**Natsumi's New World**

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You may enjoy this more if you first read the introductory chapter, "Dogging Natsumi".  
  
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As Natsumi reached for the doorbell, the trembling of her fingers revealed just how nervous she was. Trying to calm herself she took a deep breath, swallowed dryly and closed her eyes. It took all her resolve to force herself to open her eyes and push the button, determined to overcome her fear. From behind the heavy door she could hear the bell ring and listened carefully for the sound of someone coming to answer her call.  
  
As she waited, she silently hoped that no one would be home and she could retreat to her home and escape the unknown. That afternoon Professor Dale Hansen had called and rudely told her to be at this address at this time, but not given her a clue to what was to be expected. She knew better than to ask for more information, or—God forbid—to defy him. She had hurriedly showered, changed, called an Uber and now, a little less than two hours later, she stood breathlessly waiting for whatever was to come. She was aware of a tingling in her lower stomach, the familiar and uncontrollable sign of her sexual arousal that always accompanied an order from Dale.  
  
Just as she decided that no one was going to open the door and she could safely leave, she heard the unmistakable sound of high heels approaching and the sliding of a safety chain. The door swung open to reveal an attractive woman who stood intently looking at her.  
  
"I was told to come here," Natsumi stammered. "I hope this is the right place."  
  
"I assume you are Natsumi, right?"  
  
When Natsumi nodded her head, the woman continued.  
  
"My friend Dale assured me that if he told you to come, even on such short notice, you would be here. I'm pleased to see that he was right. Come in."  
  
Natsumi followed the woman into the house, admiring the view of her slender legs and firm backside as she walked in front of her. They silently walked down the hall and entered an inviting and comfortable living room.  
  
"My name is Sylvia," the woman said as she sat down before a crackling fireplace.  
  
"I'm going to have a little get-together tonight for a few intimate friends and the usual girl I have to help called to say she was too ill to come in."  
  
Natsumi stood directly in front of Sylvia, nervously expecting to be invited to sit. Sylvia ignored her obvious nervousness and deliberately looked her up and down, staring so hard that Natsumi couldn't help but blush uncomfortably.  
  
"Dale guaranteed me that you could be trusted to follow orders and maintain strictest confidence about my guests and whatever takes place here."  
  
Sylvia looked directly into Natsumi's eyes, her face friendly but firm and demanding.  
  
"Do you agree with what he told me?"  
  
"Of course," Natsumi whispered softly. "I will do whatever you say. I am pleased that Professor Hansen spoke favorably of me even though I didn't know why he sent me here."  
  
Sylvia continued to examine Natsumi carefully, her face not revealing anything about what she was thinking. She slowly crossed her legs and reached to the end table next to her and retrieved a small glass. She sipped her drink slowly, never taking her eyes off Natsumi. She seemed to be trying to come to a decision about whether she could trust Dale's assurance and recommendation.  
  
"How well do you know Professor Hansen," she finally asked, "and how long have you known him?"  
  
"He was my mentor when I first came here from Japan and during the three years of my graduate studies. I was fortunate that he has taken a special interest in making me feel at home in the U.S."  
  
Sylvia smiled knowingly, enjoying Natsumi's obvious discomfort.  
  
"From what I know of Dale and the way you're blushing, I imagine there's a whole lot more than just feeling at home, am I right?"  
  
"Professor Hansen taught me to never discuss him," Natsumi stammered, "and to always follow orders."  
  
"And do you?"  
  
Natsumi could not look Sylvia in the eye. She knew she was blushing uncontrollably and that Sylvia obviously knew the answer without anything more being said.  
  
Sylvia remained silent for what seemed like hours until Natsumi finally gathered enough courage to look up and meet her gaze.  
  
"I asked you a question," Sylvia said firmly, "and I expect you to answer me."  
  
Reluctantly, Natsumi nodded her head.  
  
"Nodding is not enough—answer me—did he train you to always follow orders?"  
  
Her voice barely audible and trembling with resignation, Natsumi took a deep breath and reluctantly answered.  
  
"Yes, Madam."  
  
"Good. You will help me tonight at my little party. Now let me show you around and what is expected of you."  
  
Sylvia took her back to the entry-way and showed her the coat closet.  
  
"You will greet my guests, hang their coats here and escort them into the living room. You will offer wine to everyone and serve Hors d'oeurves. You will be pleasant and always accommodating to their every wish, understood?"  
  
Natsumi nodded demurely, confident that she could handle all the instructions.  
  
"Some of my friends may be a little touchy-feely with you and you will graciously allow them their little pleasures, do you understand that, too?"  
  
Natsumi swallowed and again nodded, not really sure what "little pleasures" might entail, but eager to please Sylvia.  
  
"I'm going up to my room to shower and dress, you can look around the kitchen, see where the wine and food is stored and get a feel for the rest of the house. When you think you're familiar enough with everything to help me entertain, come to my room and I'll fill you in on what else you'll need to know.  
  
Natsumi watched Sylvia as she turned to climb the stairs, admiring how attractive and shapely her legs and ass looked. She had always admired White women, secretly jealous of the way they so confidently carried themselves. She walked back to the kitchen and concentrated on learning as much as she could. She looked over her shoulder to be sure she was alone, then poured herself a glass of white wine and swallowed it nervously. She located the bathroom and quickly relieved herself, then checked her reflection in the mirror and rinsed her hands and face, satisfied that she looked okay even though she didn't have any makeup on. Her short black hair was styled to lay casually around her face, emphasizing her delicate Asian features.  
  
Climbing the stairs, she found the door to Sylvia's bedroom standing completely open, offering a clear view of a nearly life-size, totally nude portrait of Sylvia. She hesitated a moment, unsure of entering a room with such a personal painting. She knocked lightly, waiting for permission to enter.  
  
"Come in, Natsumi."  
  
Sylvia was standing before her closet door, wrapped in a large bath towel and holding a little black jumper in her hand.  
  
Natsumi stepped into the room and stood nervously, unable to keep her eyes off the painting while she waited for Sylvia to tell her what to do.  
  
"I see you are looking at my portrait, Natsumi. I hope it doesn't shock you. My friend Peter painted it for me and I'm quite proud of it."  
  
Natsumi dropped her eyes from the painting and turned to Sylvia, embarrassed to have been caught studying the portrait so intently.  
  
"I want you to help me decide what I should wear tonight."  
  
She pulled a long red halter style dress out and laid it on the bed. Holding the short black one up against her, she continued to model it before the large mirror then dropped it back on the bed and picked up the long, floor-length red one and repeated her examination before the mirror.  
  
"So, what do you think, short and conservative or long and sexy?"  
  
Surprised at having been asked such a question, Natsumi hesitated, then diplomatically responded.  
  
"They are both very flattering, Madam," she whispered. "And both very sexy."  
  
"I think I'll go with this red one," Sylvia finally decided. "I'm feeling a little frisky this evening and think it matches my mood."  
  
She casually dropped her towel and stood momentarily naked before lifting the dress over her head and letting it slither down over her body to the floor. She casually walked next to Natsumi and turned, the entire back of the dress flaring open from her shoulders to the crack of her ass.  
  
"Zip me up, will you?  
  
Natsumi hesitated, shocked that Sylvia had made no effort to put anything on beneath it. As she fumbled with the long zipper, her fingers trembled as they touched Sylvia's back, raising tiny goose-flesh bumps all up her warm skin.  
  
"Ohh, that feels good," Sylvia whispered. "Your fingers are cool, but you have a very nice touch."  
  
She walked back to the mirror and preened before it, looking at herself critically. Turning back and forth, she seemed pleased how the silky material hugged her body and clung to her firm breasts.  
  
"What do you think, Natsumi," Sylvia grinned. "Do you like it?"  
  
Still somewhat shocked, Natsumi stared at her for a moment, fascinated by how obvious Sylvia's nipples appeared. The thin material caressed her with static-like cling as she moved, snuggling into the crack of her ass and her lower stomach and leaving absolutely no doubt regarding her total lack of underwear.  
  
"You look very beautiful, Madam."  
  
Natsumi could easily see how pleased Sylvia seemed with her compliment. Gathering her nerve, she hesitated a moment and then, blushingly profusely, she dropped her eyes and whispered, "And yes, I do like it Madam, it is very sexy."  
  
"Thank you, Natsumi, I'm pleased that you think I look sexy. Now, let's see what we can do about getting you dressed for your role tonight."  
  
Sylvia walked to a large chest of drawers and removed a skirt and blouse, dropping them on the bed and stepping back for Natsumi to see.  
  
"This is the uniform I like my girl to wear for all my parties. It's plain and simple but it should show off your best features. I'm sure it'll fit well, since you're every bit as petite as she is. Put them on and we'll see how you look."  
  
Natsumi hesitated, unsure of just what she was should do.  
  
"Go ahead, don't be bashful."  
  
Natsumi looked suspiciously at the clothes, then carefully picked up the long-sleeved, high-necked white blouse that looked more expensive and stylish than any blouse she had ever owned. The tiny pearl buttons running up the front started so low she knew her cleavage would be on full display, and the silky material was almost transparent. She stood motionless, uncomfortable with following Sylvia's order, but feeling like she had no choice.  
  
"Put it on," Sylvia said. "I know you have the perfect figure for it."  
  
Natsumi slowly turned her back to Sylvia and reluctantly began pulling her light sweater up and over her head, suddenly aware that her plain black bra would be obvious under the blouse and that Sylvia would probably tell her to remove it.  
  
"I told you to not be bashful, Natsumi. Take off that bra and turn around."  
  
Clutching the blouse with one hand and clumsily unhooking her bra with the other, she could tell her face was burning brightly as she dropped the bra on the bed. She slipped her arms into the blouse and tried to button it up as quickly as she could, aware that her breasts were completely exposed as she did so. Between her trembling fingers and the tiny buttons that were very difficult to fasten, she was only able to hook the bottom two before Sylvia reached out and brushed her hands away.  
  
"Here, turn around and let me do that for you or we'll be here all night."  
  
She finished buttoning the blouse and stepped back, carefully studying how it looked.  
  
"Beautiful!" she purred. "It's just perfect. I love the way your nipples look—they're dark enough to just peek through."  
  
She reached out and ran the back of her fingers lightly over them.  
  
"And if they stay so nicely puckered up like this, you'll be the hit of the evening," she grinned.  
  
"Now, let's see how the skirt fits."  
  
As embarrassed as she was, Natsumi couldn't help but gasp at the intensity she felt from Sylvia's fingers. She had never experienced another woman touching her so intimately and was shocked at how intense it felt. Swallowing dryly, she took a deep breath and picked up the skirt and held it against her. She turned away from Sylvia before laying it back on the bed, then deftly unzipped her tight slacks and slipped them down her legs to the floor. She stepped out of them and into the skirt, quickly pulling it up to her hips. She was immediately surprised at how short and clingy it felt but pleased at how perfectly it fit.  
  
Sylvia watched her carefully, amused to see the plain white, high-waisted panties that looked so out of place on a young woman. Loving the familiar power-surge she felt building inside her, she put her hands on her hips and looked directly into Natsumi's eyes.  
  
"You'll have to lose those Granny-panties too," she said, her voice low and cold. "I can't have my girl embarrassing me with ugly panty lines at my parties."  
  
There was no mirth in her voice when she continued. "With a skirt this short, we can't have you disappointing our curious guests if you happen to bend over. Understand?"  
  
Natsumi stood silently, startled by the implication in Sylvia's question. She knew the skirt was so short she would have to be extra careful, but she had been brought up well-trained enough to be able to maintain her modesty no matter what she was wearing. At first, she couldn't believe Sylvia was serious but when she looked into Sylvia's eyes, she instantly realized she was expected to graciously 'entertain' the guests if the occasion presented itself.  
  
"Yes, I uh . . . I think I understand, Madame," she whispered. "If I bend over, I will try to not disappoint your guests."  
  
"Good. Now hurry. Hand them over."  
  
Natsumi nervously looked at Sylvia, knowing that as scared and shocked as she was, she could also feel a building need within her to submit to Sylvia's domination. She gingerly pulled the skirt high enough to hook her fingers into the waistband and slowly tug them down. The lower the panties dropped, the higher her sexual excitement climbed and as she stepped out of them and handed them to Sylvia, she realized she would do anything Sylvia demanded.  
  
"And knowing Dale as I do, I'm sure you're totally waxed," she grinned.  
  
"Otherwise, we'll just have to take care of that little detail quickly before my guests arrive, won't we."  
  
Natsumi could not meet Sylvia's eyes, feeling mortified as she realized the Professor had obviously shared such personal information about their relationship with Sylvia.  
  
"Well, Natsumi? Do I need to get out the razor?"  
  
Turning slowly to face Sylvia, she swallowed dryly and whispered, "There is no need, Madam, I have always followed Professor Hansen's orders."  
  
"And I promise I will do my best to never disappoint you.  
  
The next five hours sped by in a blur for Natsumi. She was constantly moving about, welcoming guests, filling wine glasses and offering food. All the couples knew each other and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, their conversations always fun-loving and raucous. Most of the women were dressed as sexily as Sylvia and the men were all handsome and charming. Everyone flirted outrageously with each other and many seemed to take special pleasure in teasing Natsumi.  
  
As Natsumi refilled the wine glass for one of the women, Sylvia was standing next to her chatting about the last time they had been together.  
  
Natsumi almost dropped the wine bottle as she suddenly realized that Sylvia was speaking about her.  
  
"So, Donna, what do you think of my new girl tonight?" she asked her friend. "Dale loaned her to me when my regular girl couldn't make it."  
  
The woman looked up and down Natsumi's figure two or three times as she stood frozen before them. Smiling approvingly, she let her eyes linger on how puckered up Natsumi's nipples showed through the thin blouse.  
  
"She's prettier than the one I saw last time I was here." She licked her lips slowly and continued to stare at Natsumi's nipples. "Is she also as obedient as you like them?"  
  
"See for yourself," Sylvia grinned. "Natsumi wouldn't dream of disappointing my guests, especially one as cheeky as I know you can be."  
  
Grinning, Donna carefully placed her wine glass on the tray Natsumi was holding before her. She then reached out and ran her fingers slowly down the inside slope of Natsumi's breast before stopping to grasp a firm nipple between her thumb and forefinger and squeezing it firmly.  
  
Natsumi's instinctive gasp for breath was loud enough that a couple across the room looked over to see what had startled her. She held her breath and concentrated on not reacting, afraid she might spill the wine tray if she moved and was relieved to see them nonchalantly resume their conversation, totally nonplussed as Donna continued to casually roll the sensitive nipple back and forth.  
  
She looked quickly to Sylvia for her reaction and was surprised to see the amusement on her face.  
  
"Why she's delightful, Sylvia! Congratulations, she hardly flinched. You have trained her well."  
  
"Oh, I haven't even begun to train her. I think we have Dale to thank for her present talents," Sylvia laughed. "I was just confident that he wouldn't send me someone who might disappoint me."  
  
Obviously pleased, she smiled warmly at Natsumi. "You can tend to the other guests now Natsumi, nodding toward the couple across the room."  
  
Her eyes downcast and her cheeks flaming red, she walked to the couple and offered them wine, her embarrassment surging as they grinned and held out their glasses. They both looked amused as they deliberately stared at her still hard nipples, leaving no doubt in Natsumi's mind that they had seen the way Donna had been touching her.  
  
Later, as she stood rinsing glasses at the kitchen sink, she was aware of someone walking up behind her. He stood so close that she could feel his breath on the back of her neck and could smell his light cologne.  
  
"Here's another one for you, Sweetie. I hate to leave this early but I really must head out."  
  
She tried to turn around to see who was talking but he stepped even closer, close enough that she could feel him pressed against her.  
  
Katsumi tried to lean away but the counter kept her from moving forward. He pressed even harder, deliberately rubbing his cock against her ass as he reached around and softly cupped one of her breasts in his hand. She gasped as he brazenly toyed with her nipple, surprised in spite of herself how much she enjoyed the erotic sensations she was feeling.  
  
"I haven't been able to keep my eyes off you all evening," he whispered. "You are a very sexy girl and I'd like to get to know you better. I'll be spending time in Hawaii next month on sabbatical and I usually like to take a helper to model for me. I pay very well and with your beautiful figure, I think you could be perfect for the job."  
  
He smiled as he stepped away and stood looking down at her, pleased to see she was unable to meet his eyes and that she was blushing profusely.  
  
"I'll slip you my card when you get my coat for me. You really must give me a call."  
  
He walked confidently toward the other room, then stopped and glanced back to see her silently staring at him. He removed a card from his wallet and nodded toward the closet door.  
  
"My name is Peter Donaldson, by the way. I've enjoyed our little time together and I'm sure you would enjoy your time in Hawaii even more than me," he grinned.  
  
Sylvia watched Natsumi attend to her guests as they retrieved their coats and walked toward the door, pleased with her efficiency and satisfied with her friendly demeanor. As they said their good-byes with hugs and kisses, Natsumi couldn't help but notice some were longer and more intimate—to the women as well as the men. Several of them patted or squeezed Sylvia's buttocks playfully, complimenting her on her dress, the party, and the general good time they had.

When Professor Donaldson said good-bye to Sylvia, he grinned and winked at Katsumi as she stood clutching his card behind her back.  
  
"And congratulations on your new girl, by the way. I find her to have many more possibilities than the one you had here last time. I hope to be able to explore some options with her in the future."  
  
"You'll have to wait until I see how she works out for me," Sylvia laughed, looking admiringly at Katsumi.  
  
After the last guest left Sylvia watched Katsumi efficiently picking up the wine glasses and plates and generally cleaning up the living room, leaving it as neat and tidy as before the party. As she carried a tray into the kitchen, Sylvia stopped her to comment on how pleased she was at how the evening came out.  
  
"I'm going upstairs, Natsumi. Have yourself a glass of wine as you finish cleaning up—you've earned it. Just put everything in the fridge and start the dishwasher, then please come up to my room."  
  
"Yes, Madame, it should not take me long."  
  
Natsumi savored her glass of wine as she put the house back into its pre-party condition. Her mind was flooded with all the flirting and risqué conversations she had overheard and the sexually-charged interactions she had witnessed. Over and over in her mind she re-played Donna's brazen assault on her nipple, gradually admitting to herself how much knowing the other couple was watching had heightened the perverse pleasure she had felt.  
  
She could still feel the quick rush she experienced when an older gentleman snuck a playful squeeze of her buttocks and how pleased he looked when she casually accepted his touch without flinching. She had even given him a tiny smile as she helped him into his jacket and nodded shyly when he said he hoped to see her at the next party.  
  
Remembering the card Peter Donaldson had slipped her, she pulled it out of her pocket and read it again. She was surprised to learn he was the Chair of the Art Department at the same college where Professor Hansen taught, and she had studied. She remembered hearing someone call him Dr. Donaldson and she had been assuming he was a medical doctor. She found herself thinking more and more about how forward he had been as he pressed against her, and how large his cock had felt. His hand on her breast had been very gentle and so much more warm and pleasant than Donna's crude mauling. She felt an immediate flush surge through both her breasts, warming and puckering her up immediately.  
  
Realizing how much she had enjoyed such an intimate interaction with a complete stranger, she suddenly flashed on her evening with Professor Hansen by the riverbank. Feeling the blood rush to her cheeks in embarrassment, she guiltily slipped the card into her coat pocket. Why did she get so turned on by strangers? she wondered to herself. She quickly finished her wine and made a promise to herself to throw the card away as soon as she got home.  
  
Feeling satisfied she had done all that was needed downstairs, she headed toward Sylvia's room to see if she would be dismissed or if anything else was needed. Again, the bedroom door was standing wide open and she could see Sylvia brushing her damp hair before the tall mirror. She hesitated momentarily, studying the large portrait before knocking.  
  
"Come in, Natsumi," Sylvia called. "I've been waiting for you."  
  
She put her hair brush down and turned to watch Natsumi shyly enter the room. She was dressed in a soft, full-length silk robe that hugged her body and was tied at the waist. Her skin looked flushed but Natsumi couldn't tell if it was from the shower or the amount of wine she had consumed.  
  
"I was most pleased with you tonight, Natsumi. My guests were very impressed with how attractive you are and how well you handled yourself with their unorthodox behavior."  
  
Sylvia beckoned Natsumi to come closer.  
  
"Especially my friends Peter and Donna," she grinned. "I think he wanted to take you home with him, and I know for sure that Donna did."  
  
Natsumi could feel herself blushing again, remembering Peter's cock pressing against her and the way her nipples had responded to Donna's brazen manipulation of them.  
  
Sylvia's voice dropped an octave and Natsumi could hear a subtle rasping in it when she spoke again.  
  
"Did you enjoy it when Donna touched you like that when the others were watching, Natsumi?"  
  
Natsumi continued to look at the floor, her silence showing how uncomfortable and obvious her nervousness was.  
  
"Answer me, Natsumi. You know I always demand an answer when I ask you a question."  
  
Sylvia reached out and placed her finger under Natsumi's chin, lifting her face until their eyes met.  
  
"Well, did you," she asked?  
  
This time her voice was still soft but there was a firmness that Natsumi knew she could not ignore.  
  
"Yes, Madame." Natsumi whispered. "I liked knowing you and your guests were watching."  
  
"Thank you, Natsumi. I want you to always be honest with me. Was that the first time another woman played with your nipples?  
  
"Yes, Madame. Except when you touched me as I dressed for this evening, it was the first time."  
  
"And did you like that too?"  
  
Natsumi's eyes filled with tears but her voice clearly gave away her obvious excitement.  
  
"I was shocked and frightened, Madame, but yes, I very much liked you touching me."  
  
Sylvia pulled Natsumi into her arms, wiping away her tears as she did so. She could feel trembling throughout Natsumi's whole body and she held her until it stopped. Natsumi took a deep breath and stepped back, standing apologetically with her eyes downcast.  
  
Sylvia gently lifted Natsumi's chin again, smiling warmly and looking deep into her eyes.  
  
"Let's get you out of these work clothes now, okay?"  
  
She reached to the bottom of Natsumi's blouse and quickly started unfastening the tiny buttons. Natsumi stood unmoving, her arms hanging loosely at her sides as she watched Sylvia's fingers work their way up until the blouse hung fully open. Sylvia slipped the soft cloth over her shoulders and let it slide down her arms and fall to the floor. This time Natsumi made no movement to cover her breasts or step away, watching with captivation as Sylvia stood back and looked admiringly at her nakedness.  
  
"You have a beautiful body, Natsumi. I know Dr. Donaldson would love to paint you, too."  
  
She reached out and grasped both nipples and gently pulled her forward, rolling them gently and delighting to see how quickly they responded to her fingers."  
  
"And I love how firm and perfect your breasts are," Sylvia whispered.  
  
"Open my robe, Natsumi."  
  
Never releasing her hold on Natsumi's nipples she watched as Natsumi slowly pulled the silk belt loose, letting the robe fall completely open to expose Sylvia's nude body. She shrugged her shoulders, causing the slippery material of the robe slide off her shoulders and slide down until it caught on her elbows.  
  
"Press your breasts against me, Natsumi. Let your nipples explore mine and see how they get as hard and sensitive as yours."  
  
Unsure of what to do, Natsumi slowly leaned forward until they barely touched. Despite their different size and firmness, their breasts fit perfectly against each other. Sylvia let her robe drop to the floor, then gently rocked back and forth as her nipples began to tease and caress Natsumi's until they too, were fully erect. She reached up and took Natsumi's face in her hands, lifting her mouth to her own and kissed her, gently at first, then with more passion when she felt Natsumi open her lips to let their tongues dance against each other.  
  
Sylvia reached for Natsumi's skirt, quickly unzipping it and working it down her hips until it, too, lay crumpled on the floor. She slid her hands around Natsumi and took a buttock in each hand, squeezing and kneading them as she pulled Natsumi firmly against her. She began to grind her well-trimmed landing strip against Natsumi's smoothness, increasing the pressure until they were both breathing hard and moaning into each other's mouth.  
  
"You love this, don't you Natsumi?"  
  
"I have never been with a woman," Natsumi whispered. "I don't know what to do."  
  
"But you do love it, don't you," Sylvia insisted.  
  
"Answer me."  
  
Sylvia could feel the deep trembling that began to course through Natsumi's body. She began to sob quietly, her voice barely loud enough for Sylvia to hear.  
  
"But I don't know what's happening to me," she finally managed to whisper. "I am afraid. But yes, I love what I'm feeling with you."  
  
Sylvia gently led her to the bed, laying her down and crawling between her legs. She began kissing her again as their bodies ground against each other. Lifting herself on her elbows, she scooted up and put a breast in Natsumi's face, rubbing her nipple against her lips.  
  
"I'll teach you everything you need to know, Natsumi," she whispered. "You'll learn to love sucking my tits even more that you learned to love sucking Professor Hansen's cock—I guarantee it."  
  
Natsumi opened her lips and tentatively pulled the hard nipple into her mouth, her tongue licking gently, then circling and sucking with obvious relish.  
  
Sylvia heard Natsumi moan deeply, as satisfied as a nursing baby. She ran her hand down over Natsumi's breast to her stomach, hesitated a moment when she felt Natsumi's sharp intake of breath as she stiffened with anticipation of what she knew was about to happen.  
  
"Welcome to your new world, Natsumi."  
  
Without further warning she plunged her fingers deep into Natsumi, amazed at the amount of hot wetness that greeted them.  
  
Natsumi shuddered, all thoughts of Professor Hansen, let alone Dr. Donaldson and Hawaii, suddenly the last thing on her mind.