each one in turn to first expose her taut, saucer-like nipples with tips long and obviously aching, before eventually letting the soft material slip from her shoulders and form a puddle of blue at her feet. She stepped out of the material, keeping on her high heels, much to my pleasure. Her thighs and calves were so well sculpted by years working out but now I was most aroused by her completely smooth pussy and the long, pouting lips of her sex. Her clitoris was already large and peeking out, suggesting this act was something she had fantasised about doing. Well, now she had absolute permission. Past days had indicated her submissiveness.

"Mmmm, quite the exhibitionist aren't you my darling?" Charlene observed as she stepped forward to cup a heavy breast in her hand then at the same time pull me into her to give me another kiss. This time I was left in no doubt what she wanted as she snaked her tongue deep into my mouth. I stepped nearer, taking Yvette's other tit in my hand and squeezed it cruelly as my lust for Charlene - in fact for both of them - surfaced openly. I heard the groans from Emilie and Uncle getting louder; fleetingly opening an eye to see past my lawyer and affirm that my Company Secretary was sucking hard on that cock. His head was back and her long nails were raking over his hairy chest. Somewhere along the way his shirt had been removed. No one would believe his age, I thought. He had a six-pack like a 20 year old and pecs to die for.

Something just snapped in me, Dominic had said it would. I could not help it, I had to be in control. Despite his statement that sometimes I would like to be topped from the bottom, this was not the time.

"Charlene," I said in a low, authoritative voice, "strip."

"I thought you'd never ask," she replied, licking her lips as she undid her tight little black jacket. The single button popped open, revealing a pure white cotton blouse with its simple traditional collar framing her beautiful long neck. Her breasts filled the cut of the shirt with little room to spare. She was 'stacked' as daddy used to say about me. He was always teasing me, laughing at my titties as they grew so quickly in my teens. Oh how I missed him.

Charlene reached for the side of her skirt. The zip slipped down easily, with two women staring at her slim hips, hoping to see more of her with every action. She looked at me from under her eyelids like some sexy model, then caught Yvette's gaze and smiled a wicked smile. The hook and eye on the waistband did not stay closed long. The short pencil skirt hit the floor quickly. Wow, she looked so gorgeous in tiny black lace panties, stockings and garter belt, and that pure white blouse that hid some promising tits.

"Blouse next. Keep the stockings and garter belt but everything else must go."

"Yes Mistress," she replied, assuming the countenance of a submissive but I was sure this woman was a switch and clearly a bisexual one given her interest in me and in Uncle. But who cared when all I could do was stand, watching her unbutton that top one fastening at a time? And as she did, so those magnificent titties were coming into view. She was a Wonderbra fan, that was for sure. The push 'em up and push 'em out effect was amazing. She was at least a 34G but had been well hidden behind the sombre suit. Like me, she was staid on the outside, but unlike me this was one hell of a slut bursting to get out. I just knew it.

"Oh!" I gasped, unable to hide my delight as she quickly dispatched her piece of engineering. "Look at those tits!" I almost shouted as the brassiere hit the floor and the huge globes swayed and bounced as if defying gravity. I was becoming tit obsessed with first Yvette and now Charlene who beat both of us in the big breasts stakes. And it did not help that she was now caressing them blatantly in front of us, the slut.

"Holy Christ!" exclaimed Yvette. Her mouth was open, tongue lightly licking her lips whilst she never let her eyes leave the huge saucer-like nipples and mounds of firm titty flesh that hands were alternately cupping, pinching and weighing. Yvette knew, just as I instantly knew, that Charlene would become the latest member of my Ponsonby harem.

"Kiss her Yvette, kiss her pussy," I ordered, gesturing to my lover to get on her knees as I now stood above kissing and licking at the hard teats presented like offerings by my lawyer. I could hear the slavering, slopping sounds of my PA as her tongue lapped and slurped noisily at Charlene's shaven cunt lips that were topped by a small tuft of fine hair on her mons. If that was kissing, I wanted some! Charlene's prim veneer had completely been peeled away. Her mouth was open in a small 'o', her chest was heaving and the sounds she was making were pure lustful moans.

"You are such a slut aren't you Charlene?"

"Mmmmm," she uttered, unable to speak, but nodded. She was biting her lip while my hands now pinched her tits hard, stretching the large teats between my fingers. I was enjoying hurting her, though I suspected that the adrenaline from the pain was working against it. There was pleasure in her face. Her tongue occasionally flicked out, like a snake tasting the air. She was hungry to be loved until she came. That selfish bucking of her pussy into Yvette's face told me my PA was being used as just a fuck toy. I knew Charlene was potentially powerful but her Achilles heel was her vulnerability to a good lick. She had become helpless, shaking as her orgasm came nearer and nearer. In fact, Charlene acted like my childhood pet dog. Rub her chest and she was anybody's. I just had to laugh and this made me appear like a classic dominating sadist; especially with my fingers pinching those huge nipples so hard. How distant she was now from the cool professional. And to think, I had been the catalyst for that effect.

Then I thought the most evil idea as I visualised her crushing her cunt so hard into Yvette's face now with an amazing rhythm. However, it was Uncle who made it real.

"Tut, tut, you've a lot to learn darling Helene. Don't let the bitch come until you want her to. Dominate her. Order that she can only come when you say. The slut is asking for it, make her wait," Uncle hissed in my ear as his great bear-like hands cupped at my breasts. I could feel his massive cock pressing hard against the crease between my buttocks. He was taking advantage of my slightly stooped position as I was giving Yvette below a little space for her sloppy and very noisy licking and sucking.

In my excited state I'd completely forgotten about Uncle, but here he was standing naked and close behind. I could imagine his tumescent dick, its cock-end dripping with cum and Emilie's juice, inviting my tight cunt to open. Or was he after my anus? We had crossed a legal line, but I did not mind, All I could think of was that his uncut English prick was huge and had only recently been deep in my Company Secretary's silky smooth cunt. I'm not sure which was the more evocative image in my mind. However, as his cock-head inveigled its way between my swollen lips and into my sopping sex, I gave Charlene an extra twist of her tits and commanded coldly, "You are not to come until I tell you to, slut!"

It's difficult being cold when the largest dick you've ever had in your life - or are ever likely to - is half way to touching your cervix! My God, I had to widen my legs to allow the monster in further. It felt fantastic. No matter how much I knew that a cock need not be large to give pleasure, this monster was hitting all the right spots both physically and in my psyche. I moaned loudly, something only a few days before I would have suppressed. Now I was just one pure fuck doll; dominating Charlene and Yvette, who was now crushed between Uncle's cock and balls, my cunt and Charlene's pussy. Not only was she being pulled onto that sexy twat, she was being pushed rhythmically against it, and harder with each of Uncle's thrusts. Could she breathe down there? Did I care? Not one bit. She was just a slut, a horny harlot who deserved it in my twisted, sex-crazed mind. I was the superior one, she was my toy.

"Do you like my hard dick in you, Niece? I've wanted to do this ever since that night you saw your mummy sucking me off. You liked what you saw didn't you?" He asked, panting as his cock thrust another hard plunge into me. "You should have stayed. I could see you sneaking a look and your plump nipples were poking at the silk of your party dress. Your mummy would have loved it. She told me many times how much she wanted you, but was confused by her feelings. Sometimes she smacked you when all she wanted was to..." his breath was getting heavier, more broken in his speech as his thick cock slid deeper in then pulled back to plunge back urgently into my molten sex.."to lick your tight pussy. And your daddy was absolutely besotted with you. He told me once when I was fucking him how he had spanked you at the lake. He could never take it as far as..." his breath was hot on my ear, his words strained as he was clearly close to cumming..."he wanted to...so he would bring your lovely mummy to me and we would be a threesome, enacting his fantasies on your mother."

"Oh, God!" I screamed, panting hard as I felt my orgasm coming closer and closer. Was he just turning me on in his perverted way or had he really fucked both mummy and daddy? My head was filled with fantasy images of them all together. When I'd left that party in a haze of confused thoughts as a young adult, had I really been turned on and not disgusted? "Ohhhhh!" I heard myself scream as my pussy wiped its slick juice on Yvette's head and somewhere as if in the distance Charlene was calling, "Please, please may I come mistress? I..I...I'm being good, I'm obeying you." I felt like being cruel, thinking momentarily what opportunities I'd missed in my pretence of 'Little Miss Prude', but I was close to cumming too and loved the idea of a simultaneous orgasm. I squeezed her titties with more love than cruelty, steadying myself against her and just getting the order out with a stifled 'yes' before crushing my mouth against hers as an orgasm began to crash through my body. It was no small wave building to greater ones. No, this was just a pure release of good old fashioned pleasure from my stand-up fuck. We moaned into each others' mouths; listening to the obscenities coming out of Uncle's as his cum pumped into me, overflowing down my legs and dripping onto Yvette below who was also moaning loudly. I could feel a pair of soft, gentle hands caressing my breasts, playing with my nipples and weighing the heavy globes with such loving care. Was it Emilie? Had to be, unless...

I looked to my left, breaking the intense kiss with Charlene. How had I missed her arrival? It was my mother, smiling like a Cheshire cat and completely naked. I felt embarrassed and yet, what a turn on! She was squeezing my tits now as if saying 'hello'. Better than any handshake!

"Hello Darling, I see Uncle is entertaining you," she said simply in her rich, deep and husky tone.

I broke away, reluctantly letting Uncle's still rampant cock (how did he do that?) plop from my dripping cunt, his warm cum dribbling everywhere, then hugged mummy not thinking anything about her nakedness, except lust. She felt wonderful against me, her heavy breasts pressed hard to mine, her hands stroking through my hair like she did when I had slipped into her bed as a child, but I was not prepared for the next thing. She kissed me, hard on the lips. No parental peck. And her hands had travelled down so one was now on my back and the other squeezing and appraising my arse.

As she broke away from that breathtaking kiss, she said, "Do you know how long I've wanted to do that? It was daddy's wish I stay close to you, to educate you in the art of sex, but after his..." and the words seemed to stick in her throat..."his untimely death, I just couldn't do it. He had not wanted to push things as you two got the business going but we waited far, far too long. So much lost pleasure. I-I-I'm so sorry."

She was crying, the tears rolling down her face as she held me tight, her wonderful soft hands never stopping their stroking, loving touches over my sensitive body. I could feel nothing but love for her, total unexpurgated affection. Before she could say another word I was kissing her and Uncle was enclosing us in his arms. Of course, it didn't stop him eventually sliding his hand down to park one finger between my arse cheeks as his others fanned over my taut buttocks! But that was nothing compared to mummy who had stopped crying and was now playing tonsil hockey with me, moaning into my mouth and letting her hands again roam my titties. Did I mind? Not one bit. Somehow it felt right, not wrong and illegal as my previous persona would have dictated. Thank heavens for finding N.U.D.E.Ltd. I was sure the good Doctor had tweaked my mind with that machine of his. I felt no shame, just love and hunger for her.

"Darling, I love you so much. I'm sorry I've not been there for you. I've been confused by my feelings and the detailed instructions that your Daddy left for me. I..I..." she broke off, tears again streaming down her face but with no let up in her sexual 'assault' on my body. Her hands were starting to roam everywhere, and I mean everywhere. As she revealed the contents of Daddy's last letter to her, which she had clearly memorised, her fingers were parting and toying with my sex. She was loving and yet almost appraising me. I was getting so turned on. I'd switched from dominant to submissive in her presence.

"Lick me," she ordered brusquely as her hands pushed me down from the shoulders.

I couldn't refuse, could I? Though I was surprised to find her sex completely devoid of any hair. Her pussy lips were pouting, engorged and a dark red with a bright pink inner. I licked at first tentatively until like Charlene had done to Yvette I was pulled onto her as she became ever more horny and selfish in her desire to come.

"That's it," I could hear Uncle say in encouragement,"Fuck her face. That's something I am going to do later, until she takes a load of my jism just like you (referring to my mother) have done since University. Yes, rub her face all over your hot cunt."

"Ooooo," my mum wailed, unable to speak with the pleasure she was taking after so long. I could hardly breath and yet I wanted this, I wanted her to have all the pleasure in the world. She had suffered in mourning for long enough. In fact, I was glad that those bastards had tried to take the Company. It had brought us back together and in a way I had never, ever imagined. My cunt was dripping with juice as I stuck my tongue as deep as I could into mummy's wonderful twat. In fact, I was grasping her firm, hot arse cheeks and pulling her harder to me than she had just been doing herself. Now I was the slut and I was loving it.

Actually, had I never imagined it with mummy before? Some more flash-backs to scenes of my parents fucking and sucking flitted across my mind. No matter, my attention returned to the present.

I could hear the screams and moans of another huddle of people somewhere near, but I had only one thought; to make my mummy come. It happened after a surprisingly long time with the loudest wail. She clung to me, holding my head hard to her pussy, then sprayed a load of her juice into my mouth. Yes, mum was a squirter. I felt so proud of myself for making her come, though a little embarassed as the reality sank in.

I need not have worried, mummy pulled me to the thick soft carpet and laid herself next to me, our breasts touching lightly as she hugged me, telling me over and over how much she loved me and how Daddy wanted me to know that he loved me too, even if he was not present in body. Uncle lay behind me, his hard cock a distraction as it pressed against my arse but he was silent, his arm reaching across me in an attempt to hug us both. I was the meat in a very hot sandwich, but it reminded me a lot of cuddling in bed at home with my parents when they let me.

I flashed back to that memory of jumping on my parents' bed when drunk at 18. Remember readers? I told you about it in the first N.U.D.E.chapter. I'd stripped off, run into their room and flashed at them, my big tits bouncing up and down like mad on their bed. Daddy had thrashed me. I had great big stripes on my bottom for days and I'd felt so guilty too because I got a funny but very pleasurable sensation in my cunt from it rubbing against something hard between his legs. At the time I went all flushed and dizzy. He told me it was wrong, but then when I was 19 he'd spanked me again down at the river. Suddenly a whole set of suppressed memories came back. Both parents had not stopped walking naked round the house - despite Daddy saying I was bad to jump nude on their bed - and both had taken to swimming naked daily too. Uncle had been over many times and often they were to be seen by that pool. I'd not thought twice about him oiling my mom or dad even when as I now recollected his hands had spread over their arses and mummy's big breasts. I'd never seen Daddy erect with the exception of the river incident , though I'd felt him against my belly when he spanked me on various occasions, but now I realised there must have been many, many times I'd missed out on seeing his huge cock. However, I suddenly recalled he had very large, heavy balls that swung low and even flaccid I realised his cock had been very big.

I felt a sudden pang of deep regret at never giving him full, physical love; a sadness that was only dissipated by his brother now hugging me tighter, as if he felt my pain. And at that point I realised there was something else I was suppressing but I could not remember what. Besides, I was enjoying the caresses of mummy who was lightly stroking my heaving breasts in a most sensual way and at the same time Uncle's cock began a rhythmic pressing against my butt cheeks, its tip so close to my anus. His hands were playing with mum's dark nipples, encouraging them to grow hard and very long as they crowned her pendulous titties. I watched as he stretched and teased them, and saw the changes in my mother's facial expressions from the gentle smile in her eyes and mouth to a dilation of her pupils and the repeated licking of her lips as sensual gratification took hold. Like me she was very sensitive there and soon she had lain her thigh over mine and was rubbing herself against me, leaving her juice on me like the trail of a snail. A moan escaped her lips as Uncle slid his hand between us and with the back of it rubbing her smooth mons, dipped without ceremony his fingers into my very overheated and wet cunt. I could not help my loud sigh of delight, but it was nothing compared to what he did next.

He finger fucked me, keeping his hand trapped between our thighs, but just as I was close to coming he withdrew and turned me forcibly onto my belly. My cunt cream was spread between my arse cheeks as mummy rolled back to watch; sitting up with her legs wide and her fingers delving into her honey pot as Uncle prepared my anus for his inevitable assault. Could I do this? I'd done it once with Dominic, but though he was big, Uncle was something else and besides that one occasion the only other time was during that unusual fitting for my leather fetish wear.

My thoughts were so conflicted. I could tell mummy was delighted for me but I felt scared and embarrassed to do this in front of her; yet at the same time elated, doing this for both of them, but most of all for me. Dr Dominic Powers at N.U.D.E. had said this was one act I 'most needed to submit to more often' as part of my therapy. However, what really helped was the sudden presence of Emilie De Caune, who lifted my chin to place a gentle kiss on my lips then whispered in my ear, "You will learn to love it in your arse. Remember what I said about my husband? It is the only thing he does that gives me satisfaction. Your Uncle and mummy want only pleasure for you. We all do."

She kissed me again and began stroking my back as Uncle ordered me to get onto all fours. I sensed people all around me, but lay my head on the carpet facing my mother whose body was now splayed as she masturbated wildly and uttered words of encouragement. They were not to me though, they were for Uncle.

"Yes Albert, get that thick cock deep in her bowel...Show her that an anus is not just for shitting...fuck her hard and long," she shouted, excited as her body shivered and was racked with pleasure.

"Get your pussy in her mouth slut," ordered Uncle. Mummy began to move. "Not you! You wank for me. No, Emilie, get your delightful pussy on this bitch's mouth!" He was so much the dominant, so in charge and it was electrifying.

Emilie scuttled to spread her legs in front of me. Imagine, she was up on her knees, red bush enticing, pussy lips open and her familiar sweet aroma invading my nostrils as I tasted her dripping labia hard against my mouth. Simultaneously Uncle's fingers began drilling into my rookie anus. Just when Aggie in the leather wear shop had pushed her thumb into my arsehole, and Dominic his hard meat, so my sphincter seemed to open surprisingly easily for him. However, this was Uncle's fingers; first one, then the width of two. Could I manage the bulbous head of this enormous rampant cock?

"Relax darling," I heard Mummy and Emilie instruct in unison. They giggled, realising their simultaneous expression of care.

"Shut up!" snapped Uncle, "She has to learn to know her position with me. Now slut, prepare for my cock. It's aching to enter that gorgeous arse of yours."

I tried my hardest to ease the muscles of my anus, knowing that within seconds his huge cock would prise its way into me. He withdrew his hand, wiping his fingers over my cunt; ready to slick my arse up with extra juice. Then I felt the blunt hot knob press against my anal ring. At first he grunted but nothing happened bar the firm pressure, but then the sphincter opened slightly, the cock end pressing in. It did not hurt but ached with its size until the whole bell end was ensconced in my bowel. I heard his grunt of pleasure and relief, then he pressed on. I gave a muted cry, a momentary point of pain, but followed quickly by a growing sensation of pleasure as inch by inch his monster moved ever deeper into my presented arse. With a few more thrusts and grunts he was deep in my bowels, his balls slapping against my cunt lips, and his actions clearly exciting Emilie whom I was simultaneously licking to multiple orgasms judging from her cries.

Her repeated coming had my face awash with her juice. The smell of sex was thick in the air and around me were more sounds of orgasms, which I guessed included Charlene and Yvette who continued their exploration of each other; as also instructed by Uncle.

I was moaning loudly into Emilie's muff, the feeling from my arse radiating through me as powerfully as any vaginal sensations, if not more. I was so excited! I wanted Uncle to pump his thick cum deep into me. I imagined walking around afterwards with the jism dripping from me like some liquid trophy of my debasement. Yes, I enjoyed being 'covered' by him. Only Uncle could make me completely switch I realised, or at least so far in my belated education.

He was fucking me now like a wild animal. I was the bitch to his dog, the lioness to his lion, the mare to his stallion, and I loved it. I felt such love for him amongst the sheer debauchery and lust. I had only one care, that he came. Although the pleasure felt unending, his domination of me in this way satisfied me at so many levels.

I heard my mother scream with orgasmic delight, then say 'I love you Helene. I love you Albert. Oh, I miss..." And then she went silent.

His hands clawed at my tits as he covered my back, bucking against me and fucking me hard. I listened to every word of his increasingly breathless obscenities and felt the cruelty of his fingers digging into my flesh. I was a 'bitch, cunt, slut, whore, arse-fuck', and so on. And I loved it. I wanted it. I needed to be debased, to know there was a man or woman in my life who had some way to control me when no one else would be allowed to. It was my penance for the inner shame I felt at having been such a sanctimonious frump for so long and (a thought that came much later) for having not offered myself in an incestuous triste with the people I had most loved in all the world.

Emilie fainted away in front of me. I sensed her drop back, her legs shaking then slackening. Strangely she was silent as she came for the last time. I kept my eyes closed, focusing on the pure sensuality of the experience. I stopped licking and concentrated on just Uncle and me. He seemed as if he would never stop but I was wrong.

"Now bitch, take my cum!" he shouted as he gave one long last thrust into my opened bowel. I was one wide fuck tunnel now and could accept his cock quite tightly but easily. I felt the hot spurts of jism wash the walls. I imagined them gushing from that massive bulbous head and spraying deep inside. I began to tighten a little around him as he lay across my back, his hands now gently stroking my titties and his dick subsiding slightly from its large girth. The first dribble of cum trickled down onto my inner thigh. I smiled. So satisfied.

I looked in front to see a set of brightly engorged cunt lips opened like a flower and awash with my saliva and to my right Mummy's pussy slick and open too. How beautiful they both looked. Behind was Yvette and Charlene who were still fucking, positioned in a 69 and making loud slurping noises. All around the air was thick with pussy smells and cum.

I stayed on all fours, delighting at the feeling of having Uncle heavy on my back. I liked this, symbolic of his domination. He was our leader and I accepted that. We would all owe him our future. If we were to succeed in bringing the other Directors back into line, we needed him and he would never be disrespected.

I was just saddened when his cock eventually slid out from my anus, the gush of cum followed by trickles as I walked to the kitchens to make our meal. I missed my Daddy so much. How had I failed to notice his desire for me? Or Mummy's for that matter. Still with her I would make up time lost...

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When I walked in the office the next day, I felt immensely confident in our plan. I had summoned the Board to meet at 2pm that afternoon, which gave me time to implement the next part of my strategy. I knew our company would never be the same again, but also that it would be better for what I was about to do. I just needed particular things to happen and in the right sequence.

I'd hired a people carrier and driver to take my entourage to the firm. Uncle would come later, ready to make his entrance with our 'trump card'. So, Emilie, Yvette, Rebecca (whom I'd called back from her successful adventures in the Sex Shop business), Charlene and myself had got ready at the Mansion before setting off. It had been quite a struggle to untangle our bodies from the debauched pile that we had become that night. However, we had been sufficiently disciplined to not overdo it; if it is possible to overdo an orgy.

We all dressed the same that morning, once the bathing and showering was over. Emilie had decided her bushy red snatch was to go, so Yvette did the honours of shaving her and then spent an hour making love. Well, by the end I have to admit Charlene and I joined in. It was in the interests of science of course. We just wanted to know if shaven red pussy was tastier than hairy red pussy. The former won. She was so wet with excitement at her new sensual state that she was acting like a complete slut and we were all taking advantage. There was inevitably much giggling and moaning. By the time we finished we all needed a bath or shower again!

Mummy had gone back to her rooms at the other end of the house. It had been a tradition that she and daddy kept separate quarters from me whether here or back in England. I'd naively thought it was to have peace, but in reality I knew now it was to have debauched sex with whoever they liked. Uncle had alluded to it last night, but I was looking forward to hearing their tales. What I did know is that not only was it separated from the house by an electronic door, which I'd accepted as out of bounds when closed, but it had a separate access point that was not visible from the rest of the estate. When Uncle left, I could guess exactly where he went. I did not need to ask and I felt so happy for mummy.

"Ok, are we all ready now?"

"Yes, Mistress," they replied in unison.

"Right, let's inspect you," I ordered, gesturing for them to line up. I really meant it as a joke, but something had changed in that house that night. All of them stood proudly, their chests out, their heads back, with concentration etched on their faces. 'Ok,' I thought, 'let's do this properly'

Each one wore a charcoal grey suit, with mini-skirt. The jackets were undone, with under them a pure white cotton blouse. All collars were open, with buttons released as low as conceivably possible to show the curve of their breasts. Even the smallest, Emilie, looked beautiful. Her little titties pressed against the cloth. I thought I'd chance it, pushing her to be more open in public by ordering, "One more button, now!"

She obeyed, her fingers slightly shaking. Surely not with fear? No, the slut, I noticed her deliberately brush the tips over her hard nipples that were poking at the cotton, trying to escape confinement. 'I'll leave her hot and squirming,' I thought.

"Lift your skirt. I hope there are no panties or you will be punished later," I snapped, being as stern as my growing lust would let me.

"Sorry Mistress," she said in a whisper, lifting her skirt to display a microscopic pair of diaphanous white lace panties. They looked gorgeous encasing her newly depilated pussy, but they had to go. I'd ordered it hadn't I?

"Get those off!" I said sharply, watching as she slid them down her beautiful legs. It was hard staying restrained, but I took the opportunity to mock her a little having noticed a glistening line along the tiny gusset. "So, you are wet and horny already? Does it excite you to take your knickers off?"

"N-n-yes Mistress but it's not taking the knickers off, it's showing you my smooth pussy Mistress..."

"N-n-yes?" I mocked, reaching my hand out to run my index finger along her slick and juicy slit. I watched her face as obvious pleasure washed over it and laughed to myself as I saw out of the corner of my eye Charlene and Rebecca removing their knickers! As if I would not notice. So naughty, I was sure that later I would make them pay in the nicest way for that sneakiness. And so I moved on.

"Yvette, lift that skirt darling," I instructed gently. I knew I should not have favourites, but I loved her beauty and loyalty to me. Also, she was the one who could make me instantly wet just thinking about my face between her pillow-like breasts. 'Thank God I'm not wearing panties,' I thought. I reached out again to run the same digit that had just been for walkies on Emilie's slit up and down her gaping pussy lips. "Beautiful," I exclaimed, watching her bite her lip in the sexy way only she could do and admired the soft mound of venus that earlier mine had ground against until we had cried out in unison. Then I opened my mouth, brought my sodden fingers to my lips and sucked the sweet nectar that dripped from my finger. "Mmmmm."

"Charlene, skirt," I instructed simply. I need not have said anything as she was doing it before the words were out of my mouth and Rebecca had done the same. Now I had two pudenda to admire. Dripping wet ones judging by the glistening slits. The only differences were Beccy's prominent labia that hung long and seemed so swollen in comparison with Charlene's. However, though Charlene's were smaller, her clitoris was poking out and larger than average. I had to touch it but this time I lifted my skirt, exposing my open sex to my lovers, then squatted in front of her to bend forward and lick the hard nub with my outstretched tongue. The instant moans from above said it all. I kept at it until she came rapidly, obviously having been aroused while waiting her turn. Then I rose, kissed her deeply so she could taste her honey on me before adjusting my skirt and without a word moved to Beccy.

I looked back at Charlene and said, "Good girl. I know you will serve me well." Then, I looked into Beccy's eyes, their brightness so beautiful to see. She looked so alive, so happy and I knew in that instant what a good idea it had been to set her to work on that sex shop's rejuvenation. Though now my thoughts were turning to something else. I looked down at her chest, her jacket open but her blouse too prim. I undid four buttons and slid my hand inside to cup her ample right breast. My other hand slid over her pussy lips, admiring how wet she was and the additional sensuality of the clitoral ring she had added since working with that sex shop owner on her marketing project. Last night I'd felt between my lips the other adornments: two gold nipple rings that had added a new sensation as my tongue pressed her teats to the roof of my mouth and were held between my teeth. I loved those long nipples that sat on enormous saucers that I was again playing with as Beccy moaned and sighed. I knew how sensitive she was and this was the ultimate in pleasure for her. The speed of her orgasm however surprised me. Still, she was now 'charged up' for her role today as our previous sessions suggested one cum was never enough for her. No, better to leave her 'on the edge'. I knew she would do anything for me in that state. Some adjustment at N.U.D.E had seen to that.

"Right, time to go," I stated as if nothing had happened.

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When we walked in the office we looked the business. All dressed the same, all looking completely professional though with closer scrutiny staff would have noticed the deeper than normal cleavages. The expanse of legs on show was also probably more than expected, but the overall look was an intimidating posse of five. We headed for the boardroom.

"Ah, good, they have done as instructed," I said."Now sit as planned."

I'd had the large oak Board table removed under the pretext it was for cleaning. In its place I had ordered a glass table like the one in the manion that allowed us to see all under it; leaving no place to hide from the 'leakage' of body language. It was also part of our plan. What one might call a little distraction. The team sat in the places we had agreed would be their's.

"Can we talk now?" Beccy asked, stage whispering to me across the table.

"Yes, I've had the room swept for bugs and other electrical devices and placed a jammer outside. My technician found four, plus two in the ladies and my private office a few days ago. The receiver was in Daniel de Caune's office with another in Jason Banks's. Both are at this moment being fed with fictitious information using two actors who are impersonating Uncle and me," I explained. "It's perfectly safe to talk now, but I've left the one in my office bathroom. I want you all to use that one when you piss. Let them hear you. Oh, and fart loudly," I added laughing.

The others giggled, creating a tidal wave of bouncing breasts. A wonderful sight. I have to admit the exhibitionist in me - which was coming out more and more - liked the idea of someone eavesdropping on me pissing. I was disappointed no video cameras had been found. I'd have liked Jason seeing me let out a stream of pee. He would probably have wanked for hours over that recording, the egotistical bastard.

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After an hour's preparation, the boardroom phone rang. I answered. I saw the girls sit up straight, suddenly serious again. They knew what this meant.

I sat in the Chairman's seat, a large leather chair with winged arms that had been in my father's study at the mansion until a few days ago when I had decided I wanted something that reminded me of his strength. Many times as a child I had sat on his knee in that chair and it was where he took me one night as an adult when I was naughty. The memory had come back late last night of being unceremoniously lain across his lap, his dick hard beneath me, as he spanked my bare bottom. N.U.D.E Ltd's director had worked miracles on me, by carefully releasing the hidden memories one by one. They were not false ones he had explained, but something that so far he could not identify was blocking them. Using the hypnotherapy, he had put a 'fail-safe' into my thinking that saved me from overloading with the imagery. However, sitting in that chair right now I had an instant desire to be spanked!

The large oak door to the boardroom opened and in strode Jason and Daniel, looking uber-confident. They had arrived together with a thin, sharp faced woman of about 30 years old whom I could only assume was their lawyer. She wore a grey pinstriped suit, that encased a very slim body with what I could only imagine were tiny tits hidden behind a pastel pink blouse. Her skirt was conservative in length, though I noticed she broke the professional mode with five silver piercings down her left ear and some very dramatic, almost gothic looking, rings on both hands. Her hair was blonde, short (almost masculine) and cut to reveal the cutest ears. I liked her jewelry, it was so individual, and it gave off some good vibes about her. Plus her blue eyes were large and sparkling. I just knew she would play things straight. Uncle had said as much.She had known mummy too, according to him. So why was she now in Justin's team? I hoped it was just business to her, because I was going for that man's jugular.

I didn't get up, but gestured to the chairs we had left for them. I gave them my sincerest smile whilst wanting to wipe the smirk off the two directors' faces. My entourage did the same, though I knew if Beccy had her way then Jason would have been gelded on the spot.

There was silence as Jason's secretary brought in tea and biscuits. The women, on a signal from me, opened their legs in unison around the table. Their pussies looked beautiful and not a little aroused. I saw Jason and Daniel both look confused, thrown by the unorthodox events emerging. Their lawyer did not notice immediately but when she did, she seemed distracted, stroking her throat and neck as intermittently she stared through the glass table top and was particularly focused on Charlene. The secretary, Caroline (the nosey one who'd heard Beccy's and my orgasms chronicled in the last Chapter) hadn't missed it either. I hoped she would not as I still had plans for that bitch.

Uncle arrived unannounced, making a dramatic entrance with mummy who looked stunning in a red dress that clung to her figure. She was amazing for her age. We greeted and kissed, her hand slipping down as she hugged me to squeeze my arse. I smiled as we broke apart with mummy sitting to my right and Uncle my left.

"Right, let's get down to business..."

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"...So, we are agreed Jason and Daniel, you are going to resign from the Board in exchange for no prosecution for illegal phone tapping or misappropriation of Company funds for the said purpose of undermining the legitimate authority of the Board. You will be allowed to keep an allocation of shares and receive a severance payment each equivalent to one year's Directors' pay. Daniel will however transfer 50% of his share allocation to Emilie as Company Secretary, who will invest in the new joint venture with N.U.D.E. Ltd. It will be at her discretion how much of that dividend she shares with you," I said, looking at the crestfallen form of her husband. "This will be subject to how well you perform your matrimonial duties and so completely dependent on whether you step up to the mark in ways that are outside the influence of others at this table."

I watched him squirm in his seat as Emilie, who was sitting to his left reached her hand across and grasped his cock through his black Versace trousers. I smiled. Uncle had been inspired with that little clause. I fell silent for a while watching his face as he was (torn) by the dependence on the wife he had neglected for how much income he might receive.

"Sorry that your investor changed sides to me, but then Uncle does have more power in his little finger than you two miserable worms," I added as a final shot across their bows. And then as if as an afterthought, but aimed at diminishing their status as much as possible,"Oh, and leave the building once you have signed the forms, so ably laid out by Ms Cathcart. Also, Caroline, the sexy brunette one in the tight skirt, is instructed to take your car keys, ID cards and has with David from IT locked you out of the mainframe.!"

Jason looked like he would bust a blood vessel. His lawyer had a wry smile on her face which he had not noticed. She looked so beautiful as she laid out the various contractual forms that we had pre-prepared for signature. Her tall, slim frame had a certain attraction for me. I imagined my hands sliding over her tiny breasts and down her thin body, with its flat stomach before delving between her thighs. I could visualise her pert bottom pressing against my pussy mound as I kissed her neck whilst continuing my caresses. I wanted to hear her panting and letting her prim self become as much a horny bitch as I was in the bedroom (and anywhere else in the house come to think of it). I was absolutely dripping between my legs just thinking about it, so much so that I had not noticed how much I was staring at her, and then as if sensing me looking she was doing it back at me.

'What beautiful eyes she has,' was the only thought that entered my head as we continued staring straight at each other for more than what might be considered normal or decent. And I saw the pupils slightly dilate. Was she attracted to me? Her mouth was moving but I was mesmerised. It took a while for anything other than sudden lust to register.

"Ms Ponsonby, please put your signature there, there and there," she instructed, offering me a very expensive fountain pen to complete my agreements. I accepted the pen, taking delight in touching her long fingers gently for just a little longer than necessary. The men then followed, with - and this was all part of my plan - Beccy countersigning as one witness and Charlene as the other. I watched Ms Cathcart stare at their bosoms. Another part of the plan was that once seated their jackets would be removed, allowing their heavy tits (though not in Emilie's case!) to press against the white cotton blouses. With the low decolletage and visible dark saucers topped by hard nipples pressing urgently against the material they were supremely distracting. I wanted Jason to know what he was missing. Daniel less so given he swung both ways but more for the boys. However, the added bonus now was that their lawyer was showing signs of intense interest. I had not expected this.

"Now you must go," Ms Cathcart instructed the sacked directors. It was done in such a caring way, but so firmly. The words gave no choice. The tone said, 'there, there...sorry'.

"Ms Cathcart, would you like some tea and English biscuits specially brought over by mummy?" I asked, smiling sweetly at her despite the loud slam of the door as the two disgraced men left. I knew vaguely that Jason had made some comment as he departed but now my focus was on another conquest. Well, I hoped so.

"Oh, please call me Aurelie."

"Aurelie, what a beautiful name to accompany a beautiful person."

"Why, thank you," she replied, blushing intensely.

"Girls, come and greet Aurelie. We are no longer adversaries. The deed is done."

They must have sensed something either in me or her, but each one hugged her tightly and kissed her on both cheeks. It was more than just a formal 'hello'. They had picked up on something, lingering that little bit longer with affectionate caresses of her arm or little touches to her cheeks. Mummy did the same, and Uncle, ignoring my reference to just the 'girls' came up to her and kissed her full on the mouth, then sat back without a word but with a big smile on his face. I knew there was some history there, including a carnal one, but little else.

"Yvette, tell Caroline to get us all some tea and biscuits, together with the champagne I placed on ice in my office refrigerator. Also, tell her she is to join us once she has served."

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"Ah, Caroline, welcome," I purred, as she entered the Board Room carrying a large tray laden with my most expensive bone china, a teapot, jug of milk and biscuits. A large bottle of (expensive champers) and glasses for everyone had been crammed onto tray, meaning the whole array of items must have added up to a hefty weight. She headed for the table to put the burden down, but I had other ideas.

"No, Caroline. If you value your job you will come to me and stand stock still in front of me," I stated authoritatively. "You can carry the tray a little longer can't you?" I asked with mock concern. She had no choice but to obey. Her face went red. In fact, it was charming how her breasts, framed by the 'V' of her yellow lambswool top that clung tightly to her pert breasts were a blushed colour too. Their rise and fall was rapid, like a horny slut, but it was fear that was causing this reaction. She knew.

"Charlene, lock the door," I ordered. I watched her pretty arse wiggle seductively as she obeyed me. I turned back to my employee and inspected her.

Caroline was quite tall, probably five feet ten. Her hair was brunette, natural and long. She had it up in a quite severe bun today, which was probably because she had been too lazy to wash it that morning. That would never do. Her neck was long and graceful, whether holding this tray, that was obviously getting like a dead weight in her hands, or when walking or sitting in the office. Lately I had had a desire to go over and kiss that neck it was so beautiful. No, not kiss, lick it. Yes, that would be more exciting I had decided. She had been naughty, but then I was going to be naughtier with her. If she only knew.

"You know you have been a very bad girl, haven't you Caroline?" I asked, putting on my most saccharine voice. "Yes, very naughty," I stated as I circled around her, ignoring how her arms were beginning to shake with the sheer exertion required to keep the heavy tray up. Still I knew she worked out so could manage the discomfort. Well, I hoped so. I did not want smashed china all over the floor. That would mean she had been even naughtier.

"N-n-no Miss Ponsonby..."

"Oh yes you have," I snapped. "But please, call me Helene."

She was silent. I stared blatantly at her increasingly urgent rise and fall, admiring the curve of her bosom. So kissable, I thought. I could hear her breathing, now in shorter breaths. She was scared. It amused and excited me. How far could I go?

Miss...er....Helene...I was only..."

"Only what Helene?" I asked, my voice the epitome of concern.

"Obeying orders," she replied, with a hint of a whining plea in her voice.

"Orders?" I asked innocently.

Her breasts heaved with even more urgency. My, was she attractive. I liked her scared.

"Yes, Jason...er..Mr Banks, he..." she hesitated, struggling with the dilemma of if she should tell the truth or whether she could get away with a lie. She wasn't very good at hiding her feelings. I saw the lie coming. "He made me do it.

"Made you?" I asked, as I let my hand stroke over her extremely firm arse cheek. I chuckled to myself as she nearly dropped the tray with surprise. I continued my questioning. "Isn't that the excuse the guards at Belsen or Auchwitz gave when asked why they had exterminated so many Jews?" I asked, not hiding a smidgeon of anger.

"Don't you really mean he fucked you with that long dick of his and you were willing to give him anything to continue to receive that pleasurable cock in your hungry little cunt you slut?" I enquired, giving her arse a firm squeeze just to emphasise my point.

"Yes, I mean no, I mean I'm not a slut!"

"Oh yes you are. You let him have anything in exchange for a good fucking, didn't you?"

"He, he was very persuasive..."

"You mean his cock was persuasive," I interrupted, laughing, as I deftly unhooked her tight little skirt. It dropped quickly around her feet. 'Nice stockings and suspenders (garter belt to you American readers),' I thought. She clearly liked expensive lingerie framing her pussy, but I had not expected to see her mons completely uncovered. Yes, Caroline had no knickers! "Well, well, well," I exclaimed, admiring the neatly trimmed brunette bush. I brushed my fingers over the carefully shaped pubic hair. I expected somehow it would be wiry but no, it was the opposite. A very pleasant feeling. Her sex lips below shone. They were wet.

"Excited?" I hissed. I knew I was. I had a plan.

"N-n..."

"N - n - n? What is that? Your cunt," I spat out, "It says 'yes,yes,yes." I laughed, letting my forefinger drag over her honey pot, before bringing the digit up and pressing it to her lips.

"Suck my finger, slut," I commanded.

She did not hesitate. In fact, I could have sworn I heard a low moan. Certainly that chest was going up and down faster than a boat on a rough sea.

"You still have to be punished, you know that," I stated simply and coldly. I felt the sucking stop.

"What do you mean? Am I to lose my job?"

"Honey, do you think I would sack you when I can have so much more fun with you? Once you have accepted your punishment of course?"

"But Miss Pon...Helene, I....oooooh!"

My fingers (two) were delving in her pussy hole. She tried to stand still, the tray clearly getting to feel heavier and heavier. There were beads of perspiration on her brow. The swell of her titties was moist too. Little tears were forming in her eyes. Did she object to her forced sexual stimulation or was this about her indiscretion and disloyalty?

"Nice cunt," I stated, as my fingers forced their way further into her and my other hand caressed her naked buttocks. "And lovely arse. But why no panties? Have you been fucking Mr Banks this morning?"

"No Helene..."

"That's better, I like it when you use my proper name. Miss Ponsonby sounds so stuffy doesn't it? So why no panties?"

My fingers were sawing in and out of her now dripping pussy. I noticed that despite the weight she was being forced to carry, she had placed her feet a little wider allowing me more access.

"Jason, er, Mr Banks instructed me not to wear any. He..."

"Said you are a slut?" I asked, laughing.

She hung her head, chin almost touching those gorgeously heaving globes. Tears started streaming down her face and her skin seemed to redden even more as the wet trails traveled south over her mounds and into the deep vee. It was so exciting seeing her break before my eyes. That snotty bitch image was fading fast. I pushed in an extra finger, taking advantage of her now slippery cunt hole. This humiliation and exposure was her paradoxical turn-on. Jason had done a good job. He obviously had a radar for locating sluts. I'd have to work out who else in the office had been under his tutelage, but my focus now was on Caroline.

I invited the others over to collect their drinks. Charlene served herself a coffee then as she walked back to her place gave Caroline's arse a sharp slap that almost caused the slut to drop the tray. It set a trend, with everyone following suit until the secretary's arse was delightfully red. Nobody said a word. They just looked and went back to their conversations around the table. I knew they were angry with her. But what I noticed most was how my slut had become so wet, meaning my fingers were so lubricated I was almost fist-fucking her. I wondered if Jason had the pleasure of that activity.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, "please..."

"Please what?" I asked, again using my most sugary voice.

"Please..." she hesitated, "please don't stop. Don't do what Mr Banks did....he always took me to the edge then..."

"Then didn't finish you off?"

"Yes...mmmmm....please make me cum...please," she pleaded, her mouth now open and her breasts heaving as her breathing was reduced to short pants.

'Clever man,' I thought. 'He kept promising her satisfaction but then left her on the edge.' I wondered if I should do the same. 'No, I'll give her a fantastic orgasm and then she will be more devoted to me. I can still punish her, but I wonder how she tastes?'

I withdrew my hand that was absolutely coated with her juice.

"N-no, please," she pleaded like a child denied sweeties in the shop. I smiled at her, noting how dilated her pretty green eyes were. Then I knelt down in front of her, ducking under the now much lighter tray which she still held out as instructed and looked directly at her sopping cunt. My God! Her juice not only coated her sex lips which were long and engorged, their crinkled skin dark with arousal, but dribbled down her firm, strong thighs. Her inner sex was open and shiny with her lubricant. Bright pink skin framed the dark mysteries of her womb. I extended my tongue and began to lap at the copious fluid that poured from her. She tasted delightful, a sweet nectar that quickly washed not only my tongue but my whole face. I got as deep and close as I could, enjoying her and knowing she would play well in my harem.

"Ooooooo!" I heard her cry above me. Was that an orgasm? No, she was building up to it but Jason had kept her on the edge so long she had immense control and it would be some time before that happened. I grasped her arse with one hand and slid the other between her legs, letting my middle finger run behind her cunt hole to find her other little entry. "Oh, yesssss," she cried. She obviously liked that. So I pushed in, taking my finger to the knuckle in seconds. The bastard Jason, he must have preferred fucking her there. I smiled inwardly and stepped up my tongue-fuck as I began to slowly anally assault her too. My movements became smooth, rythmic; until tongue and finger were in perfect harmony. I sensed her thighs tense and her clitty became a hard little cock. She was well endowed there, allowing me to shift to sucking and licking alternately the not-so-little bud whilst still sawing my digit in and out of her opening anus. "Mmmmm...ahhhhh.....oh, yesssss..." She was mine, totally mine. Did I leave her hanging like Jason or complete the job? The cruel little domme in me wanted the former, the horny slut the latter.

I went for seeing her cum like a train. She bucked her cunt against my face as she totally lost control. She was screaming at the top of her voice with pleasure and some pain. The control needed to not drop the tray on me caused her arms to ache intensely whilst her pussy ached in another way. When she eventually came down from a multiple burst of orgasms, my face looked like it had been painted in varnish. I glanced at my reflection in the mirrored wall that lined the back of the boardroom. I was covered!

"Yvette," I called, "come here!"

Yvette had been sitting watching Caroline being tongued by me. "Yes Mistress?"

"Take the tray off her and strip her completely naked." I ordered. Then I addressed everyone else. "Get those clothes off. We're going to celebrate, starting with this bitch getting a good spanking. Don't think I haven't forgotten your spanking, Slut Caroline." I laughed but she knew it would be no joke. Her face went from the flushed colour of orgasm to white in seconds.

I gestured to Uncle, who was as expected naked and hard (phew, that cock!), to get one of the wider carver chairs. Charlene took some of the tie cords from the curtains to use as ropes. Yvette steered a now reluctant Caroline to the space they had cleared. She was silent but struggled a little as mummy and (to my surprise) a naked Aurelie Cathcart tied first her ankles to the chair and then bent her over the back of it so her magnificent arse was skyward and tied her wrists to the front legs. She was splayed out, her cunt lips and little pink anus on display. Delightful.

"Please, he made me do it..."

"Shut up slut," I snapped at the pleading Caroline. I was more interested in looking at the incredibly slim Aurlie. There was not an ounce of wasted fat on her, in fact she was on the skinny side and it was not unattractive. This was the body of a long distance runner; the strong thighs, tight buttocks and little tits topped by wonderfully long and dark nipples pierced with rings of gold. Her flat belly with its perfect six-pack was adorned with a jewelled ring through her navel. Looking further down proved she was a natural blonde. Her pussy hair was light gold and trimmed right back revealing an array of piercings along each labia and a platinum bar through her clitoris, which was large and engorged. This woman was aroused like nobody's business and I suspected it was not just about being naked. No, this was anticipating the punishment. God, I wanted her. Aurelie was something special. Uncle's gesture earlier suggested as much.

"Aurlie," I called. "What do you think would be an appropriate punishment for this slut? She is the one who allowed the private dicks in who bugged my office and bathroom, this board room and the company apartment above here."

"I'm sorry Helene, I'm sorry..."

"I told you to shut up, slut!" I snapped again at Caroline.

"Well," said Aurelie, before silently circling the prone secretary while rubbing her hands lewdly first over her hanging left tit, then over one arse cheek before exploring between the transgressor's thighs. After some time teasing and parting her sex, she trailed her fingers over Caroline's other arse cheek then ended her exploration by weighing and toying with her right breast. I heard the whimpers coming from the prone slut. Then she spoke again, "Lovely meat. I think its rump needs tenderising. I suggest a dozen with the hand, then use the paddle I keep in my handbag."

"Fuck me!" I exclaimed. "You keep a paddle with you at all times?"

"Oh I'm sure she'd love to fuck you," interjected Uncle. "Aurelie is a supreme dominatrix. She loves nothing more than to tease and punish. It was no accident that Banks and De Caune hired her. They have been using her other services for years. You are never averse to mixing business with pleasure, are you my dear?"

Aurelie just smiled.

Uncle was now at her side, accepting the lawyer's firm grip on his immensely swollen dick. His face showed how much he was loving this little gesture of submission to her will. So Uncle liked to switch too? This was all new to me. I had to get control back.

"Aurelie, begin the punishment. Girls, come and have some fun!"

The lawyer removed her rings, placing them carefully on the table. There was that meticulousness about her that I really liked showing through. She circled Caroline again, staring at her as if reading every part of her body in anticipation of how it would change with the punishment to come. She lined them up behind Caroline, allowing them time to enjoy the beautiful sight of her dripping cunny and puckered anus, then gave her instructions. Emilie was to start lightly, but by the time it reached Charlene's turn she was to use all her force.

'So professional,' I thought. 'And so erotic.'

Emilie approached, raised her hand and let fly. The smack was met with a squeal by Caroline and a small red hand print was left on her right buttock. Mummy went next, extracting another squeal and a balanced mark on the left buttock. I noticed Caroline's nipples had hardened. Delightful. Then it was Yvette's turn. She seemed to take a slight run at Caroline and landed a stroke across both arse cheeks. It extracted a scream. Aurelie laughed saying, "You've not had the worst yet slut. I'm going to enjoy seeing you in pain."

Uncle came next. He took three steps as he swung his hand back and then forward, following through across her right arse cheek. She screamed long and hard, with a huge red patch forming quickly, but most noticeably her pussy was creamy and dripping. I stepped forward, rubbing my palm gently over her sex. Yes, so wet. Wonderful. I heard a little moan. So, this was turning her on to be spanked. What promising possibilities for the future.

"Well, that was four, your turn now Mistress Helene and then I will tan her backside. What a lovely arse it is too, isn't it?"

I was unusually excited. I'd spanked Yvette and Emilie each night since we had got together, but now I was extremely wet as I raised my hand, ran forward and planted the hardest spank I could manage on Caroline's left arse cheek. The redness matched exactly Uncle's, though admittedly my hand print was much smaller. There were tears streaming down the secretary's cheeks as she hung helpless over the chair, but the smell of sex in the air suggested everybody in the room was aroused; and especially Caroline whose cunt was visibly dripping.

Aurelie had noticed too and walked up to her captive's arse. She grasped the hurting cheeks in her hands then ran her pointed tongue down from anus to cunt lips and back, wiped the back of her hand over her mouth and then stepped back to strike. She ran at Caroline, lifting her hand and hit hard across both buttocks. Caroline's scream was piercing. It was the mark of an expert left by her palm print and long fingers. Everyone else was silent as if in reverent respect for Aurelie. This woman I realised exerted immense sexual power.

"Ok, again but this time Emilie will go last and Charlene first. The others maintain their order. No forgiveness. She has to beg for that later, when she feels the kiss of the paddle."

We lined up in the new order. I'd assumed it was because leaving Emilie until last would mean the final stroke would offer some leeway after our more brutal strikes. How wrong I was. My company secretary had watched us all and changed her technique. She left an incredible mark with her little hand. I was so pleased with her. Maybe she would be the one to top me from the bottom? I so loved her. But for now I concentrated on the events before me. The proceedings were stepping up a gear.

Aurelie had the paddle in her hand. There was complete silence.

"In a moment slut, you are going to receive a dozen strokes. Each kiss of the paddle is a penance for your indiscretions. If you scream or cry out in any way then I will begin again with another twelve strikes. You have felt my hand and know what it feels like. The paddle will be twice as hard. Do you accept the punishment?"

"I-I-do..."

"Mistress Aurelie. You will always address me as Mistress Aurelie and I claim you as my slut. Is that agreed Mistress Helene?"

Well, this was a turn up for the books! I felt a pang of jealousy, but then she had conducted herself so professionally. What else could I say?

"Of course Mistress Aurelie, but I do hope that we get to both enjoy her today?"

"There is no doubt of that. My sluts have to be ready to give themselves to anyone of my choosing. She will do that as part of her agreement to accept the punishment, otherwise we go no further and you can sack her."

"No, no er Mistress Aurelie, I accept all conditions, please..."

"Well, that looks settled," she stated flatly, before slapping the paddle down in her hand in front of her victim. "Now prepare to accept your fate."

Aurelie smiled at me as she positioned herself to strike the bright red arse. Our hand prints showed and must have been smarting like crazy. What would the paddle do to her already tortured flesh? I was excited just thinking about it and gestured for mummy and Beccy (who had stayed out of the spanking) to take positions each side of our secretary and instructed them to pinch her teats. I wanted Caroline to feel the hurt. Then I could forgive her. I knew she had been used. This would change her.

Aurelie raised her hand. I saw how long and hard her nipples were. This was exciting her no end as the paddle crashed down on Caroline's beautiful arse. She had chosen the left side and low across the crease of buttock and thigh. I knew it would hurt, but to give the secretary her due there was not a murmur though tears poured from her eyes.

The next came without warning. It was on the other side and in the same position. A drip of juice was dribbling down her inner thigh. I was tempted to lick it, but instead Aurelie - who missed nothing - slid her finger through it and offered the juice to Beccy who sucked at the lawyer's outstretched index finger. It was such an erotic gesture, just like when she sucked on Dominic's cock at N.U.D.E. Ltd. I saw Aurelie mouth a 'thank you' to her. Again that pang of jealousy attacked me.

"Hurt her," I heard myself say, wanting Caroline to feel the pain on my behalf. Then I felt embarrassed for my lack of control. Mummy gave me a quizzical look. I sat down on the floor, silent and promising to myself to not speak again but just watch.

There were nine more strikes, with Caroline saying nothing. I thought it would be over soon, but I had not anticipated Aurelie's skills as a dominatrix. She knew that Caroline needed to be properly broken first before she would be hers.

"Uncle Albert?"

"Yes, Mistress Aurelie?" he replied.

"Fuck her hard with that big dick of yours...oh, and make it her anus."

"No!" Caroline cried out.

"Oh dear, what was the agreement honey? Didn't I say that it was another dozen strokes each time you made a noise? Oh dear, dear, dear," she said mockingly, then laughed. "Fuck her Uncle," she added coldly.

He was on her so fast, his enormous dick pointing high as he got into position. He spat accurately onto her anus, wetting the hole, then wiped his hand along her pussy before smearing the creamy excitement on his heavily veined cock. The bulbous head, angry and purple, pressed hard against the puckered hole until with a grunt he was past its rim. He sighed with pleasure, knowing now it was only a matter of pushing and pumping until her arse touched his pubic bone and his massive balls swung and slapped against her inner thighs. He pulled back a little then plunged again. Caroline winced but did not cry out. She was learning fast. Another noise would have meant another 12 strikes of the paddle. Uncle began to pump in and out rhythmically. The secretary's expression changed from silent pain to unspeakable pleasure. I knew that look. I'd had it on my face just last night. Of course I had not had a heartily spanked backside to cope with as well as that huge knob.

On and on he pumped, his hands cupping her tits as 'the girls' sat back while he fucked relentlessly until with a loud grunt and more of his trademark expletives he came, the cum dripping out past his still engorged penis. It took a long time for his dick to subside, and as he withdrew so that little puckered entrance was now as dark and wide as a well-fucked cunt. Uncle's cum continued to dribble from it as ever so slowly it regained its regular shape. His seed was dribbling down her thighs and dripping onto the chair and floor. I had such an urge to lick it up. Was that the submissive part in me again?

"Emilie, lick up the cum," Aurelie ordered, clearly tuning in to my company sec's submissive side. She was there like a shot, responding like Uncle to this woman's orders. She started at the anus, rimming and licking all of it much to the delight of the audience and Caroline whose face was sheer bliss. Then her pointy little tongue lapped and licked at the dripping cum that made wet lines down her smooth pussy lips and those lovely firm thighs. Finally she licked the cum out of the plush carpet until everything was completely clean. I had much to learn from this dominatrix about using my harem and my Uncle.

Not until Emilie and Aurelie were satisfied that no cum was left did they begin the punishment again. This time Emilie was given the paddle and shown how far back she should hold her hand before striking. The blows were less tentative than last time. There was delight on her face. She seemed to get into a rhythm that left Caroline silently in a confused state of pleasure and pain. Every third strike, Aurelie would make her stop, caress the buttocks and pussy beneath, then start again.

When the last of the 24 had been administered, Aurelie again called Uncle forward.

"Reward her," she ordered. "She has done so well she deserves another fuck. Caroline, do you want it up the arse or cunt?" she asked, as if it was like making a choice of coffee type at Starbucks. Then she turned to us. "Now Helene, while they fuck it's time we got acquainted don't you think? Oh, and your mother."

I heard Caroline say in a meek voice, "Arse please Mr Ponsonby." Then there was nothing but moans, screams, Uncle's obscenities and "yes, yes, yes..." coming from their direction.

Mummy came and sat on the floor to the left of Aurelie and me on the right, Nothing was said, but our lawyer friend placed her long digits down between our legs, insinuating two fingers into each of our receptive cunts. I reciprocated, using my left hand to stroke her lovely snatch before delving past the jewelry on her sex into her very wet pussy. She moaned loudly, just as we were now doing. Mummy was kissing her openly with their tongues creating wet, sloppy kisses that mimicked the wetness below. Her left hand was caressing Aurelie's left tittie, making the nipple harder and longer than ever whilst encouraging more moaning and groaning from our Domme.

I felt mummy's hand join mine. I knew she wanted her so pulled away to allow her soft fingers to replace me. I whispered in Aurelie's ear, "Another time for us. Take her, she wants you."

I got up, tearing myself away from her fingers that had been giving me such intense pleasure. I knew there would be plenty of other times. I looked forward to feeling her tiny breasts in my mouth and that hard butt of hers in my hands, but for now I wanted my mummy to experience the pleasure. I looked around and saw Uncle was fucking Caroline still and Yvette and Beccy had got it going with each other. Emilie was kissing Charlene, but beckoned me to join them. As I sashayed across to them, feeling incredibly horny, I thought about Dominic and N.U.D.E. Our plans were drawn up for the next phase and I had just identified some new recruits to his cause. 'No problems with legal counsel,' I mused. 'Nor a fucking good secretary, or was that a secretary who was a good fuck?'

I laughed to myself.

"You OK?" asked Emilie as she stroked her hand over my sopping wet pussy skin.

"Nothing. I know we are going to have some great business adventures together," and then the old question came back, the one for some reason I kept avoiding to pursue, "But you know something?"

"What?" they asked in unison.

"I still don't know what that bloody acronym N.U.D.E. stands for!"

But did I really care when I got pulled into the daisy chain and was offered Charlene's beautiful cunt to lap as Emile poked that long tongue into mine and Charlene into her? I took a momentary look around me, admiring the sights and sounds of my mummy and Uncle sharing their sexual secrets with us all. Then I concentrated on the lovely sex of my lawyer. Any more thoughts about N.U.D.E.?

No, I'd find out another day.