**Open for Business**

**by [MissTrixical](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1176842&page=submissions)©**

She stood outside the slate gray building, silhouetted against the early morning sunrise. Glancing at the engraved business card in her purse, she paused before ringing the buzzer on the wall. The heavy door swung open and she stepped under the arch, casting one last look behind her at the world outside.  
  
A long corridor, floored with marble and subtly lit, stretched into the distance. She tipped her chin up, took a deep breath and began her walk to the security booth. The guard watched her approach, slying appraising her suitability for what was to come. Her outfit showed some indication that she knew where she was going - the skirt was tight and an inch too short, the heels an inch too high. She stopped outside the booth and nodded to the guard. He walked over to her from behind his glass booth and gestured that she was to be searched. Slightly surprised, she spread her arms and placed her handbag on the ground. He patted her down, slowly, lingering over her curves and the hemline of her skirt. His calloused hands scratched the tops of her breasts and she gasped with shock, her nipples tightening. He merely looked at her as if she was an insignificance, something to be tolerated. When he was satisfied that she was safe to proceed, he asked her to remove her jacket and leave it with him. Finally, he allowed her to step into the elevator.  
  
The elevator only had two buttons, UP and DOWN. She pressed UP and checked her reflection in the mirror. Her dark hair was flecked with red, and hung in loose curls past her shoulders. Her makeup was subtle but sexy, with smoky eyes and the slightest hint of blush. Her body was held in check by a tight white shirt and a black belt; a short pencil skirt hugged her ass. The high heels made her teeter when she walked, usually causing any passing males to stare or whistle at her. Alone in the elevator, she suddenly felt naked, and wished for the comfort of the jacket the security guard had confiscated.   
  
The elevator stopped. She stepped out, into another world.  
  
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Two months earlier, Susannah had been made redundant from her marketing job at a large bank. With rent to pay and mounting bills, she scoured the job ads daily, applying for anything which would allow her to keep a roof over her head and eat everyday. Applying for everything and anything, she'd received rejection letter after rejection letter, or, worse, nothing at all. Drowning her sorrows in a local dive one night, she had chanced upon an old room-mate from college. Kaci was quite drunk and more than likely high when she pressed the engraved card into Susannah's hand and whispered the words "You have to at least try it." Susannah tried to get her friend to tell her more, but all Kaci would tell her was that she had to make an appointment, dress to impress, open her mind to new experiences and be prepared to bank some serious cash.  
  
She had spent the last of her redundancy money on today's outfit, and was determined to nail the interview, no matter what it took.  
  
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Susannah approached the reception desk, mesmerised by the shimmering disco light above the receptionist's head. The ball spun, the lights glimmered and she felt a transformation overtake her. Strutting to the desk, she announced herself to the receptionist, stating she had an interview with Mr O'Neill at 7am.  
  
The receptionist, a confident, well built male in his late twenties, looked her up and down and raised an eyebrow.   
  
"If you're here to see Mr O'Neill, you're going to have to do better than that, sweet cheeks," he said.  
  
"Excuse me?"   
  
"Get the skirt off - off!!! Now!!"   
  
Stunned into action by his tone and insistence, Susannah's body followed his orders, her brain seemingly lagging behind.  
  
"Okay, now we're talking. Black panties and stockings, we might be able to get somewhere with this. Give me the belt. Good girl. Take the shirt off. And the bra."   
  
He stepped over to Susannah, who was now naked from the waist up, her cheeks inflamed and her calves straining in her stiletto heels. He reached around her chest and tied the belt around her tits. The belt was only an inch wide and simply served to draw attention to her round G-cup tits, barely covering her nipples. The receptionist made her turn round, inspecting every inch of her. When he was done, he reached round and slapped her arse hard. The impact made her tits jiggle, despite the constraint of her belt. She could see he looked satisfied when they bounced.   
  
"Well, we'll see how it goes. Now remember, your first task is this. You have to get Mr O'Neill off, without taking off any of his clothes. He must remain fully dressed at all times. If he asks you to "get dressed," there's a special cupboard on the left hand side of the room, just as you go in. Go down this corridor and enter the door on the right, go straight in and don't knock. Good luck sugar, you're gonna need it!"  
  
Susannah followed his directions, amazed that she was now half naked and trussed up with the belt. Just as he had instructed, she opened the door marked "O'Neill" and strode in, her confidence increasing as the craziness in her pussy grew.   
  
The man behind the huge wooden desk looked up at her as she stood in front of him. She could almost feel his cock stir with the sexual tension in the air. In a few seconds, she realised the enormity of what she was about to do - fuck a complete stranger.   
  
"Please get dressed. You may choose your own theme."  
  
She walked over to the dressing cupboard, and was faced with an array of sexy clothing, toys, bondage equipment and erotica. A tiny triangular bikini caught her eye, and she quickly took off her panties and stockings, leaving the belt. The red bikini was two strings on a scrap of fabric. Tying it on, she noticed it barely covered her pussy, her ass almost fully exposed, and that she may as well be totally naked now.   
  
Stepping out from the cupboard, she awaited further instructions.   
  
"Bend over from the waist and touch the ground. Slowly. Good. Turn round. Bend over again. Very good. Come to me, now is the time for your task."   
  
She felt the muscles in her stomach tighten as the juice started to seep into her bikini bottom. She had been told to make Mr O'Neill come, and that was what she was going to do. Easing her ass onto the desk area directly in front of him, she spread her legs and let him see what lay there, her shaved pussy glistening with juice. Leaning her hands on the desk, she arched her back and pushed her chest out, causing a moan of appreciation to escape from O'Neill. She reached out her long legs and hooked his chair with her heels, bringing him forward to her. Wrapping her arms around the back of the chair and pushing her heavy chest against his shirt, she slid onto O'Neill's lap.   
  
He pushed a button on his desk console and soft music filled the room. She could see the wall directly behind him, dominated by a giant plasma screen. Grinding her ass and pussy into his lap, she started to lick and nip on the older man's neck, just below his hairline. He shifted in his seat and she felt a wetness on his pants push onto her pussy. She groaned and moved in a circle of eight, running her fingers over his scalp. O'Neill had grasped her curvy ass with both hands, pulling her cheeks apart and groping her with abandon, encouraging her movements.  
  
She blinked as the plasma screen flickered to life. Her mind scrambled to make sense of the images are her pussy instantly dampened. Two women, both blonde and with big heavy tits, filled the screen. Licking and sucking on each other's breasts, they were watched intently by a man in the corner, who was stroking his erection.   
  
"What's going on in the scene? Describe it!" O'Neill commanded.  
  
"Uh, there's a very sexy blonde with big tits sucking on another blonde with even bigger tits - they're being watched." The words made her grind harder and faster.   
  
"And?"  
  
"Now she's licking her pussy, mmm, their pussies must be dripping wet, and the man just walked over to the other woman and shoved his cock in her face... oh! Now the other one is sucking on it, it looks so good. He's about to come, they're swapping his cock between them, they both want a piece of his meat - now he's starting to fuck the one with the best tits, she's about to come hard while she licks the other one's pussy.... ohhh!"  
  
"Are they coming?"   
  
"Oh yeah, he just came all over her tits, her friend is licking his cum off her tits, and licking his cock too -"   
  
With that O'Neill gave a grunt and started to move to her grinding. Still fully clothed, he brought one hand round to rest on her tits, shoving the belt off so her nipple was exposed. Sucking her tit, he ground his dick against her pussy, harder and more insistent. She responded with some filthy talk in his ear, telling him how horny she was and how she wanted him to shoot his load all over her, just like the man on the screen.  
  
O'Neill bucked and strained as the come escaped his rock hard dick, gasping with the release. Susannah slowed her movements down, letting him shudder and come down from the high. Her pussy twitched with the knowledge that she had caused him to come so hard.   
  
He looked her straight in the eye.   
  
"Well, you passed the first part of your interview with flying colours. The second part will take place in the gym. Go change into the outfit marked "workout" in the cupboard."   
  
She climbed off his lap, wiggling her ass in her heels as she walked over to the cupboard, juice running down the inside of her thighs. As she walked, she noticed her surroundings. Although the blinds in the office had been down when she entered O'Neills sanctuary, they were now fully open and the glass cube was exposed on three sides.   
  
Ten pairs of male eyes stared at her, watching her every move. Realising that they had just witnessed most of what had gone on, she felt her cunt jump. What the hell was going on in this place?

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Feeling the eyes on her near nude body, Susannah opened the cupboard, stepped inside and closed the door. Taking a deep breath, she tried to process what had just happened. A powerful man, who she had never before laid eyes on, had come like a jackhammer as she lured him with her body, watched by ten other men. Now she stood alone and naked in the cupboard. Susannah saw the marked hanger straight in front of her. The suede coathangar held one piece of deceptively simple clothing. The red fabric made the form of a "V" - a graceful strip of nothing. Normally she chose cut off shorts and a small tee to work out in, but this wasn't built for comfort. Susannah undid the strings of her bikini and let it fall to the ground. A breeze from the airconditioning caressed her pussy and made her shiver; her nipples contracted, erect and proud.   
  
She stood carefully, and pulled the red fabric up between her legs. It was no bigger than half an inch thick, and lay snugly in the folds of her pussy. Her outer lips were completely exposed. She pulled the straps up over her shoulders and tried to fit her big tits into the bikini. Her nipples stretched the fabric, creating a sexy line from nipple to pussy to nipple again. The fabric didn't even hide all of her nubs, and her high, round breasts were on full view. Checking herself in the mirrors surrounding her, Susannah again noticed the disco ball hanging from the ceiling. As the light danced around her, she felt her confidence grow and take over her mind. Her body no longer belonged to her. A primeval force emanated from the middle of her stomach, radiating heat to her tits and pussy. She opened the door and stepped out into the room, once again at the mercy of O'Neill and his firm.  
  
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As she moved to the door, Susannah lengthened her gait, the better to show off her long legs and tight body. Her hair swung as her eyes glittered in anticipation of what was to come. The men were no longer around the office, and instead were gathered around another glass cube. They didn't turn in her direction as she approached,   
  
completely ignoring her strut. She opened the door to the room and saw O'Neill standing with his back to her, staring out of the window.   
  
"Get on the treadmill. Start to jog. You have 30 seconds to warm up before I start to control the speed."   
  
Kicking off her heels, she stepped on the machine and started to move. Her tits were moving up and down effortlessly with the running motion, the fabric of the red line grazing her nipples every time she moved. O'Neill turned round to get a good look at the bouncing movement. She knew the observers were getting an amazing view of her breasts from their vantage point on her left. She saw the bulge grow in O'Neill's pants and wondered how long it would be before she got to see his thick cock without the constraints of his pants.   
  
"Not bad. I'm going to put the speed up now. You have to run faster to keep up, okay? Nod if you understand. Good girl. That's it, you need to go a little faster."  
  
She breathed deeply with the exertion, silently glad that her years of working out were finally paying off. Her heavy breasts were swinging up and down with each step. The bikini seemed to be a feat of ingenuity. Not only did it press into her lips, rubbing on her clit, but it kept her nipples in check and caressed her huge titties every time she moved, without slipping off. She felt her juices begin to flow again. The running motion set her tits careering up and down, hypnotising the men staring at her from their vantage point in the corridor.   
  
"Now, Susannah. You're part-way through the second stage of your interview. Your interview is in 3 parts, and the best part is yet to come. I know you can't wait for the next part, but there are certain rules we must follow in order to make sure you're going to fit in here.  
  
My men and I work hard, very hard. We work in 2 week shifts; the men in the corridor are part of the "Alpha" rota. The "Beta" team will rotate back here next week. Do you see the building straight in front of you? That's where Beta are currently situated. You may not know the nature of our work yet, but if you are successful today, you will come to understand our task."   
  
Susannah nodded, suddenly wanting this position more than anything she had ever desired before.   
  
"Now, take a look at the other building. Watch the door carefully."  
  
Her heavy tits still straining in the material, she relaxed into the run and focussed her attention on the door. The other building was only about five feet away from the window of O'Neills, so she had a clear view of the room she was looking into. Strangely, it seemed to mirror the gym she was in, the treadmill and weights in the same position. She gasped as she noticed a man standing in the opposite corner to O'Neill, watching her chest bouncing.   
  
The door opened and a tall, blonde woman walked into the room. Like Susannah, she was dressed in heels and the strip of fabric, purple this time, caught her bare pussy and taut nipples.  
  
The woman moved onto the treadmill and started to run, while the man spoke to her.   
  
"This is your twin. Her name is Stephanie. You will play with each other for our entertainment. If we are away on business, you will keep each other company. Do you understand? Good. Now, you and Stephanie have five minutes on the treadmill together. At the end of the five minutes, you will stop while Stephanie remains, as she started three minutes after you. Keep running."  
  
Susannah stared at the woman through the glass, recognising the similarities in their bodies and noting the hypnotic movement of Stephanie's big tits, moving up and down with each step. She moved her gaze to the woman's face and their eyes locked, exchanging a silent smile which transmitted their deepest longings and acknowledged the insane eroticism of their surroundings.   
  
Stephanie moved her eyes quickly to the side, and Susannnah followed her cue. O'Neill had started to rub himself through his pants, slowly and thoughtfully, while he watched her on the treadmill. Stephanie's protector in her building was doing the same thing.   
  
O'Neill's breathing gathered pace, his hand rubbing his hard dick faster through the material of his pants. Susannah wanted nothing more than to be fucked by his big shaft.   
  
The treadmill beeped and started to slow down. Susannah followed the rythym, her tits still struggling against the constraint of the material. Soon she came to a complete stop.  
  
"Good. Now, get on the thigh machine. I want you to do three sets of 20 reps, do you understand? Good girl. Come on!"  
  
She settled onto the thigh worker, her legs spread obscenely to the gaze of O'Neill and the men. She opened her legs wide, raising the weights at the side of the machine.   
  
O'Neill's stroking became more insistent as she made her way through the first twenty reps. Her thighs started to ache as the muscles got the workout of their lives. The fabric squeezed her clit every time she extended her legs, so much so she threw her head back and came to enjoy the pain in her thighs.   
  
As she came to the end of her third set of reps, she locked onto the movement of O'Neill's hand moving up and down his long, thick shaft and willed his cock to explode right in front of her. He moaned, jerked himself roughly, then stared at her intently, just as her thighs completed their final rep. She thought of the sticky come inside his pants, and wished that he had come like that in her mouth. When would she be allowed to see his cock in the flesh?  
  
"The workout has ended. It is time for your final task, Susannah. Although you have done well so far, the real test of your abilities is still to come. My men must be able to find release at any time of the day or night, easily and without struggle. This will be your responsibility, should you pass the next stage and be accepted."