**The Offer**

By JYM (xyz@abc.com)

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PART 1

The offer was as simple as it was shocking. And very

tempting. I was out working in the yard one hot July

afternoon when one of my neighbors dropped by. I'll

call her Hanna to protect the guilty. Hanna is a

wealthy woman in her early forties. She made her money

in the shoe business and sold out two years ago to a

foreign competitor for enough to live comfortably for a

dozen lifetimes.

I've often wondered why she stayed in our neighborhood

of relatively modest homes. Hanna is an attractive, fit

woman with dark hair and olive skin. She's not tall,

maybe 5'6", and she's very fit. Attractive without

being flashy. She has a nice figure and long, sleek

legs. My husband thinks she's sexy - for an 'older'

woman.

I was kind of surprised to see her come through the

gate into my back yard. We've know each other for a few

years but haven't been really close. We chat once in a

while when we see each other outside, but that's about it.

I was working in the garden when I heard the gate open

and I was a little concerned until I saw Hanna. I stood

up and wiped my hands on the legs of my shorts. Hanna

smiled and said, "Hello Jill, how are you today?"

I returned her smile. "Hello Hanna. I'm fine, how are

you? Won't you sit and talk for a few minutes?" I

gestured at the patio chairs and we each took a seat.

We chatted for a while before Hanna made the offer.

It's no secret in the neighborhood that things haven't

been going well for us. Jim's business has been

struggling for a couple of years, but he's on the verge

of turning it around. He only needs a few months, six

or eight, to be secure again. Just a few months more

without pressure and we'll be okay. I guess Hanna knew

that and decided to take advantage. Before I reveal her

offer I should tell you a little about myself.

My name is Jill Ashton, I'm thirty-one years old, and

have been married for 9 years. We have two children,

eight-year-old twins who were away at summer camp at

the time. I'm a tall, athletic blonde with a good

figure (34c-26-35) and long, very nice legs. I'm not

beautiful, at least I don't think of myself as a

beauty, but I am attractive. My legs are my best

feature - long and sleek, nicely curve with firm thighs

and delicately sculpted knees. I'm not a prude, but I

have always been a little conservative. But I do like

to show off my legs.

Anyway, Hanna's offer took me by surprise. She said she

was having a group of friends over the following

afternoon for a garden party. Hanna's backyard is

fenced and well-planted with shrubbery and is totally

private - a good place for to have a party in the

summer. She asked me if I would be willing to tend bar.

She had already hired a college girl to be the

waitress/barmaid.

Before I could say a word she continued on. "And I'll

pay you $1000. How about it?"

I was stunned. $1000 for a few hours work? Even in our

neighborhood that was very good money indeed! I told

her I'd think about it. I tried to act cool, but $500

would be a big help to us. Hanna said, "Fine, call me

and let me know. By 5 p.m. today please. Oh, by the

way, you'll have to work nude."

I'd turned to look out into the garden and it was good

that I had because it kept her from seeing the look of

shock on my face. I turned back and said, "Oh, I don't

think..."

She cut me off. "$2,000. Take it or leave it."

Her offer took my breath away. How could I turn down

two thousand dollars? It would mean so much. I wouldn't

be able to tell Jim, but I could feed the money into

the household budget over a few weeks. I glanced at the

garden once more, then back at Hanna. "Ok," I said in a

whisper. "I'll do it."

Hanna smiled, "Fine, but first I want to see what my

guests will see." She leaned back with an expectant

look on her face. "So you can serve me a drink after

you've taken your clothes off, right now. Sort of a

tryout."

I got up and walked over to the edge of the patio. It

was decision time. I knew from the look in Hanna's eyes

that there was more to her offer than just bartending

nude. And, shockingly, I found myself becoming excited.

I turned back and faced Hanna, staring at the fence

behind her as I peeled my t-shirt off over my head.

Then I unsnapped my shorts and eased them down over my

hips. As they fell around my ankles I bent and untied

my work boots. I eased my work boots off, then took my

shorts and dropped them on top of the low stone wall

surrounding the patio.

I straightened up and faced Hanna wearing my plain

cotton underwear and my socks. She smiled and said,

"Leave the socks on. You'll be sexier than if you were

totally nude."

I nodded as I reached back to unhook my bra. My breasts

fell free and I blushed as I tossed my bra on top of my

shorts. My breasts are firm with no trace of sag.

They're not really big (c-cup), but they are pretty and

my small, dark nipples are very sensitive.

Hanna chuckled when I blushed, causing me to blush even

more. Then I took a deep breath and hooked my thumbs

into the waistband of my panties. One quick move and

then were down around my ankles. I stepped out of them

and glanced at Hanna. "What would you like to drink,

ma'am?" I tried to sound like a barmaid. Polite, but

impersonal.

Hanna grinned and said, "Gin and Tonic."

I went inside and mixed her drink. Then I put it on a

small black tray with a napkin and carried it out to

her. I set the napkin on the table, placed the glass on

it, and said, "Here you are ma'am. Will there be

anything else?"

Hanna smiled and shook her head. "No, you've done very

well."

I thanked her and started to turn away, intending to

put my clothes back on, but she touched my hip with the

tips of her fingers and said, "Wait. Don't rush away."

I stood there and waited while she tasted her drink.

Her hand still resting lightly on my hip. Her touch was

strangely... not unwelcome. She nodded her approval and

set the glass down. Then she looked up at me. "Jill,

how long has it been since Jim has fucked you?"

I stared at the fence and whispered, "Six weeks." I

don't know why, but it never occurred to me not to

answer. I wasn't Jill the devoted wife and mother

anymore. I was away in a different fantasy world. A

world where I was Jill the nude barmaid standing in

front of a rich bitch on display.

Hanna pushed her chair back from the patio table and

then told me to turn and face the table. I did as she

asked and she told me to put my hands flat on the table

and spread my feet a comfortable distance apart. Again,

I did as she asked. She had me move to my left until my

leg bumped against hers. She had me slide my hands

toward the center of the table, causing me to bend

forward from the waist.

Then I felt her hand slip between my legs. I closed my

eyes and moaned as she explored my sex with a delicate

touch. I was quickly wet. As she explored me I told

myself that six weeks is a long time without sex and I

was weak and needed it, anything to justify submitting

without protest. I leaned over farther and turned my

head to one side, resting it on my right forearm. The

hot surface felt good on my bare breasts.

Hanna expertly masturbated me to a long, wonderful

orgasm. I lay there, moaning, until it was over. As I

started to move she put her hand on my back and said,

"Wait. Do you know what the bowling ball grip is?"

I shook my head.

She chuckled. Then she plunged her forefingers deep

into my vagina. At the same time, I felt her thumb

press against my anus. I gasped and whispered, "No!

Please!" But she kept her hand on my back and pushed

her thumb into my ass. I could feel her thumb and

fingers rubbing together, separated only by a thin

membrane of flesh. Then she lifted upward, raising my

feet right off the ground! God, it was erotic.

I moaned and whimpered as she swung me from side-to-

side a little. Then she let me down and withdrew her

fingers from my vagina. I glanced back over my shoulder

and she smiled. "Admit it, you like having my thumb in

you butt." I blushed and nodded. "Say it," she

demanded.

"I like having your thumb in my butt."

She nodded. "That's better."

She eased her thumb out of my ass and wiped her hand on

the napkin. Then she picked up her drink and moved over

to sit on the wall. I straightened up and walked over

to my clothes. Hanna called my name as I picked up my

panties.

"Jill, don't dress. Just put your work boots on and go

back to what you were doing. You will need sunscreen."

I hesitated, then nodded. I went in and got a bottle of

SPF15 and put it on all over. Hanna did my back for me.

Then I put my work boots on and went back to weeding

the garden. I found it extremely erotic to work nude

with Hanna watching. It was only 1:00 o'clock. It would

be hours before Jim would be home.

A few minutes later Hanna called my name and held up

her glass. I walked up to the patio, conscious every

step of the way of how I must look - nude, gleaming

with sweat and suntan lotion, my breasts bouncing

gently. Hanna's smile reflected her enjoyment. I took

her glass and went inside to fix her another drink.

This time, when I served it, she ran the tips of her

fingers over my long, silky pubic hair and asked me if

I had ever been shaved.

I shook my head, "No, never." I turned and walked back

to the garden. A few minutes later I heard Hanna's

chair scrape on the flagstones as she pushed it back

from the table. She walked down to the garden and

watched me weed for a couple of minutes. Then she

picked up the small garden spade that I'd left lying on

the grass. I glanced up as she approached. She crouched

in front of me and told me to spread my knees as far

apart as I could and then clasp my hands behind my neck

and keep them there.

I obeyed. And watched as she slipped the shovel between

my legs and eased the handle into my cunt. I took a

deep breath and moaned with pleasure as she fucked me

with the handle - deep and hard. The smooth lacquered

handle slid in and out easily. I moaned and whimpered,

it was so embarrassing and so wonderful, "Oh god, yes!

Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

Hanna smiled. "Beg."

I stared at her and begged. "Please, fuck me hard. Fuck

me deep! Please, Hanna! Oh, please, FUCK MEEE!!" As I

started to cum she shoved the handle in deep and let

go.

Then she grabbed my nipples and squeezed them hard. It

hurt like hell, but triggered the most fantastic orgasm

of my entire life! When it was over I was on my knees

in the dirt, the shovel handle deep in my wet cunt. I

looked up at Hanna.

She reached out and ruffled my hair. "I'm ready for

another drink. Next time in the ass?" A long pause.

"Slave." I glanced up at her again, startled. She held

her hand out in front of me. I kissed it.

"Yes," I whispered, "In the ass next time... Mistress."

I worked nude the rest of the afternoon. Hanna had me

roll in the rich dark earth while I was all hot and

sweaty. Dirt streaked my flanks and belly, my tits and

my ass, when I went to my knees and spread myself so

she could ass-fuck me with the shovel handle. By the

time the afternoon was over I was a dirty, sweaty,

well-fucked nude slave. And happier then I had been in

years.

Before she left she told me that the college girl was a

cute redhead, a dominant, aggressive dyke and I'd have

to amuse her guests by satisfying the girl with my

tongue. I shivered with anticipation. Before she left,

I crawled to Hanna on my belly and licked her shoes in

submission.

PART 2

The next morning, shortly after Jim left for the

office, I got a call from Hanna. She told me that she

was sending someone over to help me get ready for the

party. She asked me what I was wearing and I told her

that I had on a robe and a pair of cotton panties. She

told me to strip and stay nude unless I got permission

to dress.

I slipped the robe off and pushed my panties down over

my hips. Hanna told me that the girl would be there by

8:30 and I was to obey her as if it was Hanna herself.

"Yes, ma'am, I understand." I shivered as I listened to

her instructions. It was so exciting. She told me that

if I worked in the garden I was allowed to wear socks,

work boots, and a hat. And a heavy coating of sunscreen

- SPF 15 at least.

Precisely at 8:30 the doorbell rang. I glanced out the

window and saw a young woman with brown hair standing

on the porch. She was about medium height, a little on

the stocky side, wearing a t-shirt, nylon shorts, and

jogging shoes. She was carrying a canvas sports bag.

I opened the door and let her in. She didn't seem a bit

surprised to see that I was nude, but she smiled and

looked me over, "Hi, my name is Jenna, Hanna sent me

over to give you a waxing. Where can we do it?"

I hesitated and she asked to see the kitchen. I took

her down the hall to the kitchen and she looked around.

"That table is big enough. We'll do it here. I can heat

the wax in your microwave. Why don't you stretch out on

the table and we'll get started." She set her bag down

on the floor and crouched beside it. I sat down on the

edge of the table and then eased myself over into the

center. Then I stretched out on my back and stared at

the ceiling.

When Jenna stood up she had a glass pot filled with wax

in her hand. She put it in the microwave and set it for

5 minutes on high. Then she dipped into her bag again

and came up with a handful of leather straps. She had

me plant my feet flat on the table and then she ran a

strap around each leg below the knee, securing them in

position so that I couldn't straighten them. The she

ran a length of rope from one ankle under the table and

tied it to my other ankle. Another rope went around the

table at my waist. Then my wrists were tied to each leg

of the table.

I was helpless. And very excited.

Jenna stroked my belly and told me that she wouldn't

hurt me if she could help it. I hesitated and then

whispered, "It's okay if you hurt me a little."

Jenna smiled. Then she fondled my tits until my nipples

were hard as little pebbles.

"Please," I whispered, "Would you mind taking your

clothes off? I'd love to see your body."

Jenna smiled again and disrobed. She had a hard,

athletic body, a little stocky, but very sexy. Her

pubic mound was smooth and bare. Her breasts were round

and firm, tipped with big dark nipples. Her stomach was

flat and firm. Hips a little broad, but not too broad.

Tight smooth buttocks. Strong thighs. She checked the

wax and put it on for another five minutes. Meanwhile,

she laid out strips of cheesecloth. Each strip 2" wide

and about 6" long.

While the wax heated, she took a pair of scissors and

trimmed my pubic hair. Then she spread my cunt lips and

slipped two fingers into me. I raised my hips to meet

her and she grinned. "Do you want and orgasm?"

I nodded. "Yes please, masturbate me."

She did, and very skillfully.

I sobbed with pleasure as I felt my orgasm build. Jenna

chuckled. "God, you're a hot little bitch. You'll make

a fantastic slave!" Then she picked up a pair of hot

pads and retrieved the pot of hot wax from the

microwave. Working quickly, she placed a strip of

cheesecloth across my pubic mound and spooned warm wax

onto it. She laid down three strips in quick succession

and then put the pot back in the microwave. As soon as

the wax was dry she grabbed the end of the first strip

and ripped it off.

I bit my lip to keep from screaming as my pubic hair

was ripped out. The second and third strips followed,

leaving me whimpering in pain, tears streaming down my

face. She repeated the process until I was smooth and

bare, not a trace of hair anywhere down there. Then she

rubbed a fragrant body lotion over my mound to sooth

the skin.

After she released me, she had me get onto my hands and

knees on the table. She stroked my breasts and belly

with one hand and my back and buttocks with the other.

After a while I was really turned on. I loved the

position - my tits hanging - my sex totally exposed.

I turned my head and looked up at her. "Please..." I

whispered.

She smiled. "Hot are we? Beg for it. Tell me what you

are and beg."

I stared at her and begged. "Please, please masturbate

me again. Oh god! Please! I'm a slut. I'm your slut.

Your nude slave slut. Please, make me cum! Please, I'll

do anything you ask." I wiggled my ass and pressed back

against her hand which was lightly cupping my sex.

"Anything? Really?"

I nodded, "Yes, anything!"

She smiled down at me and began to rub my clit lightly

with the tip of one finger. I moaned and pushed myself

against her hand. She brought me to orgasm quickly and

skillfully and I yelped and whimpered as I came,

turning my head to lick her left hand which was resting

on my shoulder. She smiled and told me that I was a

good little slut. I continued to lick her hand and she

seemed to enjoy it. Then she brought her right, soaked

with my juices, around I licked it clean, enjoying the

taste of my own cunt.

After a few minutes she said, "Enough, now it's my turn."

I knelt up straight and asked her what she wanted me to

do. She got a far-away look in her eye and whispered,

"Pain, I want pain." Then she snapped back, eyes

focused, and asked me if I was going to work in my garden.

I nodded, "Yes, I thought I'd spend a couple of hours

weeding and thinning some things out. Why?"

She told me to get ready and she'd meet me in back. She

dressed quickly and disappeared out the back door. I

put sunscreen on everyplace I could reach. Then socks

and my work boots and a baseball cap. When I went out

into the back yard she was waiting for me. She'd

brought in a t-shaped arrangement made of 1" galvanized

pipe. The upright section was 10' long and consisted of

two pieces, one sharpened on the end. The other

threaded into a fitting on the top. The crossbar,

really two pieces, fit into a t-fitting on the top of

the upper section. Each crosspiece was 3.5' long.

She drove the first section of the upright into the

ground with a 3lb hammer, putting a small length of 2x4

on top of the pipe to hammer on. Then she threaded the

crosspieces into the upper section and tightened them

with a small pipe wrench. Finally, she threaded the top

part into the lower section. Then she took two plastic

tent stakes and drove them into the ground about 6' out

from the upright on either side.

She had two folding stepstools. She explained that she

would stand on one and I on the other. Then I would

strap her wrists to the crossbar. When that was done, I

would put leather restraints on each of her ankles and

tie a long piece of rope to each. Then I would pull the

stool out and let her hang by her wrists. Then I would

take the ropes tied to the ankle restraints and tie

them to the tent stakes, making sure that she was

spread as wide as possible.

"And then you put these in me and these on me." She

held up two enormous dildos and a selection of weighted

clamps. "For my nipples and labia and one for my clit."

The last item was a penis gag that would muffle her

screams. "Let me hang for at least an hour. The wrist

restraints won't cut off my circulation, so it will be safe."

I was quite excited as I strapped her wrists into the

leather restraints. Then I put the restraints on her

ankles and tied the ropes to them. I hung the clamps on

her nipples, enjoying her grunt of pain as I tugged

each one to be sure it was tight. Then another grunt of

pain as I pulled the stool away. I quickly grabbed one

rope and pulled it as tight as I could before tying it

off. The second one was done just as quickly. I looked

at her and enjoyed the way she was spread and helpless.

She was staring at the fence with a vacant expression

on her face.

I put the dildos into her, enjoying the way she

squirmed and grunted as I drove them in tight with the

heel of my hand. Then the weights on her labia and

clit. She was moaning in pain now, but I felt it needed

something else. I went inside and got a box of straight

pins out of my sewing kit. Her eyes widened and she

shook her head, grunting and screaming into the gag.

I ignored her and drove a pin through the aureole of

each nipple, on the top side. She screamed and tears

streamed down her face. I put pins through both labia.

And then one through her clit. She was sobbing and

screaming, and a trickle of urine was running down her

thighs as I walked away to do my gardening.

I let her hang for the full hour she'd requested. When

I went back to release her she was moaning and

twitching. I took the gag out first, standing on the

stepstool to be close to her. I asked her if she'd had

enough.

She nodded vigorously, "Please let me down. Oh shit!

Please."

I got down and positioned the stool for her. Then I

untied the ropes from the tent stakes and positioned

her feet on the stool. I removed the ankle restraints

and then climbed up on the other stool and released her

wrists.

I helped her down and she sank to her knees in the

grass, moaning with pain. I removed the dildos, then

the clamps, and finally the pins. She looked up and

whispered, "Thank you for that delicious pain."

She stayed there for a few minutes until she recovered.

Then she got dressed, packed up, and left. It was time

for me to shower and prepare for my stint as a nude

bartender...

To be continued?