

Annie Babysits the Kids

“DocCIS”



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DocCIS Blog: <http://doccisauthor.blogspot.com/>

Forward:

This story was first written almost 15 years ago by another author. I liked the story so much I offered additional ideas to the original author who gave his permission for me to continue it as he had no time. This first chapter has been since heavily edited and changed to my own writing style, as well as to fit in with the rules of this site. It is my first submission and hope you like it and want more...as there will be plenty!

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Annie Babysits the Kids

Chapter 1...the beginning

This adventure started on a late summer Friday evening. I was driving to pick-up my fiancée Anne Marie to take her out to dinner and dancing. She had started college for secretarial school this summer and we had not seen each other for a couple of weeks; this was the first date we had been on since she had started college. She had a month off between semesters so planned on spending the rest of the summer together making up for lost time.

We had met and dated through high school, I had been the quarterback on our football team and Annie was the head cheerleader, so it was almost natural we ended up together. After graduating we got engaged and were and hoping to build up some income before settling down together.

I arrived at her parent's house only to have her meet me on the porch upset. She apologized immediately saying some friends of the family had just called begging her to babysit for them. They had forgotten about an important engagement and desperately needed a sitter and she was their last chance. As Annie was starting school and her parents were in so much debt, she needed all the money she could get, even if it was babysitting. They were also close friends of her parents and she couldn't say no without reason...and unfortunately a date wasn't good enough for her parents. To add even more pressure, they owned the local bank where her parents had their loan and it was only their friendship keeping them from losing their house and who knows what else.

I was understanding knowing the circumstances, but still slightly pissed off—we do not get to see each other while she is away in school, and we were both horny as hell for not being together for some time. Making matters even worse Annie looked incredible tonight wearing white high heels, a red checkered miniskirt, and a tight white shirt unbuttoned and tied off at her waist. Her nipples were clearly visible against the tight fabric and as she moved I caught glimpses cleavage from her 36C tits making my mouth water knowing she was not wearing a bra. I got hard as soon as I saw her—her shapely, well-tanned legs accented by the high heels and showing so much of her body after being apart so long was almost too much to handle.

Annie has an athletic figure left over from cheerleading in high school as well as a gorgeous face with full lips surrounded by long dark auburn hair. She's quite the looker. Everybody who meets her says she should be a model, and she planned on attempting a modeling career; however, she wanted to earn some money from her vocational school in order to afford a modeling shoot for a portfolio to get started. She was a "10" in any man's book...and I was lucky to have her!

So there we were standing at the doorstep, her apologizing profusely saying our date was off for the night and me appreciating her body. She did not have to be at the Strauss' house for at least an hour so offered to sit on the porch while we waited. She had bought a bottle of wine for tonight and asked if I wanted some so accepted. As she turned away I couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous ass outlined from

beneath her skirt.

A few minutes she came out with two wine glasses and an opened bottle pouring us each a glass. I thought it would be a waste knowing how Annie gets when she's had a few drinks, especially since we were planning to go out to dinner beforehand and she had not eaten anything. Alcohol is an aphrodisiac to her...she gets very horny and flirtatious. Inwardly she loved showing off her body and it was one of the aspects that drew me to her. I loved "showing her off" wherever we went...and she loved being the exhibitionist making us the perfect pair.

We sat on the porch swing chatting about her school and my work at the auto body shop, but my eyes kept straying to her legs and the fleshy glimpses from her shirt opening as she turned to talk to me. She caught my gaze several times and knew the alcohol was having an effect on her—she was purposely turning in ways allowing more to be revealed than normal.

By the end of the bottle we were both feeling the effects when suddenly looking at her watch she exclaimed, "Oh shit, I need to be there in 15 minutes!"

Since we both had drank on empty stomachs, I suggested walking her to the other end of the development where she had to go to get rid of some of the effects of the wine. We started down the sidewalk, half the time walking in front of me with the full knowledge I was staring at her legs and firm ass. She was being a real tease, at one point bending down to "adjust" the strap of her shoe. She continued turning towards me in ways purposely meant to open her blouse up giving me a good show and I loved every minute of it, again upset we wouldn't be able to follow through tonight.

Looking at my pants she smiled seeing my cock almost bursting through. I knew she was feeling just as horny, causing her to be even more of an exhibitionist, so we were both in for a frustrating evening.

In all too short a time we arrived at the Strauss' house, the sexual tension almost palpable in the night air. The effects of the wine were barely gone and we were both highly aroused, but there was little to be done.

Instead of knocking at the front door she led me around the back, stopping before we got to the back porch she turned around. Looking into my eyes with a mischievous smile, she casually reached down and unzipped my pants. Still smiling at me she knelt down, reached in and pulled out my cock, slowly planting a sloppy, wet kiss on my aching dick. She gave me a squeeze and whispered she'd see him again soon, stood up, and kissed me. Giving my cock another playful squeeze said goodnight, giggled, and disappeared through the back door leaving me with my meat throbbing and sticking straight out in the night air. My only consolation was the knowledge of her being as horny as I was as the cold breeze blew against my exposed flesh.

We had often teased each to the brink were of practically raping the other, and she was obviously in one of her more playful and horny moods; unfortunately, I knew there was nothing to be done tonight.

To this day I don't know why, but since I had nothing better to do and decided to hang around and snoop on her. Looking back it may have been her being away for so long and figuring I could at least ogle at her. She was certainly worth watching dressed as she was tonight, and whatever the reason for staying, I did.

Looking around I saw the side of the house had a screened bay window with light shining out. Moving closer I looked in and could see a perfect view of the foyer, stairs, living room, dining room, and kitchen. The window was far enough from the front of the house nobody would see me peeping, which may have been why the drapes were left open as there were woods on the side giving plenty of privacy. My luck was even with me tonight as the window was opened to let in the cool evening breeze, so I made myself comfortable and looked in.

From my windowed vantage point I saw an older couple, the Strausses, talking to Annie in the kitchen, hearing them clearly. They were explaining the baby was already asleep and their twelve-year old daughter Ellen was spending the night at a friend's house. Their older son Brian had a friend of his named William over for the night and although the boys were both 18, the woman told Annie she did not trust them to be attentive enough to watch the baby. With Ellen gone they had no other option but her. Annie told them it was alright, she had to cancel a date with me in explanation of her dressed the way she was, but said she needed the money. The woman again apologized for the short notice telling Annie they wouldn't be home until early morning. Thanking Annie profusely and promising extra payment for her inconvenience they ran out the door.

Once the couple had, left two teenage boys came down the stairs, sitting on the couch in the living room. I had never met either of them personally as they were still in Junior high school when Annie and I graduated, but had seen them many times at parties her parents held over the years. Brian was the blonde and William was the dark-haired one. I say boys because they were several years younger than Annie and I; however, both were about 6 feet tall and definitely had reached manhood. They were "nerdy" looking, particularly to me having been on the football team for high school.

Other than by reputation, I knew little about them, and then nothing more than what Annie told me. According to her they were terrors to babysit as little kids always giving her a hard time. Growing up they were always hitting on her trying to sneak peeks down her shirts and 'accidentally' bumping against her. Annie told me she never liked them and for revenge for them as children often purposely teasing them as she babysat them after reaching puberty. The image of two teenagers upstairs jacking off to the hot babysitter downstairs always made me laugh. I wondered if she was going to do the same tonight as an abstract thought, but was there to see her more than anything.

William sat on the couch while Brian put a movie on the television from the DVD player, likewise sitting down on the couch. Annie said hi to them saying she would be right back and went into the kitchen.

The couch was to the side of the window at a right angle providing a good view of it and the entire room. With the lights on inside nobody could not see me outside in the dark, and with the screen opened, even with the television on, could hear everything said.

I saw Annie getting something to drink out of the refrigerator and was mesmerized as she bent over. The kitchen light was off so only the light from the refrigerator was on outlining her body and shining through her skirt. If you did not know better, you could imagine she was standing there naked as the outline of her figure left little to the imagination.

Movement on the couch caught my eye and I glanced over to see both guys also visibly admiring her on the couch as well. William told Brian to "watch this" and stood up, turning on the ceiling fan and doing something with the thermostat on the wall. He made a nodding motion towards Annie in the kitchen while squeezing his tits and both of them laughed as he sat down on the other end of the couch.

Annie came back with a drink and seeing the boys on both ends of the couch shrugged and sat down between them, crossing her legs. I could see them watching her out of the corners of their eyes as they pretended to watch the television, but they were obviously more interested in Annie than the movie.

Brian broke the silence telling Annie how hot she looked, William joining in saying they appreciated her dressing so sexy just for them. I saw Annie get annoyed as she told them she did not dress up for two nerds such as them. I could tell by their faces this upset them; however, it did not stop them from openly admiring her as she sat on the couch, the movie completely forgotten.

Although Annie tried to ignore them, it was hard to avoid the leering gazes they were now openly giving

her body and I could tell she was getting uncomfortable. She would glance over to each of them now and then and I remembered her saying how she always teased them. She shifted in her seat causing her skirt to pull higher up her thigh and I suddenly realized she was not uncomfortable by being embarrassed, quite the opposite, she was purposely teasing them! I realized the wine was also having its effect—her face was slightly flushed and by the way she moved her legs every so often realized she was probably getting wet turned on as well. She made a pretense of stretching, arching her back and twisting causing the fabric of the shirt to flatten against her revealing her figure even more.

This went on for a while, her pretending nothing was happening but I could tell from the way she acted she knew they were watching her. Abruptly Brian told her they had seen her saying goodbye to me outside. She looked at them surprised, her legs were still casually crossed showing a lot of thigh, but I could see her tense up. She was trying to act nonchalant.

William made a comment asking if it were cold in the room and my attention was drawn to Annie's blouse. I suddenly knew what the guys were up to with the ceiling fan and thermostat. Whether turned on from the wine, having two men leering at her, the cold, or I now suspect a combination of all of them, her nipples were poking against the tight shirt and could tell they were as hard as marbles.

Nonplussed, Annie said "So what? I was just kissing him goodbye. God, he is my fiancé." They

told her she knew exactly what kind of kiss they meant and Brian said they wanted the same! I

couldn't believe the audacity of these two as Annie laughed, "No way, dweebs!"

Looking pissed at her calling them names, William told her they would tell Brian's parents what they'd seen, as well as her parents. Annie's face went white and they knew they had caught her attention. Annie's father was well-respected in our small community, so any rumor of her being even slightly promiscuous in public would embarrass him to no end. Although a tease and inwardly an exhibitionist, Annie was cautious how she acted in public around town. For me she would dress provocatively and tease me, but unless we went to bars out of town where nobody knew us, when it came to her parents, she led a life of moderate decorum.

Annie again refused, but I could tell the boys' threat had shaken her from the way she was fidgeting. They knew she was losing steam with their continuous threats. They told her Brian's parents would never allow her to babysit again, asking what her strict parents would think of her always teasing them when she babysat. They obviously had a lot of pent up frustration at her constant teasing and were looking for revenge.

As she kept telling the boys no, I saw her shoulders slump, realizing she was giving up. I couldn't believe what was going on...here was my hot fiancée dressed provocatively between two guys being threatened into who knew what. The same "kids" she was there to watch trying to blackmail her! I shook my head in amazement as they continued on when suddenly I heard something I never thought I would hear...and from the look on the guys faces they never thought would happen either:

"Alright" Annie said dejectedly.

I stared in amazement, not believing she would agree to anything, even with their threats. Looking back, I understand how horny she was and being ogled by two young men, slightly inebriated, and the threat of her father being shamed, who knows what she was thinking.

I stared awestruck as she stood up and went over to Brian with a resigned sigh. Kneeling in front of him she reached out to pull his zipper down when he suddenly stopped her hand telling her not so fast, she had to do whatever they said for the whole night.

At this Annie stood up saying "Fuck you, you little geeks. I have my limits." and sat back down obviously ready to forget the whole thing. Looking back, I think she was just planning to continue to tease them, but never will know for certain.

Brian just smiled and went to the phone and started dialing. He read out the numbers as he dialed and I recognized Annie's father's cell phone number. Annie acted like she didn't care at first, but by the seventh number got scared and quickly yelled alright.

"Alright what?" Brian asked, "That you'll do what we say for the night?"

Annie opened her mouth ready to argue until he picked up the phone again and she said yes she would do what they said, "within reason."

I shook my head outside in disbelief at what was going on in there.

Brian turned the stereo on and told her they wanted to watch her dance. Giving both boys a glare to freeze a lake, she got up in front of the couch and started to dance. Her movements mechanical and conservative as she tried to not give them the show they wanted; however, Annie loves dancing to the point it has become foreplay to us. With her feeling the effects of the wine we had earlier, horny at us not being together for several weeks, and teasing the boys, her body began to take control. She was undoubtedly getting turned on! Dressed as she was with spiked heels and revealing outfit, she couldn't help but start to shake and jiggle all over the place.

By the second song she was fully into it and had given up trying to hold back. She was giving all of us a nice show. The guys obviously enjoyed their entertainment, rubbing their crotches through their pants and telling her how hot she was. Their talk only gave her more inspiration and soon she was totally into the music. I was stroking my own dick as I watched her myself, what a hot little babe! The scene was reminiscent of a strip club and I was overwhelmed at the emotions I was feeling seeing my fiancé dancing in front of these two.

After four or five songs Annie's exertions were making her glow as a soft sheen of sweat formed on her. She was only dancing to the music now, oblivious to her surroundings. A part of her mind knew they were watching her, but the music had taken its hold as she closed her eyes and danced.

The boys whispered to each other and suddenly William told her to stop, they were getting hungry and wanted her to fix them something to eat. I knew from listening to the couple's instructions Annie was supposed to do this anyway, so was not surprised she didn't resist and instead turned and walked into the kitchen. As she walked out the room I realized she purposely began swaying her hips similarly to our walk here, and knew she was as turned on as ever. Both their eyes were glued to her wagging tail as she flounced out of the room into the kitchen.

With that brief prelude, I began to think about what was going on. I was annoyed these little squares—the kind of guys who only had each other as friends in school—had my fiancé compromised like this. In school their classmates called them geeks, they weren't very outgoing or popular—I'm sure you know the type for your school days. Yet here they were in complete control of a very popular, beautiful, and sexy girl several years older than they. You figure it out, I still can't, and a part of me was not sure why Annie was listening to them.

While in the kitchen the guys "high-fived" each other snickering how they could not believe this scheme was working. William said they would finally get a taste of what she'd been showing them all these years and I knew they had been planning this for quite some time. Any other night and they probably would have failed; however, the time of her and I being apart, the wine, and us teasing each other on the way here probably all were affecting her and I believe I played a part in what was happening.

Breaking my reverie, Annie came out of the kitchen carrying sandwiches and drinks on a big tray. Moving in front of Brian, she bent down to serve him, both of the guys' eyes glued to her chest. I'm sure she was giving them quite a show and not unintentionally! As she moved to William I saw him not paying attention to anything but her chest as he clumsily reached for his soda, spilling it on the rug. Annie rolled her eyes muttering "boys" as she went to get a towel and I saw William frown.

"Boys indeed," he said to Brian. "Tonight we'll become men," he laughed and I stared dumbfounded realizing what they were trying to do.

Returning and seeing the boys watching her, Annie smiled and knelt on her hands and knees facing away from them scrubbing at the stain. What a sight...she was rubbing the spill causing her rear to gyrate in front of the gaping boys' faces. She stayed there for a while, longer than it should have taken to clean up such a little spill, and I knew she was purposely enjoying her little show to them.

Eventually she stood up and turning around saw the boys staring at her, noticing they had not even started their snack, their eyes on her the entire time she scrubbed the floor. She found this highly amusing and told them to eat up giving the same grin she had given me outside.

When they were done she took everything out to the kitchen. When she came back she had a glass of wine and sat down in a chair on the other side of the room. I was shocked. Annie does not drink much, especially babysitting. She is a very light weight drinker and after half a bottle of wine earlier knew this was not going to help things and wondering what the hell she was thinking. Then again, there were a lot of things going on tonight unlike her! As horny as she was I couldn't believe she would have another glass of wine, not sure what was going on, but unable to stop the events unfolding before me.

The second she hit the cushion William told her to come sit between them again on the couch. Annie took a big sip of her glass, shrugged, and got up and plopped herself on the couch.

The boys moved closer to her, but it was obvious they were almost afraid to get too close. Annie continued sipping her wine and crossed her legs, her foot brushing against William's leg. His reaction was almost comical as Annie moved her foot to the music, gently stroking the tips of her foot it up and down his leg. I sat there dumbfounded wondering what she was thinking. Brian suggested she dance for them again and I could see William frown, laughing at how frustrated he probably was.

Annie just smiled, chugged the rest of her wine, and stood up.

I cannot express the thoughts running through my head that night. I couldn't believe how she was acting and behaving; why she was letting them get away with everything, watching in awe as she started dancing for them yet again. A part of me was angered, but looking back, I was more turned on.

Unlike before she quickly got into the music. The alcohol must have been having an effect on her as she danced even sexier than before. She would smile at the guys slowly bending down giving them a good view of her cleavage. She was blatantly teased them fully aware of what she was doing. This was a side of her I had only seen myself and could not believe how open she was being to these two jerks.

As she danced she started rubbing her body, first her arms, and then moving her hands through her hair, swaying to the music. A slow song came on and she changed her dance to a slow erotic sway, her eyes closed, and her head swaying to the music. Dancing like this for a while she slowly raised her arms and gently squeezed her breasts through her shirt!

She looked incredible...high heels, short skirt, tight blouse showing off her bare midriff. Again sheens of sweat were forming on her from her exertions making her body glisten—she looked so desirable. I could

not believe what I was seeing, and the boys were obviously enjoying the show. They continued to urge her on with lewd comments, how hot she was, how well she danced, how nice tits and ass she had...just the kind of talk I knew turned Annie on when aroused. William was even cruder telling her what a slut she was, how he knew she got off showing herself off to guys; instead of getting pissed off she actually smiled at him!

At one point she turned around sliding her hands down her legs to give them a view of her ass, the bottoms of her cheeks visible from her miniskirt... She then turned around smiling as she saw them rubbing their dicks through their pants, amazing me even more at how open she was being.

Even more outrageous was when she reached over taking Brian's hand and pulling him from the couch to her, seductively dancing with him. Here was my 22-year-old fiancée giving a table dance to not just another guy, but a barely-out-of-teenage geek. She rubbed her body against him, obviously to his enjoyment. Continuing to dance, he became bolder, reaching around and pulling her to him, cupping her ass in his hands. Annie didn't say a word as she leaned into him, continuing to rub against him. After the song ended William stood up saying it was his turn. Annie smiled and turned to him doing the same dance. She began to spin around and he wrapped his arms around her waist pulling her rear too him. Grinding his hard on against her ass I could not believe my eyes as I saw Annie also wiggling her ass against him.

The song ended and William told her to she was probably too hot and to take off her skirt. Thinking they had gone too far I sat there with my mouth wide open as Annie grinned and started swaying to the next song. As all three of us guys watched in amazement, she slowly reached behind her, unzipped her skirt, and wriggled out of it with barely a thought. There was my beautiful fiancé standing there almost naked revealing a pair of white silk string bikini panties barely covering half her gorgeous ass. Turning to the song as she swayed, I could see they were low cut in the front barely hiding her pussy as well and abstractedly knew she had bought them just for me.

Brian and William clapped and she curtsied to them, giving the same mischievous look on her face she had given me, continuing to sway to the music.

As soon as the song was over, Brian came up with the major move the evening and told her they should watch a movie, telling her to put in the movie on the top of the shelf. Without any protest of modesty, Annie turned, her ass barely covered by her panties, and reached for the movie. As she stretched I almost came in my pants at the vision of her stretched out like this in front of two guys barely of age. Her shirt rode up her back showing most of her lower back as her panties strained between her ass cheeks.

I pulled my dick out and started stroking it. The guys were apparently just as excited as they rubbed their hard dicks through their pants. As Annie turned off the stereo William told her to sit down between. She smiled and kicking her skirt out of the way on the floor, my barely dressed fiancée sat down between them in her high heels, panties, and a short shirt!

The movie started playing and all of us looked as a bunch of moaning caught our attention. I realized it was an X-rated movie playing and shook my head. William smiled saying this was perfect entertainment while Annie sat there, oblivious to them stroking themselves through their pants.

The movie did not waste any time as it showed a girl being double-teamed by two men. The boys were making comments like "This giving you any ideas Annie?" and "That looks like something to try!" From my view I could see Annie breathing hard, her chest rising and falling, her nipples still poking through the material knowing she was as horny as she could get.

I watched as simultaneously Brian and William slowly reached over and pulled Annie's hands to their

pants. Looking down she realized the state they were in and without saying anything started to stroke them. Here was my fiancée almost naked, feeling up two guys next to her on the couch.

William told her to wait, he needed to get comfortable and reached down unzipping his pants, Brian quickly following suit. He then told her she could now continue as she smiled reaching into both of their pants at the same time.

Suddenly gasping in astonishment, "Holy shit" she said as she pulled out their cocks. I started with amazement to see these two nerds each with a huge, hefty cock! Brian's was at least 12 inches long fully visible from where I was standing and Williams was so big Annie could barely fit a hand around it!

I was just jealous of these guys having my fiancée as a stripper slave, even if I was enjoying the show, but this really took the cake. The guys were grinning and watching the movie as Annie kept their fat wangs happy, slowly stroking them, her thumb playing with the tips. Although trying to keep up her cool obviously had reached a point where she was losing control and couldn't help herself. From my view at her sitting on the couch with her legs uncrossed, it was clear she was wet herself and I didn't have to think what was going to be happening.

As the movie continued and Annie was stroking them, Brian calmly said "Why don't you kiss it now."

As I watched, Annie didn't put up any objection and got on her knees in front of him, kissing his fat dick. She still had her high heels on and her ass looked unreal from where I was standing. Brian laughed telling her to quit staring so much and start sucking. She nodded to him and stuffed his dick in her mouth making loud slurping noises. She obviously was enjoying it as much as he was, moaning contentedly, slowly wagging her ass, and I could see she was soaking completely through the crotch of her panties.

As close as they were to the window, I saw her drooling all over his thick cock, saliva dribbling down her chin onto his balls and I couldn't believe my eyes. Annie is an unreal cocksucker and to be watching her giving head to somebody else was surreal.

William was understandably jealous of not getting any attention as he watched her sucking off Brian. With her front occupied, he moved behind her pulling down her wet little panties. Annie was so caught up to sucking Brian she didn't even notice.

I came all over the outside wall seeing her in this predicament. William rubbed his hands all over her quivering ass and fingering her pussy. Annie let out a loud moan as he started working his fingers inside her.

She even whimpered when he pulled his hand away! I stood outside in shock, unable to move as I watched William pull down his shorts in one quick motion. Annie was burning up and he easily plunged his beef into her cunt, making her give loud moan with Brian's cock in her mouth. William slammed himself all the way up to his balls, Annie again groaning deeply as he entered her. With every stroke he took, his balls slapped against her driving her wild.

There was my sexy, teasing fiancée wearing only high heels and a top, panties down around her knees, on all fours getting sandwiched by two nerds with massive dicks. And she obviously loved every bit of it. William started slapping her baby doll ass, her cheeks rippling as he pumped her. Annie's hands steadied herself on Brian's legs as William slammed into her repeatedly, rocking her back and forth.

Brian reached under her untying her shirt fully exposing her swaying breasts. As she sucked him, rocking to William's pounding behind her, he started kneading her newly-freed tits, pinching her hard nipples while she kept gobbling on his cock as Annie grunted and moaned.

He asked if she liked it, both of them laughing when she said "Oh Gawd...unh...yeth!" without taking her new toy out of her mouth.

I don't know how long, but the friction from William's thick dick in her pussy as well as Brian feeling her tits brought her screaming in a series of orgasms. If she'd not have had Brian filling her mouth the whole neighborhood probably would have heard her.

A second later Brian's bloated pink dick popped out of her mouth and began lurching uncontrollably, shooting thick globs of cum all over her face and open mouth as her eyes stayed transfixed on his spasming dick the whole time.

Annie licked the cum off Brian's legs as she sucked his cock dry...but Brian told her to stop, they had other plans. The two boys pushed her aside and Annie actually whimpered as William's cock pulled out of her. They told her they were trading positions, and William sat on the couch, pulling her head to him. Brian watched and then moved behind her to take over the rear.

Annie was only disappointed for a minute as William gave her a new pacifier to teethe on. She cupped William's balls with one hand, licking his shaft slowly up and down like she was a little girl holding an ice cream cone. His massive dick was engorged with a huge bulbous head, its length crisscrossed with thick purple veins visible even from my point of view and Annie could barely get her mouth around it!

She was driving him crazy working on it with her rough tongue and I could see Brian was hard again. He moved behind her and without a pause entered her from behind brining a deep sigh from both Annie and himself. I knew her pussy is like hot velvet, and would have loved to be in either of those geeks' shoes.

Brian picked up spanking her like William had started earlier, saying things about her always teasing them and they were making up for lost time and all the teasing she had done in the past. Annie's gorgeous tits swayed back and forth as Brian's thrusts moved her back and forth, her grunting with each stroke around William's dick.

Her ass was rippling with every plunge into her pussy shaking like Jell-O with every smack of his hand, yelping and grunting around William's dick each time.

Her mouth filled to the limit, William told her to talk to him as he ran his fingers through her brown hair.

Talking around his dick, she said "Mmmm. About what?"

He said she should tell them what a slut she was and I was amazed she did not protest.

She kept slurping and sucking on his dick, barely able to talk as I heard her saying "Youw wight. I am an aiwhed (Slop...Slop...Sllrp...Slop.) I luv youw guyth dickth. I am a thlut and I'll do thith anytime you want. I nevw new you guyth had coth thith thik."

Brian gently patted her slap-reddened ass in approval and both guys then gave each other the thumbs-up sign as she rocked back and forth between them.

Just then she started shuddering with another orgasm, "Oh...God....Oh (SLAP) Oooooo."

The sight of her body shaking put the boys over the edge too. Her gallant efforts to talk and the sight of her gorgeous body in the throes of passion with her face and cunt stuffed with dick were too much for me as well as I joined the group orgasm fest, again cumming all over the outside wall of the house. Brian pulled out of her, shooting his load all over her ass and back, rubbing it into her skin with both hands.

William held her head down on his log as he too exploded in her stretched mouth. She gulped and gulped but couldn't swallow his entire load as cum dribbled out onto her lower lip and down her chin. Annie's hands moved and started milking William's dick as Brian slid his dick between her ass cheeks, milking himself onto her.

In a few minutes the guys fell back, Brian dropping on the couch while Annie caught her breath on her hands and knees, cum on her face dripping down her chin and on her back, making her skin glisten. She knelt there for a while in that position and I saw cum oozing out of her cunt knowing some of Brian's load was inside her. She sat there covered with those bookworms' sperm, catching her breath.

After a few minutes, without a word she reached down and picked up her skirt and panties, tying her shirt back over her tits and wobbled to her feet. Smiling at the boys on the couch, she turned and giving them another wagging strut in her high heels said she was going upstairs to clean up.

I waited until she came back downstairs, both boys drifting to sleep from their exertions. Smiling at them she gently shook them awake saying it was time for them to get to bed before Brian's parents came home. As they stood up, she reached out and led them both upstairs by their dicks.

As far as I could tell she was just tucking them into bed, but who knows what was happening. In a few minutes, she came back downstairs straightening and the room. Turning off the DVD and putting it back on the shelf, she sat down on the couch, crossing her lovely legs and watching TV like nothing unusual had happened.

After a while, she pulled a bottle of nail polish out of her purse and started doing her nails, I realized this was way too much for me for one unbelievable evening and decided to go home and call it a night.

Chapter 2...The Second Cumming

In Part One I told of watching my fiancé Anne-Marie blackmailed (?) into having sex by the guys she used to date as teenagers and how aroused and excited it made me (and from her actions, her as well). The adventure continues...

I did not mention to Annie what I saw happen Friday night, waiting to see what she would say. As expected she did not even hint anything unusual happened. The following day when I asked how babysitting went, she was only mildly distressed, and instead smiled and said it went well saying she enjoyed it! I couldn't believe what she said. I had anticipated if she did not confide in me on what had happened she would at least have been more distraught, but was apparently wrong. I even pushed further asking if Brian behaved and she told me both him and William were fantastic! Not to give her any ideas I left her alone, still at odds with my own feelings.

I was not sure what I expected to be honest. I cannot deny I was incredibly aroused watching the two guys use her. She had always been a tease to most men and it was one of the qualities I enjoyed about her, but only in my wildest fantasies did I ever dream about her following through with other men. I knew she loved me and I her, and seeing her compromised like she was last night made me want her even more. So I wasn't sure what to think and knew her mind was probably in turmoil as well, so let the matter drop.

Several days later she and I were watching television at her parent's house when her mother came in telling us Mrs. Strauss had called to ask if Anne-Marie could baby-sit again this coming Saturday evening. It seems the Strausses were impressed with her last visit. Not only was their three-year-old daughter cheery and well-rested the next day but her son hadn't stopped raving about what a nice time he had with her. It was obvious to them the night went well and to show how appreciative of her coming over on her school break, they were willing to pay her \$20.00 an hour.

This was a big deal for Annie and her parents, as being in school she needed all the money she could get to help pay for books and supplies. Her parents were not well-off financially--her father was a construction worker and her mom worked as a secretary for the local church. Needless to say the church did not pay well and the construction business was slow this year. Annie's parents were continually upset at her not "pulling her weight" at home financially.

I glanced over to see Annie's reaction and it was one of obvious shock. Clearly she did not consider ever going back after what had happened the other night with Brian Strauss and his buddy William.

Her mom repeated the near tripling of her pay asking "isn't that great, dear?"

Annie blinked out of her thoughts and disbelief at last replying, "Uh...sure, great mom. But...I...I...ummm..." glancing over at me, "we already have plans for Saturday."

This frustrated her mother as she then went into a tirade how they needed the money and the friendship between the two families. How their friendship with the Strausses were keeping them from losing the house due to their loan. Meanwhile Annie argued she couldn't break our plans when we had not seen each other for so long and were going out dancing with some friends.

Her mom continued on and on about responsibility, and Annie wouldn't budge until I butted in, "Oh, I

forgot to tell you, the shop asked me to work late Saturday, so we can't go out."

"There, see," her mom said triumphantly, "I'll call Clara and let her know you're available and see what time you should be there," walking out of the room.

Annie looked at me with an expression of horror until I innocently asked her if something was wrong: "Uh, no, I just thought we could spend some time together."

I knew what she meant. Since watching her fuck those two nerds the previous week, Annie had avoided having sex with me—whether she thought I would be able to tell or embarrassed I do not know. We were both very active sexually and ready to spend time together; she had promised Saturday would be a night neither of us would forget.

As much as I wanted her I was more interested seeing what would happen babysitting. Thinking about it gave me a hard-on. I knew the guys would obviously try something else, and the way Annie responded the last time, and knowing how much she loves sex, there was a good possibility they would again succeed.

I appeased Annie by saying I could pick her up early for dinner and take her to the Strauss's house before going to work and she quieted down, but obviously still upset at having to face the Strauss' son again. She whispered to me to pick her up early enough to spend some "quality time" together before she had to be there. I smiled telling her to wear something sexy but she said she couldn't if she were babysitting. I had dated Annie since high school and knew what buttons to push on her, so after enough pleading she finally agreed when I told her we would be back long before she had to go and could change.

Just then her mom came in and saying Annie should be there at 8:00 pm, so Annie said to pick her up at 6:00 giving us plenty of time.

Saturday afternoon I couldn't keep my eyes off the clock, knowing what I had planned. At 6:00 pm I called Annie telling her I had to drive my brother and his friends to the movies and would be there as fast as I could. This was just an excuse, as Annie would be eager for our rendezvous and I wanted to keep her anticipating us being together so she would be aroused and excited for babysitting, realizing I wanted to see her in a similar situation as last week.

I arrived at her house at 7:00 pm with her standing on the porch waiting for me, obviously upset.

"What kept you so long?" she scolded.

I could only stare at her as I stammered something about the traffic, telling her how great she looked. She smiled and told me we should get going or we'd have no time to spend together and since I was late she would order a pizza at the Strauss' telling me to instead go somewhere "private."

Again I could only tell her how great she looked. As mentioned previously, Annie was a cheerleader in high school, the envy of every girl—most people even telling her she should be a model. At 5' 9" with a 36-27-34 figure she was enough to catch the eye of every guy in school. Keeping her athletic build she had continued aerobics after graduating school and there wasn't an ounce of fat on her.

Tonight she was wearing an outfit I had never seen, a light blue and pink flowery, lacy, two-pieced outfit. The skirt was a sarong tied at the waist showing most of her legs and hugging her hips like a second skin. The top was also a tight wrap tying at her neck and then waist. One arm was sleeveless and long sleeved on the other. The wrap hugged her breasts tightly showing accentuating her cleavage nicely. In the porch light I could see the outlines of her breasts and thong panties through the material realizing the material was so sheer she might as well have been naked! It was obvious her parents were not home—she would never wear something so scandalous in front of them.

Topping off the outfit where black high-heels and light blue lacey thigh-high stockings. I almost came in my pants looking at her.

We went to our favorite parking place, the sexual tension obvious as I parked the car. I had brought a bottle of wine which we opened—Annie gets extremely horny with alcohol and I wanted her primed for babysitting. At first she protested saying she couldn't be drunk babysitting but I told her we had plenty of time and it was only wine.

We made out while slowly drinking the wine. I made a point to keep her glass filled, not drinking much myself. Without realizing what I was doing, she kept sipping her glass too caught up in the moment to realize how much she was drinking. I saw her eyes get a slight glaze and knew she was feeling the effects of the wine. She had not eaten all day so the alcohol was working fast.

The feel of her body against me was driving me crazy, but I purposely kept stalling for time. Looking back I cannot believe I was passing up a chance to feel myself inside her after we had been apart for so long, but the thought of seeing her as she was last week was an even stronger desire.

We go out of the car and she sat on the hood while I slowly kissed her neck, her hands, and her bare shoulder. She was rubbing my back as I worked my way down her arm. I pulled her close to me, her legs wrapping around me as my hard-on pressing against her crotch, slowly kissing behind her ears, working my way down to her cleavage. Her skin was so deliciously salty I had to bite my tongue several times from taking her right there.

She was moaning, telling me how hot she was and how she wanted me inside her, but I still held off, continuing to tease her. I moved my hands down to her thighs, sliding them up her mini-dress pulled it up around her hips. She was wearing a light blue satin thong and I almost came in my pants seeing her body like this.

She gently pushed me away as she moved off the hood of the car, leaning me against it instead. Crouching down in her thong, the skirt still pulled up around her waist she unzipped my jeans, pulling my cock out from the strained confines of my underwear. With no preamble she engulfed the entire thing in her mouth as I groaned.

Damn she felt so good. The hot wetness of her mouth and insistent sucking drove me up the wall.

Annie is the best cock-sucker I have ever met and was in rare form. She slowly licked up and down my shaft, then taking me entirely into her mouth, sucking hard enough to be a vacuum cleaner. I was so excited thinking about her all week with those guys I soon felt my balls beginning to tighten in orgasm. Pulling her long brunette hair with my hands I jammed my rod deeper into her throat wanting so bad to pump myself into her when I realized her babysitting.

Pushing her away she groaned and asked me what was wrong. I looked at my watch and couldn't help smiling--7:45! I told her we barely had enough time to get to the Strauss's.

"Shit," she said, "I wanted to get home and change before I went over there!"

I told her not to worry but could tell she was nervous going there dressed like a slut. She was probably more worried about the boys seeing her than Mr. and Mrs. Strauss, but I played innocent telling her to just explain to Mrs. Strauss we were on a date. She mumbled something nervously, but with so little time left, had to acquiesce.

When we arrived, the Strauss's were already outside on the porch waiting for her, meeting her in the driveway as we pulled in. Annie looked towards me apologizing to them for being late as well as her

attire explaining we were out on a date. The driveway was so poorly lit the Strausses could not see how revealing her outfit was and told her it was fine, but they had to leave. I kissed Annie goodnight and got in my car so they could leave.

I saw their son Brian standing with Annie on the porch and even from where I was, could see his eyes popping out as he stared at Anne-Marie. Mrs. Strauss yelled out the car window their daughter Ellen was again at a friend's house overnight and the baby was already in bed, so she and the boys would have a quiet evening. Brian had a friend over--William, of course—again explaining how she didn't feel confident the two boys would be observant enough to watch the baby, hence their reason for having Annie over and pulled out of the drive.

I beeped my horn goodbye seeing Annie's figure in the doorway, Brian behind her obviously staring and drove around the block. I parked the car around the corner quickly running back to the house. Again I couldn't believe my luck--the family room window was opened and I could hear and see everything occurring.

"...fuck you, you little geeks!" I hear Annie yelling, "I didn't dress this way for you perverts!"

Brian and William were both sitting on the couch and judging from the conversation, were thanking Annie for dressing up for them. Annie was standing in front of them with her arms folded across her chest as the two guys openly admired her stunning, long-legged body. They asked if she would sit next to them and watch a movie so she purposely went and sat across the room in a recliner, again folding her arms over her chest and keeping her legs tightly together.

"I'm not going to play this game anymore," she said. "We made a mistake, it's over, and that's the end of it!"

The two boys looked at each other and grinned.

Brian got up and put a DVD into the player, sitting back down. Looking across the room I could see the television perfectly and wondered what would happen. I expected the boys to push her more, but they seemed to be more interested in the television. The movie came on, the scene blurry at first but then focused in on Brian's face: "testing, testing, one, two, three, testing" he was saying on the television.

"What the hell is this, home movies?" Annie asked, still angered but inquisitive.

"In a manner of speaking," William grinned at her, "watch" he explained.

From across the room I saw Annie step into view on the television dressed in her checkered red mini-skirt and white top. It suddenly dawned on me--those bastards taped her! Annie was confused not fully understanding what was going on.

Meanwhile the Annie on television was telling the two boys on the couch to fuck off. I watched the familiar scene play out as Brian stood by the phone threatening to call her parents. The night's events continued to play out as to the point where they turned on the stereo and Annie started her strip tease.

If finally dawned on Annie, "You bastards!" she yelled. She jumped up and ejected the disc, breaking it into several pieces. "You're going to pay for this."

Brian looked at her sternly and said, "No bitch. YOU are going to pay for it. You see, that is not the original disk, and if you don't do as we say, we'll send copies to your parents, your fiancé, your school, and anybody else who knows you! Your pretty ass will be plastered on every site on the internet within an hour."

Annie looked horror-stricken at his glare. "You're full of shit." she countered, but I could see she didn't have much conviction in it. "I'll call the police."

"Yeah," William chimed in, "I'm sure they'll be happy to see a tape of a 22-year-old bimbo fucking two guys while she was being paid to babysit. Imagine what Brian's parents will think when they see you doing this while they had their trust in you to watch the baby! We don't even need to edit it; it's obvious you enjoyed yourself. Who knows how many other times you fucked their son while babysitting him?" Annie glared, but I could see her realizing the implications. Her father was a highly respected member of the community, if even a rumor of this scandal got out he'd be publicly humiliated and disgraced. She'd be kicked out of school. She may have even thought I'd be pissed off and leave her.

In actuality, I had the biggest erection ever. I began to see the two brats' plan and had to admit for a couple of geeks, they sure had balls.

Brain and William knew they had Annie and she finally realized it, "W-what do you want?" she stuttered.

Brian walked over to her and ran his hands up her thigh. Annie stiffened at his touch, but remained still as he gently cupped her ass. "First off, you will be our total slave. You will not do anything here or away on your own without our permission—including fucking that asshole of a fiancé you have" he said.

I felt a surge of anger but was so excited at Annie's subjugation I watched totally mesmerized.

"The hell I will!" Annie yelled, pulling away from him.

Suddenly Brian slapped her across her ass very hard as Annie yelped in shock, "That includes talking without being given permission to talk!" he yelled. "Now as I was saying, you will only do what either me or William tells you to do, no questions asked. If you do not follow our instructions copies of this disk will be sent everywhere in town. Understood?" he asked.

"Yes." I couldn't hear it but could see Annie's whispered response.

"What?" Brian asked.

"Yes," I could plainly hear her now, her voice shaking.

"Yes WHAT?" William yelled.

I knew what he wanted not believing when I heard Annie say, "Yes, Master."

"Good," Brian said, "our little slut learns quickly!"

Annie stood there, her head hanging dejectedly as she realized she had little choice but to obey these geeks.



Brian told her as much as they enjoyed her attire they wanted to see more. William got up and turned on the stereo, telling her to dance.

Similar to the first night, Annie started to dance jerkily, too nervous and scared at her predicament to do anything else. The situation had sobered her; however, she had drunk over half a bottle of wine on an empty stomach and it was only a matter of time before she started feeling the effects of the wine again. As one of her favorite songs came on, soon the music took over.

Annie's history as a cheerleader had taught her how to move perfectly, and her body was in magnificent shape. She knew exactly how to dance and tease men. As she started to get into the music the wine was clearly taking over as she started to sway her hips back and forth, losing herself in the music. Closing her eyes she moved her hands across her torso, along her breasts, and up and around her neck, splaying her hair out.

Brian and William ogled at her and I was getting turned on myself. She definitely knew how to dance. As with the first night, the boys started talking dirty to her, telling her how hot she was, how she was their perfect sex slave, how much they wanted to fuck her. Trying to act nonchalant, I knew the talk was getting to her as she continued to dance.

She turned away gently swayed her hips. Slowly she bent down sliding her hands down her stockings and looked at them through her legs, her beautiful round ass moving to the rhythm of the music. The lighting in the room was perfect to see through her outfit, the outline of the crack of her ass pressed against the fabric showing clearly.

The boys were definitely enjoying the show and William told her they wanted to see more.

Turning back around, she slowly reached up and untied the top at her shoulder, letting go as the fabric gently folded down to her stomach. Her 36C breasts were fully exposed as her hips rocked to the music. She raised her hands over her head as she continued to dance, her eyes closed.

The guys continued to egg her on telling her how beautiful she was, how she was the hottest girl alive. She continued to dance, their words obviously having an effect on her and I watched amazed.

Brian suggested they see more.

She again turned around this time untying the dress at her hips, the whole outfit falling to the ground as she stepped away from it.

The boys whistled appreciatively and I had to agree. Standing there topless in a thong, thigh-high stockings, and black heels, she looked magnificent.

I realized I was watching almost a replay of the previous week's events and was unable to move from my vantage point. I should have been upset, pissed at her for cheating on me, pissed at them for doing this to her; instead I was more aroused than ever and wanted to see more.

As if echoing my thoughts the guys continued to compliment her, telling her to give in to the music. Swaying to the music she slowly reached up and squeezed her breasts, the boys hooting loudly. They steadily were getting louder when Annie suddenly stopped.

"If you keep that up, you'll wake the baby, and I'll not put up with it!" she scolded.

The boys quieted down and Brian apologized as she continued, this time them quietly giving her compliment after compliment.

As the next song came on, Brian told her to get on her knees and come over to him. In only her heels, stockings and thong, she was an amazing sight as she crawled to him on the couch, her tits swaying beneath her, as she smiled and asked what next.

He told her he wanted her to suck him off, and she hesitated. Without warning he slapped her face, the loud noise breaking the strange dreamlike quality of the moment. "Next time I won't be as lenient," he yelled.

Annie, her face a mixture of fear, anger, and something I couldn't decipher, slowly reached up and unzipped Brian's jeans. As she pulled out his dick I was once again amazed at the size--Annie's hand barely fit around it as she slowly licked it, placing her mouth over the head and gently sucking.

Brian moaned in pleasure and I could understand why just having come from one of Annie's expert blowjobs.

William reached under her and caressing her breasts. These are one of Annie's most sensitive areas and I knew she was getting more turned on as she started moaning sucking Brian off. William continued to move his hands all over Annie's body, finally moving behind her. Positioning himself behind her he pulled out a pocket knife immediately sobering me up. I was scared at what he was going to do, ready to literally jump through the window as he reached around cutting the straps of Annie's thong on each side.

Annie was so absorbed with Brian's cock she did not even notice as he gently pulled her thong out of the crack of her ass, throwing it to the side. Other than her stockings and high heels Annie was kneeling there completely naked, her body gently rocking as she sucked Brian off. Clearly seeing between her legs I saw the light sparkling in reflection knowing she was extremely wet and turned on.

William bent down, smelling her. She finally noticed the loss of her thong when William's tongue pressed upon her pussy: "Ugh, snoo, smop it!" she muttered around Brian's cock.

William laughed telling her to shut up as he continued licking her. Brian pulled her head down further forcing his dick deeper into her mouth.

Annie's hips started swaying to William's cunnilingus, her hips rocking gently.

After a few minutes he moved away and smiled as we all heard Annie's whining plea. Standing up he

took off his pants and again I was flabbergasted such nerds would have so massive of cocks. Spitting on his hands he slowly stroked his shaft and repositioned himself behind Annie.

He found his goal quickly as he slowly moved his dick into her. "Oooh, nooo, Jesus!" she yelled as William rammed himself fully into her.

Brian yelled he was cumming and Annie's protests were rapidly smothered as he began ejaculating deep into her mouth. Annie instinctively clamped her mouth tighter on his dick started sucking him dry.

Meanwhile William was moving at a slow pace in and out behind her, her body instinctively pushing back against him with each thrust. As she licked Brian clean she started moving her hips faster, "Oh, yes! Faster, oh, it feels so good!"

Brian and William gave each other a high-five over Annie's back as William began doggie-fucking her in earnest. I should have been mad—these geeks were fucking my fiancée, blackmailing her—but here I was outside their house jacking off like a pervert. Seeing my prim and proper fiancé totally subjugated by these two turned me on like nothing ever before.

William grunted he was cumming and Brian hollered "Cum shot! Cum shot!"

William quickly pulled his dick out of Annie's pussy shooting his load all over her back. I couldn't believe the amount of jiz shooting out of him—it looked like he was cumming in quarts. The first spurts landed in her hair and he kept milking more out of his dick, each spurt spreading it across her body. Unable to stand the sight, I too came, shooting my load all over the Strauss's aluminum siding for the third time in a week.

"Come and clean me off," William told her, milking the last drops on her ass.

Without a sound Annie turned around and started licking off William's dick. "Good little slut," William told her stroking her hair as she licked his cock clean of cum and her juices. Brian was slowly rubbing her ass and back, spreading William's cum all over her body making it shine with wetness.

Suddenly the telephone rang shattering the moment and causing everybody, including me, to jump up. Annie stood up, cum all over her back and hair answering the phone. Turning around she also splashes of cum all over her tits from Brian's load. Hanging up the phone she told the boys they had to get dressed. It was Brian's parents coming home early as the couple they were meeting got called out on an emergency.

Annie picked up her thong, moaning about \$30 wasted and Brian laughed, "Though we really like your underwear, from now on, you will not wear panties unless we tell you to."

Annie glared at him.

He asked if she understood and she muttered a quiet, "Yes Master."

He smiled at her and walked over to the other side of the room, his cock swaying with each step. I couldn't see what he was doing but Annie did as she suddenly yelled "You bastard, you taped this again!"

Brain and William chuckled and though Annie tried to get the camera from them, Brian told her this would be filed with the other movie. Annie glared at them and was such a sight: cum all over her hair, tits, and back as she picked up her dress.

They told her they had a list of rules for her. "First, as I said, you will do anything and everything either one of us tell you to do," Brian told her. "That especially means you will have no sex, masturbation or anything with your fiancée without our permission, understood?"

Annie again glared at them as Brian held up the camera, "Yes Master," she fumed at him.

"Second," William stated, "we liked your attire tonight. From now on you will only wear sexy clothes whenever you are with us, but as Brian told you, no panties. You will even avoid wearing a bra at all costs unless public decency prevents it."

Third," Brian continued without pause, them obviously having this rehearsed "you will tell nobody about our little agreement. If you do, we already have copies of the first night which can quickly be sent to your father, my parents, everybody; and this will be similarly copied by tomorrow. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master," Anne-Marie stated.

I was blinded by headlights pulling into the driveway and the living room erupted into movement as Annie quickly pulled her dress back on stuffing her torn thong into her purse. The boys ran upstairs with their clothes and camera. I watched Annie run into the hallway bathroom obviously to clean up as the front door opened.

A few minutes later she walked out straightening her hair and met Mr. and Mrs. Strauss. She was wearing a sweater obviously too big for her completely covering her outfit and I assumed it was Mr. Strauss'.

"Was everything alright?" Mrs. Strauss asked.

"Oh, you know boys," Annie said as if in explanation. She apologized for wearing the sweater but said she was cold and asked to borrow it for her walk home. Mr. Strauss offered Annie a ride home but she told him she would rather walk, as her house was only a few blocks away.

Watching my beautiful girl walk down the sidewalk, I was determined to continue observing her exploits with the two nerds as it was the most incredible experience of my life. Moving away from the window I got in my car and drove home, still reliving the night's events in my head.

Chapter 3...A Day at the Mall

In Part One I told of watching my girlfriend Anne-Marie blackmailed into having sex by the guys she used to babysit and how aroused and responsive she was--and how unbelievably excited it made me. Part Two described how she further became enthralled in their clutches.

The adventure continues...

Part 3A - Annie gets prepared...

I called Annie the day after her second ravaging and subjugation by William and Brian to ask how her babysitting went. She stuttered a few moments before replying it went fine. Asking if anything was wrong she explained she was tired because Mr. and Mrs. Strauss did not get home until late and needed some rest.

I knew they were barely gone an hour before their evening was unexpectedly cancelled and Annie had returned home early after being thoroughly used by both guys; however, I didn't press the issue. Telling her to take it easy and knowing how flustered she was from the night before, I told her I'd see her later in the day.

She seemed herself again when I went over to her house in the afternoon. I was disappointed seeing her dressed conservatively in jeans and a sweater--of course, with her parents around I wouldn't have expected her to dress provocatively. Still, remembering the night before I was curious and even anxious to see if she would follow Brian and William's "Rules."

We sat down to watch a movie; however, she seemed constantly distracted, often staring ahead not paying any attention to the movie. Asking if anything was wrong, she explained she was still tired from babysitting and for me not to worry about it. I knew exactly what she was thinking about, but could not tell if she was trying to figure out how to get out of it, or reminiscing on how she enjoyed the night's events.

The ringing of the telephone startled us, breaking both our thoughts...

"Hello?" she answered.

I saw her tense up as she glanced over to me, so I pretended not to notice as she kept looking over to me while on the phone. She stammered something about it being one of her friends from college who was upset about something and asked if I would mind hanging up the telephone when she went up to her room to talk in private. I agreed and she quickly ran up stairs.

"OK I'm on, you can hang up!" she yelled down to me.

Knowing something was obviously up, I hung up the receiver, but curiosity getting the best of me, slowly lifted it again to my ear.

"Who else is there?" I recognized Brian's voice over the telephone.

"Bob, my fiancé," she answered.

"Now Annie, you weren't thinking about breaking our rules, were you? Remember, you are not to have

sex without our approval."

"I remember, and no, I haven't had sex with him." she answered vehemently.

"You haven't had sex with him WHAT slave?" Brian's tone asked coldly.

"I haven't had sex with him Master," I heard Annie mutter.

"Good," he chuckled. "Now, I want you to come and pick Billy and me up. We are going shopping at the mall."

"What?" I heard Annie protest. "I can't just leave. What will I tell Bob?"

"I don't care what the fuck you tell him. Just be here in half an hour, understood bitch? Or would you rather have him get one of your lovely videos to watch?"

"No, I will come as soon as I can," I heard Annie whisper.

"I'm sure you will CUM," I heard Brian laugh with his play on words.

Hearing Annie hang up the phone, I quickly hung up my receiver and sat back down on the couch. Annie came down the stairs looking nervous. Asking her if something was the matter, she told me Sally, a friend from college, was upset at breaking up with her boyfriend and needed to go over and comfort her.

I knew Sally's father, and he had recently dropped off her car for some work at the auto shop where I worked. He had told us Sally would be gone on a foreign exchange trip to Europe the entire summer break, so I knew Sally was thousands of miles away!

Telling Annie it was all right I asked if she wanted me to drive her over.

"No!" she yelled with her eyes wide.

Again I asked if something was wrong and she quickly regained her composure telling me no, she didn't know when she'd be home so would drive herself.

I said it was alright and told her to call me later.

I should take some time to describe my feelings. Don't get me wrong, I love Annie and know Annie loves me...that is not an issue, and one I feel never will be an issue. The fact we are engaged is testament to our love.

No, love has nothing to do with it...this was pure sex. I have always loved the exhibitionist side of her...it was not only pride but a turn-on seeing other men lusting after my girlfriend in high school. The knowledge I was the only one who could win her heart has been something meaning a lot to me, regardless of the pure physical attraction most men feel towards her.

Annie and I have always had a good and active sex life, her more than I. She can orgasm numerous times, each one more powerful than the last to the point where I've literally been too exhausted to continue, or she herself has almost past out. She has a remarkable sex drive and although at first it sounds like it would be the best thing in the world to have a girl like that, in some ways you start to feel you cannot keep up with her.

We've discussed threesomes in the past and although the discussions turned us both on, we never could

figure out how to get involved in something like that. The thoughts of seeing Annie with another man may have caused jealousy or even anger with some men, but for me it oddly brought a sense of pride and excitement.

Again, I know our love between us is something we both cherish, but the pure physical act of sex is not part of that. We've made love many times, but when we have pure sex, it is something I found I cannot keep up with her. Now that she had somebody on the side to help and I could watch has been an incredible turn-on to me and something I was curious to see continue!

I left her house and immediately drove to the Strauss' end of the neighborhood, parking my car and waiting down the road. I was still in sight of the house, but Annie would not see me coming from the other end of the neighborhood. I was anxious to see what the boys had planned next for my gorgeous slave fiancée...

About 20 minutes later Annie's car drove up to the house and pulled into the Strauss' driveway. When she got out of the car I immediately noticed she still had on her jeans and sweater. Slamming the car door I could tell she was angry as she stomped up to the door and rang the doorbell. Brian answered and I saw them talking, and then yelling, when suddenly Brian slapped Annie across the face!

She stood there holding her hand to her cheek in surprise as Brian yelled something at her. I was too far away to hear what they were saying, but saw Annie's head bow down as she stood there.

As I sat wondering what they were saying I realized how lucky I had been previously, being able to not only watch Annie's exploits without detection, but also being close enough to hear. I would never be able to continue following her without discovery and needed to think of an alternative. There was nobody else I could get to follow her as I did not want anybody else to know about this, though had a few friends who would jump at the chance! Many of my friends had been after Annie throughout high school...she was the hottest girl around and all had tried one time or another to get into her pants, especially my best friend Rick.

My mind wandered thinking up elaborate schemes of bugging her, hiring a private investigator, and so forth—all far too elaborate and embarrassing as I would have to admit I was more interested in knowing what she was doing, not upset at her cheating.

Finally, it hit me--her diary! Annie has kept a diary since she was 12-years-old. One night while drinking she confided to me how she recorded EVERYTHING--good or bad--in her diary. Her parents once discovered it and had grounded her finding out about her playing hooky from school, so she cleverly kept two diaries: one "hidden" in her night stand being a "Rated-PG version" as she called it in case her parents ever read it again; another was her "Rated-X version" where she wrote everything ever happening to her, including sex with me. This way if her parents tried to find out what she was doing, they would not look further than the "decoy" diary. Although it took a while to maintain the duplicity, it had served her well as her parents thought she was the model daughter. At the time she was now on the fifth volume, even telling me where she kept them hidden in her closet.

Although I would have to stay far enough away to watch Annie undetected, I realized I could fill in the gaps through her diary.

I have since read many pages of Annie's diary and can describe much of what has happened to her in these events--even what she was feeling at the time. She is brutally honest in her diary and I can now tell her story in full:

The argument at the door was due to Annie's attire. Brian was scolding her for not dressing as she was told.

"Fuck you Brian. I'm tired of your petty little games. I've followed through so far and you are lucky I even came over here, but I want out now!" Annie yelled.

Annie suddenly felt the hard slap of Brian's hand across her face.

Staring at him in shock Brian yelled at her "Do not EVER speak to me in those tones again bitch! I told you I would give those tapes to everybody you knew and I meant it! Do you want your father to see those tapes? How about your dweeeky fiancé? Gee, what will your school say if those tapes ever became public? And what about your parents--ever think of what would happen to their bank loan if my parents found out about you fucking their kids while babysitting? Do you want that to happen bitch?"

The Strausses were managers of the local bank. Annie's parents had taken a sizeable loan from the bank to pay for their house and Annie's school, mainly approved through their friendship with the Strausses. I knew they were far behind on payments and it was only their friendship with the Strausses keeping the house from being foreclosed and worse happening to them, and apparently Brian knew that as well...

"No," Annie whispered dejectedly.

"No, what?" Brian demanded.

"No Master," she muttered.

"Good, now I asked why you didn't dress up like you are supposed to," Brian asked icily.

"I told you my fiancé was over. I couldn't just walk out of the house dressed like a whore with him there." Annie whispered. Seeing the anger in Brian's face, she quickly added "It won't happen again, please...please don't show those tapes to anybody," she begged. "I'll keep clothes in the car I can change into when needed, but please don't show those tapes," she pleaded.

"Please what?" Brian asked, obviously enjoying her predicament.

Annie's head bowed further in total defeat, "Please Master."

"I will think of a suitable punishment, but first we must pick up Billy." he told her.

They got in her car and started driving away, me following far enough behind so they would not see me. Even before reading the events in her diary, I knew Annie was probably too upset to pay attention to her surroundings and see me behind her; however, I did not want to take any chances.

William was waiting outside his house as Annie's car drove up, getting in the front seat. As they drove away, I again followed at a safe distance to avoid being seen.

As I was following I suddenly saw something fly out of the passenger's window. Driving by I recognized the sweater Annie had been wearing moments before!

Several miles further down the road I saw her car swerve and a few more moments something again flew

out the window—this time the unmistakable outline of a bra. It seems the boys not liking her attire were having her strip in the car.

"Excellent," William said with satisfaction as Annie sat behind the wheel naked from the waist up. She had trouble getting her bra off while driving the car and sat there red with shame as the two boys ogled at her exposed breasts. William laughed and said he would help her as he turned on the car's air conditioner to maximum. Embarrassed and angry as the boys' leered at her, she continued driving fully aware of the cold wind on her breasts making her nipples stand out hard as rocks.

"Now your pants," William ordered.

"What?" Annie stuttered. "I'm driving!"

"I'll steer," Brian said from the middle of the seat, "You just follow orders. Got it slave?"

"Yes Master," Annie muttered.

With some difficulty, after taking off her shoes she pulled her jeans off.

"Everything!" William ordered looking down at her lap.

Dejectedly Annie slowly pulled off her underwear. Even with the air conditioning blowing on her, her body burned from embarrassment driving naked while the two boys stared at her. She hoped nobody could see her as she drove in this state of humility.

This time she only mildly protested as William grabbed her clothes and threw them out the window.

"But I don't have anything else to wear!" she explained.

Brian and William glared at her as she dejectedly stared ahead and drove.

"Get on the highway, we are going to the mall," Brian told her.

Annie drove on the highway, trying to sink into her seat so passing cars wouldn't see her state of undress.

She tried to blot the entire incident out of her mind when suddenly the sound of a semi-truck's horn broke her reverie. Looking up she saw an eighteen-wheeler had moved up beside her, the driver waving at her through her sunroof.

Mortified she tried to shut the sunroof, but Brian grabbed her hand saying, "No, I think we'll keep this open," he laughed.

Annie gasped and almost swerved off the road as Brian firmly squeezed her right nipple between his fingers, sending a shock throughout her body. In her embarrassment, the cold air blowing on her body, and the boys and other drivers on the highway seeing her naked, she felt her heart and breathing quicken realizing she was getting aroused! She tried to act nonchalant, staring straight ahead attempting to ignore the rush of blood through her body and the tingling wetness between her legs.

Annie clamped her hands around the steering wheel trying without success to ignore Brian as he massaged and squeezed her breasts, the truckers watching and beeping their horns from their high vantage point, and the reactions her body was having.

For the next twenty minutes I watched as semi after semi pull up to Annie's car, beeping their horn before moving on to let the next truck pull alongside her car. I'm sure the news of a beautiful 22-year-old naked woman on the highway was traveling across the CB radios of every trucker like wildfire.

Finally to Annie's relief they pulled off the exit to the mall. As they were driving up she looked at the boys. "You know I cannot go into the mall like this."

"Don't worry, we'll find something suitable for you to wear," Brian said as he leered at her. "Just park the car."

Annie pulled to the far end of the parking lot turning off the ignition. Brian asked her measurements and shoe size, writing them down as both he and William got out of the car.

Taking the keys out of her hand, Brian laughed at her, "Don't walk away we'll be back in a few."

As they walked into the mall I saw Annie lay down in the seat obviously to conceal herself from anybody passing by.

About an hour later the boys returned carrying a couple bags and getting into the car...

"Here slave," said Brian, "we brought you something to wear."

William snickered as he said "Unfortunately we didn't have enough money to buy any underwear, but you can go without for now," he laughed.

Though upset, Annie grabbed the bags thankful to have clothing once again. Suddenly her eyes opened wide as she looked into the bag, "I can't wear this!"

William reached over and grabbed Annie's long hair, "What did you say, bitch?"

Quickly Annie replied, "Nothing Master."

"Good," William smirked, "now get dressed so we can finish shopping."

Annie slowly pulled out her "clothing" the boys had bought. The first item was a leather bustier with metal rivets all over the seams, lacing up the front. Annie immediately thought of a biker chick she once saw as she held it up.

With the boys leering at her, she realized she should be thankful for anything--even so revealing--to cover her nakedness so quietly began to put it on.

As she laced up the front she discovered it was almost two sizes too small! "Masters," Annie mumbled weakly, "this is too small."

Brian told her, "We decided it was the perfect size. Though they did have the size you gave us this one

will do just fine. Put it on!"

Without another word, Annie struggled and put the bustier on, having to loosen the front lacings several times causing the leather to show more and more of her torso. After it was tied up she had to play around tucking in her breasts to get it to look right, the boys ogling at her the whole time. By the time she was done, the lacings were spread apart by almost 5 inches showing much of her middle chest and cleavage, her breasts pushed up incredibly high.

"Very nice," William said admiringly, "now the rest."

Annie didn't want to know what else there was, her humility was so great, but reached into the bag and pulled out a leather miniskirt. The skirt zipped on both sides and looking at the tag she was thankful it was the right size; however, pulling it on she realized the skirt was so tiny it barely covered her bottom if she bent over.

"I can't wear this!" she protested, knowing inwardly it was useless.

The boys smiled at her and said nothing. Adjusting the skirt as much as she could—she realized there was a fine line between her ass hanging out if it were too high and crack of her ass showing if it were too low. She finally found a middle ground where the skirt ended up being several inches below her hip bones barely above her trimmed pubic hair, but it would have to do; otherwise she would be walking around exposing her ass to everybody.

She reached into other bag, feeling a pair of shoes and pulling out a pair of four-inch black spiked heel shoes with silver studs all over them. Glaring at the smiling boys Annie slid them on her feet, noticing the straps around her ankles matching the rivets in the bustier. Surprisingly the shoes were very comfortable and of all her clothes, were a perfect fit.

"Good," Brian said. "Now, get out of the car and model for us."

I saw Annie step out of the car and even from my distance couldn't believe how hot she looked. She was the most incredible picture of pure sexuality I had ever seen. Her long legs were accented by the high heels and the incredibly short skirt. And the way her breasts bulged out of the bustier made her chest look twice as large as normal. I silently admired the guys' taste in clothing!

"Very nice," William said approvingly, "but we are missing something aren't we Brian?"

Brian grinned, "Right you are Billy my boy, she needs her jewelry!" He reached into his pockets and pulled out a black leather dog collar with spikes on it.

"Oh no," Annie said, "I am NOT wearing that!"

Brian smiled as he walked over. Before putting it on he showed her the tag: "Bitch in heat" and Annie felt her face flush with shame, standing there as he put the collar around her neck.

Annie could feel fire burning behind her eyes. At this point she was so pissed at these boys, part of her not knowing why she was letting them continue, another part knowing she had no choice. Her humility was complete as she grasped the realization she was totally subservient to them, powerless not do whatever they asked of her.

Meanwhile William reached into the car and started going through her purse.

"What the Hell do you think you are doing?" she yelled.

He explained since she was going to be the one wearing the clothes they picked out, she should be the one paying for them. She pleaded with them how she didn't make enough to afford new clothes and they smiled, telling her they could get her more money later.

Before she could even dream of what they meant William smirked, "Well slave, what do you think of your outfit?"

Though she hated it as well as them, she knew what they wanted: "Masters, this slave thanks you for your generosity," she mumbled weakly.

Both the boys smiled at each other. Annie's subjugation was complete.

"Good," Brian said adjusting her collar, "let's go shopping!"

I could not follow them into the mall without being seen so sat out in the parking lot waiting for their return.

Hours went by and still there was no sign of them. I started to get worried as the mall closed and still no sign of them. Several times I had to move my truck as cars left making where I parked too obvious—I didn't want Annie or the boys to see it.

As evening came, I began to get more and more worried.

Finally, almost three hours after the mall had closed, the three came out. Annie's head was hung low and all three were carrying an incredible number of shopping bags. Annie still looked incredible, although her hair looked messed up and wet against her head as she got into the car.

I followed them home as she first dropped William, then Brian off. I did not go home until Annie pulled into her driveway wondering what had happened.

I had to get the rest of the day's adventures from Annie's diary later the next day when her and her mom had gone shopping to piece together what had happened. Her father let me take a "nap" in her room while they were away so I had my chance to settle down for a few hours and read what happened:

Annie was mortified to be seen in the mall dressed like some biker whore, yet somewhere deep inside she also felt a tingle of exhilaration. She had always been an exhibitionist, but her parents were so conservative all she could ever get away with were a few miniskirts. Bob let her dress up as much—or as little—as she wanted, but only when they went out. Now here she was, practically naked, with two boys leading her around like a dog—ashamed, but somewhere deep inside she was enjoying every second of it...

As she walked she could feel every man's eyes on her. The combined humiliation and exhilaration had her body at odds and she was shocked feeling herself again getting wet between her legs. She kept her gaze low to avoid looking directly at anybody as the boys led her to a small side store, the pungent smell of leather catching her attention. Looking up Annie recognized the leather shop they were in. It was one she always wanted to visit; however, the normal group of bikers who usually hung out there had always kept her away.

"Well, I see the clothes fit the bitch perfectly!" a gruff, unfamiliar voice said.

Looking up she saw a large, grey haired, bearded man in a biker's vest and jeans sitting at the counter smiling at her. She could feel her entire body blush as he openly admired and appraised her body and outfit, she quickly looked away.

"Yes," Brian said. "Annie, please show this kind gentleman your outfit--after all, he was kind enough to help pick it out for you."

Annie stood there until the boys told her she didn't want to disappoint them. Following their direction, she moved to the three mirrors near the counter. She looked into the face of the leering biker as she walked past the counter in front, her face flushing as she put her hands on her hips as instructed. Continuing to follow the boys' instructions, she turned around and lifted her arms above her head into her hair as they told her.

Stretch this way she suddenly realized in shock her ass was peeking out from the bottom of the skirt.

This humiliation disappeared to horror as she heard the boys asking the biker if he wanted a closer look. Without a second thought he stood up and moved towards Annie.

Standing next to her she couldn't believe how huge he was, towering over her.

Immediately her eyes flew open in shock as she gasped, the biker reaching out and cupping both her breasts in the bustier with his hands. "Yur right, lads," he muttered, "she fills this out beautifully!"

Annie closed her eyes in shame as the man groped her breasts, standing stiffly as he kneaded her chest through the tight leather.

After what seemed forever she felt his hands leave and let out a breath of relief; however it was only momentary as without warning she felt the huge hands sliding up her right leg.

Looking down she watched in dismay as the man slowly ran his hands up her thighs, not stopping until he slid them around and cupped her buttocks, squeezing gently.

Though frightened and humiliated beyond anything she had ever felt, again something stirred deep within her as she started felt wetness between her legs. His hands moved up to her hips underneath the skirt and he said "Yup, this little slut definitely didn't need the black leather thong I tried to sell you!" he chuckled.

Annie stood there in complete disgrace as the man continued groping her ass, finally breathing a sigh of relief when he moved away.

"Well boys, you definitely can come back with her anytime you wish--and I'll even give you a discount!" he laughed.

He handed the boys a card telling them anytime they wanted to show her a good time, he could definitely arrange it. The boys thanked him and asked Annie to thank him as well.

Muttering a quick "Thank you," she was thankful to know they were leaving when the boys said she could be a little friendlier.

Wondering what they meant, she swiftly was enveloped by the huge man's arms pulling her to him and kissing her--his tongue invading her mouth like a venomous snake. Though mortified, Annie again felt a tingle between her legs and unconsciously started probing the man's own mouth with her tongue. The biker felt like an octopus as he kissed her, his hands roaming all over her body.

When he finally moved away she felt both relieved and disappointed. He looked at her as her chest heaved in excitement; her face flushed. He chuckled as he told the boys he didn't know how they did it, but they definitely had a keeper.

Going behind the counter he reached for something and handed it to Brian whispering in his ear. Saying this one was on the house the boys smiled and thanked him as they walked out of the store.

Annie wondered how far into the depths of humiliation she had yet to go as she tried to readjust her skirt, the biker's groping raising it too high. She became frightened as she perceived the rapid beating of her heart and wetness between her legs belying the fact somewhere deep inside her, even if her mind was in turmoil, her body was enjoying it.

The boys led her next to a lingerie store as she again blushed in shame. This store catered to more "sleazier" attire. Annie and her friends avoided this store when they shopped; however, it was more in line with what Annie expected the boys to have her wear so she was more mentally prepared.

They started picking out over a dozen outfits and lingerie handing them to Annie to try on. The saleswoman looked questioningly at Annie being with two younger guys picking out sleazy cloths for her, but didn't say a word as she led Annie to the dressing room.

"And make sure you show us how everything fits," William called happily after her to her shame.

Stepping into the dressing room Annie felt a brief moment of relief being away from the guys. Wondering how she ever got into this mess and why she was still going with it, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and could not believe her eyes. The person looking back at her could not be her! Looking at herself in the mirror she saw an incredibly sexy woman literally oozing sensuality. In the leather outfit and heels she could not believe the incredible being in the mirror was really her. Striking several poses she silently complimented the boys' choice of clothing, as revealing as it was it did show her off nicely. She couldn't help but get excited feeling a sense of thrill at the unknown and how she was looking.

She went through the outfits the boys had given her trying to decide what to try on first. As expected they were mostly short dresses revealing all too much of her. She grimaced as she tried on the first one--a shiny, multicolored metallic dress leaving little to the imagination as it clung to her like wet fabric; however, looking at herself in the mirror she again couldn't believe how sexy she looked. Stepping out of the dressing room a part of her felt pride as the boys whistled and complimented her.

Trying on another one--a short latex flounce skirt with a tank-styled top which clung to her like wet cotton—she again marveled at herself in the mirror. As much as she hated to admit it, the boys had very fine, if not perverted, taste.

Her reverie was suddenly broken as the door to the changing room opened and William stepped in. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"You were taking so long I thought I'd come and lend you a hand." he said wickedly. "I must say that dress looks fantastic on you!"

As pissed off as she was she couldn't help but glow at the compliment. "Thank you. I have to admit it does look good," she told him.

William smiled as he sat on the bench in the dressing room, saying he'd help her changing and save some time so she wouldn't have to keep exiting to show them the outfits. Knowing arguing would be useless, Annie glared at him; if she put up a fight, the outcome would be more humiliating than changing in front of him she rationalized.

Peeling the latex dress off, she tried to ignore William who almost drooling as he gazed upon her body. Though he didn't say anything Annie knew the thoughts going through his head and quickly grabbed something else to put on. Stopping her William reached over and picked out a white lace outfit consisting of a corset with garters and thong. She glared at him, but knowing putting up a fuss would be pointless, put the outfit on.

Bending down to attach the garters she felt William's hand rubbing her ass, trying to ignore him. Standing up William again told her she looked incredible. Looking into the mirror, Annie had to admit she did look good in it, though she wished she was in front of Bob instead of this kid.

Next, she tried on a metal chain skirt and top—although it was a matching top, it really was composed of chains draped across her chest. Standing still it looked fine; however whenever she moved her nipples breasts were obvious as they poked out and were exposed with every movement. William smiled saying he definitely liked the outfit, telling her he couldn't wait to see her dance in it and she needed to remember it as one of the more special outfits for them.

All the other clothes were of similar fashion--all revealing more flesh on her than she was used to wearing. One dress was nothing but two thin pieces of cloth on the front and back connected by thin chains on the sides; another laced up the front made of Lycra clinging to her like a second skin. Others consisted of teddies and lingerie. She shuddered knowing she would not be wearing underwear with most of the dresses and knew it was exactly what the boys had in mind.

Throughout it all she could not help but admire how she looked in the outfits, again at odds with her embarrassment from being put on display versus the exhibitionist side of her.

When finished William grabbed the outfits and walked out, leaving the door to the dressing room wide open. Annie stood there in shock, naked except for her high heels as she looked out into the store seeing several men openly admiring her and quickly shut the door.

She again put on her leather outfit—struggling with the bustier—and exited, seeing William at the counter. Brian was nowhere to be seen and William told her they would meet him at the Food Court.

As the saleswoman started ringing the items William handed her Annie's credit card. Annie glared at him when the \$575.00 total was announced and he again told her she would earn her money back and not to worry. Wondering if there was even a small grain of truth and trying to figure out how to explain the huge credit card bill, Annie just signed the receipt as William grabbed the shopping bags.

Walking out of the store Annie was once again conscientious of every man's eyes on her. Remembering her view in the mirror and how desirable she looked, this time she walked with her head up. She felt exhilarated at her sexuality. She noticed several glares from some women; however, the men with them all leered at her approvingly and she smiled at them as she passed.

Although subservient to Brian and William, there was also a sense of power as she passed by the men, exuding a sense of raw sexuality...

Part B - Annie goes to the bathroom...

Annie followed William through the mall as her mind played through the day's events. Initially she was planning to tell Brian it was over, the next thing she knew she's driving naked in the car, both boys—she couldn't think of them as guys—leering at her body. Recalling her helplessness and how vulnerable she felt being completely at their mercy sent a thrill deep inside of her as she remembered the truckers driving

by gawking at her. At the time her mind was too preoccupied to absorb what was occurring, but looking back she felt her pulse quicken realizing she was getting turned on.

Annie had always enjoyed teasing men, showing off her body; however, things had never gotten this out of hand. She thought about her current state of affairs—dressed in a slutty leather outfit barely covering enough of her to be legal, in high-heeled shoes, walking in tow of a young guy in a public area, her body on display for every person they passed—she tried but could not understand the tangled circumstances leading to this moment.

The combination of embarrassment mixed with the knowledge of every man she passed openly admiring her body excited her more than anything she had ever experienced. She actually was grateful for the tight leather bustier, as she felt her nipples hardening under the rough fabric, glad nobody could see her arousal. An accompanying familiar stir also was developing between her legs as she walked, the occasional breeze wafting up her skirt giving her erotic chills. She was not sure what was happening to her, her mind mortified at her predicament while her body became increasingly aroused. Her strange reverie was broken as William guided her into another store. A shoe store she realized, feeling relief compared to her predicament in the lingerie store. Annie loved shopping for shoes and now was in her element. Looking around she was more at ease, familiar in these surroundings. Nothing could go wrong here she thought to herself.

William guided her towards the back of the store to some seats aligned behind a tall rack of shoes, away from the main thoroughfare of the mall. She was thankful for the brief respite of men leering at her, yet another part deep within her was almost disappointed.

Pointing to the seats William told her to make herself comfortable and he'd be back with salesperson shortly.

Annie was grateful to sit. The high heeled shoes were beginning to hurt her feet and although comfortable, they were too new to be walking around in for so long.

Sitting down she was conscious of the chair's rough fabric against her bare rear as she looked around trying to take her mind off of the day's events and what she was, or in this case was not, wearing. The store was one she had been in before and had a wide range of shoe styles—high heels, boots, recreational and formal, tennis shoes—anything for every occasion.

Glancing across the aisle was a mirror and again she couldn't believe how sexy she looked. Her cleavage gave the appearance of her chest being larger than usual pressed and pushed up by the leather bustier, the inner curves of her breasts readily visible from the wide separation of laces up the front. Her tanned legs looked incredible she thought to herself, again admiring how the high heeled shoes accented them. And her skirt—

Suddenly her heart skipped. In shock she stared across at the reflection in the mirror, her well-trimmed pussy clearly visible, literally staring at her from across the room! She quickly pulled her thighs together, the skirt being too short and tight to try to do much else. Glancing around and not seeing anybody, she was again glad to be out of sight of the main stream of the mall.

Her attention was pulled away from the mirror hearing voices moving towards her... "No fucking way Billy, you are always so full of shit," she heard an unfamiliar male voice.

"You'll see Tim, and boy will you see!" she heard William chuckle, knowing the discussion was about her and wondering what was going to happen next.

The voices were getting closer, "Yeah whatever, you were always full...holy fucking shit!"

She looked up into the face of a tall, scraggly looking guy as he turned the corner and caught sight of her, William smiling next to him.

"Uh...hi...uh...Anne," the guy said, at a loss for words and obviously knowing who she was as he stared at her all-too-visible body.

The guy looked vaguely familiar, but Annie couldn't place him or his voice, so tried to act nonchalant. "Hello," she muttered back looking at William questionably.

William smiled as he sat next to her. "Tim, you're going to make the lady uncomfortable with your mouth hanging open like that," he chuckled.

She turned back to the skinny guy, was still staring at her—or more to the point her chest and legs—in obvious shock. She tried to place him; he seemed somehow familiar and she began to feel more vulnerable as her fears of somebody recognizing her manifested. Still unable to recognize him, he obviously knew her.

He stuttered to William replying, "Wha...er, what do you need?" he said, his gaze finally leave her to look at William, then back at her.

William laughed as he pulled a piece of paper from his pockets, handing it to the sales guy. "This is a list of what we need, but first we need to make sure we get the right size of my little pet's feet here," he laughed.

Annie quickly looked at him, "I'm a 7," remembering her reflection in the mirror and wanting to get away from somebody who obviously knew her from the past.

William smiled, "No Annie, we have to let the gentleman do his job." Looking up at the shoe salesman, still staring at her, she heard him continue, "Don't we Tim?"

Annie looked up finally knowing who he was; Tim Nelson she recalled, from her high school about two years younger than her. In school he was yet another face in the crowd of geeks she never hung around with and ignored, being around Bob and the other "jocks" most of the time. He obviously knew William, not surprising she thought as they both were part of the geeky crowd in school.

"Oh, of course," the guy said reaching around and grabbing a shoe sizing tool, his eyes never leaving Annie's body. Still staring he knelt in front of her, obviously as uncomfortable as she was.

"Go on, she doesn't bite," William laughed, "unless you want her to! I'm sure Annie will be VERY cooperative," he chuckled. "Won't you my dear?"

Annie glanced over at him and knew any argument would be futile, muttering a quiet, "yes."

Her head flew back as William's hand gripped her long hair, "Yes what bitch?"

Glancing at Tim Nelson, her body flushing with shame, she looked at William feeling her heart sinking into her stomach as she gave in, "Yes Master."

"Holy shit," she heard Tim Nelson mutter under his breath as she tried to avoid his gaze.

"Now Annie please let Tim do his job," William smiled, releasing her hair.

Knowing further defiance would be futile, she stretched her left foot out as Tim knelt in front of her. She focused her attention at the wall away from both guys, her body blushing in shame as she felt the salesman's hands on her calf. Glancing down he was gingerly holding her calf as his other hand unclasped the studded straps of her shoe around her ankle and slipping it off.

Her thighs were still together as she prayed for him to hurry up. From his position he would be able to see more of her than ever imagined, and again she looked everywhere but at either of the two guys.

Her attention was brought back immediately as she felt William's hands on her knees: "Now Annie, the man cannot do his job if you are so tense," he laughed, slowly prying her legs apart.

Annie's heart froze in horror seeing Tim Nelson's face staring in both delight and awe at her obviously bare pussy. Another wave of degradation coursed through her as he openly admired the unobstructed view between her legs. She could imagine his thoughts as he kneeled in front of her holding her raised calf, her long legs leading to a sight imagined in only his wildest of dreams.

William continued, "That's a good girl. Now Tim, if you don't mind, let's make sure you have a good measurement of BOTH her feet," he chuckled.

Annie sat dejectedly as the man in obvious delight measured one foot, then the other, taking his time, his gaze never straying from the sight between her legs the entire time. Moving to her other foot he became bolder as William encouraged him, his hands sliding up and down her calf and rubbing her feet more than was necessary for measuring her foot.

"Well, she's a 7," he chuckled with William after a too long period of a time. "I need to go in the back and see if we have all of these on your list," he said. "You're pretty descriptive so I think I can help you out!"

As he stood Annie could not help but notice the bulge in his pants and instantly felt a flash of heat forming between her legs as she became aroused again, aware of how desirable men found her. Yet again her pulse and breathing quickened as she realized her effect on men, unable to believe she could be turned on as humiliated as she felt.

"I'll help you out in case there are any questions," William said getting up and walking down the aisle with the salesman. "We'll be right back, my dear" he said glancing down at Annie's legs, smiling seeing them still spread open, following Tim to the back.

As they walked away Annie couldn't help but hear them.

"How the fuck did you get Anne Marie Johnson to do this?" she heard Tim say loudly, the mixture of embarrassment and arousal at odds within her. "Jesus, she's everything I ever imagined. I've never been this close to her...and Jesus, no panties!"

She couldn't hear William's response or more of the conversation as they entered the back storeroom, wondering what William was telling him. Somebody recognizing her was bad enough, but being another geeky guy from high school who had lusted after her was even worse.

She lost track of time in her own thoughts until she heard the squeaky wheels of a cart getting louder. William and Tim came around the corner pushing a cart loaded with shoe boxes and she looked up at William who only smiled.

Tim explained some of the shoes might fit differently and she needed to try them all on. She knew it was an excuse for him to gawk at her body more; she had always fit comfortably in size 7 shoes and there was no reason to try them on. With little recourse she shrugged as he pulled a stool in front of her, sitting between her legs and again pulling her calf forward. She was still barefoot and the stool had a slant for

resting her feet so she was shocked when he rested her foot against his crotch, the hard outline of his cock apparent under her foot.

Looking at both guys' smiles, she knew they were going to make this as humiliating as possible. Resigned as there was nothing she could do, she sat there with her legs parted as Tim began to put shoe after shoe on her.

Several times they made her get up and walk around, more to stare at her than to see if the shoes fit she knew, but did as they asked.

The shoes were all shapes and styles—low pumps, high heels, ankle boots...all different colors—some with straps, some buckled, some with studs, some obviously slutty, others more seductive. The only thing in common was they all accented her legs noticeably.

She preoccupied her mind by thinking of the outfits they had bought, trying to determine what shoes to wear with them; however, her concentration was continuously interrupted. Tim became steadily bolder as he fit the shoes on her, his hands sliding over her calves, caressing the inner skin of her knee, stroking the inner sides of her thighs; still aroused from earlier, his hands caressing her legs only added to the sensation.

At one point he slid on some spiked heels with long bands winding up her legs to mid-thigh, his hands caressing her slowly from her toes to thighs as he wrapped the straps around her legs and tied them above her knees. The constant touch of his hands on her caused her to become even wetter, and she knew at his viewpoint, it was more than apparent.

She caught herself several times pressing her foot against his erection as it rested it in his crotch, unable to control herself. Her body was flushed, her breathing shallow as he continued to feel her legs and feet with each pair of shoes.

Eventually he pulled out a pair of long black leather boots. They had spiked heels and as he put them on her feet and started to wrap them up her leg she realized they went all the way to the top of her thighs, zipping in the middle. Tim worked his way slowly up her legs and she couldn't help but feel more aroused the sensation of leather slowly tightening around her legs turning her on further. Her mind drifted as he zipped the boot up her thigh and she spread her legs further to give him more room, knowing full well she was giving him a clear view between her legs and no longer caring.

The leather tightened around her thighs as he zipped it higher, his hands wrapped around her upper thigh. Although part of her expected it, it was still a shock as his finger suddenly stroked her damp slit. She closed her eyes and let out a sigh, her hips clenching towards him, wanting to feel him deeper, mentally willing him to enter her when she realized what she was doing and opened her eyes. Staring straight into Tim Nelson's eyes she watched fascinated as he moved his hand away from her, smiling as he brought his index finger to his lips—glistening from her wetness—licking it clean.

A mixture of shame and arousal coursed through her, unable to rationalize what was happening to her...yet unable to deny how she felt.

The boot on her other leg was a repeat of the same process. Even prepared for what would happen, the feeling of his finger rubbing along her slit still caused her to gasp ignoring his and William's chuckles.

Ashamed and unable to control herself, she sat there, her body wanting something to happen.

Abruptly she was brought back to reality as Tim and William stood up, putting the shoes back into the boxes. "I think everything will be fine," she heard Tim say to William.

William told her they'd meet her at the cash register and walked away, the cart of shoe boxes squeaking with them.

Annie sat catching her breath. What was happening to her? Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts trying to comprehend her feelings. There was no denying she wanted Tim to touch her; there was no coercion, no forcing her to do something she didn't want...she welcomed the touch of his finger against her.

Hearing William calling to her from the front of the store brought her out of her thoughts. She tried to compose herself by taking some deep breaths as she slipped on the studded heels, making her way to the front of the store.

Her thoughts still flooded with emotions she abstractedly pulled out her credit card to hand to Tim when he said "don't worry; I think William and I have this covered."

Annie looked questioningly at William. There was at least \$500 worth of shoes in various bags, possibly more. She did not have the money, but knew an eighteen-year-old wouldn't either. She then caught her thoughts in horror not believing she was willing to pay without a thought! Her credit card bill would have been off the wall with the purchases, and here she was at odds with why she was NOT paying. Her mind was too flustered to even try to rationalize what was going on.

"Come on my dear, Brian is probably wondering what's taking us so long." William said as he grabbed the huge bags of shoe boxes. "See you later Tim," he laughed as he exited the store. Annie again became aware of Brian's absence, remembering William telling her he would meet them at the Food Court as she realized how thirsty she had become...probably from all the heavy breathing earlier she thought morbidly.

Arriving at the Food Court there was no sign of Brian. William told her to find a seat and he would get something to eat and drink, asking her what she wanted. Telling him she would love a slice of pizza and a Squirt, he laughed and told her he'd be happy to give her a squirt later as he went off to get the food.

Annie looked around trying to find an out-of-the-way table but luck was not with her. The only table available happened to be in the center of the Food Court. Knowing Fate was against her, she made her way to the table, trying to ignore the leering men and frowning women she passed.

She was again thankful to sit after all the walking and standing throughout the day. Her feet and ankles still feeling the strain of being in high heels all day and the brief time they were off at the shoe store did little to ease them.

Sitting down she abruptly let out a squeal, causing everyone around to look at her. She grimaced as she sat down again, the cold metal seat shocking her bare ass, trying not to make a scene. She had forgotten she was not wearing underwear, unprepared for the cold chill of the metal meshed seat on her bare ass. Several men continued to stare and she tried to ignore them, conscious of how slutty she looked.

William soon returned and handed her a large soft drink which she gratefully accepted and started drinking. The day's events—walking around so much, the biker and then Tim Nelson feeling her up, her heavy breathing, trying on clothes and shoes all day, as well as the roller coaster ride of emotions—all had made her extremely thirsty.

The drink had a slight aftertaste catching her off-guard, but she was so thirsty she drank half of the large

cup without a second thought.

William watched her drink for a few minutes and giggled as he walked away, telling her to enjoy her drink and he'd be back with food.

Annie continued to drink the soda quickly, vaguely wondering at the slightly bitter aftertaste, but so thirsty she didn't care.

Looking around she became more and engrossed by all the men staring at her, noticing some who had moved closer as seats opened up near her to get a better view. Sitting there and looking at them, she started to feel strange. A distant part of her conscious wondered what was going on; however, most of her mind barely comprehended as her body began to get warmer and warmer, her skin getting a tingling sensation. Looking around at some of the men openly looking at her it was as if their eyes were physically caressing her skin.

Her mouth was getting dry so she drank more of the soda, the aftertaste doing nothing to quench her thirst or cool her body down. Changing position slightly Annie gasped again as the metal touched her ass, only this time her gasp was not because of the cold, but due to a palpable shock in her pussy as it throbbed with an unusual sensation of excitement.

Her head felt funny--almost as if she were drunk she reflected, so she leaned on the table. Again a small moan escaped her lips as her breasts touched the cold edge of the table, sending shivers through her body radiating straight to her groin.

Not understanding what was going on, Annie knew she was becoming unusually aroused. Her body felt like she was experiencing sensations for the first time, all of them pleasurable. She was extremely conscientious of her breasts squeezed within the bustier, the leather pressing firmly against her hard nipples; the metal chair against her bare ass; the breeze of people walking by riding up her skirt; all these sensations caused electrical shocks, sending waves of pleasure centering on her clit.

Her breath started coming in short gasps causing her nipples to rub against the tight leather, sending even more sensations to her pussy. Closing her eyes, her mind drifted to the past few days—the images of Brian's and William's cocks appearing behind her eyes. The memory of her pussy being stretched by them as they used her, the taste of their cum, the feel of the biker's hands on her body, Tim Nelson gently stroking his finger across her slit—all these thoughts gave her tingles and she felt as if she were having a continuous stream of small orgasms.

"Well, if it isn't Anne Marie Johnson!" a familiar voice said, breaking her reverie.

Her body jumped slightly as she looked up in horror at the familiar voice. Standing next to her was Rick Peterson, one of Bob's friends and co-workers. Not really a friend Annie caught herself thinking, but Bob and Rick had played football together all through high school and now worked together at the same auto shop.

Occasionally they went out nights for beers or their monthly poker night, but Annie always came up with some excuse or another not to join them. She had never liked Rick--he was always trying to get her to go out with him, knowing full well she was dating Bob; and at parties he would find ways to brush against her or grope her when Bob wasn't looking.

Although other guys had done the same, Rick was more persistent, to the point of her being frightened to be near him. Annie had once confided her feelings to Bob but he had laughed saying it was just Rick's way, always the ladies man.

In her unusual state of arousal, Annie's mind flashed back to one pool party where her and Bob had drank

too much to drive home. Bob was to the point of almost passing out and Rick offered to take them home. She protested but it was a futile effort as Bob readily accepted. Putting Bob in the back seat where he immediately passed out, she had gotten in the front as Rick started the car.

Bob's house was in a cul-de-sac and Rick drove to the end of the dark street stopping the car. With Bob passed out right in the backseat of the car Rick had been all over her. With a leer he reached over ripping off her bikini top, feeling her tits as he pulled her to him, kissing her.

He wouldn't let up regardless of her protests. Her pretense of Bob being in the seat more to convince herself than Rick as she shamefully realized how turned on she was, blaming it on drinking so much. In an odd drunk rationalization she finally agreed to give Rick a hand-job—payment he had said, for taking Bob and her home.

Since then, she avoided Rick at all costs; difficult since he and Bob were so close. Though she always thought about the night in horror, thinking about it now was getting her unusually wet between her legs.

Her mind drifted as she thought of Rick's cock in her hand, staring openly at his crotch as he stood before her.

Forcing herself out of her own dreaminess she looked around. Surrounding Rick were five other guys, all of them acquaintances of Bob from high school football and working with him at the auto shop. Also she thought with a flush of excitement, all who had tried at various times and ways to hit on her or get her to go out with them.

"Uh, hi Rick," she mumbled, acutely aware of what and how little she was wearing. Still feeling groggy, instead of being embarrassed Annie became conscious of the growing wetness between her legs, her skin continuing to tingle. As her body became more excited she unconsciously sat up straighter in the chair, taking a deep breath expanding her chest even more.

"I see Bobbie boy has finally gotten you to dress up and flaunt that sexy body of yours!" Rick said appreciatively. "I'll have to compliment him on his taste, where is he?" he asked looking around.

"No! Uh...I mean," Annie realized through the fog of unusual passion enveloping her she had to think fast or Rick would talk to Bob and her whole world would be shattered. "He's not here. I'm with some friends. I...uh...bought this for him, but had to wear it to get used to it," she said quickly.

Rick looked at her quizzically. "So Bob's not here?" He suddenly smiled "Well, guess you wouldn't mind us joining you then," and sat down before she could protest.

Annie watched with growing concern as the other guys swarmed around her, pulling chairs close to sit near her. She was consciously aware of them all looking at her appreciatively, her skin again feeling as if their eyes were physically caressing her, increasingly aroused.

Again trying to explain she was with friends vainly to get them to leave, Rick replied, "Well, if they are half as good looking as you, we won't mind; besides, the more the merrier, eh boys?"

He moved closer to Annie, leering at her chest as he spoke. Again she felt a tingle through her body as Rick and the others openly looked at her. Her thoughts imagining the feeling of their hands on her body, their skin on hers as the wetness between her legs became persistently more needful.

"So," he leered, breaking her reverie, "where is Bob today?"

Though excited, the fear of being caught was foremost in her mind. "Well, you know Bob," she said,

trying to come up with a satisfying answer and getting none. "Guess work has been a bit busy, eh Rick? I believe he went in today to catch up on some stuff." She glanced up into Rick's eyes and he smiled.

"So, you aren't going to see Bob all day?" he asked.

"No, not really." The words escaped her mouth before she even knew what she was saying. She looked at Rick wide-eyed as he smiled and slid closer to her.

"Well, a pretty girl like you shouldn't be alone dressed like that...somebody might get the wrong impression," he glared at her.

Annie sat trying to think of some way out of this when she felt a hand on her thigh, waves of passion shooting through her body. Uncontrollably she tilted her head back, closing her eyes and let out a small moan--the feeling of Rick's hand like fire on her skin.

Too late her mind realized in horror what she had done. Looking quickly at Rick, he smiled as his hand rested at the hemline of her skirt.

"So where are your friends?" he asked.

The feeling of Rick's hand on her thigh was like a brand burning her skin with desire. Trying to figure a way out she turned towards him to look around the Food Court, causing Rick's hand to slide higher under her skirt. Almost closing her eyes at the sensation, she saw Brian and William sitting a few tables away watching and smiling. They waved at her as the six guys surrounded her, cursing them silently knowing they would be no help.

"Well?" Rick's voice broke through another reverie and Annie realized she was once again daydreaming about sex, not understanding what was happening to her.

"What?" she absently asked Rick, his hand slowly stroking her thigh, each movement sending shivers through her quivering body.

"I said where are your friends?" Rick asked. "Or are you just making them up?"

"Well, yes, I'm making it... er, I mean..." Annie looked in confusion at Rick, trying to understand what was going on as her brain felt surrounded by fog. She didn't understand why her body felt this way and why she couldn't seem to formulate a rational thought. The feeling of Rick's hand and the surrounding leers of the men were giving her tremendous excitement blotting out any other thoughts or rationality.

"So you are here alone, dressed like a slut, without Bob knowing?" a voice whispered in her ear seductively. She glanced at Tom Kender, feeling his hot breath on her ear wondering what his mouth would feel like on her body as his finger caressed her upper arm...

"Yes, uh, I mean, not alone, uh..." Annie mumbled, more aware of Rick's hand on her thigh than what anybody was saying.

"Well, we'll just have to tell Bob about this!" Rick's voice broke through the fog surrounding her mind and Annie looked up at him in horror.

"No! Please Rick, don't tell Bob, he doesn't know...if he found out, he'd never understand... I mean..." Annie realized she was saying more than she should, yet could not formulate any coherent thoughts beyond the sexual sensations of her body.

"You mean what? He doesn't know his little preppie girlfriend--so stuck-up she ignores anybody but herself--dressed up like a slut in the mall when he's away?" Rick grinned wickedly at her as his hand

slowly moved under Annie's skirt, sliding up her hip. Annie's mind burned with lust at the touch of his hand on her skin, seeing the smile on Rick's face as he realized she was not wearing underwear...

Rick's hand and voice were mesmerizing to Annie and she couldn't help herself from replying, "Yes, I mean, no...oh, GOD!" Annie couldn't help the last statement as Rick's hand moved between her legs sending a river of fire through her pussy. "No, please Rick, don't..." Annie's pleas were in vain as she instinctively parted her legs, her hips sliding closer to Rick's hand as it slowly rubbed the wet lips of her pussy.

"Well look at this boys," Rick's voice floated like fog through Annie's mind, "little Anne-Marie Johnson is hotter than a whore on prom night."

The other guys chuckled, but all Annie could focus on were the sensations coursing through her body, her vagina soaking with excitement.

"Please Rick," Annie groaned, her mind trying to rebel as her hips continued to move closer to his probing fingers.

"Please what?" he asked. "Please keep feeling you up? Please stop? The girl who has at one time or another teased every guy here and more, turning her nose up at them? Please ignore the most beautiful woman in town dressed as a fucking whore hot as a firecracker?"

Annie moaned as Rick's other hand slid up her other thigh pulling her closer to him as he looked into her face smiling. Somewhere deep inside Annie knew she should get away, to run, but was helpless as the feelings of eroticism flowed through her veins.

"What do you think Bob will say when we tell him about this?" he asked, his finger sliding into her. Annie grunted as her body eagerly responded trying to break through the haze of sensuality to answer the question, "No, please Rick, don't tell Bob!"

"Why not? What difference does it make to us?" he asked.

"Please Rick, I'm begging you!" she pleaded.

"Well, it's going to cost you to keep our mouths shut." He looked deep into her eyes "do you understand?" as his finger slowly moved in and out of her, his other hand firmly holding her hip.

Annie looked at him her mind clouded with excitement. Her mind tried to deny what her body was feeling, no caring what he had in mind, unable to deny him as her body longed for any release. "Yes." she gasped.

"Good," Rick smiled at the other guys, all leering at Annie's quivering body. "You know, since we are going to have to keep our mouths shut, it's only fair you open yours for us in return. Bob is always saying how great a cocksucker you are and even how much you enjoy it, so it's time we found out how true it is!"

"Oh yes," Annie muttered under her breath, not realizing she said anything until the laughter of the men around her broke her daydream. "Not here?" she asked.

"Well, not in the Food Court," Rick and the other guys laughed. "But let's go to the Men's restroom."

Rick pulled Annie to her feet, the fog in her mind causing her to stumble. Had not somebody reached from behind to hold her up she would have fallen, their hands cupping her breasts and sending another jolt of electrical current to her pussy, another groan escaping her lips.

They led her to the hallway where the restrooms were, Annie precariously balanced on her stiletto heels the whole way. In a dream she watched as Gregg Smith went in the bathroom briefly, returning saying the coast was clear as they led her inside.

They helped Annie into the large handicap stall, sitting her on the toilet. Looking up at Rick, Annie stared lustfully as he reached down and unzipped his pants pulling out his now hard cock. Annie gasped looking hungrily at it, remembering it from the pool party. It was a beautiful cock she thought, not too long, but wider than most and she wrapped her hand around it stroking it. Rick moved closer to her face as she gazed in fascination at how small her hand looked wrapped this super-thick dick. Without a thought Annie opened her mouth and engulfed him.

The feeling of Rick's fat dick in her mouth was heavenly to her newly aware sensuality. Her hands reached around cupping his buttocks as she pulled him deeper into her mouth, sliding her lips up and down his shaft.

Rick let out a moan saying "This little bitch knows how to suck cock!"

Annie knew he was right, she loved giving head. In high school she had actually practiced on bananas, cucumbers, hot dogs, anything she could to perfect her technique. Her mind flashed to one time practicing on a can of soda to relax her jaw and was grateful for the experiment as Rick stretched her mouth open. She could only agree Bob told the truth--she loved giving head, and was good at giving it.

Moving faster and faster she felt hands grab the back of her head hooking on the dog collar around her neck as Rich thrust into her mouth. Knowing what to expect she opened her throat for the load of cum soon to follow. She wasn't disappointed as Rick let out a groan, his dick spasming against her tongue, the warm liquid entering her mouth.

Annie milked it clean with her hands trying to take it all, though some escaped out the sides of her mouth to dribble down her chin.

Rick moved away leaving Annie's sticky mouth gaping open ridiculously as she let out a pleading "No!"

Quickly he was replaced as another guy--Tom Kender—who moved up to her face, his cock already out of his pants as Annie engulfed it with vigor.

She had no time to think, her body was alive with sensuality as she felt his cock—smaller than Rick's but still delicious—slide in and out of her mouth.

Annie didn't just suck cock; she made love to it with her mouth. Tom moved her head back and forth, thrusting into her face, gripping her collar as Rick had done. She soon felt the familiar feel of his cock becoming rock hard and his buttocks tightening as she prepared to drink his load when unexpectedly he pulled out of her mouth spurting all over her face. She opened her mouth longingly, trying to catch each spurt hitting her face, hair, and chest.

Not missing a beat another cock was again before her. In her sexual haze Annie was aware of only two things, the cock before her and the desire to feel it coming in her throat. She worked on this new cock lovingly, slowly sliding her tongue up and down, engulfing it into her mouth and deep-throating it, the head hitting the back of her throat. Annie's tongue danced underneath along the vein, milking it in her own special technique which never failed to get Bob off. She wasn't disappointed as her mouth soon filled with an unbelievable amount of cum. Trying unsuccessfully to swallow it, spurts shot out of her mouth, dribbling onto her chin, chest, and long, bare legs.

The cock slid out of her mouth and Annie cooed longingly until another one appeared before her. This

one black as night and she looked up into the eyes of Jerome Wilson, one of the few blacks in her town. She had never sucked a black dick before, but a cock was a cock and Annie's hunger was insatiable as she grabbed it in both hands and began sucking it.

Though she was disappointed by its size—she had always heard black men had large cocks—she couldn't believe his stamina. She felt like she was working on his cock for hours—her jaw cramping as she relaxed it, letting her lips do the work—a technique she had again learned through the years.

Through her lust she heard Jerome yell out "Jesus, man, this white bitch is the best cocksucker I've ever had! Watch this boys I'll show you how a real man shows his gratitude!"

The other guys laughed as Annie's mind vaguely realized they were hanging over the stall watching when Jerome pulled out of her mouth. She moaned and watched hypnotically as his hand stroked his dick faster and faster before her face. He shouted "Thar she blows!" as a river of cum shot out of his cock.

Annie couldn't believe the amount. It looked like he was pissing cum as it sprayed across her head, face, shoulders, and breasts. Stroke after stroke ejected from his dick and Annie, longing to taste it, pulled him closer and engulfed his dick, feeling even more cum shoot like lava down her throat, the taste deliciously salty.

As Jerome pulled away, she stared longingly at his cock, a long string of cum and saliva extending from her face to his cock as he backed away to the amusement of all the men around her.

She was drenched with drippy, dangly webs of sperm—her face, cheeks, eyelashes, hair. She could feel it sliding between her breasts, dripping down her legs like a warm shower. Annie cleaned some off with her fingers, her tongue lapping it up and heard someone chuckle.

Soon there was another dick in front of her and she engulfed it with as much fervor as the first. After only a few seconds she felt several spurts in her mouth-- like a water gun compared to the showering she had just received--as Gregg Smith came in her mouth and backed away.

Again another cock was before her and she slowly stroked it with her hands before devouring it. As she did so she heard the voice attached to the cock mutter "Oh God!" as it started spurting into her face. She quickly closed her eyes; the salty fluid burning them as her hands quickly wiped the mess hearing someone cry "Bull's eye!"

Wiping her filmy eyes she overhead somebody yell "Jesus Jerome, look at THAT! Now that is what I call a horse dick!"

Annie's watering eyes cleared and saw through strings of sperm dripping from her eyelashes the sight of a huge cock hanging before her. Annie looked up to see William smiling at her as he moved his dick in front of her. She grabbed it again amazed both her hands barely fit around it, and started sucking it.

"Jesus, where the hell is she putting it?" she heard as she slowly took inch by inch of William's huge cock into her throat, until her nose touched his waist. Annie had practiced deep throating and although had never had a chance to use it on Bob, was well prepared. Relaxing her jaw and throat, she slid her lips up to his balls, resting her wet nose on his hairless belly, feeling it pulse in her throat. The bulbous head felt like it was in the middle of her chest--she could feel the erotic, tingling sensation she had felt earlier move down into her gullet as William groaned and started fucking Annie's face, the cock moving back and forth down her relaxed throat.

Feeling the familiar stiffening, Annie felt a hot torrent flow down her throat as William came deep within her.

As William slowly eased his dick out of her mouth, Annie coughed—a gurgled, spermy bubble spilling out of her mouth followed by a mass of cum washing down her chin. It took a moment for her jaw to relax but was soon ready as she looked at the next dick in front of her. Expecting to see Brian instead she gazed up and saw a stranger in a Security uniform. The guard smiled at her as Annie reached for his cock to start sucking it, but he pulled away saying "No, I want to taste YOU!" leaving her mouth comically opening for his dick.

Getting on his knees and moving between Annie's legs she instinctively spread them wide, feeling his hot breath on her pussy lips, sending the shiver of a small orgasm coursing through her body. She threw her head back, yelling out as his tongue probed her vagina. She couldn't believe the size of it, it felt like a cock was moving in and out of her, his tongue was so long and thick. And yet it felt different from a cock as muscle after muscle probed the walls of her vagina in ways she had never felt.

Abstractedly she felt her feet lifted as the guys leaning over the stall pulled her legs apart more. She tilted her head seeing a group of guys holding her by her shoes and leaning over to watch the guard work on her pussy.

Closing her eyes and leaning back, she started moving her hips faster and faster as the tongue worked magic on her. She listened as the men around her starting chanting: "Go, go, go, go!" as the guard stretched Annie's pussy one way and another driving her wild.

All of the pent up feelings of the day reached a peak as Annie's mind suddenly burst into the biggest orgasm she ever felt in her life. Grasping the guard by the head, she pulled him into her as her body spasmed, shaking uncontrollably. Her feet pulled out of her shoes and wrapped around the guard's head, pulling him deeper into her. She almost fell into the toilet as her body convulsed uncontrollably from the guard's probing, her eyes rolling back into her head having the most intense orgasm ever.

Catching her breath, she watched as the guard stood up stroking his cock and shot a load of cum on her stomach legs, and exposed pussy.

Annie was literally lying across the toilet as her cum-splattered body convulsed in multiple orgasms, the smell of sex and cum a palpable presence in the bathroom.

Trying to catch her breath, Rick pulled her into a sitting position. Smiling as he wiped a large, shimmering glob of cum from her forehead he stuck it into her mouth. "Annie, you are definitely the best cocksucker around...I'll be in touch." he smiled.

In the fog of her mind she didn't think about his statement, as her body slowly worked its way down from the sexual high it had been experiencing.

When she was finally aware of her surroundings she saw only Brian and William standing in the bathroom smiling and holding her shoes. "What the Hell did you do to me?" she gasped in a voice heavily garbled by the layer of cum in throat, exhausted from the sexual frenzy she had just participated in.

"We just gave you a little something to let you feel better," Brian chuckled. "It was a present from our buddy at the leather shop--needless to say, we'll have to stop by for more since you seemed to have enjoyed it so much."

Annie glared at them as they helped her stand, stepping back into her shoes. She reached out to hold onto them for support as her knees were still wobbly from the massive orgasms she experienced.

The boys cleaned her up with damp paper towels the best they could--though there were blatant cum stains on her bustier and skirt as they dried. Her body and hair were sticky as well, knowing she was

literally coated with cum.

They led her out of the bathroom and Annie abstractedly saw an "Out of Order" sign next to the door. William took it down laughing as they led her out into the Food Court

The smell of food caused an unbelievable hunger in Annie as the boys led her to a table where a whole, now cold, pepperoni pizza was sitting. Without thinking Annie grabbed a piece, shoving it into her mouth realizing she was ravenous. As she devoured the pizza the two boys smiled at her.

Brian handed her a soda and though she looked at it suspiciously until he told her it was fine and she gratefully drank it down.

As she recuperated, her mind tried to piece together the events of the past hour. She couldn't believe how much she had enjoyed the free abandonment of her body as men used her. She loved giving head and had always had the fantasy of sucking off a group of men, but it was just that, a fantasy.

She could blame whatever the boys had given her initiating the event, but the enjoyment she felt was her own. As she thought about it more and more, she started to again feel excited and wondered if it was some residual of the drug...or maybe something else, her mind trying to reconcile what had happened as she steadily ate...

Part C - Annie throws a party . . .

After finishing the pizza—did she really eat the entire thing she wondered—the boys asked how she enjoyed her little adventure.

"What? You dress me up as a prostitute, drug me, let a group of men use me, then ask if I ENJOYED it?" Annie demanded.

In shock Annie's head snapped backwards as Brian grabbed her hair, pulling her face towards his whispering harshly, "Look slut, when we ask you a question we do NOT expect anything but an answer in return. I am getting sick and tired of your piss-ass attitude and if you do not start behaving, those movies are going to find a home on every computer and video store in this fucking town!"

Annie stared into Brian's angry eyes, her stomach sinking in fear knowing he was serious, "You have been a cock tease for way too long," he continued, "so you're getting what you deserve. You have caused this on yourself, and from how you acted earlier apparently wanted it as well! Now I want you to kneel in front of me without any further bitching or backtalk and tell me how you enjoyed your little suck-fest."

"Kneel? Here?" Annie looked around the Food Court as Brian loosened his grip on her hair, looking away in shame when her eyes met the people watching them. The last thing she wanted was to cause more attention to her. "Please Brian..." her words trailed off as his hand twisted in her hair further.

Seeing the anger again in his eyes she knew further disagreement would only lead to more embarrassment or worse. Resigned, she slid off her seat, kneeling on the cold hard floor of the Food Court and looked at Brian. He smiled down at her and she again glanced around seeing several guys watching intently.

Feeling a cool breeze on the back of her legs, she became shamefully aware of her ass exposed to anybody behind her. What a sight she must be: kneeling before him scantily dressed as a biker slut, her hair damp and matted against her head, and the odor of cum emanating from her body like cheap

perfume. She could feel the leather clothing sticking to her skin as the guys' spunk dried, having poured down her clothes while sucking them in wanton abandonment.

Her pussy tingled as the cool air caressed it, still aroused from the bathroom ordeal, the guard's tongue doing little to satisfy its desire. Her mind vainly tried to rationalize what was happening to her. The strange chill on her exposed flesh kept interrupting her thoughts of what was occurring as she knelt; a cascade of emotions and thoughts filling her mind as she lost control of what was happening to her. Although her mind seethed at how she was being treated, it was overwhelmed as her body responded, welcoming her helplessness and wanting to obey them.

The whirlwind of confused feelings and thoughts churning inside her, only one thing was certain, she would have to follow the boys' orders or something worse could happen. As angry as Brian seemed, she was on very thin ice. Until she could figure a way out of this predicament she was forced to obey them—or so she tried to convince to herself, shamefully admitting a part of her WANTED to obey.

Brian again asked how she enjoyed her little suck-fest and Annie knew she had to answer, "Master, this slave...enjoyed her...experience. I thank you both. My only wish is to make you happy." Annie looked pleadingly in Brian's eyes, wishing the ordeal to be over.

"Good, all we want is for you to be truthful," he chuckled. "Now no more of this whining or bitching," he glared down at her. "From now on if you cop that attitude again, you WILL be sorry, do you understand?"

"Yes Master," Annie told him, all sense of self-esteem gone as she bowed her head.

"OK, let's continue our little shopping spree," he smiled, pulling Annie to her feet by her collar, her thoughts still focused on the conflicting emotions battling inside her.

Annie noticed she was taller than both boys in her high heels. Once this would have given her a feeling of power; however, now she felt completely helpless with the control they had over her.

Brian looked her up and down, his gaze resting on the rise and fall of the exposed curves of her breasts and smiled. "By the way, I have something for you," he said grinning and reaching into one of the bags he was holding.

Annie heard a soft metallic jingle as he pulled out a bundle of silver metal and black leather, wondering what he was holding. With William's help he untangled several long silver chains and four silver-studded leather bands, the latter which he proceeded to buckled on each of her wrists, a long chain attached to each of them. Annie stood dejectedly in front of him as he bent down, placing two similarly chained bracelets on her ankles!

"Brian, please, not here," she pleaded as he continued to hook a fifth chain to her collar.

Annie's wrists, ankles, and neck were now connected by five long silver chains hooking to an O-ring hanging just below her navel, chained like some wild animal. She didn't think she could have been more mortified, yet the boys continued to find ways to further humiliate her. It was bad enough to be dressed as a slut in a public place, even used by several men she knew, but to be shackled visibly as a slave was unimaginable. She looked around embarrassed as several men sitting around them openly smiled at her predicament.

"Perfect," William said admiring Brian's purchase. He told her the gentle rustle of chains hit his ears like music as he turned Annie to face him. He told Brian he couldn't believe he had found what they had discussed, explaining to Annie while they were in the lingerie store, Brian had gone to the Adult Novelty

store behind the mall to buy a few additional purchases.

Annie stood there dejectedly; her body covered in a flush of crimson like a blanket of humiliation as she wondered at the circumstances leading to here. Brian had said she deserved it, and she thought back, recalling how school events always had the front seats packed with horny guys trying to catch glimpses of the cheerleading squad—or according to Bob, her in particular. He had often joked with her, saying it was a known fact every male in puberty had at one time or another fantasized about fucking her.

She had used her looks and body to her advantage, entering and winning several local beauty pageants for cash. Those events also had seats packed with guys not only from her high school but other rival schools as well, hooting at her during the contests, including Bob's so-called "friends."

She was voted the Homecoming and Senior Prom Queen not due to her popularity, but due to every male wanting to see her on display, she regretfully mused. Bob had even shown her an underground poll their senior year where she was voted "girl I'd like most to fuck" and "hottest body in school" confirming her thoughts.

Annie used to feel powerful teasing men and snubbing them off, getting what she wanted and spoiling her to continue. Now here she was, standing before every man in sight chained and dressed as a personal sex toy for Brian and William's wishes. No wonder the boys were giddy with excitement at their subjugation of her as her mind surrendered in defeat on how they were treating as her being part of her fault.

"Ready?" Brian asked, smiling as he gently tugged the O-ring connecting her chains. The sound of metal echoed through the Food Court from their movement to the boys' obvious delight and Annie's shame.

Silently she followed as they led her away, knowing everyone's eyes were on her, the metallic rustling of chains bringing even more attention to her. She averted her eyes by staring at the floor as she walked; only glancing up briefly when men commented to Brian and William about their "toy" and "slave."

Her body flushed with shame—and a growing, undeniable excitement—they led her by the chains in Brian's hand. She felt as if she were in a dream, everything happening to somebody else: this was not how people dressed and acted in a public mall!

She watched the chains sway as she moved, cascading in front of her, the familiar floor of the mall passing by beneath her long legs and high heels, thousands thoughts running through her mind.

The lights dimming caught her attention as they entered a store. She looked up, discovering they had entered a novelty store selling gag gifts, posters, black lights, and other paraphernalia. The whole store was darkened with the glow of black lights, giving an odd fluorescent glow to everything in the store. Wondering what they were doing here, she regretfully recalled the section of adult novelties in the back and shuddered, her imagination running wild at what the boys planned to purchase.

Brian's voice calling the clerk behind the counter caught her attention, her eyes opening wide in recognition at the fat clerk, who was too involved with a magazine he was reading to look up! Not remembering his name, she recalled him as some loser from a rival school who had hit on her in the past. Although one of many had done this, he stood out in her memory in particular due to his weight and continued persistence. She remembered how every sports competition they had played against their rival school he was there, trying to talk to her, asking her out.

Most overweight guys were too shy to hit on somebody like her, another reason he stood out in her memory. Finally she had put him off by making several remarks about being too good for him. Now Fate or bad Karma was catching up to her, here she was before him barely dressed, in tow like an animal.

Praying he did not recognize her, she lowered her head to hide her face.

Hearing Brian asked if they could leave their possessions at the counter while they looked around. She was relieved as the attendant grunted approval without looking up. She did not want to be near him much longer in case he remembered her treatment of him.

Turning to move away, she felt a tug on her chains, her eyes widening in shock as Brian attached the chains on her to a post at the counter!

"What are you doing?" she whispered looking into Brian's smiling face.

"Don't worry," he said loudly, "this kind gentleman says we can leave our belongings here," he giggled patting her behind. "Now be a good little slave."

The sound of Brian's hand slapping the tight leather on her ass finally caught the clerk's attention as she stood there, her mouth opened in amazement, aghast at what Brian said. Tied to the counter like some animal, she watched them walk away.

Turning to the clerk, her heart sunk as recognition and astonishment appeared on his face, quickly replaced by a lecherous grin. Without any modesty he openly appraised her body as she stood in front of the counter, lust clearly evident on his face. Averting her eyes, she tried to pretend she was somewhere else.

To her dismay, her predicament was drawing a crowd of guys around her, chained to the counter dressed like a streetwalker. Several times she closed her eyes wishing she was somewhere else as men asked the clerk if she was "for sale," to which he amusingly replied he was just watching a customers' property.

It wasn't until later that night, as she wrote the day's events in her diary, she wondered why she didn't unhook the chains and leave; however, at the time the thought never occurred to her. Instead she stood helplessly tied to the counter, feeling more exposed than she had all day.

Word of her exhibit apparently spread, as the store filled with more men gathering around the counter, making crude comments and jokes about her. She heard guys asked the clerk if they could sample the "merchandise" or if there was a "satisfaction guarantee" on her, as well as other similar jokes as she stood there completely humiliated.

Trying to keep her mind off her surroundings she hung her head to focus on her clothes as all thoughts of the crowd suddenly vanished from her mind. Mortified she saw numerous fluorescent splotches on her bustier and skirt glowing brightly from the black lights of the store. The neon stains stood out like leopard spots on the black background of her clothes as Annie realized the lights were revealing every drop of dried cum on her! Recalling semen was effervescent; she wished she could crawl into a hole, conscious of how she looked in the glow of the black lights.

Her nose again became aware of the pungent smell of cum emanating from her, revealing the origin of the stains to those near. Ashamed to look up, she saw bright fluorescent splashes of dried sperm on her arms, chest, and legs as well. As if that was not enough, she saw her reflection in the glass counter top, appalled to see her hair completely glowing, her face covered in liquid neon splashes around her mouth and lips! Tears welled in her eyes as her heart sank, knowing the men saw her for what she was, a complete cum slut.

Immediately her thoughts disappeared as a hand pulled her head up by the hair, staring in surprise at the face of a tall stranger. He repeated his question which she had missed, lost in her dismay, "I said what are you?"

Her mind in turmoil and not comprehending, she mumbled, "What? I, uh, I don't understand."

His hand tightened in her hair, the pain causing her eyes to tear up more as she once again became aware of her surroundings, her body covered in glowing cum stains. "You know exactly what I'm asking...what...are...you?" he said slowly through clenched teeth.

Annie could not believe a complete stranger was treating her this way. She felt she was falling even deeper in depravity and humiliation; until now being on display while people made jokes and stared at her was the most she thought would happen. This was completely different—here was somebody actually touching her!

Before today, she would have yelled at him in anger and disdain; however, as her servitude took hold she diverted her eyes from his face, ashamed. The thoughts of the crowd flooding back to her awareness, yet knowing what he wanted she quietly whispered "I...I'm a slave."

The man smiled as she heard men around her chuckle. Asking where her Master was, her mind exploded in shock as his other hand slid across the bare skin of her back, pulling her close to him. Feeling the man's bold touch on her skin, she was appalled at the feeling of her body becoming excited, unabashedly leaning against him.

Her silence caused the man's expression to get angry as the hand in her hair tilted her head back painfully. Tears again forming in her eyes from pain and humiliation she heard him repeat "I asked where your Master is?"

Annie quickly told him they—to which the man smiled—were in the back.

At his release of her, she turned towards the counter, at odds with her emotions of both relief and disappointment at the absence of his touch.

Glancing up, her face continued to blush in shame at the grinning face of the overweight clerk, now fully aware of her appearance under the black lights.

The man spoke briefly to the clerk asking who she was with, the clerk describing William and Brian. As quickly as he appeared, he turned and walked to the back of the store.

Thankful the man was nobody she knew, the invasion of her space as he touched her was prevalent in her thoughts. Grateful none of her friends shopped here without her, she knew now how she appeared and could never have lived down her embarrassment.

Looking down she tried vainly to ignore the steady stream of comments occurring around her, wishing to run away as the bright green-glowing stains in her reflection again drew her attention.

Her mind reeled in shock as she once again felt a hand slide on her lower back, the touch reawakening her body. Thinking the strange man had returned, she looked up at the smiling face of an old, silver haired man standing at the counter purchasing some items. He smiled back at her, his hand gently rubbing the bare flesh of her back as the clerk rang up his order. Other than his hand on her and his brief smile, he acted like she was not even there. Then without so much as a glance in her direction, he paid his bill and turned away, his hand briefly sliding over her leather-covered ass.

Horried, Annie realized the first stranger's touch on her was a "green light" to the other men around her to become bolder. Her silence interpreted as approval, men began lining up at the counter to purchase items, all an excuse to touch her!

At first the touches were just guys wrapping their arm around her waist or rubbing the bare flesh of her lower back. Her mind too preoccupied with shame to do or say anything, she stood silently facing the counter, her back to the crowd wishing they would disappear as her body became aroused at the continued touches.

Then to her shame the touches became braver...

The first was a small Asian man. Standing only as tall as Annie's breasts, she felt his hand on her back slowly slide under the waistband of her skirt, his fingers sliding between the upper crack of her ass as he gently rubbed her. Her mind rebelling in horror, she stood there in silence, involuntarily moving her hips back, her body welcoming his touch. As with the others, he paid for his merchandise and was soon gone.

Barely glancing at the next man, she shuddered as he placed his hand on the back of her upper thigh, her mouth silently whispering no as he smiled at her. Again noticing the clerk smiling, she froze in horror as the man's hand slowly slid up, cupping the cheek of her ass and gently squeezing. Although her mind rebelled, her body once again betrayed her as her breath came in short gasps, the touch of the strange man arousing her. She felt herself long for his touch to continue as he moved away, his purchase complete.

Another man stepped to the counter taking the previous one's place and she again felt a hand on her skin, burning like fire as he gently rubbed her bare ass. No longer aware of the crowd, Annie's lust focused on the sensations of the man's flesh upon hers, her body covered in warm desire as goose bumps rose over her skin.

Another customer replaced the last, again feeling his hand, soft but firm, squeeze the back of her upper thigh. His hand too slid up her bare cheek, giving a firm squeeze as an audible sigh escaped her lips as she leaned against the counter.

Her ragged breathing betrayed her lust as she stared into the eyes of the clerk, who was smiling at her and ringing up the purchases of the man feeling her. He was enjoying his position watching her being groped by more and more men.

She did not even turn to look as the next customer's hand firmly gripped her ass. The force of him causing her to put both hands on the counter for balance, her mind clouded with desire. All too soon his order was rung up and bagged as Annie's body longingly felt the absence of his hand as he left.

She did not have long to wait as another hand slid up her thigh, again pressing firmly. Leaning further into the counter trying to keep her balance, her body instinctively pushed back her hips as the stranger squeezed her ass, aware of the feeling of his finger slowly sliding towards the crack of her rear exciting her more.

Suddenly she let out a moan as the sensation of the man's finger entering her pussy exploded into her mind. Realizing her legs had been parted for balance leaving her completely exposed, he slowly worked his finger over and in her slit. Annie's body was reacting in ways she never felt as the man's finger rubbed her.

Looking again into the clerk's eyes she no longer felt embarrassed, the cloud of lust betraying her as all thoughts of humility left. Her mouth slightly parted as she panted, she moved her hips slowly in response to the stroking of the stranger's finger.

His purchase completed, he moved away, a small whimper betraying her body's loss of his digit; however, his hand was immediately replaced by another. Seeing a man as obese as the clerk standing next to her, she stared blankly as her mind filled with desire. Without preamble his hand cupped the crack of her ass,

a finger sliding easily into her wet slit.

Instinctively her hips moved back, wanting to feel him deeper inside her...

"Annie?" William's voice broke through her reverie. Annie looked up to see the boys standing with the first stranger, all of them openly admiring her. Her face felt on fire as she realized what was going on, the fat man's hand now gone from her, the crowd moving to give the boys and stranger more room.

"Annie," William continued, paying no attention to the beet-red of her face other than a smile at her, "this nice gentleman has offered to buy you from us. What do you think?" he smiled at her.

The thought was so preposterous Annie's mind cleared of all thoughts, immediately attentive to what he said. Her eyes opened wide as she looked at each of the boys, then to the handsome stranger.

"Bu...What?" she whispered incredulously.

"You heard me," William smiled. "What do you think, should we sell you to this gentleman or would you prefer to remain our property?"

Annie couldn't comprehend what was occurring, an uneasy realization the boys could be capable of selling her right here and now incredulously.

She looked at William in amazement, "You can't be serious!" Seeing William's smile quickly fade Annie knew she was coming close to crossing the line. "Master, please. Please do not sell me!" she pleaded.

William smiled at her. "Well, he HAS offered quite a price--\$4,000 in fact. Why shouldn't we consider the offer?"

Somebody near her whistled, the sound making her aware of her surroundings once more. Four thousand dollars! Annie didn't know if they were playing with her or not, that was such a huge amount of money to her. She did not know if they really could sell her, it was such a foreign concept and something she couldn't even comprehend.

The stranger's voice suddenly interrupted, "Boys, I'll up my offer to \$8000; I see now she has the potential of becoming quite a specimen." His eyes leered at her flushing breasts, her chest rising and falling with each fearful breath. "What do you say?"

Annie knew she had to do something, and quickly. Without thought to the crowd surrounding her or any dignity she may have once possessed she dropped to her knees, grabbing both William and Brian's hands, "Masters, please, this slave promises she will do your bidding and apologizes for her previous outbursts. Please don't sell me! I will make you both very happy."

Annie no longer had any pride as she knelt before the two boys, no longer caring as the men surrounding her cheered and congratulated the boys on her training. She felt tears forming in her eyes and blinked them away.

The realization of the power the two boys had over her finally sunk in. Demurely she lowered her head, resting her forehead on their wrists. She was no longer concerned about her attire, or how exposed her body was to the crowd around them, the smell of cum surrounding her, or the glowing stains of it over her body. Her only thought was on convincing Brian and William to keep her.

"Well, I guess there's our decision," Brian said to the stranger as his other hand stroked her cum dampened hair, much to her relief.

"A shame; she is quite exquisite. I can't imagine how you boys got a hold of her, but you are right, if I

were you, I wouldn't sell her either" he laughed. "However, would you ever consider renting her out?"

Annie's head rose in horror quietly shaking her head as Brian answered, "Well, we might be able to come to some arrangement; however, currently, she still is a little green."

The stranger smiled at them and handed them a business card. "Well, if you can trust me, I can break her in. I can tell you are new to this, but if you have any questions feel free to call me," he said and walked away.

Annie looked at both boys in disbelief, not caring about kneeling before them or how exposed she was to the crowd around them.

"You weren't serious?" she asked.

Brian glared down at her and brought his face toward hers. "WHAT did you say, SLAVE?" he glared at her, the emphasis of his words obviously pleasing the crowd around them. "We did not know him, but if you continue with these outbursts, believe me, it would be nothing to call him back. And let's face it; \$8000 could buy a lot of silence from us. Who knows, you could be sold to some foreign country and never be seen or heard from again. How would you like that?" he laughed.

Anne Marie's heart sank at the mere thought. Was there no limit to the depravity these two would go? Lost in her thoughts, oblivious to her surroundings, Brian unhooked her chain and tugged on it. Instinctively she stood up as he led her out of the store.

William was carrying quite a few bags—she didn't even see what they had bought, more concerned about what had just happened. She couldn't comprehend being sold, and was thankful she was kept by her Masters.

She stopped still, causing the boys to look at her as her mind grasped the unthinkable.

Masters?

She felt a shiver down her spine as the realization of her actually thinking of the boys as her Masters hit her. The awareness of their domination over her washed through her like electricity.

She was lost in thought, unaware of where she was, until her attention was brought back as Brian unhooked the chains from her bracelets and anklets. Looking around, she saw they were in one of her favorite clothing stores, with an extensive array of Club wear—as well as a large section of woman's lingerie—and she knew the boys were once again going to dress her up.

"Can't try anything on with those, can we?" Brian chuckled. The boys told her they were getting only a couple of things here as this store didn't have much "appropriate" for a slut like her.

Again the familiar scene of them handing her outfits and lingerie started, her ending up in the changing room, only this time with Brian present occasionally feeling her up. She tried to ignore him as William passed outfits to her over the door to try on, but after her body being felt up in the other store by complete strangers, her body was undeniably aroused.

Even with having to change in front of Brian and his hands upon her, Annie's mind was on the events with the stranger. Brian's hands on her being were a familiarity she could deal with; more so than the foreign concept of being sold. The thought of Rick and Bob's other friends cumming all over her did not bother her as much as the thought of what could happen if she did not listen to William and Brian after the stranger's appearance.

Trying to get the horrifying thoughts out of her head, she tried keep her mind on the clothes she was trying on. Most were lace and silk lingerie—teddies and garters that she wondered—or dreaded---where they would have her wear them; however, Annie was grateful there were also several bras and thongs— at least they didn't expect her to go without underwear all the time! That thought put her a little at ease even though most were lacy and very sheer. The bras were push-up ones obviously picked out to show off as much cleavage as possible, and the thongs were barely more than flaps of cloth on strings, but they were still more than she was wearing currently.

Not all of the clothing was lingerie or underwear; some were very revealing skirts, tops, and other Club wear designed to show off as much skin and curves as possible. She even tried on several formal evening gowns wondering where she would ever wear something like those. Again, although very elegant, the gowns were designed to show as much of her body and curves as possible.

Time was oblivious to her as she tried on the clothes, her mind a jumble of thoughts and emotions trying to fathom the day's events. Her body in a continuous state of arousal due to Brian's hands...

As she was trying on the clothes Annie again looked into the mirror, not believing how good she looked. Once again she was amazed at the boy's perfect taste in picking out things she would normally not have chosen, but looked fantastic on her.

She also noticed to her horror the dried cum stains in her hair and her face and body. She tried to feebly to wipe them away, but there was so much on her any attempt was useless without a complete shower.

Her mind returned to the endless number of cocks before her in the bathroom and felt a familiar flush to her body as she continued trying on the clothes, vainly attempting to change her train of thought. Unfortunately, Brian's hands continued to keep her body turned on no matter what she focused her thoughts upon.

Several times they were interrupted by the saleswoman telling them the store was closing, but the boys insisted everything fit before she came out.

Finally the barrage of clothes ceased and Brian left the room as she put on her mall cloths again. The chill of the wet leather was almost a welcomed relief to her flushed body until she remembered why her clothes were damp, the pungent odor of cum again wafting to her nostrils. She continued to get dressed and made her way to the front counter where the saleswoman was ringing up the large pile of cloths.

Annie noticed the gate in front of the store was halfway down and realized they were the only customers in the store. Looking out into the mall she saw only a few people, all hurrying to get out of the closing mall and became thankful to know they would be leaving, that this day would finally be over.

The boys again used her credit card to pay for the items as Annie avoided the saleswoman's eyes as she signed the receipt, not even paying attention to the bill. She was again mortified when the boys reattached the chains to her as the saleswoman watched, but she was again relieved to know the stores were closing for the day, thankful to be leaving soon.

To her happiness the boys led her back the way they had come, the clicking sound of her heels and jingling chains prominently echoing through the almost empty mall. Without anybody to stare at her Annie looked into the shops, seeing her reflection in the windows. She once more began to enjoy the way her body felt as it moved and bounced her strides confident now knowing nobody was around to see her. Conscientious of how powerful her sight was, she again became exhilarated with how she looked. The familiar flutter of her heart and dampness between her legs was also noticeable, her desire higher than normal as she again recalled the day's events.

Yes, she was happy they were leaving, knowing she would get home and try to rationalize the day's events somehow.

Her happiness crashed as they stopped in front of the familiar leather shop.

"Oh no, I'm not going back in there!" she said, remembering the biker guy's hands on her. She felt warmth spreading over her body at the realization of not being frightened but aroused at the thought of seeing the biker again.

The sharp jerk on her chains—the sound ringing through the empty mall—brought back her attention as she looked at Brian. "We told you we were not going to accept any more outbursts! Just shut the fuck up and don't say anything unless spoken to, understood?"

Annie stared at him until he reached again for her hair, pulling her face toward his. "I said, understood?" he said between clenched teeth.

"Yes Master," Annie whispered, wanting to avoid his gaze and realizing she could no longer show any defiance towards them with the stranger's threat hanging over her.

Without another word he released her and walked up to the leather shop. Annie was happy to see the metal grates over the door, silently thankful the store was closed until William and Brian started shaking the grate, calling into the store. Looking in she almost wept as she saw the large biker come out from the back of the store towards them.

"Well boys, I wondered if you'd changed your minds," he chuckled. "I hear you had quite a time today little lady," he laughed his eyes again admiring her as he opened the front of the store to let them in.

Annie blushed, her mind flashing to earlier in the day in the bathroom hoping he wasn't talking about that. Her hopes were shattered by his next comment: "Sounds like she sucks like a vacuum. And enjoys it to boot!" he laughed again. Annie felt her body turn deep crimson as she blushed, wondering how he could have known.

"I told you the drug worked wonders. Brings out the slut in even the most frigid bitch!" he laughed, "Though I would guess even without it she would have enjoyed herself."

"What did you give me?" she asked him, her mind now fully attentive to his words.

The biker laughed. "Don't worry missy, it's nothing addictive, or even harmful," he laughed. "In fact it's been proven to do nothing you wouldn't normally do under other circumstances," he winked at her. "My brother is a chemical nut at a drug company who gets me the shit. It's a cross between Bremelanotide and Ecstasy, sort of a woman's Viagra, only without any reactions or addictions.

"According to my bro, the only reason it's experimental is due to its high potency, as repeated administration seems to exponentially affect women, so dosing is a problem. Get this shit," he laughed, "it's not available because it's TOO potent...seems most of their trial subjects who are frigid end up having to be treated for nymphomania, as if that's a BAD thing," he chuckled.

"But don't worry missy, it's been proven to only affect women who are naturally aroused; in fact, most women it has no effect, get that shit, which is another reason they haven't put it on the market. Some psychological techno babble he told me, but the bottom line is it makes horny women hornier and doesn't do shit to anybody else!" he laughed.

Annie's mind cringed at how wanton she had become from her drink in the Food Court. She had known

some of her desire was herself, but could she believe all of the lust was her own, the drug only allowing it to come through? And if it only worked on women who were naturally sexual, what did that mean for her? She had always enjoyed sex, but was she really that excitable? What was happening to her? She knew she had some research to do when she got home, her mind flooded with thoughts...

Her reverie was broken as the biker walked up to her, telling the boys he liked their jewelry selection as he tugged onto the chains. "What do you think, bitch?"

Annie couldn't believe he was talking to her this way and glared at him, her thoughts still on the biker's description of the drug.

Brian told her to answer the man so to keep him happy she quietly replied, "I wear what my Masters tell me to wear. My opinion means little," she told him.

The biker burst out laughing, telling the boys they definitely had a winner as he stroked her arm, goose bumps rising on her skin at his touch. He asked the boys if they were here to make another purchase before the party as he and the boys walked off, leaving Annie standing alone in the store.

Party? What the Hell was he talking about? Annie looked at the grate in the front of the store wondering if she could get out. She could leave and run away from the boys, but knew it was useless. They would make good their threat on showing the videos they had taped to everybody—her fiancé, her school, and her parents. Her mind flashed to the face of the stranger who had wanted to buy her and again she felt fear—and a bit of excitement—at what could happen with him. She knew she couldn't leave so waited for the boys to return.

A thousand thoughts running through her head, she was unaware of the boys and man returning until she heard the biker's deep voice. "Don't worry it will just show up as leather goods on the bill," he laughed. "Well, how about a drink while we wait," he asked.

Not knowing what they were talking about, and too preoccupied with her thoughts, she watched as the biker brought out a couple of beers from behind his counter, pouring one into a large glass and handing it to her.

"No thanks," she muttered.

"Drink it!" she heard William and Brian say together.

Hearing the seriousness in their voices and her mind already too preoccupied to argue, she grabbed the glass and took a sip. Making a face, she told them she didn't like beer, but they told her to drink it. She took another sip, grimacing at the bitter aftertaste left in her mouth. She truly did hate beer, preferring wine coolers or mixed drinks, and this tasted awful. She also wondered if the beer was "spiked."

The boys each accepted a can of beer from the biker and sat drinking and talking to him, ignoring her while she took small sips from her glass. Glad to not be the focus of their attention, she quietly sipped her beer, starting to get used to the taste.

Her mind still trying to sort through the day's events, she oddly rationalized she would rather be drunk or drugged than sober right now, especially if the boys had anything else planned for the day. Recalling how she had felt in the bathroom, she felt herself get excited thinking about sucking all of Bob's friends. Thoughts of sucking off the powerful biker suddenly came to her mind as she looked over at him talking to the boys, feeling a warm glow to her skin. She wondered what it would be like fucking him, shaking her head at the irrational thought that just popped there.

She became aware of the warm glow forming on her skin and wondered if it was the beer or more of whatever they had given her earlier. She had eaten nothing but the pizza several hours ago and here she was drinking...so knew part of it was getting buzzed just from the alcohol.

As warm as she was feeling, the cold beer felt refreshing, regardless of the taste and she felt herself getting thirstier. The beer was a welcomed relief as she took deeper and deeper drinks as her mind wandered.

Her thoughts returned to the scene in the bathroom, aware of the excitement she had felt, the feeling of her breasts against the leather once again stimulating her as she involuntarily shuddered, her skin tingling over her body.

The heat of her body again enveloping her, she took another sip of beer suddenly realizing she had finished, finding the glass empty. Setting it next to her on the counter, her elbow brushed her right breast causing an electrical shock from her nipple through her body straight to her clit. She inhaled sharply, surprised at the sensation, vaguely aware of the conversation in the background stopping as the boys and biker watched her.

Her mind drifted again to the bathroom events, replaying the entire scenario in her mind. She felt her body shiver as tiny pinpricks developed all over her body, all leading straight to her groin. Moving her legs together she sighed and closed her eyes as the muscles in her vagina pulsated, a wave of pleasure coursing to her brain.

She thought about all the cocks in her mouth, cum all over her body, the taste and feel of it as it went down her throat.

Her breathing was faster and coming in small breaths, her nipples continuously rubbing against the leather bustier as she thought about pleasuring each man. She thought of the Security Guard and again relived the sensations his tongue gave her, wanting to again feel the total abandonment as her body thrashed with orgasms.

She heard a soft moan and realized it was her...

"Annie," the whisper almost broke through her reverie. "Annie, it's time."

Annie opened her eyes and saw Brian kneeling in front of her. She knew she should say something but all she could think about was cock after cock entering her mouth. Her mind drifted to the image of his penis and her mouth instinctively opened, drooling in anticipation as she licked her lips.

"Not yet, you little slut," he chuckled.

"What?" She almost couldn't say the words, her mind was numb, yet her body felt so alive.

The thoughts of the Security Guard's tongue again caused her to squeeze her thighs tighter together, shivers radiating through her body. She was aware of the bustier against her breasts; the coolness of the chair against her exposed buttocks, it felt as if her sense of feel was increased tenfold.

"Annie," again Brian's whisper softly invaded her dream, "Annie, you know what you want, don't you Annie?"

"Yes," Annie moaned as she clenched her thighs, the pressure on her pussy again making her groan. Closing her eyes she formed a picture in her mind of all the different cocks she had seen. Her body was alive with sexual tension and she couldn't think of anything else except cocks in her as the feelings radiated toward her crotch.

"Annie you know what you want, don't you?" The voice was mesmerizing, leading her to where she knew she wanted to go. "You want to be fucked, don't you Annie?"

Annie groaned.

"You want to feel a stiff, hard cock inside you, don't you Annie? You want to be used by a man, don't you Annie? Don't you want to feel one inside you?"

"Oh yes!" Annie moaned as her body tingled with sexual abandonment.

She was barely aware of Brian's hand pulling her to her feet, aroused at the simple contact of his flesh upon hers.

She stumbled and would have fallen had not two huge, strong arms wrapped around her, lifting her up off her feet. The strength was the embodiment of maleness and the feeling unbelievable as Annie wondered about making love to this strong man, again moaning in anticipation.

Her body was alive with desire; her mind clouded with lust. Yet a small part of her was aware of her surroundings as she listened to the conversation around her...

"Wow, she is so turned on now, how much did you give her?" Brian's voice asked.

Annie had the image of Brian's cock before her face, the feel of it as it slid into her mouth. The sensation of William's hips banging into hers from behind as she thought about babysitting them a few nights earlier as he fucked her...

"Hehehe, just two pinches in her beer. I told you it was powerful, and if it's still in her system you only need a small amount to keep sending her over the edge. If you don't give her any for about 72 hours it will take more to reawaken her, but what you bought should last a long time. Eventually she won't even need it, hell, I don't think she needs it now to be honest as hot as she is; all her mind and body will do is think of sex," the deep voice of the biker vibrated around her.

She moaned yet again as her body shuddered, remembering the biker's hands all over her, his mouth invading hers. The feeling of his tongue entering her mouth stirred her again and she wanted to feel him engulfing her.

She felt the sensation of being carried, causing her body to shake as each step sent small tremors through her. She opened her eyes to see she was being carried by the biker through the dark, empty mall—his strong arms against the back of her legs and back sending involuntary quivers through her body.

She was vaguely aware of them entering a furniture store, abstractedly wondering what was going on as her body shivered with each step the biker took. She once more closed her eyes, her pussy quivering with each step through her body, her nipples hardening through the leather bustier, her pussy noticeably wet.

Feeling herself being set down onto something soft, she opened her eyes to see she was on a huge bed. How odd she thought to have a bed in the middle of a mall, until she remembered the furniture store.

Looking around her mind hazily identified being in one of the store's displays—medieval in appearance. She was on a huge pillared bed, the rest of the display covered with dark grey brick walls almost like a dungeon, gargoyles and swords and shackles on the walls; however, what caught her attention was the group of men standing around her.

Most of them she had never had seen before, yet recognized a few faces: the Security Guard in the bathroom, the fat clerk at the novelty shop, Tim Nelson from the shoe store—as well as Brian, William, and the biker.

"Masters?" she asked, her entire body shuddering in anticipation as she thought about the maleness around her.

She watched mesmerized as the biker reached and unhooked the chains from her center O-ring, extending her arms over her head and attaching the chains to the bed posts. Reaching down, he then did the same to her legs, resulting in her lying spread-eagled on the bed. Taking the chain around her collar with the O-ring, he attached it to something behind her causing her to arch her back slightly.

She squirmed wanting the biker so badly now, trying to move as she squirmed in place, tied to the bed posts. Looking around, she saw the men handing William something—money a part of her mind realized—wondering what it was for in her haze, but Brian's voice was again whispering in her ear taking her attention away from them, the heat from his breath on her ear causing another moan to escape her lips.

"Annie, Annie my lovely slut, what do you want? Tell us Annie, do you want to feel a hard cock inside you? Do you want to taste a man cumming in your mouth? Tell me Annie," he whispered.

Her body tingled with the excitement by Brian's soft words. She felt her vaginal muscles contract as if his words were physically caressing her. "Yes," Annie moaned. She couldn't help herself. All she wanted was to feel a man inside her. She didn't even care who, she just wanted a cock inside her, "Yes!" she repeated.

"Yes? Yes what?" Brian whispered. "What do you want Annie? Tell us!"

"I want someone to fuck me!" Annie screamed. A part of her mind recoiled at her own words; however, the feeling of lust was too powerful to overcome and all she wanted was to be used, to feel a cock inside her, to suck on someone, to taste them. "Please Masters please fuck me!" she moaned, her body writhing as she tried to move, hampered by the chains holding her legs and arms apart.

Feeling a hand touch her leg she let out a deep moan, the feeling like fire as it moved up her leg. She saw the biker running his hand up her thigh, "Oh yes!" she moaned, wanting the biker's hand to continue up her leg. She felt his hand reached the side of her hip, feeling the side of her miniskirt being unzipped and she willingly raised her pelvis to help him slide it off her.

Seeing him stand and his hand leaving her flesh, she whimpered a tiny "No," thinking he was leaving her. Then she realized he was moving towards her as he started unlacing her bustier. She sucked in her breath to help him, again arching her back to help him pull it from under her.

She was now naked, her body tingling with excitement knowing she was chained to the bed, surrounded by men, wearing nothing but a collar, shackles, and high heels.

She watched the biker unbuckle his pants and moaned in anticipation, wanting him more than anything she had wanted before. As he pulled them down she cooed as his beautiful erection sprang free, thinking about what it would feel like inside her.

Not having to wait long, the biker moved onto the bed between her spread legs and she moaned in anticipation. Feeling his cock pressing against her eager opening, she tried to slide down to him, welcoming his cock. She was so wet he slipped easily inside her as her mind exploded in an intense orgasm.

The biker moved in and out of her as her body convulsed in ecstasy, her hips rising to meet each thrust as stroke after stroke sent her over the edge. His pace became faster and faster and Annie felt his cock get harder, knowing he was about to cum. She clenched her vaginal muscles around his cock as he let out a grunt.

Annie felt like a garden hose was suddenly filling her. Her heightened sense of awareness felt every spasm as the biker's cock pulsed inside her, spurt after spurt shooting into her...welcoming each pulse of his cock.

The biker lay on top of her for a brief moment as Annie's mind continued to explode in orgasms, still not satisfied. As he slid out of her she uttered a soft "No," until she saw somebody else—the fat novelty store clerk now totally naked—slide up to her. Instead of being disgusted, she only moaned wanting him inside her. Without preamble his cock plunged into her and Annie let out a loud grunt. The man pounded into her as Annie's body again tingled in spasms, her hips rising to meet each thrust. Her eyes rolled back into her head as all she could feel was her mind exploding in one continuous orgasm.

She felt hands on her breasts and opening her eyes saw other men stroking her body—each touch like electricity jolting through her. Feeling a weight on the bed next to her, she turned her head and saw an erect penis before her eyes. Without even thinking Annie opened her mouth as it slid between her lips.

She felt like a huge cock was going through her as the obese clerk between her legs and the man she was sucking alternated strokes. The feeling of hands upon her body and the cocks inside her sent her over the edge time and time again as she came for the untold time.

She was careful not to bite the beautiful cock in her mouth as her body thrashed and Annie clamped her lips on it, causing his pace to quicken with the pressure around his cock.

She felt the clerk inside her pull out and yelled "Nnnnooo," the cock in her mouth almost choking her. The touch of hot liquid on her stomach caused her to know the clerk was cumming on her, the hands upon her body rubbing it all over her like lotion.

All thoughts ceased as the cock in her mouth started to spasm as she eagerly sucked as he came in her mouth, almost spitting it out in surprise as another cock entered between her legs again spreading open her pussy.

As the cock left her mouth she glanced up and saw Tim Nelson smiling down at her, his cum dripping out of her turned face.

Annie didn't know how long it continued—one cock being replaced by another in her mouth and between her legs—as her body spasmed continuously from the sexual excitement she felt. Her body was in a continuous state of orgasm, convulsing on the bed, eagerly taking every male member she could. She was thankful for the chains holding her down as she knew her thrashings would have shaken people off her as her mind continued to explode in orgasm after orgasm as each man used her, her body accepting all and wanting more...

"Annie?" The sound was almost hypnotic as she lay in her bed. "Annie, wake up, it's time to go." Annie felt so comfortable lying there; she tried to pull the covers back over her head—only to find she couldn't move her arms...

Her eyes opened and saw William and Brian's faces looking down at her. The previous activities came flooding back to her and her body shuddered again in excitement. "Oh my God!" she whispered. "What

have you done to me?"

The boys laughed as Brian said, "Nothing you didn't want done."

Annie realized a part of what he said was true; she remembering how excited she was and how welcomed a man felt inside her. How the feeling of man after man brought her more and more need. She had so many orgasms she realized she must have passed out, not knowing how long they had continued to use her body.

The boys unhooked the chains and Annie slowly moved, her muscles slightly cramped from being stretched out for so long; however, she welcomed the pain as it brought her more awake. She looked around and saw she was totally naked except for her high heels. Both she and the linens were covered with cum, such a huge quantity she could not begin to guess how many men or how long they had their way with her; however, the room was now empty except for her and the two boys.

Annie sat down, feeling cum draining from her vagina. Instead of feeling shock and horror, she realized she felt fulfilled and even calm, almost exhilarated as she sat down and regained her senses...the feeling of being completely satiated radiating through her.

Again trying to get up she felt a mild unfamiliar discomfort in her rectum. "Did somebody try to fuck me in the ass?" she asked sleepily to the two boys who laughed in response.

Not yet understanding what had occurred, she quietly accepted the clothes the boys handed her, gracious for their help getting her dressed. Pulling her hair into a ponytail, she realized it was soaked with cum as she tried to wipe some of the drippy goo off, finally accepting it as a futile effort.

Finished dressing, she demurely followed the boys out of the mall to the car, feeling a steady stream of cum dripping from her soaked pussy, running down her legs. She couldn't wait to get home and take a shower, but for once her body felt completely at ease she realized.

Brian drove them to William's house dropping him off and then to his own. The air from the open windows allowed Annie's mind to clear enough to drive home by then.

Getting home, thankful her parents were asleep, she quietly went to her room and took a long hot shower. Afterwards she took all the clothes from the car and hid them in her closet. She realized she wasn't tired so instead grabbed her diary, wanting to put the day's events in before exhaustion finally overtook her.

Finally having the day's events down, knowing she would have to add in parts later, she looked at the clock in surprise—she had been writing for over two hours and decided to go to bed.

As she lay in the dark she couldn't help but think about the day's activities wondering what she should be feeling, other than the strange calm fulfillment she currently felt...

Closing the diary I sat there in amazement, cum all over my hand as I had jacked off twice reading her words. I couldn't believe how excited I was reading how she had sucked off all my friends, and then fucked all those guys! I wanted her more than ever and was not upset at all about her being used. On the contrary I was upset because I couldn't watch her and couldn't wait to read about what would happen next!

I wondered about the aphrodisiac they gave her, but could tell from her own words she enjoyed her escapades regardless of it...but was still going to do some research on my own.

Hearing noises from downstairs, I quickly cleaned up, putting the diary back in its place knowing Annie and her mother were home from the grocery and headed down to help them, not sure what else was in store for my sexy young fiancée!

Chapter 4 – Interlude

Previously I told of watching my fiancée Anne-Marie blackmailed into having sex with the guys she used to babysit. Instead of being upset, I was incredibly aroused and excited (and from her actions, her as well). Part 3 they incredibly had her dress and act like a slut resulting in her giving my “friends” blowjobs in the mall bathroom as well as having sex with a complete group of strangers.

These adventures have been observed by me as well as reading about them from her diary, the location of which she once confided. I will now tell the story as it happened so it unfolds in a more chronological pattern instead of jumping around as I discovered the events, since many of them were “after the fact” as I had to be careful reading her diary without her knowing.

I will now let the adventure continue...

Annie awoke the next morning sore in places she had never felt before; however, as she lay in bed, she had also never felt so alive. Her mind traced back through the previous day, reliving each moment and sensation. As she recalled the barrage of cocks entering her she became increasingly aroused. Although her first instincts should be shame and degradation, instead her body felt alive and intensely excited. Thinking about all the men she had been with in one day, how slutty she had acted, and the wanton abandon she experienced she knew she never before had felt so much freedom.

There was tenderness in her rear leading her to believe at least one, if not several of the men had fucked her in the ass--yet her only thought was regretting to have passed out from the sheer ecstasy of her orgasms and missed it. Annie had never had anal sex before, but the thought had always aroused her and she was sorry if it had happened, she had missed it.

She felt her heart noticeably beating in her chest, realizing she was getting excited reminiscing. Feeling the familiar wetness between her legs she inserted a finger inside herself, pressing gently on her clit as she closed her eyes and thought about the previous day.

Though some part of her had been influenced by whatever aphrodisiac drug the boys had given her, she knew the feeling of pure sexuality and carnal desire experienced was very much her own. Annie loved sex and had fantasized about many things, some of which had finally come true yesterday. Sometimes she wondered if she was a nymphomaniac; however, she had always been conservative in her actions--until now. She had many fantasies, but she was always afraid to share them with Bob, let alone act them out for fear of losing him.

She had confessed to Bob some of her lustful desires, and they had played upon some occasionally by telling stories as they made love of what was being done to her; both of them enjoying the sexual frenzy she could get into when excited. Even so, he would never understand the feeling of sexual abandonment she had let her body experience as she was used over and over by all those men, as well as her acceptance of manipulation by Brian and William.

Thinking about the boys she wondered how she could have let herself get into such a sexual mess. True the boys had basically blackmailed her into posing for them the first night, but she could have drawn the line there or even fought and prevented anything from happening. Sure she could have been embarrassed if they had told their parents about her sucking off Bob, but they had been dating for years, was it really that bad?

No, she had let her sexual tension get the better of her and let things go too far. She had convinced herself the blackmailing was the root of her acceptance after the boys used the movie betraying her with them;

however, she knew deep inside there was a deep, dark part of her relishing the idea of being a sex-slave, showing herself off to men, and letting them have their way with her. She had always had a submissive streak, and being the guys' sex slave felt almost natural. Bob had only tapped the very surface of her hidden sexuality, but the boys had explored an unknown area of desire within her—a desire they seemed to have known existed or discovered naturally and one she was willingly a part of...

She did not know to what depths of depravity the boys were planning on taking her, but decided it was time to draw the line and not listen to them any longer. She stopped rubbing herself as she realized her body may have enjoyed being used, but she was playing with dynamite and couldn't afford to be caught. Her reputation, not to mention her parents' reputation was at stake. If any word of her deviances became well known, she could never go back to school, let alone get a job anywhere near home, which would be devastating—her parents were too poor not to be able to live without any additional income from their various bank loans.

The loans they had taken out at the bank were tenuous even under the best of circumstance, as they did not have the credit required to receive such large amounts; it was approved more on their friendship with Brian's parents who were well off and willing to help her family. If it was publicized their daughter was fucking anything with a cock—not to mention the president of the bank's son—she knew the loan would be defaulted, further adding to her shame. Her parents would lose the house, their car, and probably have to move out of town to escape the labeling of having a whore for a daughter.

She had to end things now before passing a point of no return where she was lost in depravity, ruining not only her reputation, but her family's as well.

The boys may threaten to show the videos they made, but THEY were also on the tapes. They couldn't incriminate her any more than themselves. True they were younger and could imply something happened when they were kids and she was babysitting them causing them to act this way, but the only "proof" they had showed them forcing her to have sex with them. She could say she had feared for her life and been raped. They WERE stronger than her—her mind unconsciously drifting off tangent to the feel of them holding her and the size of their cocks.

Shaking her head as if the physical action could shake the thought of them from her mind, she refocused. She was certain a defenseless female, especially one as beautiful and innocent looking as her, could sway any law enforcement coming to investigate. Movies or not, there was little they could do that wouldn't harm themselves!

Feeling she had finally found a way out of their web of control she got out of bed with a purpose.

She drew a hot bath—soothing her aching muscles—and slowly relaxed, closing her eyes in the steaming tub. Languishing in the hot water her mind again drifted to the events of the day before, her body once more responding to her daydreaming as she almost unconsciously started rubbing her clit. She thought of her "suck-fest" as Brian had called it, recalling the taste of cum and the feeling of all those cocks pumping down her throat. She started rubbing faster, the waves of water rippling across her breasts and nipples exciting her even more. She thought about the little "party" massaging herself until she came, the gentle orgasm pale in comparison to the intense feeling she had felt the day before, but more relaxing.

Finishing her bath she towed herself dry and looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was flushed from her orgasm and her nipples were still hard, the water glistening off her body like oil. Bob had often said she had a better figure than a Playboy model and although she disagreed, she knew men found her

attractive. Recalling how sexy she looked in the black leather outfit, she glanced at the pile of clothes discarded in the corner of the bathroom from last night. She had been so exhausted when she got home she had stripped down letting them lay where they were. Barely remembering taking a shower to wash off the seemingly gallons of cum upon her, she had crawled into bed and slept.

Looking down at the clothes now, she noticed the distinct smell of sex and cum emanating from them from across the room. She quickly picked them up and washed them with a damp rag--hoping she didn't ruin the leather. Remembering how she had looked in the outfit and the feeling of pure sexuality it had given her, she wanted to keep the outfit--maybe even surprise Bob with it someday. No sense in throwing away a perfectly good outfit even if it had previously been used to degrade her she thought. She would take the outfit to a dry cleaner and have it cleaned, spraying the bustier and skirt with perfume to hide the odor of sex on them as she put them in a garment bag for later.

Her morning ritual almost complete, she started dressing. Looking at all the bags from the mall, she almost decided to wear one of the new outfits the boys had picked for her; however, she could never explain it to her parents or even Bob if she wore something too revealing. Not wanting all the clothes she had bought to go to waste, she settled on wearing one of the new thongs the boys had picked for her, almost ashamed at how sexy it made her feel as she put it on, the sexy material sliding between her but cheeks like a gentle lover. Her mind briefly recalled being felt up in the novelty store and again refocused her thoughts to block the memory.

She put on a short, old pair of jean cut-offs she hadn't worn in a while, the pockets torn in places, the frayed ends barely going past her rear. Since she planned to only clean the house, it didn't matter what she wore she rationalized, and grabbed a loose, white button-down blouse tied over her stomach to complete the ensemble. She thought about wearing a bra, but looking at her reflection in the mirror and the feeling of sexuality from the previous day still within her decided against it. The material was thick enough not to reveal anything, and she wasn't planning on getting into any "wet T-shirt" contest to get it wet she chuckled.

To top off the outfit, she put on a pair of high-heeled platform shoes with straps going up her calves almost to her knees, admiring the way they accented her long legs.

Finished dressing she took down her diary from the closet adding a few unfinished entries from the day before. She laughed at imagining the initial shock of her parents; faces had they read it, but knew they would never see it. They had once found her diary and read it, discovering she had played hooky from school and had punished her for it. Since then she kept two diaries--a "PG-rated" book where she wrote the most boring and "safe" stuff for her parents so they continued their belief she was a "good little girl." It was kept in her dresser drawer where they could easily find it--knowing they would look no further once they read it. It was only a ruse--she had the real "adult-rated" version containing all her deepest secrets with no holds barred stored in her closet. It was this diary she now read.

Editing a few things as she recalled them she again started to feel a heat between her legs reading the previous day's events. It was almost like reading a porn novel as she read her own writing, not believing it had happened. She couldn't understand how she could still be so horny after the definitive reaming she had received the day before by all those men as well as her masturbation in the bath, but she was definitely getting excited. Reading the events again, she felt firm in her resolve to confront the boys and tell them she was through with them.

Hiding the book back in her closet, she pulled out her "safe" diary and wrote a bit about her shopping with some friends at the mall to explain her absence all day. Chuckling at the play of words, she tried to keep things in general the same so she would never have to completely lie. In this version she went

with two friends and shopped for clothes...stopping for pizza in the mall and so forth. It was something she learned long ago so if she was caught saying something, it was easily avoidable to not be caught in a lie.

Finishing to her satisfaction, she called Bob to invite him over later to watch some movies. Hearing his answering machine and knowing he was probably still at the shop her mind flashed to a sudden fear of Rick and the other guys she had "serviced" in the mall bathroom telling Bob about her, but quickly dismissed the thought. All of those men had wanted Annie for years and wouldn't dare tell Bob. One didn't go around bragging to your drinking buddy his girlfriend had sucked you and your buddies off!

What had happened had been so unlike her she knew Bob would never believe them even if they DID tell him, as they were always goading him on about her. They could tell Bob everything and he would know it to be too incredulous to believe. That reason alone was enough to know she didn't have to worry about Rick and the guys trying something as stupid as what Bryan and William were trying to do. No, they would undoubtedly try to get more from her, but she could handle Rick and them, even by avoiding them from now on as she usually had done. She has shamefully hidden what had happened between her and Rick and this would just be another reason to avoid him and his buddies.

Leaving a message telling Bob to come over when he got home, she decided to do a little research on whatever she had been given. She didn't know the exact spelling, but "Googling" a close match got her close enough. It was as the biker had described—the drug was considered a "woman's Viagra" to cure sexual arousal disorder in women. Various drug companies were working on combinations with other drugs to put it on the market—including Ecstasy—with the intention of lowering the inhibitory factor of women for the Bremelanotide to take effect. As the biker described, the drug was used on the "street" as a recreational drug and date rape drug.

True to the biker's word, the drug was not put in production yet as it did nothing to resolve its initial intent. Most women in various studies were affected directly in relation to their "libido score"—an extremely sexual woman would become a vixen while somebody who was naturally inhibited had no change other than a bit of drowsiness. This part disturbed Annie as she thought back to how wanton she had been under its influence...was she really so uninhibited?

The only other issue with the drug catching her interest was repeated use lowered the amount of drug needed for stimulatory response, making dosing extremely difficult for production usage. True to the biker's word, women often had to be treated for nymphomania on prolonged exposure due to an almost constant state of sexual arousal.

There was nothing she read contradictory to what the guy at the leather shop had said. Not feeling at all comfortable about how two small doses had affected her and her response to it, she knew she would have to watch what she drank or ate around the boys from now on! Still not feeling totally at ease, she went downstairs.

Her mom looked at her strangely, probably from her attire since she obviously wasn't wearing a bra and normally didn't wear shoes like she had on around the house unless she was going out, but didn't say anything as Annie offered to help clean the house.

After cleaning the house and working up a good sweat—the physical activity loosening up her sore body and keeping her mind preoccupied—Annie sat in the kitchen putting together a grocery list. Her mom had to go to a charity function she was helping with and they had forgotten their list the other day when they went shopping, so still had quite a few things needed. Her mom asked Annie to go to the store while she attended her function.

Things were pretty much back into routine...in strict contrast to the events the previous day Annie thought abstractedly.

As she was putting together the grocery list, the doorbell rang. Her mom yelled she would get it so Annie continued her inventory of the kitchen and adding to the list.

A few seconds later, her mom walked into the kitchen carrying a large box. "Odd," her mother said, "nobody was at the door, but there was this box addressed to you," she smiled handing the box over to Annie. "Is it from Bob?" her mom asked innocently.

Her parents adored Bob. He was the all-American football star in high school and they liked him from the first day Annie and he dated. They were always asking if Annie and him would be settling down and were always bugging her about marrying him sooner than later. Although only a mechanic at an auto shop, Bob's family was well-off and they knew if she ended up with Bob she would never be in the straights they were financially.

"There's always time to make money," her father told her. She always found it odd him telling her about money matters, knowing how in debt they were with the Strauss' bank, but kept her mouth shut.

Annie knew they only wanted what was best for her, but her and Bob were in no rush and planned on settling down after she went to school and got her own job.

Breaking her reverie, her mother again asked if the box was from Bob.

"I don't know mom," she said, holding the box. It was nicely wrapped in blue metallic wrapping paper and a card with "Annie" was stuck on the front. The box was about 10 inches wide and a couple inches deep, and Annie had no idea what it was; however, it would not be the first time Bob had dropped off a present for her.

Her mom pressed her to open it and Annie tore off the wrapping paper revealing a plain brown box underneath. Opening the top, Annie quickly shut it closed before her mom could see what was in it.

"Well, what is it?" her mother asked curiously.

"Uh . . . nothing, er, I mean..." Annie's mind worked furiously. "I mean, it's some chocolates or something, but I'll take them to my room. I know you and dad are on a diet and don't need the temptation," and quickly got up, practically running out of the kitchen to her mom's bewildered expression.

Taking the stairs two at a time Annie ran up and closed her bedroom door. Her heart racing she carefully removed the DVD she had seen from the box. A card was attached to it reading:

A little memento of our shopping spree.
-Brian and William

Annie's hands trembled as she held the note and disk in her hands. She didn't know how long she stood there shaking until her mom's voice came through the door asking if she was all right. Startled, Annie almost jumped out of her shoes as she assured her nothing was the matter. Reassured, her mom said she was leaving for her charity function and wouldn't be home until late; however, Annie wasn't even listening as her mind raced through what could be on the disk.

Hearing her mom's car start and leave, she cautiously went to her computer and inserted the disk. The screen was blank for a few seconds, and she wondered if they were sending her a copy of one of the

first videos.

Then the screen faded into a scene burned into Annie's mind forever: there she was, lying on a plush red bed in a leather miniskirt and bustier, her arms and legs outstretched from her body with her wrists and ankles chained to the bed.

"I want someone to fuck me!" Annie heard her voice yell on the computer. "Please Masters please fuck me!" she moaned.

Annie was in a state of shock as she watched the scenes unfold before her on screen.

She saw two large hairy arms slide up her legs and knew them to be the biker at the leather store, recalling the feeling of his rough hands on her skin. "Oh yes!" she heard herself moan through the computer's speakers as the biker's hands slowly moved up her legs. His back was to the camera showing her over his shoulder--it must have been attached to the bedpost Annie thought with horror. She could only see him from behind, but had a full view of herself on the bed.

Annie watched in alarm as the biker slowly reached up and unzipped her miniskirt--the Annie on the screen lifting her hips to help him remove it. There she was, naked from the waist down undulating on the bed like a whore in heat. Even from this angle she could see her swollen pussy glistening from how wet she was, her mind shocked in horror.

She heard herself mutter "No!" in the movie as he got up, only to have him take off her bustier, again watching herself arch her back to help him. She looked so willing as he stripped her lying there spread eagled naked and begging to be fucked.

As if in a dream, Annie watched the biker slowly move between her legs...

"Yes, fuck me! PLEASE FUCK ME!" Annie heard her voice yell on the television.

The biker's hips moved between her legs as he started furiously pumping in and out of her. Annie saw her head moving back and forth and knew her body was exploding in orgasm. In horrid fascination she watched as her legs tried to wrap around the biker, being held back by the chains but her thighs visibly grasping him. Her high-heeled shoes dug into the bed for support as she thrust her hips to meet his every plunge into her.

Not able to take her eyes of the screen she watched as the biker suddenly grunted and collapsed on top of her, knowing he was cumming inside her. He quickly moved away only to be replaced by a skinny naked man.

Annie realized the camera was positioned perfectly to show her every move and face, yet not revealing anybody who would be with her.

Watching the screen—as if it was somebody else and not her—she saw this man begin to fervently fuck her as well. Her eyes did not blink as she watched in horror as other men's hands started rubbing her body, squeezing her tits, sliding up and down her legs, arms, and stomach--the Annie on the screen moaning and convulsing like a bitch in heat.

Another man moved onto the bed, his face again blocked off from the camera, as he slowly stuck his dick near her face. Annie watched in morbid fascination as she opened her mouth, the man plunging in and out of her eager mouth, finally cumming. Her mouth exploded like a volcano as a torrent of cum shot past her lips, slowly dribbling down her cheeks as she watched herself on screen trying to swallow as much as possible.

Almost in a dream state she watched as man after man fucked her mouth and cunt, several of them pulling out and ejaculating on her until her body was soaking wet from all the cum upon her.

She saw herself convulse onto the bed after the tenth man had entered her and heard somebody say she passed out. This was the part she never knew about as she watched the movie continue in fascinated horror.

Somebody unfastened the chains on the bed and she heard herself on the disk begging for more. How she was even aware of what was going on she didn't know, but watched in morbid fascination as they spread her out again as another man moved in between her legs. Even in her state of unconsciousness her body instinctively grasped the man, her now freed legs wrapping around him as he slammed into her repeatedly. She watched as her heels dug into the man's buttocks, pulling him as deep into her as she could.

Another man started ejaculating all over her face as she watched in horror as the men continuously used her. After a few more men had fucked her, her body grabbing each one as if awake, she continued to watch. Several men turned her over, somebody placing a pillow under her waist and causing her ass to stick in the air and Annie had a sickening feeling she knew what would happen next.

A man moved between her splayed legs as he pulled apart her ass cheeks. Hearing more than seeing the man spit on her, Annie's eyes remained transfixed on the screen as he arched his pelvis in the air and plunged down-- obviously straight into her virginal anal hole. The Annie on the screen grunted and moaned "Oh yes!" as the man plunged in and out of her ass for several minutes. Eventually she saw his ass stiffen and knew he was cumming inside her.

He moved away only to be replaced by another man.

Annie stared fixated to the screen again as man after man entered her asshole--twelve in all--each coming in her or over her back, covering her in cum from her hair down. Finally, the last man came and slowly backed away from her until she was alone on the bed, her body shimmering from all the cum on her.

The camera danced a bit and Annie realized somebody was moving it as it focused in on her round, glistening buttocks and spread legs. The camera zoomed in between her legs and she stared transfixed at the screen zoomed in on both her asshole and cunt gaping wide open, a steady stream of white fluid leaking from both orifices. The camera stayed focus on this for several minutes then slowly moved up body, drenched in cum, to her face. She had cum all over, her hair soaking wet from it, an unmistakable smile on her face as she laid there, almost asleep...as the camera faded to black again.

Annie stared at the blank screen, her heart racing in fear. The confidence she had felt earlier was totally shattered. She realized this tape was more damaging than either of the two the boys had used before. This tape only showed one person's face--Annie's--as she fucked and sucked over a dozen men with obvious enjoyment.

Knowing she should be crying, what Annie felt was instead anger. How DARE they do this to her! She was going to stop the boys once and for all. She didn't know what to do about this tape, but she knew she must end this for good.

She was infuriated and needed time to think, and the perfect distraction would be the grocery store. Going downstairs she found the list from her mother, thankful for something to take her mind off the tape upstairs. Her mind clouded with anger, she headed out the door to go to the grocery store as her mind tried to unravel the new events.

Since Bob wasn't home she would have plenty of time and be back long before he came over. She was not in any rush though; he knew where they kept the spare key so he could make himself home if she wasn't back in time. She needed the time to think...

Getting into her car her nose smelled the faint scent of cum and sex and through the haze of anger realized she would have to wash the seats in her car before getting home. Her mind again flashed to the scenes on the tape as she pulled out of the driveway, trying to calm down enough to sort through her angered thoughts. Driving to the store she kept her windows open to air it out, thankful for the nice day.

Focusing her mind on grocery shopping, Annie's panic slowly dwindled. She knew she would have to play along with the boys' game for now, but they'd eventually make a mistake and she could get away. Her mind resolved with an undetermined plan, she finished shopping, the familiar duty putting her somewhat at ease.

As she packed the groceries into the car she once again noticed the strong musky odor of sex. Knowing there was a car wash company on the way home, she decided to stop there and get it cleaned. It would be expensive to have it fully detailed, but she couldn't keep that smell in the car—especially if Bob got in...

She pulled into the car wash and got out of the car, suddenly noticing all the men watching her as she went inside, her mind suddenly focused on their attention to her. Seeing her reflection in the glass door she smiled—she looked almost like the sexy farmer's daughter. Her shirt was unbuttoned and tied off at her waist showing her bare midriff and revealing quite a bit of cleavage. And her shorts...she didn't realize how short they really were but they almost looked like "Daisy Duke" shorts, noticing the bottom part of her ass cheeks trying to peek through. No wonder her mother had looked at her strangely she realized. Almost laughing at the new distraction, she smiled at how good she looked---all she needed was a straw hat she thought jokingly.

The guys were very polite to her as she asked to have her car washed and the insides thoroughly cleaned out. The man at the counter smiled slyly at her saying they would give her a good going over and she smiled back. There were some advantages to being attractive, her mind briefly straying to Bryan's comment on her deserving the men's abuse.

Trying to keep her mind off the mall incident, she sat down and crossed her legs, starting to read an old issue of Woman's Week. Out of the corner of her eye she could see all the guys at the car wash glancing at her at various times and grinned, knowing they all would be coming into the waiting room while her car was washed with various excuses to see her.

This was almost a familiar setting, although she had never dressed this scantily in public, she was used to men giving her a bit more attention due to her looks. Yes, was something she was familiar with and it put her mind a bit more at ease as she tried to forget her predicament...

"M'am?" a voice broke through her reading and she looked up, seeing a cute guy in front of her. "If you have a minute the boys had a few questions on how your car," asking her to follow him outside.

Her car was parked to the side, still wet from the car wash, all the doors opened and a crowd of guys with rags and various spray bottles in their hands. An extremely large number of guys were "working" on her car she realized as she came outside, the other cars parked with no attendants around them. She smiled knowing they were all there wanting to get a look at the hot girl who had brought her car in. She smiled, this was something she was almost used to and instead of being upset, felt almost empowered at their attention. Knowing there wasn't anything they could do, a part of her decided to give them the attention they wanted.

As she moved near she felt a steady mist of water from the cars being washed, the cool dampness almost welcomed on her skin from the heat of the day. The mist felt good on her as she moved towards the freshly washed car and crowd of men.

One of the guys said he wanted her to check her tires and asked her to move over to him, the other guys she noticed moving behind her. Smiling wickedly she bent down from the waist, pretending to inspect her tires, knowing she was giving the men behind her a good view of her ass peeking out from her short shorts.

She felt the all-familiar flush to her body and was thankful for the cool mist of the car wash blowing on her as she moved from tire to tire, taking her time, giving the guys a good eyeful.

Her heart was beating fast and she felt almost wicked the way she was teasing them, but couldn't help it. As she bent over the tire she felt a small tickle on her leg, seeing the mist of the water from the car wash causing the water to bead upon her legs. A small trickle of water was running down the inside of her thigh...almost causing her to gasp as it felt like a finger sliding down her leg.

The men had her inspect every part of the car and she smiled, knowing they didn't give a damn about her car; they were all focused upon her. She felt her hair damp on her head and noticed her clothes sticking to her—suddenly realizing there was a reason they had parked her car here. Her top was now wet from the mist of the car wash, clinging to her like a second skin. She glanced down seeing it was obvious she was braless, her nipples hard and sticking out from the cold water.

Instead of being upset, she almost laughed; it was quite ingenious and wondered if they had done this before. She stood up from the bumper—the last thing they had left to “show” her—and adjusted her top, causing the material to press further against her now almost bare tits.

The men told her she was welcomed to watch them clean the inside of her car to “make sure they got it right,” and she grinned, knowing full well why they wanted her to stay. Instead of being upset she was excited and agreed, leaning against the car. She stretched her one leg out and bent the other to the tire as she stood there seductively.

What a sight she must be she thought: long legs, short jean cut-offs, and a now see-through blouse—showing off her tits and ass like a slut. Instead of being ashamed, she was reveling in the feelings she was having as they got a full show of her body.

At one point she bent through the car window talking to the guys cleaning inside, knowing full well they could see down her blouse not caring...actually wanting them to see her. She knew the guys behind her were also getting a good view of her ass.

Inside the car, one of the men commented on the odor from the leather seats and she grinned wickedly at him, knowing he knew full well what the odor was and not being ashamed at all at this point. She laughed and told them she spilt a cocktail and grinned wickedly at him, the guys in the car laughing at her playful twist on words knowing full well what she meant.

She continued her teasing until eventually the car was cleaned and there were no more excuses available. As she thanked the men around her, she turned to go pay for the service when the guy who came in to get her originally, the manager she knew now, told her there was no charge. She asked why and they gave her an excuse about her being the 500th customer of the week and got a free wash. She knew damn well why they were letting her have the wash for free after displaying herself to them and grinned.

She thanked them all telling them she wished she could show her appreciation in some way and the men

all laughed saying it was their pleasure. Getting into the car one of them told her she should come by regularly to keep her car in shape. She grinned wickedly, knowing they only wanted to see her body again and an evil thought came to her as she told them, "Oh, I'll be back, I wouldn't mind 'cumming' here more often." A few of the men smiled as she stressed the word.

As she started the car the manager handed her a card, telling her she should register in their free drawing for a lifetime car wash. Looking down she saw a blank index card and smiled at him, asking innocently what he needed. Telling her they just needed her name and phone number she wrote "Annie" and her cell phone number. Before giving it back, another thought hit her and she put a heart over the "i" in her name, giving it little devil horns. Handing the card back she smiled, telling him she hoped she was lucky soon.

Laughing as she drove away, she realized there were some bonuses to showing herself off...she got a \$50 car wash for no charge!

Keeping the windows opened to let the air dry her clothes, she took her time, thinking about what had happened, wondering what was going on. What the hell was she thinking she realized? She's trying to get out of a sexual predicament and what does she do—goes and displays her body before a group of strangers. She would never have exposed herself in such a way before, why did she do it now? And to make matters worse she enjoyed it and even egged them on.

Two weeks ago and her involvement with Brian and William she would not have done anything so promiscuous. She would not even have gone out in public dressed the way she was and yet there she was, teasing a bunch of strange men in such a fashion. Standing unabashedly in front of them pretty much topless she had just smiled at them. What was happening to her? Exposing her body in public like that?

Her mind even more distraught than when she left the house, Annie headed home only to find Bob's truck in the driveway.

I couldn't believe my luck finding Annie and her parents gone when I arrived at their house Sunday--the day after her trip to the mall. I was anxious to know what had happened the previous day, and ran up the stairs to read her diary as soon as I let myself in with the spare key. They never minded me coming in, which is why they had even let me know where the spare key was and I often let myself in while waiting for them to get home, so this was nothing unusual.

What was unusual was prying open my fiancée's diary...but I had to know what had happened yesterday! I couldn't believe what I read. I have since described her visit to the mall in detail, but as I read her own words for the first time, I couldn't help but get excited. Pulling out my cock, I sat on her bed reading her diary, slowly stroking myself off.

I literally came when I read how she had sucked off my friends in the men's restroom. I had always bragged to them how well Annie sucked cock, and now they knew from first-hand experience. I was curious and even anxious to see how they acted at work tomorrow and resolved to purposely draw the conversation toward Annie and her luscious mouth. I was incredibly aroused thinking about the irony of them thinking they knew something I didn't about their encounter.

I should have been angry or upset, yet instead I was highly turned on. Call me sick or perverted, but I have always fantasized watching Annie with another man--actually, I should say men. Seeing her with William and Brian was a fantasy come true and as I read about her shopping trip, I couldn't help but get even more excited. My only jealousy was not being able to see her in action myself.

Reading about her little party, I again became hard as a rock. Though her description was sketchy due to her passing out literally from an orgasm, I could only imagine the sight of her before all those men.

As I sat on the bed, thinking about my fiancée-turned-slut and wishing I could have seen it, I noticed a card lying on the floor. Picking it up, it was addressed to Annie and curiosity getting the better of me, opened it and saw the little note the boys had left her. I didn't understand what it meant until I saw the DVD sticking out of Annie's computer.

Pushing it in and watching, I couldn't believe my eyes. There was Annie, just like her diary said, getting serviced by man after man. The sight was even more exhilarating than reading it in her diary and suddenly my cock started spurting in my hand. I shot a thick stream of cum on the keyboard and diary lying on the desk and panicked. How would I explain THAT to her?

I sat there wondering what to do until I noticed other stains on the pages. Looking closely at them the odor of sperm reached my nostrils and I realized they were from dried cum. Annie must have written in her diary right when she had gotten home, still covered by all the spunk of the other men. I relaxed, knowing she would not notice my contribution to the diary's use--as long as it dried in time. Not believe how lucky I was to have found the DVD, I watched the entire movie, cumming yet a third time that day.

Once I was finished cleaning it up, I put the diary back in her closet exactly as I found it and sat down. Knowing Annie would be home shortly; I turned on her dubbing software and burned a copy of the disk for myself—this would be something I HAD to have at home I realized. The copy was at 98% completion when I heard a car outside. Looking out the window, I saw Annie's car. The disk finished just in time as I put the original disk as I found it and grabbed my DVD.

I ran downstairs to sit on the couch waiting for her, stuffing the disk into my gym bag. Still excited from the video and diary, I greeted her at the door and gave her a big kiss. She looked incredible! She was wearing short jean cut-offs and a white blouse tied over her stomach. Even more surprising was the site of her nipples through her blouse and knew she was not wearing a bra, very unusual for her unless she had no other option. Moving my hands over her body, she suddenly pulled away.

"Not now Bob, I'm too sore." I saw the panic in her face as she realized what she had said. "What?" I asked innocently.

"I mean...I mean...I went to aerobics yesterday and must have pulled a muscle. Yeah, I'm sure that's what happened. I'm just not in the mood right now, sorry." She looked at me with something close to anxiousness and I quietly accepted her excuse, knowing full well why she was "sore." Feigning innocence I helped her unpack the groceries, constantly glancing at how sexy she looked in her clothes. She reminded me of Jessica Simpson in the Dukes of Hazard movie...only a brunette version, and found myself getting hard even after blowing my wad several times already.

After all the groceries were put away we sat and started watching some movies she had rented from the store. I couldn't believe how aroused I was knowing the girl I was sitting next to had been fucked by dozens upon dozens of guys less than a day before and constantly found myself staring at her long legs. Moving my eyes up to her chest, I watched as each breath caused her breasts to move up and down, her nipples sticking out through the material. She did not even notice me staring as she was caught up in her own thoughts, and knew she was probably thinking about her predicament with the boys.

The telephone ringing startled us both and broke our thoughts, Annie getting up almost reluctantly to answer it. I couldn't help but admire how her ass was trying to break out of her shorts as she moved to the phone.

"Hello."

I saw Annie stiffen and knew something was up, so tried to tune out the television and listen to her. Wondering if it was her new "Masters," I watched her out of the corner of my eye straining my ears to listen.

"What the Hell do you want?" Annie's voice took on a tone of almost disgust and I almost looked over at her, but kept my eyes on the television. "What? Yeah right, let's see it happen," I heard her say.

Suddenly a cell phone started going off. It was Annie's as she moved over to her purse, pulling out her phone to see who else it was. Abruptly her face went pale, matching her top.

"No, you don't need to do that, I'm sorry," she said over the other phone putting her cell phone back.

Her voice took an almost a subservient role and I figured it had to be one of the boys. She listened for a bit longer and suddenly blurted out "You know I can't do that."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Annie look over at me and pretended not to notice. She lowered her voice causing me to strain harder to listen.

"Please don't do this to me," I heard her plead. "No, you don't need to do it, I'll agree. And tell the others as well, I don't need them saying something at work."

Again she glanced over at me as I pretended to be absorbed in the movie on the television; however, my curiosity was peaked. It didn't sound like she was talking to one of the boys, yet didn't understand who it could be upsetting her.

"How? You know I can't without Bob!" she whispered. "OK, since I know that won't happen if you can swing it, then fine I'll go, but only this once, no longer, do you understand? Alright...OK, bye."

Hearing her hang up the telephone, I watched her come and sit next to me. Glancing at her, I saw she was visibly shaken.

"Who was it dear?" I asked innocently.

"What? Oh...uh...nobody, I mean, it was for mom, but she's out until later tonight," she said hastily. Annie's mind was definitely not on the movie as we sat there.

Lifting my arm to put on her shoulders she almost jumped off the couch quickly glanced at me. "Sorry, I'm feeling a bit tired," she said apologetically. "I think I'm going to go upstairs and lay down a bit. If you want, you can stay and watch the rest of the movie or whatever."

Telling her I understood, she went upstairs. My mind kept wandering to her telephone conversation, wondering who had been on the other end. The way Annie was preoccupied it had to have been Brian or William; however, parts of the phone conversation didn't add up and I would have expected her to have been angered, even if she would have submitted to their demands. Instead she seemed almost fearful, as if this was something unexpected.

Her comment about "not without Bob" kept rolling through my head and finally, my curiosity getting the best of me, picked up the phone and scrolled through the Call Waiting list to the last caller. I almost dropped the telephone when I read Rick's number!

Now I understood Annie's concern. At work Rick and the other guys always teased me about how sexy

Annie was and jokingly asked when she was going to dump me so they could have her. Working in an auto shop, the topics got pretty raunchy and discussions of Annie were prevalent. They even joked they didn't care if we were still dating, they would still fuck her...

Rick was always the instigator of these discussions; he had lusted after Annie since Junior high school. Rick and I grew up together and he had never gotten over his desire for her, his obsession even ruining several relationships with other women after they saw how he looked at her when she was near. I have always gotten excited with other men openly admired Annie, and having one of my friends lust after her never failed to give me a hard-on.

I told Annie it was innocent fun and was Rick's way of dealing with any woman, but she had never liked Rick, who was always trying to grope her when he thought I wasn't looking. It had reached a point of no return at a pool party last year. Though neither he nor Annie knew I had seen them, I had woken up one night in the back of Rick's car to see Annie with her top off giving Rick a hand job. The idea of Rick actually getting Annie to do this with me in the car almost caused me to cum right there. Though Annie never mentioned it to me, I had read about it in her diary--how Rick had forced himself on her and eventually gotten her to "pay" him for his kindness in driving us home.

Since the party, Annie always came up with some excuse of being busy whenever I invited her to go out when Rick would be around.

Knowing Rick's history with women, it was only a matter of time before Rick got his way, and now, it seems, things were really heating up. Secretly the thought of my friend fucking my girlfriend had always turned me on, and knowing how she had sucked all of my friends off at the mall was a major turn-on.

Again wondering what was going on, I remembered her reaction to the cell phone call. She had not taken it with her so reached for her purse. I felt guilty opening her purse like this, but after reading her diary, knew I had already breached any trust she may have had of me and had to know what was going on.

Scrolling through the received calls I saw Rick's number again, dated several minutes ago. It was labeled with an attachment and opened it.

There to my surprise was Annie's face, a black dick in her mouth! I knew right then Rick must have taken pictures with his cell phone of Annie's bathroom suck fest at the mall. No wonder she was upset. Not only was she being blackmailed by Brian and William, but now my own friends seemed to be at it as well. The site of her with obviously Jerome Wilson's dick in her mouth was almost too much after watching the DVD and reading her diary.

My mind flashing to the disk in my gym bag, I decided to go home and watch it again. Checking on Annie, I saw she was asleep and left her a note I'd call her later.

Author's Note: To all the fans of this series I offer my apologies for the delinquency of submissions. Real life often sneaks up on us and I've had little time to devote to the series between moves, jobs, computer crashes, and other miscellaneous crises in the last year. I do appreciate the feedback (both good and bad) which has been the driving force in continuing this series, the result being this extended version of Chapter 5. I have several more chapters planned and hope to get them out soon!

Chapter 5 - All in a Day's Work

Previously I described my fiancée Anne-Marie blackmailed into becoming a sex slave for two guys she babysat when teenagers. Although coerced into doing things she would not normally have done, she enjoyed every moment. Instead of getting upset, their dominance over her resulted in me hornier than ever and wanting to see her used more.

During their first outing to the mall, they bought her a new wardrobe suitable for her role as a personal play toy. Her adventures were quite interesting resulting in her sucking off a bunch of my friends and co-workers in a public restroom, and later being gangbanged by a group of strangers in a furniture store after hours.

I have discovered most of what has happened reading Annie's diary, where she describes every detail, conversation, and thought she has. Additionally, I have had the pleasure of watching some of the events unfold, unbeknownst to her. Now the story continues...

I could barely sleep Sunday night, being the first to arrive at work Monday morning. I was anxious to see how my buddies would behave after their weekend suck-fest with my gorgeous fiancée at the mall.

This was a dream come true for all of them. Since high school every guy who met Annie had tried to fondle, fuck, and get close as they could, especially my friends. She often complained about their forwardness, particularly about Rick my closest friend; however, I knew how desirable she was and could not fault them for following their basic instincts. Annie is not only desirable, but a natural tease and extremely sexual. This past weekend they finally fulfilled some of their wildest fantasies.

Annie was the best cock-sucker I ever had the pleasure of, and often bragged to the guys, teasing them about her techniques until they were ready to burst out of their pants with lust for her. It was normal for us to talk about our girlfriends in the crudest fashion at the auto shop where we worked, and most conversations ended up talking about Annie. The guys would often make fun of me, saying she should leave me to fuck and suck them, or me teasing them about how good she was the night before, describing every little detail. Now that they finally "sampled her wares" and had an idea of how sexual she truly was I was anxious to see how the conversations around the shop would now become.

It was an odd relationship amongst us guys. Most people would not consider them friends due to the way we talked about the woman I was marrying, but I enjoyed other men lusting after Annie. Although she has never approved of how they act around her, I was proud she was so desirable to others, sometimes even asking her to dress provocatively to show her body off more. Knowing they were hitting on her when they thought I was not looking was a huge thrill, especially Rick who has always lusted after Annie. They were my closest friends, and I knew they were only doing what came natural around a beautiful, sexually opened woman.

I could not be angry at Annie for this weekend either; I loved her sensuality and knew she loved me regardless of what she did with another guy—or in this case, guys. Sex in my mind was a physical act unrelated to our feelings.

I

never understood the emphasis placed on monogamy, nor agreed with most stories concerning “cheating” when only sex was involved. I considered “making love” and “fucking” two different things and was pleased Annie was able to experience some of her darker desires.

My reverie was broken as the shop door opened and Greg Smith arrived. He was the shyest in our group and other than looking at me strangely and mumbling good morning, avoided me. I knew nothing would happen until everybody was in the shop and Rick arrived. Rick was the ringleader of our group and would be the first to start any talking. His lust for Annie was greater than all my friends combined, and he would be the most opened about what occurred.

In fact, Rick was the main reason Annie always found an excuse not to go out when she knew the guys would be around in order to avoid him. This aversion was partly because of how openly he hit on her; however, her main reason was due to what happened at a pool party we attended after graduation a couple years ago.

At this particular party Annie and I had too much to drink so Rick offered to drive us home. I was so drunk I ended up passing out in the backseat, but awoke up to the sounds of groaning and whispering. Peeking between the seats I saw Annie turned towards Rick, her breasts bare and shining from the day’s worth of suntan oil reflecting the dashboard lights! She was obviously giving Rick a hand job, her breasts swaying to the motion of her arm as her hand slid up and down in his lap. Far from being upset, the sight immediately turned me on more than I could imagine, and was the first time I realized I enjoyed watching her with another guy.

Without them knowing I was awake, I watched Rick’s hands stroked Annie’s hair and back, whispering how he had always wanted her. Mesmerized I stared transfixed as he guided her head down without her objection into his lap, telling her unless she wanted to explain to me why there was cum all over the car seat he should cum in her mouth. Annie offered no resistance as she bent over his lap, her soft moans revealing her yearnings. Listening to the soft squish of her mouth over his cock, I watched her naked torso bob up and down almost cumming myself. Suddenly Rick groaned and I heard Annie softly moan, the sounds of swallowing revealing her craving as Rick orgasmed in her mouth.

Rick made Annie stay topless the entire ride back to her house as I feigned sleep, wondering what else may happen. As he drove, he continuously rubbed Annie’s breasts, legs, and back without any protest from her. Annie’s breathing was very audible during the car ride, betraying how turned on she was. When we arrived at Annie’s house Rick checked to make sure I was still asleep, and then escorted Annie to her porch, still topless. I raised myself to view them from the car, enjoying the clear view of Annie standing in front of another man topless, wearing nothing but a sarong and string bikini around her waist. Her body glistened in the porch light from the day’s worth of suntan oil over her body, the light’s reflection exposing every part of her body.

I watched them talk, about to fall asleep when Rick’s arm wrapped around Annie, pulling her to him and giving her a deep French kiss. Annie offered no resistance, leaning into him as his other hand moved up and down her hip. Although the movement was innocent enough, I saw the sarong slowly loosen and knew it was no accident as it fell to the ground. Unaware of her predicament, Annie continued to kiss Rick as his hand slowly moved to the ties of her bikini bottom. Knowing what was about to happen, I watched mesmerized as he slowly untied the band, his hand sliding over Annie’s bare hip as the material fell away and gripping her ass cheek, pulling her body further against him. From Annie’s lack of protest I knew she was excited as I watched the scene before me in anticipation. Slowly Rick’s hand moved in front of him, Annie’s knees buckling and knew without doubt he was fingering her!

Rick continued for several minutes and it was apparent watching Annie’s body she was enjoying the attention as her hips slowly rocked in motion with his arm. Wondering how much more she could take, Annie suddenly tilted her head back, her moan apparent even from the car as she came, Rick’s fingers buried deep inside her pussy. Giving her one last kiss Rick turned away from her and walked towards the car as I quickly laid back down, again

pretending to be out cold. The ride to my house was uneventful, other than Rick calling one of our friends to tell the whole story. I almost laughed when he told them he would be back at the party soon and they could all smell his fingers once he dropped me off at my house. I pretended I was still out of it when we got to my place as he shook me awake, the odor of my girlfriend's sex obvious on him as I stumbled to my door, watching him drive away. I quickly went to my room and jacked off—I was so excited at what happened. At that point I realized I wanted to watch Annie with other men, also knowing I cared for her more than anyone in the world.

Not only was it the first time I watched Annie with another man, it was also the first time I read her diary without her knowledge, wondering at the events leading up to when I woke. I read how Rick told her it was payment for the ride home, refusing to take her any further until she agreed on getting him off. Based upon her diary—which Annie never lied to—Rick fondled her breasts, swiftly untying her bikini top as he continued to caressed her breasts slick with suntan oil. Although she protested, she became incredibly turned on and to avoid being caught topless by me waking up, agreed to the hand job.

She admitted she was so turned on she would have fucked Rick right there on her porch if I had not been in the car. Rick told her he was returning the favor of her getting him off as he made her cum, reading her description on how carefree she felt, yet guilty and mortified at having cheated on me.

Since that evening Annie refused to go to any parties Rick attended, both of them keeping the outcome of the ride a secret, neither knowing I knew the truth. I had not bothered to read any more of Annie's diary since then.

In my opinion Rick was only acting on the instincts of a man around a beautiful woman. I could not fault him for desiring Annie, especially as much as she teased the guys at the party, continuously flirting and strutting around in her bikini. I knew all the men were lusting after her and would have done the same thing had I not been around. Rick's actions neither surprised nor upset me.

I could not fault Annie either, knowing how sexual she is and how alcohol and dancing make her more horny than usual.

Since we first started dating in high school I had fantasized about her with other guys, wishing she were more "loose" and asking her to dress more provocatively. It was a dream come true for me to see her being used like that, so I was not upset with either of them, wishing more happened...

I was lost in thought finishing my cup of coffee when Rick and the rest of the crew arrived together. His face immediately lit up with a big grin when he saw me. He said something to the other guys out of earshot causing them to laugh as they walked into the garage with big smiles on all of their faces.

"Heya Bobby boy!" Rick said cheerfully.

"Hey Rick, how's it hanging?" I returned, trying to act nonchalant.

"Funny you should ask," he smiled at me. "After this weekend it's hanging pretty well!" he laughed. "It's a damn shame you weren't with us this weekend, eh boys?" He looked at the others, all smiling though none looked directly at me except Rick.

"Why is that?" I asked innocently. I could not believe Rick was mentioning their weekend the second they walked in the door. Then again, I knew the event had probably been on their minds all weekend and they were as anxious to talk about it as I was to listen.

None of them would mention Annie by name; they were not spiteful or trying to ruin our relationship. We were

friends regardless of how unorthodox we were when talking about each others' girls; a tradition and bonding experience as each girl we dated became "fair game" for the others to talk about as crudely as possible. For them Annie was a conquest, they would not break our friendship talking about her directly; however, I was curious to see how far they would actually go.

"Well, we actually had an excellent weekend!" he laughed, the others nodding their agreements. Looking at him with a puzzled expression he continued. "I told you we were going to hang out at the mall, same shit as usual, but this time you should have joined us. We were planning on just watching the chicks, and it was pretty much the same routine until we met this girl..." He looked at me grinning as he trailed off, like he knew something I did not.

"Only one?" I asked. "With six of you I would have thought you needed at least a few," I laughed, goading him on. I wanted him to talk as much as possible, my cock already hard recalling how Annie's diary described her episode with them.

Leaning against the car to hide my erection, I tried to remain nonchalant; however, my pulse raced knowing Annie's lips had been wrapped around every cock in the room this weekend. Everyone's except mine I suddenly realized, the thought somehow turning me on more as my mind created erotic visions of their weekend.

"Let me tell you, this slut handled ALL of us...and probably could have handled more! I tell you Bob, she was the most gorgeous piece of ass we had ever seen, and could suck your nuts inside out. She sucked off all of us!" His voice had an odd mixture of exasperation for me to believe, as well as obvious gloating from cumming in my fiancée's mouth.

"Sure Rick. In other words you guys sat around all weekend and did nothing, eh?" I said jokingly.

"Honest Bob, we had a goddamn suckfest with a single slut! Fucking unbelievable...every guy's wet dream came true feeling this chick's lips around our dicks. This is one to write into Penthouse!" he said as the guys laughed in agreement. "We were walking around the mall same usual shit and saw this chick dressed to kill—I mean she was a slut with a capital 'S.' She was wearing some 'fuck me' biker outfit with a tight leather top laced up the front showing off her tits and cleavage into our faces clear across the other side of the mall. And shit, her legs! God they were the best things I've ever seen. Christ, she had on this black miniskirt barely covering her ass—and these high heeled shoes screaming out for her to be fucked."

The guys joined in agreement, commenting on how fine "the slut" looked.

"Yeah, right Rick; some hot chick in this town dressed like that? You guys sound like goddamn porn movie writers," I laughed. I wanted to see how far they would go and continued to show my disbelief, inwardly enjoying their praise of Annie's looks.

"I shit you not Bobby. We all got sucked off this weekend at the same fucking time! This chick was not only dressed to kill but fucking horny as hell and ready to trot. Without a hello she let me feel her up right there in the goddamn Food Court. And she wasn't wearing any panties! Damn that bitch was a firecracker she was so wet," he told me.

I again uttered my doubt as he looked at me. "Bob, you've known me for how long? Fifteen years? Look at me; I swear to God I'm telling you the truth."

I looked at him and saw he was dead serious. Even without knowing he was telling the truth I would have believed him.

"Are you fucking shitting me? Was she a dog?" I asked.

"Hell no; this chick was as good looking as Annie," he grinned slyly. A few guys burst out laughing, a couple literally choking on their coffee at Rick mentioning Annie's name. "We saw her in the food area and sat to talk with her. Jesus

she looked good enough to eat. And you wouldn't believe how fucking horny she was. Shit, I started rubbing her leg and she actually slid towards me to let me finger fuck her right there!" he said.

I again played dumb, "C'mon, you expect me to believe some chick hot as Annie was waiting in the mall to suck off a bunch of assholes?" I asked, acting incredulous. "That's insane; you might as well tell me it was Annie herself," I laughed, hoping I was not pushing too far.

"I'm telling you the truth. This chick was a full ten, dressed to the nines and horny as hell. She ended up blowing us all off in the men's bathroom like she couldn't get enough!" he exclaimed.

I shook my head again showing my doubt when he grinned and said, "Let me prove it!"

I wondered how he would prove what happened as he reached into his coveralls, pulling out his cell phone. I almost thought he was going to call Annie as he started pushing buttons. "What is he doing?" I thought.

Looking at him questioningly he smirked, "I took a few pictures for posterity." He chuckled as I looked at him in amazement. The other guys looked uncomfortable and I wondered if things had gone too far, but Rick continued. "Unfortunately since it's only a phone camera I didn't get any good shots of her face," he said smiling over at the guys behind me, who broke into nervous laughter, "but there's enough here to show you I speak the truth!"

He pushed a few buttons and handed me the phone. "Here's the first one with my dick in her mouth," he smiled. "Also, make sure you look at the time stamps, I wouldn't want you to think I was lying when I said she sucked us all off together," he grinned.

I looked at the phone wondering how far he actually was going to go as my attention immediately was drawn to the picture. On the display was a picture of the top of a girl's head—Annie's I knew—but from the angle it was impossible to tell her identity. Without knowing who it was, dressed in such a slutty outfit I would not have recognized Annie.

The girl was sitting on a toilet with her head bent over somebody's—apparently Rick's—exposed crotch. Knowing this was my fiancée with my best friend's dick in her mouth almost made me cream my pants right then and there!

I stared in shock as Rick laughed, obviously thinking I was surprised at him telling the truth about some girl sucking them, but for me it was a dream come true seeing more of Annie's mall experience. I had watched the movie of her mall gangbang all Sunday, jacking off so many times my dick was sore; however, my only regret was not having any visuals of her escapades in the bathroom. Here was a wish come true.

Rick took the phone and pressed a few more buttons. One of the guys hissed "Rick," and I glanced over at them as they stood there looking uncomfortable. This obviously was not something they expected either, as Rick interrupted all our thoughts; "Here's one of her sucking Greg off. Notice this was taken only a few minutes after the one of me."

Handing the phone back to me, I again saw the girl's head buried in a different man's crotch—Greg Smith's apparently. The angle of the picture was different, showing the girl's back from above and behind her and I knew Rick must have been hanging over the stall wall. One of her hands was in front of her, apparently holding Greg's dick for support, while the other was in her lap fingering herself!

It was again impossible to identify Annie, although I could see her whole body and most of her outfit as she sat on

the toilet sucking off one of my friends! I looked at Rick incredulously as he smiled, the expression on my face misinterpreted as one of amazement at the truth of his story, not of seeing my fiancée sucking one of my friends.

Looking at the picture again I noticed smaller details, such as the filthy toilet she was sitting on, her outfit showing off incredible amounts of her body, her long legs spread open, and her thighs splattered with shimmering moisture of spit and cum.

Rick showed several more pictures, each one conveniently hiding the identity of the girl, but proving without doubt the validity of his story. Most pictures were from behind, conveniently hiding the girl's face, although a few were bolder, being zoomed in pictures of the lower part of her face, from the nose down, showing a cock in her mouth, her chin dripping with cum and saliva. Although none of the pictures Rick showed me identified Annie, I knew without doubt he had more pictures based upon the one he sent to her cell phone yesterday.

The last pictures were the best, showing the Security guard's face buried between the girl's legs as she bent backwards over the toilet. Again her face was hidden; however, Annie's entire body was shown amazingly well. Her high-heeled legs were draped over the guard's shoulders, her hands wrapped around his head, obviously grinding her pussy into his face.

My hard-on pressed uncomfortably against the metal of the car I was leaning against. I could not believe Rick had taken pictures of the whole thing; however, I recalled how he had once filmed fucking one of the cheerleaders in high school, later showing the movie to us, so should have expected it. Knowing his lust for Annie made me wonder if he would have the pictures framed.

"See, I told you we weren't bullshitting you. This slut has to be the best cock sucker ever," he leered at me, knowing he was baiting me to say something about Annie.

"I doubt that," I laughed, consciously falling for his bait, "I already know the best cock sucker around here...Annie!"

One of the guys again coughed behind us as most of the others quietly laughed. Rick smiled knowingly. "I'll guarantee this chick was just as good." he said, "probably better because this slut wanted it so bad. I'll guarantee your 'innocent' Annie's never wanted cock like this slut wanted all of us!" he sneered.

I looked at the other guys as they smiled like Cheshire cats, knowing from her diary how my own fiancée had wanted them, unabashedly sucking them eager and willing.

I again expressed how I could not believe what happened, asking Rick to tell me everything. Smiling wickedly, he proceeded to tell the whole story. Although I already knew everything from Annie's diary, it was interesting to hear his version; the only thing left out was Annie's name...

"Wow, sounds like some babe," I told him when he finished. "What was her name? Have you seen her before?"

"I don't think it's anybody you know," he leered at me, "this chick was a pure slut, only wanting sex. Not like your 'virtuous' Annie," he said smirking. I noted how he stressed the word "virtuous" as if he pictured two different sides to her. "And that ain't half of it—we're going to fuck her soon, eh boys?" he said looking at the others who nodded in agreement.

All of them were watching my reaction as I felt my cock become harder than the wrench in my hand. I could not believe what he said; Rick was planning something, and I realized Annie was in quite a predicament. With the pictures they had of her it was easy to imagine them bribing her to sleep with them, especially how easily it had been for Brian and William to do it. I almost laughed at how her situation had gotten worse, hoping I could see it happen.

Rick continued, interrupting my thoughts, "That girl could suck cock like no tomorrow, and as much as she

enjoyed sucking us, I'll bet she'll beg to fuck all us!" he laughed at me as we got ready for work.

Rick and I paired up most of the morning working on a Chevy truck's transmission. The close contact allowed him to talk nonstop about his plans for the "mall slut," describing in graphic detail everything he wanted to do to her, telling me it would be the best fuck she ever had.

Finally my curiosity got the better of me. "OK, I believe you all got sucked off by some chick, I can't deny the pictures," I told him, "though I'll bet any money you probably paid her to do it. Even so I'll accept it happened. But seriously, now you're telling me you're going to fuck this chick? How are you going to do that, pay her?" I asked innocently.

Rick smiled as he explained, "This slut was so hot I'll guarantee the next time we get her alone she'll be begging for us to fuck her!" he laughed. "I'm telling you, I have never seen a chick so wound up in lust before. She was so hot she would have fucked us all then and there had we not been in a public mall, and even that didn't stop her from giving us the best blowjobs we'd ever had," he sneered.

The remaining day was filled with the guys talking about how good their "mall slut" looked, acted, and sucked. Some told about her outfit, others described her body—all of them going into as much detail as possible without saying who she was, thinking I was none the wiser as to the identity of the girl. The fact they were talking about my own fiancée kept me hard all day as they discussed her sucking techniques, which I was intimately familiar with.

It became increasingly more difficult to work with my erection, yet I still egged them on saying things like "I bet she didn't have legs as good as Annie," and such, acting as if Annie were too good to be this girl. My teasing finally had all the guys talking about how they were going to fuck the "hot slut," my remarks causing them to become cruder and cruder with their comments.

While most men would be angry to hear their friends talk in such a way about their fiancée, I was more aroused than ever before in my life! The thought of Annie covered in cum; the image of her being a wanton slut for them driving me crazy. I did not know how they were going to get her alone, but it explained Rick's phone call to Annie the previous day. I tried to get more information, but none of them would hint of their plans—which made sense since it was my own fiancée they were planning on fucking. My feelings were a combination of frustration and excitement.

Late in the day Rick pulled me aside in the break room. I figured he was going to tease me more about their mysterious slut from the mall, but he caught me by surprise on a completely different subject.

"Say Bob, Saturday we're going to have a beach pool party at Jerome's house and were hoping you would show up. In fact, maybe Annie'd like to 'come' too." He looked at me with a big smirk as he stressed the word "come" as I wondered what he planned. I was shocked he would want me there if they were planning on making a move on Annie.

Curious and excited to know what he planned I answered honestly, "I'd love to and will definitely be there, but I doubt Annie will be interested. You know her, ever since a few years ago she hasn't wanted to go to any more parties."

Rick grinned knowing what I meant, although he was not aware I knew what actually happened. "She still upset I hit on her?" he asked.

I had told him Annie's story about being uncomfortable at his advances, not mentioning the eventual hand job

and groping, so he had followed along with her deception all this time. He still periodically asked about it as if fishing to determine whether I found out what happened. Knowing Rick, he probably thought Annie's lying about what happened was acceptance on her part, instead of shame for "cheating" on me.

Suddenly I had an idea as I realized this may be the perfect opportunity to give him a "green light" on hitting on Annie—not that Rick needed encouragement—as I answered, "Yeah, she doesn't realize how hot she is and guys are going to be guys. Let's face it, Annie is fucking gorgeous, so who could blame any guy trying to score with her?" I laughed as Rick smiled in understanding.

Since the first day Annie and I met, I could not recall a time Rick was not hitting on Annie, always trying to get her alone for a chance to grope her. I thought our friendship would end when she and I hooked up, but it actually drew Rick closer. To Rick's way of thinking, it meant he could have more time seeing Annie; however, since the night of the pool party she refused going to any places where Rick would be, and I knew he was frustrated at his lack of opportunities to ogle at her body.

"It never hurts to ask," he continued. "All the other guys will be bringing their girls, so Annie should have plenty of company," he told me with a grin. "Hell, now that I have this other chick to bang, maybe she'll be more, oh, accommodating," he said wickedly.

There was no doubt he had something up his sleeve for this party; however, I also knew the guys would not try anything with me or the other girls present, so figured they may attempt to set her up with a guilt trip in an attempt to further their scheme on hooking up with her.

"You're right, all I can do is ask her," I replied with a shrug.

"Great!" Rick said, sounding as if both of us were going. "The party starts around noon...we'll have a keg and wine coolers for the girls. Should be a fun time for almost everybody," he grinned at me. "Oh, and remember to bring your bathing suits, otherwise you'll be going naked," he chuckled.

I laughed knowing what he was talking about. At one party somebody came up with the idea of 'musical bathing suits' where each person was randomly assigned a band by pulling the name out of a box. Whenever the band they drew came on the radio with a song, they had to change into a new bathing suit before the song ended. If the person whose band was playing did not change or ran out of bathing suits, they had to go naked the rest of the party.

As the primary intent was to see the girls at the party naked, the game had changed, progressing to where an egg timer was now brought to every party. If somebody heard somebody else's band play they would start the timer. If the minute timer finished before the person finished changing, they had to suffer the consequences.

The game became a tradition amongst all our pool parties, and the girls prepared by bringing plenty of suits to change into. Us guys enjoyed the personal fashion show, as the girls had to continuously change into different outfits throughout the party. Since the timer left little room to find a room to change, many became ingenious about changing—some bringing a robe or towel to change underneath, while others would jump in the pool to change, and so forth. I recalled only two times when somebody ran out of suits or did not change fast enough: once was an old girlfriend of Greg Smith's who ended up staying in the pool the remainder of the party and the other had been Rick himself, who proudly strutted around the rest of the party naked.

As other girls would be there, I figured this was an attempt to see more of Annie's body; if she would even agree to go to the party, which I highly doubted due to her reluctance to attend any parties Rick attended. In addition, the recent mall incident with the guys would probably keep Annie away.

The remainder of the afternoon I continued to wonder what they were up to, as all the guys started mentioning the party; Rick obviously telling the others about our conversation. They too acted like it was a given Annie would go, telling me how good it would be to see the two of us. I knew Rick had talked to them as most commented how excited they were on Annie "coming."

After work I went straight to Annie's house. I was so horny I wanted her right then and there, especially hearing the guys talk about her all day.

Annie appeared nervous when she greeted me, glancing behind her towards the kitchen several times as if something would jump out of the doorway; however, I barely noticed as I stared at her—she looked incredible! She was wearing an outfit I had not seen before and looked so sensual I almost came in my pants right there.

Her top consisted of a tight, low-cut red half-shirt with long sleeves; however, "low-cut" did not begin to describe how much it flaunted her breasts, almost exposing her nipples which were well-defined through the thin material. The shirt tied beneath her breasts lifting them better than a push-up bra. The sight of her bare stomach and exposed chest caused my cock to harden more than before.

As revealing as the top was, it could not keep all my attention as I stared at the rest of her body. Complimenting the top were extremely low-cut tight black pants opened on the sides connected by interlacing crisscrossed ties weaving up her legs holding the two halves together. The sides of her legs and hips were completely revealed by the four inch gap. The front of the pants had a deep "V-shaped" notch extending to barely above her trimmed pubic hair, also tied in a similar crisscross pattern of ribbon like the sides.

The whole outfit clung to her like a second skin and she could not have shown off more of her body without being naked. I had no doubts it was from the ones she bought with the boys at the mall.

"Wow," I exclaimed, "You look fantastic!"

I immediately took her in my arms and gave her a big kiss, my tongue ramming into her mouth past her lips as I pulled her to me. Her lips were salty, giving her mouth an odd almond-like taste, but I was so hot to see her it was a passing thought as her body pressed against me. I noticed a faint odor of bleach about her and figured she had been cleaning around the house, again ignoring it as her tongue danced with mine.

Breaking from the kiss, I asked where she got the outfit and her face went pale as she again turned to look back at the kitchen doorway. Noticing her discomfort, I asked if anything was wrong, to which she replied it was nothing, quickly asking about my day, obviously trying to steer the conversation away from the clothes and her nervousness. I knew she was hiding something and had the sudden urge to read her diary. When she was this upset she often wrote in her diary as soon as possible as a form of therapy.

My anxiousness took my thoughts off of her and her outfit as I thought of a reason to get upstairs alone in her room.

She again asked how my day went, her voice taking on a bit of urgency and catching my attention. From her expression—a mixture of worry and curiosity—I knew she was trying to find out what the guys may have said about her.

I told her it was a pretty ordinary day other than Rick and the guys bragging about some girl they met this weekend. Her face almost went white as she stood there, asking me what they said.

I described what they said about meeting some hot babe at the mall, telling her they kept going on and on about how great she looked.

Annie's face took on a strange look as she asked specifically what they said about the girl, so explained to how they said the girl was a definite "10" on their scale. Knowing the guys almost as well as I did, she knew they rarely gave any girl a "10" as I saw her get a strange look in her eye.

She inquired if they knew the girl, and I replied saying they did not get her name. "Can you believe it?" I asked. "Some girl they meet in the mall who apparently sucked them all off and they didn't get her name," I said watching her, trying to gauge her reaction.

Annie never questioned my statement of them getting sucked off, something she would have discredited as false male bravado at any other time. Instead she was wrapped in her own thoughts, a slight smile on her face reminding me of a cat who ate a mouse, or in this case a child getting away with their hand in the cookie jar.

She continued to ask more of what they said, so told her everything, again mentioning how they went on and on about how gorgeous the girl was. Annie again got a small smile when I told her how they stated the girl was as good looking as she was as she listened intently. I described how they said the girl had given them the best blowjobs of their lives, again noticing how Annie did not question the fact of a girl sucking off a bunch of guys in the bathroom, more interested in what they thought of the girl's looks and performance.

Her thoughts were elsewhere as I looked at her intently; noticing her eyes slightly glazed as she listened, the small grin on her face not changing as I described everything Rick and the other guys told me except mentioning the pictures. Finally when I asked if she was alright she shook her head as if to physically clear her thoughts, saying she was fine and tired from cleaning all day.

Inviting me to stay for dinner, I jumped at the opportunity as I again thought about her diary, asking if I could use her shower. It was not unusual for me to eat dinner with her or her family, and even kept spare clean clothes in my truck for such occasions. It was the perfect excuse for me to get into her room to read her diary.

Annie looked at me oddly saying she needed to get a few things straightened first and to watch some television; she'd be down in a few minutes. I watched in awe admiring her body and outfit as she went upstairs, my mind not even thinking about television.

Annie was gone for almost an hour—a full episode of Law & Order—before I yelled up the stairs, asking if she was alright. Her muffled voice behind her bedroom door said she would be right down. As the show ended and the credits were scrolling I heard her come down the stairs, again turning to look at her. Her hair was freshly brushed and she seemed calmer, giving me a kiss as she came to sit with me on the couch. I caught the smell of mouthwash on her breath as she told me the shower was ready. As I knew where everything was, she stated she would get dinner ready and to take my time.

I pulled her to me, engulfing her mouth with mine, the mint taste of fresh mouthwash readily apparent as she returned my kiss fully. Gone was her earlier reluctance; however, the desire of feeling her body against me was almost an abstract thought as interested as I was in reading her diary.

I watched her walk into the kitchen, again admiring how incredible she looked in her outfit as she smiled and turned away from me. From how much of her body I could see, I realized she was not wearing a bra or any panties as my cock again sprang to life.

Turning around I went up the stairs two at a time to her room, locking the door. She would not be looking for me for some time, being occupied with dinner, so I had plenty of time to peek into her diary to see if she wrote anything further since Sunday, hoping to find a reason on why she was so nervous earlier.

Finding the diary easily in its hiding spot in her closet, I opened to where her bookmark was, amazed at how much she wrote since Saturday. I turned back several pages, easily finding the cum-stained pages describing her day at

the mall as I started reading her entries from both Sunday and today:

Sunday, June 3, 2007

9:45 am

This morning I feel incredible. Although sore, my body feels more alive than I have ever felt; better than a long workout at the gym. Maybe what the girls say about a good fuck clearing your head of all worries has some merit, LOL!

Taking a hot bath made me feel even more relaxed, though my thoughts keep returning to all those men lusting after me at the mall. The bath eased some leftover soreness, causing me to be more aware of certain parts of my body, and even as sore as I was I had to get off. I was fucked by who knows how many guys how many times and here I end up fingering myself! The hot water of the bath caressed my skin like a lover as if my skin was more sensitive than usual.

My orgasm was not as intense as yesterday's—thankfully so since passing out in the bath would have drowned me, hehehe—but it was very relaxing. I cannot believe how aware I am of parts of my body and don't know if it's due to the "workout" my body took, leftover from the drug, tension, or what.

Looking at my nude reflection in the mirror I see myself differently than before; a desirable wanton vixen. Instead of being ashamed at what happened I'm actually thrilled to have gotten fucked like that! It's something I've fantasized about for years, and it was everything and more I dreamed about. I know I'm attractive, the lustful looks of Bob and every guy on me have proven the fact, but now I see it myself. I feel like I was made to be used by a man, the thoughts again making me wet as my body tingles with desire.

I enjoyed exposing myself, as mortified as I should be to admit it. I cannot deny the pure ecstasy of being used for so many men's pleasure, to have all my inhibitions totally removed; however, I also realize I can't do something like that ever again. I love Bob too much and don't want to betray him anymore and lose him. Even though he has often teased about watching me with other guys, I would never do that to him; the reality of the situation would cause him to hate me and I could not bear the thought of losing him. He is the only man I have ever loved and though he says he believes sex and love are different, I cannot betray him again and have to get out of this situation.

It's odd to be so aroused after being fucked so thoroughly—and that's exactly what it was, I was fucked hard, put away wet, and loved it. I don't know what's coming over me (mmm, cumming over me brings thoughts of yesterday again). It's almost like another part of me—purely sexual—is becoming dominant, and I cannot afford to let my fantasies become reality.

To clear my thoughts of sex, I'll keep busy around the house. First I have to clean the clothes I wore yesterday, the odor of cum so strong I know I have to take them to get dry-cleaned. And yes I like the outfit enough to get cleaned! Although used for ill purposes, I remember how damn good I looked and hope to wear the outfit for Bob someday; however, first I have to take it all to the cleaners. I cleaned the top and skirt off as well as I could and sprayed some perfume on them so they don't smell like cum...but they have to be professionally cleaned.

Thoughts of yesterday keep coming back to me and I need a distraction to clear my head and plan on what to do about getting out of this. I'll get dressed and help mom by cleaning the house. Hell, I may even wear something I bought yesterday since I should get some use out of them and won't be seeing the boys again. I need to end it with them—they can no longer incriminate me any more than themselves, so I should be safe—but the clothes DO look good on me, so why not wear them?

Anyways, I cannot lay here in bed naked all day so might as well get dressed...

I've described her morning previously: how she received the DVD of her mall gang bang, her trip to the grocery store, and her exhibitionism at the car wash, so will skip to afterwards so not to repeat myself...

Sunday June 3, 2007

10:45 pm

What a fucking odd day! After everything that happened I realize my biggest turmoil is part of me WANTS to be sexual, drawing the attention of any guy I can. Maybe I am a slut, wanting to be any guy's sex slave.

What the hell is wrong with me? I actually ENJOYED what the boys are doing to me! It's so wrong, and yet my body feels so alive and so natural. The pure sexual freedom I felt at the mall this past weekend was undoubtedly the biggest turn-on in my life. I was scared shitless, embarrassed beyond belief; however, the adrenaline rush knowing I had no choice but to serve the needs of all those men was almost an out of body experience. The thrill of being exposed to them, my body wanting them to use me, felt like a part of me missing was finally complete.

Christ, what is becoming of me? I had been scared, yes, but now that I've had time to think about all that has happened I was more afraid of being recognized and Bob finding out what happened than how I was dressed or acted.

And how I behaved at the car wash! I was so aroused knowing those guys could see my body, if any of them had made a move towards me, I would have happily fucked them all right there! What has gotten into me? There I was exposing myself, practically naked being drenched in water, the wet t-shirt showing off my tits and the skin-tight shorts showing my ass. And in front of a group of strange men! Worse yet, I WANTED IT—I would have bent over the car to let them have their way with me had they asked.

This has to be residual effect of the drug. I may have had fantasies like this before, but I never felt such a need or freedom to act them out like I do now. What the hell was I thinking?

Bob is going to find out, he knows me too well and knows I'm already upset. How could I explain to the man I love I have sucked off every one of his friends in a public bathroom? I could tell him I was drugged, but considering the way I felt, could I blame it all on the drug? I would have to explain everything leading up to that point...and shit, I can't lie, I ENJOYED it! I could never face him with the truth.

Even though he has always told me he believes sex and love are totally different, the reality is no guy would allow his fiancée to be a sex slave for any guy who wanted her—let alone a group of them at once! Sure you read all those stories on the internet, but fantasy is one thing, reality is another, and I could not betray Bob like that.

Shit, why was I even thinking about it?

My main worry is Brian and William; they are more a threat by telling both my parents and the Strausses; not only would the humiliation of my family be awful, but of the financial consequences are all too real. Strangers at a mall or carwash I can deal with; they are not anybody I would ever see again. But Brian and William? No, I need to figure out how to get away from them first.

I have some consolation knowing the guys at the shop won't tell Bob—they have nothing to gain and everything to

lose keeping their silence—though I know them too well, they probably can't hold off telling him SOMETHING about yesterday. They have lusted after me for years and are going to use that, knowing I will do anything to maintain their silence, which gives me a bit of worry about them.

And today showed how much I may be in their power as "Asshole" called again. I couldn't believe it was him on the phone--and he was calling for ME! With Bob in the room!

Ever since the hand job in the car and letting him feel me up he has been trying to get another chance at me, and I fucking end up sucking him off yesterday? WTF! And he tasted so good!

Bob doesn't understand, saying Rick is one of his best friends, God knows why. The few times I've tried to talk to Bob about Rick, he just laughs and says it's "Rick's way." Hell, he once even suggested I let Rick have a few feels while he watched. He doesn't understand.

Anyways, "Asshole" called asking me to come to a little "party" they were having this weekend. I can imagine what kind of party they want, but what could I say with Bob right there? Silence was the best answer, though my body said otherwise. I felt my pussy tingling thinking about it as I talked to him! I had to refuse even though he threatened to tell Bob, I knew he wouldn't.

Then he sent that damn picture from his cell phone and I realized they had me worse than the boys. There I was, plain as day with Jerome's black cock sticking in my mouth, cum all over my face.

What was becoming of me? I accepted, but at least he agreed Bob would be at the party as well, so I know if I keep close to him I'll be alright. Still, I'm going to a pool party, which means they're going to be ogling at me the whole time.

No, Bob won't be much help at all. As much as I love the man he'll say it's the "guys being guys" argument and watch them tease me. Hell, he'll probably even WANT me to tease them!

Rick has always scared me. He's the type of person never taking no for an answer, and exudes such power he's a natural leader. Even Bob does what Rick asks. How can I explain to Bob about him and how I would happily drop to my knees in front of him if he asked?

Instead I've avoided him at all costs; however, my avoidance has only caused him to lust me even more. If he weren't so fucking handsome it would be easy to deny him, but how could I explain to Bob every time I look at Rick my pussy get wet?

I may have been drugged yesterday to start sucking him, but goddamn I wanted him inside me so bad I couldn't believe it. And I don't know why! OK I admit it, I know why--he has the most beautiful cock I've ever laid eyes on. Ever since jacking him off I've fantasized about his dick back in my mouth, in my cunt, hell even my ass! To have it actually in my mouth again at the mall was a reminder of a "fantasy-cum-true!" And the taste, of all the guys it was the most delicious, better than the first time I tasted him.

Jesus what is happening to me? To have all those guys' cocks in my face was another of my dreams literally cumming true. How could I ever explain it to Bob? How could I have let myself do this?

I don't know what to do. Hopefully tomorrow will give me a clearer mind...if I can sleep tonight...though a million and one thoughts are flying through my head and my body is so horny it aches...

As I read her diary I was startled to know how she felt about Rick. I had not read all of her diary, so this was the first I knew about it. I almost felt a pang of jealousy realizing she avoided him more because she could not control

herself around him than for my sake. She was more afraid of our relationship breaking, causing me to realize it was not jealousy I was feeling, but arousal.

The thought of Annie sleeping with anybody, including Rick, did not bother me, hell, it turned me on. I knew what Annie felt for me and nothing could damage our love. Lust is one thing, love is another. I have always felt that way; explaining why I was not upset at what's been happening. The thoughts of Rick and the other guys fucking Annie caused my pulse to quicken. No, I would not be upset at all I realized.

I turned the page, seeing today's entry and noticing the time was 15 minutes ago! She must have added it while she was up here.

I discovered Annie had an interesting day. Instead of printing exactly how she wrote, I'll

paraphrase...

Annie woke up Monday morning with her mind still in turmoil from the weekend's events and her inability to think of a way out of her predicament. The DVD from the boys was too incriminating, she would have to be careful around them so she would not get any deeper in trouble, while figuring out how to get away from them. Rick and the others she would deal with later, as they seemed the lesser of two evils; she had to figure out how to get away from the boys first and could only handle one thing at a time.

Thoughts of how she behaved and acted more sexually—like the way she acted at the car wash—bothered her. She had always been a tease, but Brian's words haunted her about getting her due. She rationalized the incident at the car wash was something she was in control of; nothing else happened and was clean fun. It was out-of-character for her to act so openly amongst strangers, but it did not bother her as much as the issue with the boys or even Rick and the gang. Even now as she thought about the car wash she became excited, remembering her dreams last night of all those car wash guys taking advantage of her while she willingly accepted it.

Dismissing the thought—she could not afford another distraction—she glanced at the clock seeing her parents had let her sleep in, the time indicating they had already gone to work. She had the house to herself for the day and was glad to have the time alone to think about getting out of the boys' clutches.

After taking a shower her gaze drifted to the clothes the boys "bought" for her. She still had not unpacked them, as if the act would finalize her acceptance of their power over her; however, recalling how good she looked in the mirror when trying on the outfits, her body became flushed with excitement. Her mind flashed back to her dream with the car wash guys and she felt her pulse quicken. With barely a pause she went through the bags looking for something to wear, figuring as long as she's alone, it wouldn't hurt anything. She HAD paid for them she reasoned, so why not wear them?

All the clothes were revealing—some downright slutty—but it was a look Annie liked. She always tried to dress sexy, knowing Brian was right—she was a cock-tease and got turned on by others seeing her body. She was not against wearing anything revealing; however, these clothes were more extreme than what she usually wore. Still, remembering how she looked in the fitting room, she admitted the boys definitely had good taste.

Going through the boxes, she chose one of the more "conservative" outfits along with a matching lacey bright red strapless convertible bra and thong set. After getting dressed she looked into the mirror, not believing the girl looking back at her was herself. The clothes complimented her body perfectly, form fitting and enhancing every curve like a second skin.

The blouse was a long-sleeved, bright red halter top tied beneath her breasts showing off her stomach. It also had a very low neckline, and combined with the push-up bra, made her tits look like they were about to explode out

of the top.

Though she chose long pants, they accented her figure showing off her body more than normal "pants." They were made of two halves of black, stretched-tight material connected on the sides with ribbon lacing. The front had a deep "V" cut ending slightly above her thong, completely exposing her belly. The sides of her body from her waist and legs were completely exposed, held together only by a thin ribbon laced crisscrossed up her legs. She was thankful the side of the waist band was solid material allowing her to at least wear a thong; however, the "V-shaped" front in combination with her bare waist made her think of a big arrow pointing down to her crotch as if to say "look here!"

Topping off the outfit she chose stiletto spiked-heeled shoes strapped halfway up her calves making her legs look a mile long. She looked hot she realized; almost mildly upset she was not going out to show herself off, quickly banishing the thought. She would never have thought to go out in public like this before, but now her blood raced as she posed in front of the mirror imagining how people would react seeing her.

Going downstairs, she made a cup of coffee to try to organize her thoughts. After reading the paper she cleaned up around the house enough for her mother to know she did something, but allowing her to enjoy the rest of the day to herself.

As she moved she could not help but noticing how the clothes hugged her body, her skin tingling at the confinement while her mind strayed around thoughts of sex, unable to keep focused on anything else.

Completing her cleaning, she attempted to absorb herself in a book to give her mind a break from the worries lately flooding her mind. In the back of her mind she kept thinking about how she looked and the feel of the form-fitting clothing. She felt as if she were naked, the thoughts causing her to flush in mild excitement.

Glancing at the clock, she saw it was close to 4:00 pm and realized she read most of the day away, although she could not remember much about the book. Even so, her mind felt refreshed at lounging around, though the tight fabric of her clothes against her skin still caused tingling as it rubbed against her. Her clothing made her feel sexier and she was excited Bob would be coming over after work soon, regretting she would have to change before he came over to avoid him asking about her outfit.

She sat quietly, her thoughts unfocused trying to read the book, as she sipped iced-water. Abruptly her reverie was broken by the doorbell. Her heart raced realizing how she was dressed, wondering who would see her like this, but it was excitement and not embarrassment. As early in the afternoon as it was, it was probably a salesman and nobody she knew, and the thoughts of a stranger seeing her like this caused her to grin, imagining their thoughts as she got up to answer the door.

Her heart almost stopped as she opened the door to see Brian standing on the porch.

"Well Annie, I must say I greatly approve of your choice in wardrobe today," he leered at

her. "I didn't wear this for you!" she retorted, her mind racing as to why Brian was here.

"You may not think so; however, remember, ANYTHING you wear will be for only William's and mine enjoyment, and if neither of us approve you will be punished," he grinned.

Annie stepped aside as Brian walked past her into the house. Her mind a blank from shock as she closed the door, and the only thing she could think of saying was "Why are you here?"

Brian turned around and looked her up and down, telling her nonchalantly, "Why, to see you of course! What else would I be doing here? Now, turn around so I can see your entire outfit."

The tone in Brian's voice changed and Annie knew refusing would only make matters worse so quietly turned around.

"No, no, no. If you are going to pose don't act like a damn robot," Brian scolded her. "Remember, you are our slave to do with as we please. Your only concern is we ARE pleased! Now turn around again and if I'm not happy with you, you WILL regret it."

Brian was the more violent one towards her, so she knew his threat was not idle. Her heart pounding from not only fear but a curious excitement, she lifted her arms and ran her hands through her hair, gracefully turning in front of Brian. She let go of her hair as turned towards him, feeling her body becoming aroused as she looked at him, sliding her hands down her bare hips as she struck a pose.

"Very nice, very nice indeed," he said eyeing her up and down.
"I'm glad it pleases you," she said cynically.

"You are what?" Brian asked critically.

Annie's mind raced knowing something upset him, until it dawned on her what he wanted. "I'm glad it pleases you, Master," she said lowering her eyes.

"Good, you learn fast," Brian said, his voice returning to normal.

Annie's mind snapped alert when Brian moved behind her, his arms wrapping around her waist and pulling her close, his crotch pressed tightly against her ass.

"Mmm, you smell nice," he said into her neck, his hands pulling her hips against him.

Instead of upset or worried, Annie felt a thrill go through her body as Brian's hot breath hit her neck, the feel of his hands sliding over her bare hip and upper legs raising goose bumps over her skin.

"Now, tell me...what have you said to your 'boyfriend' about your weekend?" he asked in her ear sending a shiver through her.

Annie did not appreciate the way he said "boyfriend" but could not do anything about it. "What do you mean?" she asked, her mind distracted by the male body pressed against her as his hands rubbed her stomach, sending waves of pleasure over her skin.

"Have you told him of your new-found predicament?" he asked.

"Of course not! He would never speak to me again," she said. It took most of her willpower to pull away from Brian's embrace and face him.

"And what of his friends...do you think they'll say anything to him about your fun at the mall?" he smiled at her.

"No," she said as her face flushed, "they have me right where they want me...they can only benefit from not saying anything—thanks to YOU!" she glared at him.

"Good," he exclaimed, obviously pleased. "So have any of them contacted you yet?" he asked nonchalantly as if he knew the answer.

Not knowing the extent of Brian's knowledge of Bob's friends, she saw no harm telling him of Rick's call, "Yes,

Rick actually had the audacity to call me while Bob was here," she explained.

"And what did he say?" he asked inquisitively, his voice showing his excitement to hear about her predicament. "The bastard invited me to a pool party!" she said before she could think of any reason to not tell him. "Well, then you must accept," Brian said enthusiastically.

"What?" Annie said in surprise. "Bob will be there, and who knows what they have in mind! Every one of them will be trying to get their hands on me...and you want me to go to a pool party with them?"

"I am telling you to go to this party, understood? In fact, you will do EVERYTHING within your power to please them, understood Slave?" he glared at her. "I want you to tell me EXACTLY what those guys say, and more importantly DO to you," he grinned at her, "understood?" Annie stared incredulously at him, her mind full of so many thoughts she could not focus until he repeated himself louder, "I said, is that UNDERSTOOD bitch?"

"Yes," she said.

Annie heard the loud crack before her mind registered the slap on her face. Staring at Brian in shock she heard him spit out "Yes what, bitch?"

Glancing at Brian's angered face, she immediately replied, "Yes, Master."

He smiled at her. "Good, now enough of this, we'll talk about the party later. For now let's enjoy each other's company," he smirked as he walked into the living room. "Why don't you get us something to drink," he said as he made himself at home, sitting in her father's recliner.

Annie's mind raced with a mixture of emotions, glad for a few moments to be away from Brian to center her thoughts, and went into the kitchen. Pouring two glasses of iced tea, she took a few deep breaths to regain her composure, and then returned to the living room.

Brian smiled as he took his glass from her, taking a sip and asking for some extra sugar.

Still flustered at his presence, Annie set her drink down on the table and went into the kitchen to retrieve the sugar bowl. Smiling at her as he took the sugar he set it down without touching it and looked at her lustfully. "Now, I want to make sure realize the full implications of disobeying us," he said mildly, as if this were a normal every day conversation to him.

"I know, I know," she retorted. "You have the tapes and have already threatened to give them to my parents or Bob. Believe me, I may not like it, but there is nothing I can do." She sat down across from him on the couch, thankful he chose the recliner so she did not have to sit near him.

"Not only your parents and boyfriend, but think of how my parents would react 'seducing' their son," he chuckled. "And what about the DVD from the mall—what a whore! Why my parents would break off all relations with your parents—including those with the bank," he grinned at her.

Hiding her discomfort Annie took a sip of her tea. The tea tasted bitter with an odd after-taste, and Annie briefly wondered if it was a new brand her mother had tried as she tried to ignore Brian's leer at her. Reasoning there was not enough sugar since her father did not like it very sweet, she added more. It explained why Brian asked for sugar as she spooned several teaspoons for herself, finally getting the tea to taste good enough to hide the aftertaste. Somewhere in the back of her mind she could not remember Brian using the sugar; however, it was

the last thing on her mind as she turned her attention back to Brian.

He reminded her about her school and everything she or her parents were involved in; strengthening the thought Annie could not get out of their clutches anytime soon. As he talked she sipped her tea, attempting to hide her fear.

As Brian talked Annie realized she could not focus on what Brian was saying, her mind instead drifting to thoughts of the weekend. She recalled all the cocks surrounding her throughout the day, remembering the feel of Rick cumming in her mouth, the taste of all of the gang's cum. Her mind relived the feeling of each dick throbbing in her mouth, releasing their delicious testament to her techniques.

Annie felt herself getting turned on and took a long drink of iced-tea, hoping the flush of her face was not apparent to Brian. Instead of cooling her down, the drink seemed to make her body feel even hotter as her mind continued to drift, remembering the feel of all those men's hands on her body in the furniture store, her blood racing with stirring desire. Her skin tingled with lust, each goose pimple on her skin seeming to have a direct attachment to her pussy as it was stimulated by the fabric of her clothing.

Glancing over at Brian, Annie saw his lips moving, but could barely concentrate on what he was saying. All she could focus on were her desires. She tried to focus on what he was wearing: a tight T-shirt and jeans, her gaze unconsciously centering to his groin, seeing the evident bulge in his pants as her body thrilled with lust. "Damn, he's hung like a horse," she thought, feeling her heart beat faster with her pulse. And William was the same.

Her thoughts wandered to the feel of their cocks inside her, becoming more aroused as she thought back to them using her. Her breath quickened as she drank more of her tea to try and cool off, a small part of her abstractedly wondering why she could only focus on sex and not what Brian was saying.

Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted by Brian's voice raised in volume to get her attention, "Annie, why don't you come here."

Without realizing she had gotten up, Annie quietly walked over to Brian, not knowing what to expect until his hands slid up the sides of her legs. The touch of his hands on her bare skin sent electrical currents through her body and she gasped. Brian smiled as he took her hands, pulling her down to her knees, one hand grasping the back of her head to pull her face closer. Barely aware of her surroundings Brian's tongue was suddenly probing her mouth, his hands sliding across her back and ass.

Annie let out a loud moan, the desire in her giving in to his embrace as her tongue eagerly danced with his. A small part of her mind screamed at what was happening and she vaguely tried to pull away, but Brian pulled her closer as she sank fully to her knees, her arms resting on his legs for support as his mouth invaded hers. His tongue and hands were too much for her aroused condition and she gave in to her lust, her tongue responding eagerly to his invasion of her mouth, dancing into his. Closing her eyes she returned his kiss with the vigor he initiated, her arms gripping his waist as she returned his embrace.

She was literally melting into his arms as Brian suddenly pushed her away from him, smiling at her quizzical gaze. "Damn girl you are hot," he chuckled as her tongue slowly moved across her lips, tasting his saliva, the lust clearly evident in her gaze.

She relished his statement, her body tingling with the knowledge as he smiled. He said something about placing more of the drug in her iced tea, the statement barely registering in the back of her mind as she realized why the tea tasted unusual; however, her lust was too much to control and she did not care, wanting to feel his lips on her again.

Hungrily she glanced down at his crotch seeing his dick engorged with lust for her through his pants.

She looked up at hearing Brian laugh. He smiled at her somewhat confused expression as he told her, "Although you look very nice, I would like to see what is underneath that outfit!"

Annie continued to stare at him, part of her wanting to give in and do whatever he asked, another part not wanting to give him any more hold on her; however, her lust was so great her mind barely realized what she was doing as she reached up, untying her top and taking it off, revealing the lacy bra underneath.

Seeing the hungered look in Brian's eyes, her body flushed more excitedly as she watched almost with detachment as he reached out and cupped her breasts, squeezing them through the bra, eliciting a soft gasp from her.

"More," he gently said and without hesitation Annie reached behind her back and undid her bra, letting her breasts spring free before him, the excitement of her lust already making her nipples rock hard.

"Very nice," he said, leering at her body. "Now the pants."

A small part of Annie's mind screamed, pushing against the waves of lust as she barely whispered, "I can't."

Brian's face started to show some of the anger of before as she quickly explained, "Bob will be here shortly, I can't do this right now, please Master," she begged.

The anger left his face to Annie's relief as he looked at her. "Very well, then I'll find relief another way!" he smiled, unzipping his pants.

Without any thought Annie moved over to help him, helping him unbutton and unzip his pants. Allowing her to do it, Brian again cupped her bare breasts, eliciting a small gasp of pleasure from her lips as his thumbs stroked her nipples.

He lifted his hips as Annie pulled his pants from around his waist admiring the cock standing before her as Brian placed his hands on her shoulders, pulling her closer.

"You know what to do bitch," he whispered.

Annie knew exactly what he wanted, her own blood racing as she admitted she wanted it too. Without hesitation she grasped his hard cock in her hands. Even after seeing it already, she was amazed at its length and width as she abstractedly started stroking it, staring at the way it throbbed and got harder and larger in her now seemingly small hands.

She saw Brian smile as her head instinctively moved closer to his cock, needing no more encouragement. The drug he placed in her drink was having its effect, and her mind raced at what Brian would be seeing, a beautiful girl half-naked in front of him willing to do as he asked.

Continuing to stroke him, Annie saw a drop of pre-cum ooze from the tip of his cock and slowly ran her tongue up his shaft, tasting the musky saltiness of his cock, before taking it into her mouth. Brian's groan of pleasure was all the encouragement she needed as her lips wrapped around his cock. Brian's hands ran through her hair on the back of her head, needlessly pushing her down as he slid further in her eager mouth.

Annie was oblivious to her surroundings, her only thoughts were on the hard swollen rod entering her mouth, her lips clamping tightly around the shaft as her hand gently kneaded Brian's scrotum. Her mouth was stretched wide as the fat cock slid against her lips, its head hitting the back of her throat as she worked up and down the long member. She heard herself groaned as her tongue again ran up his shaft, tasting his salty skin, his cock moving in

and out of her mouth as she relaxed her jaw and throat muscles to accommodate the shocking size.

Brian's hips started moving as Annie slid up and down his shaft and matched his rhythm, his cock sliding in and out of her mouth easily. She kept sucking as it worked further and further into her throat, her moans of pleasure making audible gurgle and squishing sounds around his cock as it slid past her vocal cords.

"I can't believe you can take it all in your mouth," she heard Brian whisper and smiled around his shaft at the compliment. It seemed to be halfway into her chest as her chin slapped against his balls, her throat so relaxed it slid easily in and out past her vocal cords. Her lips were stretched obscenely as she relaxed her jaw even more to take him in.

The hot wetness of her mouth and suction had the desired effect as she felt Brian's cock get even harder, his hips speeding up their rhythmic rocking as his hands firmly grasped the back of her head, slamming his cock into her mouth. He was literally fucking Annie's mouth and she knew it would not be long as her body felt on fire with lust feeling his cock moving in and out of her mouth.

With Brian's hands guiding her head, she moved her hands to her breasts, cupping them as her body swayed to the rhythm of Brian's lunges. She could not believe how much she was into the sensation. Although he may have placed the drug in her drink, it only lowered her initial guard, and she knew without any question this lust was all her own.

Feeling Brian's balls tightening as her chin nudged against them, she knew he was about to cum, eagerly anticipating the moment. As if in response to her thought, Brian plunged one last time into her throat as he came, clenching her head and pulling her nose into his stomach, his throbbing scrotum pulsing against her chin. Annie felt his hot liquid shoot directly down her throat into her stomach as she relaxed her throat muscles even more as several small spurts escaped out of her mouth, coating her lips like lip gloss.

After his cock and balls stopped throbbing, Brian slowly pulled her head up, his cock sliding up her throat and making a soft sucking sound as she released him. She continued stroking his cock, slowly milking him dry and licking each drop of cum as her body flared with lust. She alternately sucked and squeezed, trying to get every last drop of his sweet jism until he pulled away.

Suddenly her thoughts were interrupted at the sounds of a car pulling into the driveway through the window. Annie's face went pale; it was Bob coming from work!

Brian smiled as he glanced out the window and pulled up his pants. Standing, he told her he would let himself out back door as he stuffed his dick into his pants, walking towards the kitchen.

"Oh, by the way, remember you WILL be going to the party," he smirked, "but we will talk about it more before you go, so I will see you later."

Before she could say anything he turned away and walked into the kitchen knowing towards the back door. Annie glanced out the window and saw Bob walking up to the porch. Panicking, she knew she did not have time to put on her bra so stuffed it under the cushion of the couch, quickly pulling on her top and tying it. She licked her lips of the excess cum seconds before Bob walked into the door...

I read in amazement about the blowjob Annie had given Brian only moments before I arrived. My cock throbbed knowing how well she gives head, imagining everything he felt. Although not endowed as much as either Brian or William, I knew she could deep throat anything she attempted and how amazing a feeling it was.

Thinking of what she was wearing, my mind raced with images of her mouth stretched around his cock, working it back and forth down her throat half undressed, kneeling in front of him. Suddenly I suspected what I had tasted on Annie's lips when I kissed her--Brian's cum! That explained the bleach smell and salty taste. My mind was in turmoil—part of me grossed at the thought of tasting another man's cum, until I remembered the taste was off my fiancée's lips. I could not contain my excitement knowing minutes before I had arrived, Annie's lips were wrapped tightly around his cock, eagerly sucking him off, the thought suddenly causing me to spurt in my pants, the pent up frustration of the entire day's erection finally released.

I continued reading further, ignoring the cooling wetness in my overalls as I contemplated what she wrote. Even without her writing of his admission, I would have guessed Brian drugged Annie's drink, explaining his request for sugar and not using it when she brought it out of the kitchen.

Annie wrote further about how confused she was, having mixed feelings even with the knowledge of being drugged, so turned on she knew she enjoyed every moment. She knew many of her feelings were her own and not the drug, wondering what was happening to her to allow her to carry out what previously had only been hidden desires in her mind.

I knew some of the answers as I had researched the drug the day before. Although I did not determine the exact drug they gave her, I knew what group of drugs it was derived from and more information than Annie had uncovered. I have mentioned previously what she found; however, she was not as computer savvy as I was and only looked as far as a basic Wikipedia or Google searches. I went a bit further exploring various drug experimental sites, pharmaceutical studies, and so forth.

This family of drugs was considered highly potent aphrodisiacs, most only available illegally on the street due to issues with dosing and unresolved side effects preventing it going into production. Most were derived from Bremelanotide; however, they did not have any adverse side effects such as high blood pressure other than stimulating female libido it had.

When administered to men it had no effect; however, in women it created a dissociative sexual euphoria where many became so aroused they HAD to fuck somebody—not even masturbation would give them the full release of desire caused by the sexual craving created within them. Some studies demonstrated how women produced different chemicals when having sex—even only oral sex—compared to masturbating and it was believed the drug acted upon these particular chemicals. It was likened to a symbiotic parasite, feeding and interacting with the hormones and chemicals released by a woman's orgasm, intensifying not only their desire but also orgasms up to a tenfold in most studies!

The effects of the drug were cumulative, the longer a woman took it, the longer their sexual state lasted. Studies extrapolated women could reach a stage where the drug was not needed--the individual would be in a continuous state of arousal; however, there were no reported cases of this happening as most studies were ended before this presumed effect occurred.

Besides the water-soluble powder form, one pharmaceutical company had created a time-released gel which could be used both orally and vaginally, but it, like the rest of the drug, was still in testing.

As mentioned in Annie's research of the drug, it did not affect women with normally low libidos, citing another reason it was not in production as it had limited use. In these women it was presumed they had a metabolic problem with the chemicals which the drug interacted. On the other hand, administered to women who were more open sexually with large sexual drives it was like a match on gasoline, causing them to be almost crazy with lust.

The drug had become popular overseas in the female slavery business and prostitution, and scattered smugglers

brought it into the US in various forms as a high cost "date rape" drug; however, other than the effects of becoming continually aroused, the drug was considered harmless with no other ill effects.

Seeing its affects on Annie I could understand potency concerns; however, one thing constantly stated in all my readings was the individual had to already be predisposed towards high sexual tendencies themselves. The drug did not brainwash the individual or even make them do things they would never have fantasized about, it only heightened responses already present. Knowing how sexual a person Annie was, she was a prime candidate more than anybody realized.

I reread Brian telling Annie in no uncertain terms she was to accept Rick's offer to go to the party and turned back a few pages to reread her conversation with Rick and how her first thoughts when talking to him were of the guys fucking her mouth at the mall and how she was mortified I would find out about her. I knew she would have been reluctant to go to the party; however, Brian's insistence "sealed the deal" and she would follow his orders, I only had to make it seem as her decision. The party would be very interesting indeed I thought, as I put her diary away and took a shower, the cold water doing little to ease my continuous erection.

Getting dressed I went downstairs, again amazed at how sexy Annie looked. Not hearing me come down the stairs, I watched her sitting on the living room couch reading a book. Her legs were crossed, one high-heeled shoe bouncing to the rhythm of her thoughts as I stared at her body with lust. I could not believe how hot she looked in the sleazy outfit, the sight of the bare sides of her legs and hip exposed through the crisscrossed lacing of her pants causing my cock to again rise to attention. Accompanying my appreciation of her were thoughts of other men having their way with her, exciting me further.

I sat down next to her and she nonchalantly asked how the rest of my day went besides the guys talking about "their incredible blowjob by a hot slut." I almost laughed at how proud her voice sounded as I nonchalantly mentioned the party we were invited to, quickly adding about the other guys' girls being there.

Even with the knowledge of Rick's hold over her and Brian's insistence, I was surprised when she said she would love to go, explaining she had not seen any of the other girls in a long time. I played innocent and asked her if she was certain, as I knew about her reluctance to be near Rick.

Nervously she smiled saying "I'm sure I can handle all of him."

Hearing her words, I knew there was obviously a double meaning in her words as her eyes glazed over and I wondered where her thoughts were drifting. Not wanting to press the issue any further, we made small talk over dinner, my mind racing with thoughts of her current predicament.

After dinner, though I knew her body was filled with desire, she did not allow me more than briefly making out with her, citing she was starting her period and could not have sex, probably for the entire week. I knew it for a lie, as any guy who dated a girl for so long would know her cycles; Annie's was at least 3 weeks away. Instead of being upset, I was excited knowing Brian and William had more of a hold on her than she realized as she denied her own lust to me.

Work the remainder of the week was much the same as Monday—the guys continued to tease me about their mall slut, as well as talking about the party. I continuously commented and urged them on by comparing comments of "their mall slut" to Annie and by the middle of the week, all of them—including Greg Smith, the shyest of the group—were openly bragging about their fantastic blowjobs and eventual chance to fuck the mall

slut's brains out. Knowing they were actually openly talking about my fiancée had me walking around most of the days with a hard on!

Wednesday afternoon was different. Late in the day I was working in the bay on a car needing to be finished by the end of the day. The garage had become quiet, and I noticed all the guys had left the bay area without a word so I knew something was happening. As they all could not leave work unannounced, I knew they had either gone into the break room or our communal RV.

Our break room was also the waiting room for customers; however, when nobody was waiting for their cars or after hours, we used it to relax, watch television, eat lunch, and so on. The owners were very laid back allowing us to use the break room as long as it did not impact customer service. We even used it once and a while for late night poker games after hours, the owners knowing all of us for years and letting us use it when needed.

In addition to the break room, there was a customized RV parked in the lot used to take naps during the day, or sleep in when working late at night or even during our poker games if we were too drunk to drive. We all helped retrofit and redesign it, removing the bathroom and kitchen while expanding the living room and bedrooms; the garage already had a shower and the break room had a larger kitchen. The RV was still drivable, but due to it being customized into a luxury bedroom and living room on wheels, was never utilized for anything but plush sleeping quarters at the shop.

Over the years the RV had seen a lot of action, as we had brought dates there in the past—it was cheaper and nicer than any hotel room and more comfortable making out with your girlfriend than in a car. Even Annie and I used it a few times when first dating I recalled, smiling to myself.

The absence of all the guys at once was too coincidental, and I eagerly wondered if something pertaining to the party or Annie was happening. The break room had a window looking into the work area for customers; however, being at the farthest bay I could not see into it well; however, it did not matter where they were, I smiled slyly, as the entire garage was wired with a 2-way intercom.

Moving to the far side of the car I was repairing to the tool bench as if getting more tools, I reached over and turned on the speaker, placing it on mute so they did not know I was listening. Hearing nothing on the RV's channel, I pushed the break room button and suddenly heard Stan Wilkins' voice clearly over the speaker.

"I don't know Rick, I'm all for any plan to fuck Annie's brains out---shit we've all wanted her forever and a day—but what about Bob?" His voice had a worried lilt to it, but hearing them confirmed my suspicions of them discussing the Annie. I hoped I would find out what was planned for the party.

"Relax Stan," I heard Rick's voice clearly. "I have this all figured out. Hell, I've been thinking about this for years," he laughed, and I heard the other guys laughing as well. Everybody knew Rick's open lust for Annie. Although every guy who saw her wanted her, Annie was an obsession to Rick, and now that she was within his grasp he would probably do anything to have her short of jeopardizing our friendship.

"Then please explain to us this 'Master Plan' of yours," I heard Brent Maugham's voice clearly say, as the others repeated similar sentiments.

"OK," Rick answered, "first, check on our friend Robert and make sure he's still buried nose-deep in the Johnson's Toyota," he chuckled.

I moved back to the car and bent over the engine, knowing one of them was watching from the break room window as I continued to listen to the intercom, hearing them clearly while I pretended to work on the car.

"He's fine," I heard Greg Smith say. "I don't even think he's aware nobody's in the garage with him," he laughed. "Now tell us this great plan of yours to finally fuck that hot piece of ass Annie!"

I heard Rick chuckle. "Well, this is pretty diabolical if I do say so myself," he laughed in self-appraisal, "and I owe Jerome high fives for some of it. Anyways, you remember the Murphy's demon-possessed carburetor?" I heard Rick ask.

I knew immediately what he was talking about, as everybody had worked on that particular car on and off for over two months. We finally isolated the problem, but not until replacing the entire fuel system one by one until finally figuring it was the carburetor itself. We never figured out the actual mechanical cause of the problem and kept the faulty part as a trophy, jokingly calling it demon-possessed.

The complaint by the Murphy family was the vehicle would go about 5 miles then stall and not start. Once the engine cooled down---about 15 minutes or so later---the car would run fine for another 5 miles or so before stalling again.

The problem seemed to be a simple vapor lock entering the fuel system; however, after rebuilding and readjusting the carburetor and fuel system numerous times, it continued to do the same thing. Putting a bottle of ethanol into the fuel let the car run longer, lasting about 20 minutes, but as soon as the alcohol burned off the problem resurfaced.

Making matters even more mysterious, the carburetor worked fine in any other vehicle. We tested it in two separate cars showing it to work fine, but as soon as it was put back into the Murphy's car, it would cause the stalls. It wasn't until we decided to test it once again, putting it in my car as the only one available at the time able to use the same model did we see similar issues. We finally replaced the carburetor with a new one, putting the problematic one on display in the break room as a trophy in commemoration to the amount of time everybody put into it.

I had an inkling of what I was about to hear...

"Here's the plan," Rick continued, the tone in his voice sounding obviously pleased with himself. "As you know, Bob's car uses the same part---hell his car was the only one it did the same thing in when we tested it. Anyways, Friday night he works here with me, so afterwards we'll go out for a few drinks. While we're busy, one of you replaces the Murphy's carburetor in his car," Rick laughed. "Well make sure we dump enough ethanol in his tank to get him to the party, but from then on, he's screwed."

"What the hell is that going to do?" I heard Tim Kender ask. "We want to get her alone with us, not Bob stranded at the party with her," he said with exasperation. "Or are we going to get him too drunk to know? That's too risky Rick!"

I heard Rick's laugh across the speaker, "Yes, we want Bob to bring the slut TO the party, but don't want him there, right?" he repeated to everybody's agreement. "We'll convince Bob to leave on a false beer run, telling him we thought Jerome's dad had enough beer for the party but were wrong. I told Bob everybody's girlfriends would be there to give him a reason for Annie to come," Rick said, quickly silencing the protests of the other guys. "No, that's only for him to not suspect anything, we'll use the excuse of everybody waiting for their girls to arrive for him having to be the one to get the beer since his girl has already arrived. We have enough leverage to make Annie stay to help 'wait' for the other girls.

"Since the only store selling kegs is the Drive-Thru near the mall, it's a good 30 minute drive. Even with the car running at its best, he'll be gone at least 3 hours, more if he tries to fix it himself on the side of the road. That's plenty of time for us to bring out the slut in Annie and drown her in cum before he returns!" Rick chortled evilly, along with several others.

"What if he comes back earlier?" I heard Greg ask, always the pessimist. "Maybe he'll turn around after the first stall and come back, then what?" From his voice I could tell he was nervous about getting caught, but as with all the guys, the eagerness in his voice showed he was too far in lust with Annie to pass up a chance with her.

"That's where Jerome's idea comes in," Rick answered, "Jerome, care to explain?"

"Sho 'nuff," I heard Jerome Wilson's deep baritone over the speaker. "You'll love this, as we be going high tech on his ass," he chuckled. "I got this idea from my pop with his problem with the damn dogs around the 'hood."

Everybody knew the problem Jerome's dad had with his garden and the neighborhood dogs digging it up each year. He proudly tells everybody about his solution any chance he gets—we had all heard the story at least ten times by now. His idea was ingenious for a warning system; he did not want to hurt the dogs, only keep them away from the garden. Being a technical whiz, he bought an old RFID chip system on E-bay consisting of a programmer and locator, and then reversed the signal. Basically it was an inverse tracking device; whenever the chip got near the transponder it turned on a light and buzzed an alarm. Mr. Wilson talked all the neighbors into letting him tape a chip on their dogs' collars so when they came near his yard, he knew about it to make sure they did not dig up the garden.

Jerome's voice continued over the speaker, "What we're going to do is put one of the chips in Bob's car. Shit, we may even slip one in his pocket, so whenever he gets near the house, my pop's alarm will go off. We'll have ample warning he's getting near," he laughed.

I heard everybody laugh as Brent's voice muttered, "Christ, we're going to a lot of trouble for one bitch, aren't we?" he asked.

Surprisingly Greg Smith answered, "This isn't just one bitch Brent my boy, this is fucking hot-to-trot, supermodel material Anne-Marie Johnson we're talking about. Tell me you haven't jacked off every night since freshman year to her image? Hell, this week alone have you been able to think about anything but those lips wrapped around your dick?" he laughed as I heard several smacks, knowing they were high-fiving each other.

"How do we know she'll act the same way?" Brent asked, still not completely convinced based on the tone of his voice.

"You can ask that with a straight face after seeing her Saturday?" Tom's voice came laughing over the speaker. "Jesus man, I'd almost bet she'd do it even with Bob there as fucking turned on as she was, eh Rick?"

I heard Rick's grunt in agreement as his voice continued. "I'm also planning on that possibility actually. I've already gotten her to agree to going to the party, sending her one of my better pictures as incentive," he laughed with the other guys, confirming my suspicions about having more incriminating pictures than the ones I saw. "But we're going to have a bit more cards in our favor. You all remember Spider, the biker working at the leather store at the mall?" he asked.

I almost glanced towards the break room window in surprise. I had a suspicion they were talking about the same biker Annie met during her mall experiences, the one Brian and William bought the drug from. I had a sinking suspicion of what Rick was going to say next.

"Seems his brother works for a drug company and is working on a drug making women horny as hell. He sold me some of it telling me if it didn't work on any girl I wanted he'd pay me back double. He said the last bitch he gave it to fucked over a dozen strangers, begging for more she was so turned on! I'll slip lil'ol'Annie a bit and we'll see if it works," he said proudly. "Hell worse comes to worse we'll at least get to ogle and feel her up, not that I think she'll need much incentive if Saturday's performance was any indication," he laughed along with all the guys. "Shit, I'm not up to blackmail if we need to show her my little photo album to make her comply, threatening to show it to

Bob," I heard him say.

Listening to their plans, I was amazed at the lengths they were going in order to attempt to seduce Annie. She was definitely worth it, and based on Brian and William's results with the drug her body was already primed, unbeknownst by Rick and the gang. If the mall was any indication, once Rick gave her the drug Annie would do anything they asked of her at the pool party! I even wondered if the girl the biker mentioned willingly fucking a group of strangers wasn't Annie herself.

My reverie was broken as I heard Jerome's voice again over the speakers, "I also have one added surprise I haven't even told Rick about," Jerome said catching my attention as well as everybody else's in the room based on how silence the background became. "After seeing Rick's little slide show with his phone cam, I'm borrowing my pop's movie equipment. We're going to have ourselves our own little porn movie so whatever happens Saturday we'll have for our viewing pleasure," he laughed.

Jerome's dad was a small time director for the local cable company. He did all their telethons and filmed "made for cable" shows on the local channel. He owned quite a set of movie equipment.

Instead of being upset, my mind started to think of how to get a hold of one of their tapes—I was anxious to see Annie in another movie!

"Holy shit," I heard Brent say, "I can't believe this, after all these years we're finally going to do Annie Johnson! And even better, have a recording of it for posterity," he exclaimed as all the other guys yelled out their agreements.

Their little meeting session was breaking up as a few more crude remarks were made, so I quickly turned off the intercom and got back to the car I was working on; however, I could not focus on work thinking about their plan. I wanted to watch what happened at the party so bad I could not concentrate on work, instead trying to figure how I could not only help them succeed, but watch!

I know most men would have been upset knowing their best friends were putting together such an intricate plan to not only gang bang their fiancée, but film the act; however, I was so excited I could barely breathe. I wanted this more than anything, my thoughts only focused on how I could watch without giving myself away. As I thought about it, I came up with an eventual plan. First I would buy a keg before the party, so I would not have to drive to get one when they "convinced" me to pick one up. I would then park the car down the back so their little alarm system would not go off, giving me the opportunity to sneak back and watch. Jerome's backyard was over 2.5 acres in size, not counting the pool area, and surrounded by hills, so I knew I could find a good view to see everything. The only thing I would miss would be hearing their conversations and the sounds of Annie; then I suddenly had another idea...

Thursday I called Annie and told her I would not be able to come over for dinner, explaining I had to run some errands. She sounded odd over the phone, but my mind was too preoccupied with plans for the pool party I did not pay much attention to her, assuming she was tired. She sounded out of breath and her voice had a weird quality to it, but she explained she was working out and cleaning the house, so I did not think anything else about it.

After work I went and picked up not only the keg of beer in advance, but also stopped at the spy shop in the mall. I found exactly what I was looking for, buying an audio listening device. It would be well worth the \$100.00 I spent if what the store clerk said—I would be able to clearly hear conversations up to 300 feet away. Combined with a pair of binoculars I also bought there, I would be able to watch and listen to anything happening at the party!

I probably sound twisted; here I was planning and wanting my fiancée to be with a group of horny men, but as I mentioned before, love and fucking are two separate things to me. I enjoyed watching her fuck the group of strangers at the mall on the DVD, and knowing my friends may do the same, I was aroused the

entire week.

During the week Annie continued to dress sexy from her mall clothes collection. Her attire only made things worse for me, as I was almost to the point of ravishing being turned on so bad thinking about the party, listening to the guys tease, and then seeing her dressed so provocatively. Unfortunately, she continued to deny any release in accordance with the boy's demands, leaving me to satisfy myself; however, as I found out from reading her diary, she had more than enough to satisfy herself.

Again I'll paraphrase to make things more readable about her week...

Tuesday morning Annie awoke bewildered, uncertain as to what the hell she was doing. How could she had given Brian a blowjob in her own living room—on her dad's recliner no less—then kissed her fiancé with another man's cum still on her breath? What the hell was she doing?

While sitting in the living room with her parents last night watching television, all she kept doing was glancing at her father sitting in his chair, thinking about kneeling there sucking Brian off. She ended up going to bed early in hopes of clearing her twisted thoughts; however, she barely slept, thoughts of sex continuously invading her mind.

She tried to blame her lack of inhibitions from Brian spiking her drink, but she had been turned on all day, having thoughts about sucking cocks long before he even came over. For all she knew she would have gone down on Brian without the drug, turned on as she had been. And today was worse, not having been able to find release with Brian due to Bob coming over at that time. Her sexual denial led to her masturbating several times through the night, providing barely enough relief to sleep.

How could she think about another man—no, she corrected herself, men—when she had Bob? This was not love, only lust, but why was she yearning so much for male attention? Why was she obeying the boys, denying Bob, when she loved not only sex with him, but him as a person? All her body wanted was to do was fuck, quickly correcting herself—she wanted to BE fucked. She wanted to be used, wanted to be controlled. Bob was a fantastic lover, but her body yearned for somebody to fuck her, no questions asked, no permission given. Her body was eager for the boys to have their way with her; even thoughts of Rick and the gang using her intruding her fantasies.

What was becoming of her?

She decided to take a long shower to calm her desire; however, her body immediately became covered with sexually charged goose bumps as the water cascaded over her, intense arousal present in every pore of her body. Recalling the night's masturbation doing little to ease her desires, she could not take such teasing by the water, getting quickly out of the shower after cleaning herself off.

Getting dressed, her thoughts continued to be clouded with of sex. Without thinking she chose another outfit from her "mall collection" as she now thought of it; her body wanted to feel sexy, even though her mind rebelled against anything sexual trying to rationalize some normalcy back into her life. The horniness and wanton thoughts won out as she chose an outfit.

Memories of yesterday and the feeling of the material clinging to her skin continuously arousing her, as well as her reactions to the shower led her to decide on wearing less clothing. She rationalized it as an attempt to avoid as much friction against her body as possible without walking around the house naked, needing something less confining, which meant more revealing.

Her mind flashed back to her thoughts yesterday when Brian asked her to take off her pants. Although she had told the truth, knowing Bob would be over soon and could not afford being naked, she admitted it was not the idea of

being naked in front of Brian bothering her, but instead the time it would have taken to get dressed if needed. Her mind drifted to imagining what would have happened if she had something with more “access” instead of tight pants, further guiding her thoughts on what to wear today.

Not that she was planning on fucking any of them she reasoned, but her mind wanted something more exposing, trying to resolve having less on to tease her body. Looking through the immense pile of shopping bags, she chose a small, one-piece black dress Brian had picked out made of shiny black vinyl, clinging to her body like a second skin, hiding little. The dress was simple, consisting of two “V-shaped” halves connected by thin chains across her sides. The dress was revealing, completely baring her hips and sides, preventing wearing any bra or underwear, but she realized that would allow less friction as well to keep her teased.

The side openings of the dress extended forward to completely show the sides of her breasts, and behind far enough to reveal half her ass. The deep “V” cuts of both halves did little to cover more than the front of her breasts, extending well past her navel to below her pelvis, while the back was similarly bared, extending down past the top of her ass.

She almost decided it was TOO revealing until she looked in the mirror—she looked fantastic! She could not believe how good she looked with such little clothing, immediately deciding on wearing a pair of thigh-high boots with stiletto heels bought at the shoe store, her mind flashing to exposing herself to the shoe salesman and sending shivers through her. The boots were made of similar vinyl and like the dress, opened to expose much of her legs. The opening extended from her heel to the top of the boots reaching her thighs and revealing much of her legs, connected by ties in a crisscross pattern of leather straps up her legs. The boots were almost sandals, but covered the front of her legs up to her thighs.

Looking at the complete outfit in the mirror, she chuckled at the thought of the boots actually covering more of her body than the dress, a shiver of excitement running through her. Turning around she saw the dress nicely revealed not only the dimples above her ass, but the top part of the crack of her ass. She also realized how incredibly short the dress was—bending forward as little as a 45-degree angle revealed the lower part of her ass cheeks!

As good as she looked, in combination with how comfortable the outfit felt, she decided to wear it, convincing herself of needing to break in the boots, knowing nobody would see her today. She could wear the outfit until the afternoon, and then put on something more typical before Bob arrived, she resolved.

Putting on her make-up, she was again surprised the person looking out at her from the mirror was really her. She believed she COULD be a fashion model as well as she looked—or a porn star, she thought amusingly.

Going downstairs, a thrill ran through her as unhindered air ran across her ass and groin, further increasing her feelings of naughtiness. Deciding on a bowl of cereal and coffee, she took the box of Frosted Flakes from the pantry and sat down at the table. Her body gave an involuntary shudder as the cold seat of the kitchen chair against her bare ass sent a shock through her, her nipples hardening in response. How could such a small thing make her so excited, she wondered.

Taking a sip of coffee, she made a face at the taste. Her mother must have bought a different brand so she added more sugar to hide the aftertaste. Grabbing the paper to read while eating breakfast, sipping her overly-sweetened coffee she realized the cereal was also bland, adding sugar to it as well.

As she ate, her mind continued to drift back to the weekend and day before, reliving the afternoon’s events sucking Brian off. Her body became more aroused as her hand abstractedly rubbed her upper thigh, closing her eyes as she remembered Brian’s hardness in her mouth.

Her body was on fire, and she discovered an advantage of not wearing panties as her hand slid between her legs, her finger stroking across her wet slit causing her to lay her head back and groan. Without thinking, her other hand slid under the front of the dress, grasping her right breast and squeezing gently. She continued massaging

her clit, the familiar pressure building up as she inserted her middle and index fingers inside her, her vaginal muscles tightening around them as she experienced a small orgasm.

Calming down some, she could not believe she was masturbating in her parent's kitchen, another part of her not caring, needing to satisfy the growing fire of her body. She continued stroking her clit, her fingers alternating entering and rubbing as she built up to another climax. The fingers of her other hand pinched her nipple as her began moving her other hand faster, until she again leaned back with a moan, relishing the release as she came a second time, the soft ripples of her orgasm cascading through her body.

Although wonderful, she sighed in frustration at the lack of relief her body felt even after two orgasms. Normally such moments would satisfy her; however, now it seemed to do was excite her more, her body aroused to new heights.

Her mind preoccupied with these thoughts, her body seemed to have another master as she moved her fingers to her mouth, licking off the fresh taste of herself. Suddenly realizing what she was doing, she pulled her hand away, shaking her head as if the physical act could clear her mind of lust.

Getting up to put her dishes away, she noticed the wet pool of moisture on the chair, a smile forming as she cleaned it off, her pulse still racing after her masturbation. She had little doubt based upon how her body was feeling it would not be the last of such incidents today.

She again attempted to absorb herself in a book, but her body was continuously aroused, feeling on fire. She tried to cool herself off drinking more iced tea, realizing her mom must have also bought a different brand, adding more sugar than usual to hide the aftertaste. Instead of the tea cooling her off, it only made her go to the bathroom more, the simple act of relieving herself sending shivers through her groin further exciting her.

Her body was endlessly aroused, and she spent most the day alternating between reading her book and masturbating, wondering what had gotten into her. She attempted to take a nap, dreaming of being surrounded by naked men taking turns fucking her making her wake up with such craving she again masturbated, the act again doing little to ease her desire, but needing to do something.

As she stroked her clit for who knows how many times again, her reverie was suddenly broken by the doorbell ringing. Looking at the clock it was almost 4:00pm, wondering if Bob were over early. She felt a brief moment of panic wondering how to explain her state of dress—or undress—as she looked out the window. Relief went through her mind not seeing Bob's car, suddenly replaced by the thought of somebody else seeing her dressed so provocatively. The thought slightly embarrassed her, but with her body in such a high state of arousal, she realized she WANTED somebody to see her! Her heart pounding excitedly, she went to answer the door.

Part of her body screamed approval, another recoiled in fear as she saw William's smiling face. Walking through the door, his voice beamed with enjoyment, "My my Annie, you look positively scrumptious."

Before she could say anything he pulled her against him, giving her a deep French kiss. She instinctively responded, her tongue invading his mouth eagerly. Feeling him chuckle in her mouth, her mind exploded in pleasure as William's hand moved between her legs, his finger easily entering her wet slit. Groaning without breaking the kiss, she rotated her hips eagerly, welcoming his finger which brought more pleasure than her own earlier masturbation.

Her hips undulated faster, about to cum when William suddenly pulled away.

"No," she pleaded, realizing she was totally out of control in lust.

William smiled. "I definitely like no underwear," he said as he moved into the living room, sitting in her father's chair. His mannerisms were so much like Brian's the day before; her thoughts immediately pictured herself kneeling in front of him. Her mind in turmoil, Annie stood there, her legs trembling with pent up desire as she tried to regain her ragged breath. Her body wanted him as much as her mind screamed against it, trying to rationalize what was happening to her.

Her trance was broken as William's voice intruded her thoughts, "You are definitely hot," he said to her, a small thrill of pleasure coursing through her at the compliment. "So tell me the truth, have you been thinking about me?" he grinned.

Without hesitation Annie whispered "Yes," the answer creating a smile on William's face sending desire through her. William noticed her discomfort, his smile growing bigger.

Trying to take her mind off her feelings, Annie focused on his clothes, noticing him wearing a tight tank-top t-shirt, hugging his body like a second skin. Instead of pants like Bryan yesterday, William was wearing loose gym short and sneakers, her gaze unable to resist noticing the growing bulge in his groin.

"And do you want some relief?" he asked nonchalantly, his eyes going up and down her body as he looked at her.

Annie wanted to say no, her mind screamed no, but she could not control the feelings running through her. How could she have gotten this turned on? Her mind raced to think of something to say, but William's eyes seemed to physically stroke her skin, waves of pleasure cascading over her body at his lecherous stare.

Without thought, she looked at him and groaned, "Yes."

William laughed. "Good slave. But first you must realize YOUR desires come last. Instead, I want you to suck me like you did Brian yesterday. If you are good enough, I will give you the relief you seem so anxious to have," he chuckled.

Part of her mind screamed "No," while her body craved release; however, in this battle her mind was only a small part against the larger lust raging inside her, so without hesitation she moved towards William.

Without William saying a word Annie lowered herself to her knees between his legs, her body completely overcome with lust as she saw his smile. William lifted his hips, sliding off his shorts and underwear in one swift motion as Annie leaned back to give him room, watching him sit back down, half naked in her father's chair. Annie's mind stopped fighting as it focused on one thing—the erect, tremendously large cock in front of her. Without hesitation she reached out eagerly, sliding her hand up and down the shaft to steady it as she leaned in to take it in her mouth.

She barely heard William's contented sigh as her lips slid over his cock, her mind suddenly focused upon one thing. Annie loved the taste of cock, she thought, as her mouth slid up and down, the lubrication of William's pre-cum and her watering mouth creating a smooth lubrication on her tongue and lips. A remote part of her brain could not believe she was complying so eagerly; however, her body shuddered with desire as William's cock slid further and further into her throat, becoming increasingly harder.

Annie's body was on fire; she wanted—no needed—to feel him cum in her mouth. She moved faster and faster, sucking and licking, giving her best effort as she focused on the cock sliding past her lips. She wanted him to cum, knowing he promised her relief if he got his first. The thought of release caused her to speed up, taking all of him in her mouth as her throat loosened up without any effort.

William placed his hands on her head, sliding through her hair as she moaned, another rush of desire coursing through her. She moved faster as William started guiding her head up and down in rhythm to his slight thrusts, working up and down his shaft, her body bouncing in rhythm. Annie became aware of the heel of her boot rubbing against her pussy sending small waves of pleasure through her. She began slowly sliding her hips back and forth, rubbing her clit against the cool latex heel, her hips moving in time with her head. The sensation caused her body to quiver, as a small orgasm hit. Annie moaned over William's cock, yet it did little to relieve the enormous need her body felt. She realized nothing could ease the desire within her short of being thoroughly fucked, wanting William to cum soon to give her his promised relief.

Her chin began slapping against his balls, the sounds of '*slurp slurp*' from her mouth over his member, as well as intermittent gags when her throat clenched echoing through the living room. Annie moved faster and faster, wanting nothing more than to feel the hot release in her mouth.

William's cock and her chin were covered in saliva, her throat blocked from swallowing as she unabashedly drooled over the cock clenched between her lips. The lubrication made it increasingly easier to slide in and out of her mouth and throat and she knew nobody could last long when she put her mind to sucking cock like she was doing now. Soon she felt the welcoming response of William's shaft getting rock hard. His hands clutched her hair tighter as she opened her throat, welcoming the hot spurts of cum as she started swallowing, her hands and lips milking William's shaft as his hips raised up to thrust further into her.

Annie continued to milk his shaft with her mouth until he became semi-flaccid, easing the cock out of her mouth and milking it with her hands, her tongue bringing groans from him as she licked the tip of the head, getting the last drops of his cum into her mouth. His cum tasted like walnuts she realized abstractedly, licking him off completely.

She looked up at his smiling face as his cock slipped out of her hands, "Did this slave please you Master?" she asked, wanting him more than anybody at this moment.

She felt a thrill through her body as William smiled. "Yes you did."

He chuckled as he saw Annie's obvious reaction and she felt a surge of excitement for the soon pent up lust within her to be released.

"However," William continued as Annie's stomach lurched, a lump of apprehension building in her throat as she looked up at William's smiling face, "you were too fast, and too eager. For that, I will not give you the release you want as punishment," he smiled.

Annie let out a groan, her body so aroused she could not control herself as she looked up at William. Her mind was a cloud of need and lust. She lost all modesty, her body too turned on as words came out of her mouth without thought, "Please Master, I did what you asked of me," she begged, knowing she could not last the day without release.

Her hands reached through the sides of her dress, squeezing her breasts, baring them to William as he chuckled, seeing her unabashed exposure before him. "That you did, but as I said, it was too fast. I think you purposely tried to get me off quick so you could get relief," he said at her knowingly, smiling as her face betrayed her thoughts. "So for your punishment you will not get any release from me today," he said with authority. "And I FORBID you to get any from anybody else, including yourself, understood slut?" he asked, his voice leaving no room for argument.

Annie's mind raced, wanting nothing more than to feel a cock inside her as she felt his steel-hardened glare. "Yes Master," she whispered dejectedly, still massaging her breasts, her manipulations further exciting her, again aware of the cool booted heel of her foot resting against her slit.

She looked up as William again laughed, “Now now, don’t act so dejected slut. You must remember your only concern is your Master’s pleasure, not yours. If you behave, maybe tomorrow you’ll find your relief,” he grinned.

Annie groaned. Tomorrow was too long! She needed release now! She thought about begging to him when the sound of a car pulling into the driveway shattered all thoughts. Bob was here—and she was dressed as a slut with William’s cum on her lips! She quickly positioned her breasts back into the dress, her mind full of a thousand thoughts on what to do while her body screamed in need.

She looked up in horror as William laughed. “Well, looks like we have company,” he said standing up. “Remember, you will do nothing with him, understood?” he asked, pulling on his shorts.

The tone in his voice left no room for argument as Annie whispered her assent.

William lifted her chin and looked at her face smiling, “Well, to prove your agreement, I want you to give your ‘fiancé’ a big kiss with MY cum still on your lips!”

Annie’s face obviously showed shock as William pulled her to her feet. “I can’t,” she started to say, immediately silenced by the look in his eyes. Instead, she looked down dejectedly, mumbling a soft “Yes Master,” as William moved towards the kitchen.

He barely left the room when Bob came through the door, his face showing obvious surprise at her dress—or state of undress. While he was distracted, Annie quickly moved towards him, throwing her body against his and giving him a deep kiss, her cum-coated lips covering his mouth as her tongue forced his mouth open further.

She heard him groan in surprise relieved he was not aware of anything unusual other than finding her in his arms. Suddenly she felt her heart stop, her eyes flying open in shock as she heard a soft chuckle in the distance behind her. Breaking away from the kiss, Annie turned her head to hide wiping her lips and looked at the empty kitchen doorway. William was gone, but she knew he had waited long enough to see if she would follow his command before he left.

When I read Tuesday’s entry I could not believe my eyes. I had been so amazed at how Annie was dressed when she kissed me, my mind so overwhelmed by her reaction, I did not notice the smell of William’s cum or aware anything was on her lips, not knowing about it until I read her diary in the evening.

Again although the thought of another man’s cum almost caused me to gag, the feeling immediately overpowered by the thought it was on my fiancée’s lips. The thought of her having just sucked him off caused me to get even more excited.

True to her word, although Annie let me kiss her and even grope her ass and legs that night, she never offered any release—to me or herself. Having known her for so long I knew she was burning with desire, but when I offered more, she said she wasn’t feeling up to it. Instead, we both ended up going to our separate beds with similar thoughts.

Wednesday morning Annie’s desire was even greater than Tuesday’s. Obeying the boys’ demands, she had not masturbated, although her body was in a continuous state of need. Showering again offered no relief, instead giving her a multitude of micro-orgasms as the water cascaded over her overly sensitive skin. She quickly got out of the shower, afraid of losing herself in lust from the sensation, knowing she could have stayed in the shower all

day enjoying the sensation, but also knowing it would do nothing but keep her aroused.

Without any thought she selected an outfit from her “collection.” She considered wearing something as open and uncovering as yesterday; however, the temptation of fingering herself would be too great, so instead chose a pair of metallic silver stretch Lycra shorts. The shorts completely hugged her body, cut so high the bottom of her ass literally bulged out from the material. The shorts were so formfitting she could not even wear a thong. Looking at her ass in the mirror, should could not help but admire how smooth the shorts looked, hugging her like a second skin.

The matching top she chose was a tight tube-top, so small it barely covered her aureoles, completely exposing the tops and bottoms of her bound breasts. The top was completely opened in the center fastened by crisscrossed ribbon but doing little to cover the completely exposed center of her chest. The material was so thin as to be almost see-through, the shadows of her aureoles apparent and readily outlined by the tight fabric. Looking in the mirror Annie had the image of duct tape strapped across her chest, admiring the immense amounts of cleavage above and below the band of material, giving the semblance of being topless.

When I arrived in the afternoon I could not believe how sleazy she was dressed, her state of lust so apparent she did not care about me seeing her in her skimpy outfit. Again using the pretense of a shower, I was surprised to read in diary of neither William nor Brian visiting her today, her entries for the day only describing her continued state of excitement and lack of release. She wrote of her disappointment, not caring if one or both came over, only that they relieved her torment.

I could not believe how she wrote being upset at Brian and William not visiting, describing how her body longed against her wishes for them to give her release, her mind in turmoil wondering how she could welcome such desire. I realized this was probably William’s way of punishing her, testing her obedience as they undoubtedly knew how aroused she would be all day.

Annie wrote how her body was in such a state of continued excitement she had put her shorts in the dryer several times throughout the day due to how wet she was, constantly thinking about sex. Yet as aroused as she was, she refrained from masturbating, stating how she wore shorts to prevent her from the temptation. She reasoned she would gain little relief from her own dalliances, believing the only release would be from a hard cock inside her and denying any admission of agreeing to William’s command to not touch herself.

It ended up being another frustrating night, as both were denied release. Due to how sexy she looked, I ended up relieving myself immediately in the car after I left her house, wondering how I could feel so excited knowing my fiancée was completely following the boys’ orders, willing to be their sexual plaything and denying me.

Thursday I got the keg and other items for the pool party, so was unable to read what happened to Annie; however, reading her diary Friday, she obviously had a busy few days, so in order to not get ahead of what happened am writing here to keep the timeframe consistent...

Annie awoke Thursday morning with sex completely on her mind, racing through her body, seeping from her pores. Her pulse was fast, her breathing shallow as if she had been running all evening. She opened her eyes feeling nothing but desire; the entire night spent dreaming about sex—sucking cocks, cocks fucking her, being covered in cum. She could barely think of anything else but being used, her whole body inflamed with lust.

Her mind attempted to focus on waking up when she felt a warm wetness between her legs. Briefly wondering if she had started her period, she realized it was pure liquid desire; her body was in a perpetual state of arousal, her

pussy dripping to be filled. Grabbing a tissue from her nightstand she quickly ran it across her slit as her body unexpectedly convulsed in orgasm, the soft friction of the tissue rubbing against her immediately setting her off. An involuntary moan escaped her lips as she closed her eyes, her body quivering with need as she lay in bed letting the small orgasmic ripples within her settle down.

What the hell was wrong with her? She had never been this aroused, unable to concentrate on anything but sex. Surely her abstinence from masturbating the day before was not causing this! She wondered if it was the drug, but had not taken anything with William yesterday. The episode with William could not be attributed from left over effect from Brian spiking her drink, as it had been well over a day—and now 2 days—yet she could barely think of anything other than sex.

Deciding to take a shower to relax she pulled the sheets off her body, only to have another involuntary moan escaped her lips as the material slid across her hardened nipples and electrified skin, causing another orgasm to cascade through her body. She was in such need; everything touching her was giving tormenting pleasure never felt before.

Her shower did little to ease her need, again throwing her into continuous orgasms as the water trickled over her breasts, her groin, her ass... Her skin was so sensitized, her body feeling so alive it frightened her; she was so horny she could barely function as she leaned against the wall of the shower, closing her eyes trying to relax against the waves of sensation coursing through her, intimately aware of the water cascading over her as well as the cool tiled wall of the shower against her side.

What was she going to do? Her body craved a cock, her thoughts turning immediately to Bob; however, she would not be able to lie to either Brian or William if they asked if she slept with him. And she could not satisfy herself, aware she would be unable to deny the boys the truth if they asked. Instead, she knew she would spend the whole day like yesterday—in a perpetual state of yearning. What was she going to do?

Her desire was similar to her experience at the mall, except her mind was fully cognizant and aware. She did not have the foggy, drug-induced thoughts, but her body pulsed with similar wanton desire. She was not in some doped up state mindlessly willing to be used by the drug; instead she was fully aware of her need and how much she wanted to be fucked! Could her indiscretions with the boys and Bob's friends have done this?

Unable to bear the feel of the water teasing her any longer, she turned off the water, her body silently protesting the cessation of intimacy the water gave her. Drying was exquisite torture as the soft fabric of the towel glided across her skin, causing her to groan and close her eyes as she dried off, small orgasms rippling through her with each touch of the fabric against her skin.

Her clit was noticeably hard and engorged, throbbing with each beat of her heart, as if a small vibrator was between her legs. And her nipples! They were so hard and sensitive she absently chuckled at the thought of the old saying of being able to cut glass with them. Even looking in the mirror at her naked reflection was turning her on.

In an attempt to take her mind off sex, she focused her mind to the task of getting dressed, but even that caused her to think of sexual thoughts. Aroused as she was, she wanted to wear something sexy, a passing thought wondering if she could dress provocative enough to have somebody force themselves on her! Each movement caused her to gasp as her clit rubbed with each step. Her body shuddering whenever her skin touched anything—a moan escaping her lips as her arm brushed her breast as she reached down to look in the shopping bags. She closed her eyes, immediately thinking of how a cock would feel entering her pussy and groaned aloud, her pussy wetting more at her thoughts. She needed to keep busy.

Looking through the clothes bought at the mall, she selected a matching sheer pink knitted lace top and skirt. Vaguely recalling William's delight when she tried it on, it was more lingerie than daytime wear; however, as she

looked at the outfit in the bag she knew she wanted to wear it—in fact, NEEDED to wear it as it would be as close to being naked as she could hope to avoid any loose fabric touching her skin.

Putting the top on, she resisted another groan of exquisite torture as her body tingled from the material sliding over her skin and breasts like a caress. The top was a one-shoulder halter, the material baring the tops of her breasts and beginning at her areolas and encasing her breasts tightly. The top surprisingly provided as much support as a push-up bra, accentuating her cleavage nicely.

Looking in the mirror, Annie saw the material was extremely sheer, the full outline of her breasts fully visible through the thin pattern of lace adhered to her skin, her nipples rock hard and prominently outlined through the lace.

The bottom was similarly as sheer, composed of a single rectangular piece of cloth wrapping around three quarters of her body, tying on her left side with a thin strap fully exposing her hip and leg. The sarong-like skirt barely covered her ass, but in her sensitive state it was so comfortable she did not care. The front of the “skirt” barely covered the front of her pelvis, and she knew any sudden movement would flash anybody watching, not caring in the least.

Looking in the mirror, she readily saw the small triangular patch of hair above her shaved pussy through the thin material so grabbed the matching pink thong she had bought with it. As she pulled on the thong her mind suddenly exploded in another unfulfilling orgasm as the material embraced her slit; it would be impossible to wear she realized. Anything she wore would rub against her with each movement so to avoid the continuous teasing, she decided against wearing anything under the skirt, realizing she would almost be naked, but all thoughts of decency gone as her body quivered in need.

Admiring her slutty appearance in the mirror, she knew the outfit would not be complete without shoes to accent her legs, choosing a pair of pink triple-strapped sandals with five-inch stiletto heels. It was the perfect compliment she thought as she turned and looked over her shoulder to view herself from behind. Her legs seemed to go up endlessly, not stopping until they reached the short skirt with her ass slightly visible, causing Annie to feel a thrill run up her spine at seeing herself so provocatively dressed.

She rationalized there being nothing else she could wear without it continuously teasing her, so short of being naked this was the best outfit she could wear as her body shuddered in need. Even the diaphanous lace of this outfit sent shivers throughout her body each time she moved as her mind drifted again to sex. How easy it would be for somebody to take her, dressed as she was without any underwear, practically naked.

She was so wet even Brian or William could slide their cocks easily into her despite their size, a small gasp exiting her lips as her mind thought about them fucking her. She had to keep her mind on something besides sex or she would go insane.

Going downstairs to get breakfast, the thin lacey material allowed any displaced air to glide across her body covering her skin with desire. She felt naked, the thin material almost nonexistent upon her as small spasms of lust coursed through her, each step causing air to brush against her pussy. Her body was in such an unpredictable state of arousal she had to hold the banister tightly for fear of falling down the stairs, her legs so weak from pent up desire.

Settling on more sweetened coffee and cereal, she barely tasted the bowl before adding several spoonfuls of sugar. The sugar jar was almost empty from her using so much the last few days and she wondered why she was suddenly addicted to sugar. It was a brief, passing thought; her mind returning to sex, thoughts of Brian and William's cocks entering her each time the spoon entered her mouth.

Her body was on fire, the coffee doing little to quench it as she made more iced tea, pouring so much sugar into her glass it barely dissolved. She gulped down the glass, the sludgy feeling of the barely dissolved sugar hitting her throat as her mind recalled the feel of Brian and William's cum sliding down her throat. She again moaned, pouring herself another sugary glass in an attempt to cool down.

She had to do something, but what? Her body was in such a state of need she had to find release, but knew anything she did would only cause her to suffer from William or Brian. She needed a cock and came up with an idea, her mind rebelling against what she was about to do.

She moved into the living room—the cold air fanning across her snatch and causing her vaginal muscles to quiver in anticipation. She had to do something, but could not go against the boys' wishes. She knew what she had to do as her mind screamed in a faraway place against it; however, her body trembled in need. Without any self-control she picked up the phone, realizing she did not know William's phone number as she dialed the Strauss' house.

Her breath echoed in the receiver in small gasps as she tried to think what she would say, almost surprised at Brian's voice answering on the second ring.

"Hello," the familiar voice said, sending waves of desire through her body straight to her pussy. Her nipples became even harder, so sensitive she felt them straining against the lace material as her breath caught, unable to speak.

"Hello?" the voice answered again.

Annie heard the slight annoyance in his voice and realized through her clouded mind her silence was leading him to believe it was a prank call. She had to say something before he hung up as her voice whispered, "M-Master?"

Her body trembled, not having to image the smile on Brian's face as he pleasantly answered, "Annie? What a pleasure it is to hear from you! What can I do for you?" he asked nonchalantly.

Annie's mind raced with thoughts of being ravaged, feeling the sweet release of being thoroughly

fucked. Brian's voice came over the phone again, breaking her reverie, "Slave? Why did you call?"

She had to answer him, but how? "M-master, please," she said quietly, hearing a muffled chuckle on the other end. "Master, this slave wishes to satisfy herself, may I?" she asked hesitantly, not knowing what else to say as her body quivered with need.

"Ah," she heard Brian say, obviously amused. "William told me about your little escapade to satisfy yourself above your Masters. Have you learned your lesson?" he asked.

Immediately Annie blurted her answer, "Yes! Please, I cannot stand it anymore! I don't know what's going on but I need to..to...cum," she admitted to him over the phone.

"Well, it's good of you to ask, but I don't know," he answered, his laughter at her involuntary groan of exasperation clear across the phone. "Do you promise to behave this time?" he asked, immediately getting her acquiescence. "We may be able to come to some arrangement," he said.

Annie moaned in anticipation, knowing she was betraying her need to the one person she should be avoiding; however, she could not help it, her body was so aroused she could not stay sane. "Please Master," she whispered, "I beg you, please let this slave find some release."

"I'll think about it," she heard Brian say as she groaned out loud, again to his amusement. "You stay there and I'll come over in about 15 minutes, so be a good little girl in the meantime, ok?" he chuckled.

"Please hurry," Annie heard herself say, mortified she was willingly inviting him over. But what could she do? She needed release, and she needed it now!

Brian said nothing as she heard him hang up the phone. Fifteen minutes, she thought. Her body trembled in anticipation of her release coming soon. She sat on the couch, her mind immediately filling with thoughts of sex, the beautiful image of cocks before her face, ramming into her cunt, filling her with their cum. She felt her pussy throb as she watched the clock, almost in time with the second hand as she tried to move as little as possible to avoid the small orgasms the friction from both fabric and air were causing her.

Fifteen minutes came and went as she sat staring at the clock, her body increasingly aching with need. A part of her knew Brian was playing with her, making her sit and suffer before arriving, yet she eagerly anticipated the feel of his cock past her lips, hoping he would fuck her senseless to give her relief.

After 45 minutes she was so aroused each time she turned to look out the window she groaned in need as the material of her top tightened against her nipples. She was so horny. What was going on with her?

She gulped down two more glasses of overly sweetened tea as the clock slowly worked towards noon. Even breathing was causing her body to tingle as her breasts rose and fell with each breath barely able to contain herself.

Immediately all thoughts vanished as the doorbell rang and she literally ran to the door to answer it. She groaned in obvious pleasure seeing both William and Brian standing before her, both smiling. Without a thought she dropped to her knees, lowering her head and whispered, "Masters, this slave is pleased at your presence."

"Excellent," William said happily as they both moved into the foyer past Annie. "And you look good enough to eat in that outfit," he complimented her, sending waves of desire through her body as she gasped in anticipation.

"And have you learned your lesson?" Brian asked of her, which she quickly affirmed. "Then come and greet us with a little kiss," he said, another wave of pleasure coursing through Annie as she stood up.

She moved to William, immediately sliding her tongue past his lips as she groaned in pleasure, his firm body pressed against hers making her shiver with want. William's hands reached around her, grabbing each ass cheek firmly with his hands causing her to moan in obvious lust as she ground her pelvis against him. His tongue danced with hers and she closed her eyes, focusing on the pure ecstasy of his flesh across her bare ass.

She whimpered as he broke away from her kiss, but suddenly her mind exploded as Brian's hands reached around her, roughly grabbing each breast. "Oh God!" Annie screamed, her mind totally obliterated by the raw need for sex. Gone was any hesitation, all she could think about was being used by these two men, not boys, but men, with hard, thick cocks! She moaned and closed her eyes as Brian massaged her breasts, tilting her head back and suddenly gasping as his tongue ran across her neck.

Without any thought she turned her head, her tongue entering his mouth as she groaned from his massage on her chest. Her clit throbbed with each heartbeat, the feel his erection through his pants cuddled between the crack of her ass.

"Oh," she gasped immediately, her eyes flying open and looking at William, who had moved in front of her, his finger easily entering her slit as Brian held her against him, his hands still massaging her breasts.

Annie's attempts to move her hips over his finger were useless as William pulled away from her smiling, "Not

yet slave," he said. "First you need to prove to us you learned your lesson."

Brian let her go and she almost stumbled, so weak in the knees from her desire she was barely able to stand. She watched both men move into the living room by the couch, turning to look at her, both smiling.

William beckoned her into the room, "Come slave, show us if you have learned your lesson and greet us properly," he said.

Annie slowly moved into the living room, noticing each had on a pair of loose gym shorts, their huge cocks clearly evident through the material and felt her mouth water in anticipation. Yet her mind also cautioned hesitation, knowing full well if she sped things up she could be left in a worse state than the one she was in.

She moved in front of and between both of them, slowly dropping to her knees and lowering her head.

"M-masters," she hesitated, "may this slave touch you?" she asked, hoping to not anger either one of them, eager to please them.

Feeling more than hearing Brian's affirmation, she looked up, each hand moving up the inside of their thighs as her hands moved into the bottom of their shorts. She looked up at them, their eyes showing their lust and appreciation and she felt a thrill run through her body. She could not speed this up she kept reminding herself almost as a litany as she slowly stroking their cocks, hardening in their underwear. Her breathing was coming out in gasps as she felt their hardness in her hands, wanting them so badly.

Pulling her hand away from Brian's crotch, she reached up for the hem of William's shorts and looked at him pleadingly, "May I master?" she asked. Receiving his nod she pulled his pants down as he stepped out of them, then she repeated the same sequence with Brian.

Kneeling between both guys, their hard cocks pointed in front of her, she felt her mouth watering in anticipation. Reaching up, each hand grasping a cock, she slowly started stroking them simultaneously, her body swaying to the rhythm.

The boys moved slightly, each stepping to her side away from the couch and flanking her, yet her hands never left their cocks as they moved closer, continuing to stroke them. They positioned themselves so close, the head of their cocks brushed against her cheeks and she moaned in anticipation, not sure which of the exquisite pieces of man before her she should take first. She was mesmerized as her hands continued to stroke their long shafts, pre-cum oozing from their tips out of the periphery of her vision as she looked up at their faces pleadingly.

The decision was made as Brian's hands turned her head towards his cock, her mouth instinctively opening as the head slid between her lips. Her other hand continued to stroke William as she felt him shift and something hit her knees.

"Kneel on this, we can't have our slave too uncomfortable," she heard William say as she unconsciously moved back on the balls of her feet, allowing him to slide a pillow under her knees.

"Bthank pou muster," she said past the cock sliding between her lips, not willing to let it out of her mouth as she slowly worked on sucking it.

She worked on Brian's cock until his hips started to rock in rhythm and knew she had to stop. She did not want him cumming too soon and punishing her! Instead, she slowly slid the cock out of her mouth, continuing to stroke it with her hand as she turned her attention to William's dick, easily sliding it past her well-lubricated lips.

Annie had been told she was an expert at sucking cock, something she secretly took pride in. She knew she could keep going on both guys all day—as well knowing how to get somebody off quickly. She had to prolong the moment as long as possible. Her fingers grasped the base of the cock sliding between her lips, knowing she could

keep either from cumming for some time. Also she could alternate between the two guys, having little doubt in rushing things this time, even though her body screamed in need.

The feel of hardened flesh passing between her lips caused her to groan as she worked the cock in and out of her mouth. Unable to take it all in with the angle she was at, she slowly turned her body, still stroking Brian's cock. Turning towards William she loosened her throat, inching her chin and nose closer to his body.

"Yeah bitch," she heard William's voice gasp, "That's the way to do it!"

She felt pleased they were happy with her. A part of her screamed at the incongruity of pleasing the guys who were blackmailing her into sex, but she was so aroused she did not care at this point. She needed, wanted, and craved sex at this point, and she was going to have it.

Soon the familiar feeling of William's hips moving in time to her neck thrusts caused her to slow down. Sliding the cock out of her mouth, her hands continuing to stroke it, she turned her body to Brian, easily taking him all the way into her mouth and throat after having had William there a moment ago.

Brian moaned as his hands gripped her head, sliding his dick all the way into her oral orifice, his balls resting against her chin as the hairs on his abdomen tickled Annie's nose. He held her against him for a moment and she briefly panicked at the lack of air before he released her, sliding out of her throat, a large suctioning sound echoing through the room as she gasped for breath. Brian continued to slowly deep throat fuck her mouth until she felt him hardening further and knew she had to stop.

Barely missing a beat she turned again towards William, her left hand sliding up and down the saliva-soaked shaft of Brian as William's cock slid into her, leaning fully into him to give him the same sensation Brian experienced.

Annie lost track of time, working on each large cock until they reached another plateau, then moving to the other to work it up similarly. Her jaw hurt so she alternated sucking the heads and licking up and down the shafts to give her jaw relief, her opposite hand continuing to slowly stroke the other cock not getting her mouth's attention at the time.

She imagined what she looked like, kneeling between two guys sucking them off, dressed in a see through outfit. Her chin, chest, and thighs were covered in saliva as the size of their cocks caused her to continuously drool past them in her throat. She had seen similar scenes in pornographic movies Bob and her had watched, and felt herself get wet knowing what she looked like. She even got a thrill wondering what Bob would think if he saw her, his hot model cheerleader fiancée sucking two guys cocks in her living room!

The sounds of wet flesh, suction from her lips, intermittent gags, and groans from all of them filled the room. Annie desired every moment, the feel of the hard cocks in her mouth offering some release; however, not enough to satisfy her body's true desire. Her blowjobs were keeping her preoccupied enough she was not going insane with desire; her lust had a focus, the two cocks on each side of her fulfilling some of the need.

William's voice broke her reverie as she slid his cock in and out of her mouth, "Brian, do you believe she has learned her lesson?" he gasped between groans, obviously enjoying Annie's manipulations in her throat.

"Oh yes," Brian similarly gasped as Annie's hand squeezed his cock in time with her mouth.

Annie was pleased, again the dichotomy of thoughts rebelling against her situation, but she was too caught in the moment, yearning for the taste of cum and wanting to feel them fuck her.

She literally groaned in happiness when William's voice came over the slurping noise of her mouth, "OK slave, you may now finish us."

Wanting to feel them cum as much as she knew they wanted release, Annie began massaging the cock in her mouth with her throat and tongue, moving faster and faster as she deep-throated the large piece of meat between her lips. William's hands grasped her head as he started thrusting into her wildly, so much Annie couldn't maintain her balance. Letting go of Brian's cock, she placed her hands around William's hips, moving in rhythm with his thrusts as he literally face-fucked her.

Annie caught brief gasps of air as the cock moved in and out of her throat, intermittently blocking off her airway but too aroused to care as she helped William fuck her mouth by pulling his hips back and forth towards her face. She felt William's cock become even harder and opened her throat up for the welcomed release.

"FUCK!" William cried as his cock began spasming in Annie's throat.

She instinctively started swallowing as he continued to fuck her face, his cock spurting deep into her belly, feeling each pulse against her lips as he came. Annie milked his shaft with her lips, continuing to hold on to his hips as she welcomed every drop from the cock in her.

William slowly relaxed and pulled out of her, a small suctioning sound coming from her mouth as his cock slid over her lips, brushing her cheek. Looking up she saw his smile of satisfaction, but knew she was not finished.

Turning, she immediately took the hard cock Brian was holding in front of her into her mouth. The same sequence of events occurred as she was literally face-fucked by him, welcoming each thrust into her throat until he came, again milking every last drop of cum before he pulled away.

Both guys collapsed onto the couch as Annie kneeled before them. She imagined what she must look like, cum coating her lips, chin, and cheeks as she wiped and licked as much off her face as she could, her eyes never leaving the guys' groins. The two partially flaccid cocks still called to her as she eyed both of them.

Looking up at them, Annie whispered, "I hope this slave pleased you masters?" hoping she did not rush things. She saw the clock on the side of the couch showing 2:00 pm and realized why her jaw was sore—she had been sucking them for over an hour!

The movement of Brian and William looking at each other caught her attention as they both nodded, grunting approval as Annie sighed in relief, finally resting back on the heels of her feet. The cold feeling of her heels on her slit and crack of her ass sent shivers through her re-acknowledging her need for more than sucking them off.

Looking hesitantly at them, her desire was too great to deny her need as she asked, "May this slave please you further?" she asked.

"Why Annie, what are you asking us?" Brian said through his teasing smile.

She felt a brief moment of panic hoping she was not angering them. "...this slave requests you please fuck her," she whispered. There, she had said it, she wanted and needed them to fuck her.

She almost thought she had gone too far until both guys smiled. "Are you in need of relief?" William asked.

Annie knew he was being cocky, but at this point, her body was too inflamed to care. "Yes!" she replied anxiously. "Please masters." She was literally begging, kneeling in front of them, imagining how she must look in the sheer outfit, cum on her face, begging them to fuck her.

"Well, after such an exquisite blow job, how can we refuse our slave some of her own relief," she heard William

say. Looking over at Brian he asked, "What do you say Brian, shall we let her calm down?"

Annie held her breath waiting for Brian's response, letting a sigh out as he nodded looking at her. Finally she was going to get some relief! Finally she would calm the fire raging through her entire body after two days. Annie could not contain her anxious desire. Her pussy was soaked with lust as she wondered which one would fuck her first.

"However," Brian's voice cut through her mind and her heart stopped. However? She looked pleadingly at Brian's smiling face as he continued, "However, I don't think either William or myself can do anything after such an exquisite sucking," he smiled.

Annie said the words before she could even think, "I'll help you Masters, let me suck you more!" Shame filled her face as she moved closer to them, her need too great for any humility; she had to get fucked. She could not go another day like this.

"No, that's quite alright," William said, holding her hand away from him.

Annie felt about to cry, her head drooping dejectedly. She had lost all shame; the burning desire in her body was so great she did not care how she acted. She needed to be filled, her pussy throbbing with each beat of her heart, yearning to be filled.

Movement out of her eye caught her attention as William leaned forward and pulled her face by the chin to look at him, "Fear not slave, we promised you relief and you will get it, but instead of another show of your oral talents, we have another show in mind," he finished, much to Annie's puzzlement.

Her heart fluttered, hoping to relieve the desire she felt as she looked up into William's eyes. She saw him expecting something and without prompting answered back, "This slave is pleased to do as you wish masters. I am thankful you are thinking of me."

Annie was not sure what was about to happen, but as filled with need and desire as her body was, she did not care. Bob was not due over for another two hours and she had to be satiated immediately.

William stood up from the couch as Annie's eyes glued to the large, partially erect member between his legs. It was now at the perfect height as she knelt before them, wanting to reach out and grasp it. Before she could, William took her hand, pulling her up to her feet in front of him.

Annie did not care at that point what happened, she was going to get relief from her pent up desires was all she could focus on.

A small gasp came from her lips as William's hand reached around her waist, sliding across her bare flesh sending echoes of need throughout her. He guided her towards the dining room, moving her father's chair from the head of the table as she stood there in bewilderment.

Turning her towards him, William pushed her ass against the table as she quivered with need, William's hands stroking her bare arms, moving down to her waist and gripping her hips tightly. She let out a gasp as he lifted her up, unceremoniously dropping her on the table. Cold air hit her moist slit and she eagerly spread her legs, no sense of propriety as she eagerly saw William's cock at the perfect height to enter her. All sense of decency was gone as she imagined what she looked like, in a completely see-through outfit, breasts barely covered by the thin material across her engorged nipples, her legs spread wide before two half-naked guys. She had only one thought on her mind, having them fill the need so evident within her.

She watched as Brian moved towards her, noticing he now carried a paper bag. She had not noticed him carrying anything when he walked in, but her attention had been a tad preoccupied at the time, pounding

desire going through her body.

Annie's breasts rose and fell with her deep breathing, almost panting to be satiated, not knowing what to expect as she sat on the edge of the table, legs spread.

William's voice broke her attention from Brian as he asked her, "Slave, do you wish some of your desire to be quenched?"

Annie quickly responded, "Yes!" She did not care any longer about being blackmailed, about being exposed in front of two boys she had babysat years ago yet engaged to another man. All she cared about at this point was filling the desire within her, having her used as she knew she was meant to be used by a man. In simple terms, Annie needed to be fucked.

"Well, we cannot let her suffer so, can we Brian," William asked his partner who responded with a smile. "Excellent. Now slave, as you know we're pretty much done as you can see from your mediocre blowjob."

Annie's face fell, "mediocre?" She knew he was teasing her, but still felt dejected. She had given them one of the best blowjobs she had ever given. The knowledge they were purposely toying with her caused her to squirm with need, barely able to control her actions as she was filled with thoughts of being satisfied.

"Since we cannot currently quench the small desire you feel," he continued, "we have a better plan. You can do two things at once, you can satisfy yourself as well as show us your willingness to please us, alright?" he asked.

Annie did not understand their plan, but her mind was too clouded with lust. This was not the drug-induced haze she felt at the mall, she was fully aware of what she was doing, she no longer cared. Her body was on fire with need, she HAD to be satisfied. Still, she knew she had to follow the boys' wish if she was to get any relief so answered meekly, "This slave will do as you ask. She only serves to please you."

"Good girl," Brian said as he moved towards her on the table. "What we want you to do is show us your need." Annie looked at him quizzically as he continued, "The rules are simple, you must stay on the table. You cannot touch us but can touch yourself as much as you'd like," Brian smiled at her. "In addition, anything we place on the table you may use to help with your need."

Annie was unsure what they were asking, stating as much, "Masters, I only wish to serve you, but I do not understand," she said dejectedly.

"Simple," William chimed in. "Touch yourself, quench your need, but do not get up from the table. If we like your show, we will help you satisfy yourself," he smiled at her, his eyes roaming across her body as she sat on the edge of the table, legs spread and exposing her neatly shaved pussy to them both. His look of lust sent goose pimples of need throughout her body and she almost groaned. "To put the matter bluntly, you are our entertainment to show us how much you are willing to do for us," he smiled.

Annie watched as Brian reached into the bag and pulling out a clear bottle, setting it beside her hand. It contained a clear liquid as he told her, "As I said, you can only touch yourself or anything we place on the table, so you may start!"

Brian and William sat down across from her, side-by-side as if she were a display at the head of the table.

Annie turned towards William. "Master, am I to understand you want me to strip for you?" She still was not sure what they wanted, but beginning to get an idea. They wanted her to put on a show for them obviously, but how far did they want her to go? And were they going to satisfy her? The 'rules' Brian gave her sounded like they wanted more than seeing her naked, but she needed clarification.

William smiled at her, "If you wish. Consider the table your island and it is only you and what we place upon it. You are permitted to satisfy any need or craving you have as long as you do not touch anything but yourself or what we give you, it's simple, do you not understand slut?"

The curt change in the tone of his voice caught Annie's attention. She had to do something as they both watched her expectantly. Not knowing what else to do, knowing she had to do something, she turned her attention to the bottle sitting beside her. What was it, she wondered? Was it something to drink? Or worse yet were they seeing if she would willingly take the drug? They obviously meant for her to use it from what they said, so still uncertain, Annie reached for the bottle.

The small smile of satisfaction on Brian's face gave her confirmation she was doing what they wanted so opened the bottle. Taking a sniff she caught the strong odor of cinnamon and vanilla. The liquid was too thick to drink and with a growing suspicion forming in her mind what it was, she dabbed a small drop on her fingers, rubbing them together. The slick texture confirmed her thought—the boys had brought her massage oil.

She now knew what they wanted as she looked at their grinning faces. She smiled in understanding and without pause upended the bottle over her breasts, pouring the thick fluid on them. Annie let out a shuddered gasp as the cool liquid hit her breasts, slowly dribbling down the tops of them and between her cleavage. The liquid rolled across her skin sending electric pulses of need throughout her as she recalled the sensation of water from the shower.

The smiles on the boy's faces continued to be a gauge to know if she was doing what they wanted, and so far she was on track. Still smiling at both of them she reached up and began massaging the oil into her breasts.

The scent of cinnamon and vanilla immediately filled the room, a fleeting image of a canister of Glade air freshener blowing up in the house crossing Annie's mind; however, a second sensation caused her to moan and gasp at the same time. The liquid was warming! It was not a hot heat, but there was a definite warming sensation as Annie became more aware of her breasts than ever before. They felt like they were glowing with heat as she massaged the liquid into them in front of the boys.

The thin top was soaking the oil, making her nipples feel on fire as the drenched top pressed against them and without hesitation Annie pulled her arm out of the single strap of the top, dropping the material below her breasts, fully exposing them to the boys. The feeling of the oil heating her breasts made her forget her audience, her need even bigger than before. She became lost in her own reverie, the boys totally forgotten as her body screamed with need. Closing her eyes, she massaged her breasts, feeling the slick sensation of her oiled hands across her skin, the heated sensation on her nipples taking her to a state of desire she did not know existed.

Annie slowly pinched a nipple as her other hand rubbed the oil across her stomach. "Oh God," she gasped as her own manipulations of her nipple sent fire throughout her body. Continuing to rub the oil across her torso, she intermittently pinched each nipple as her body started to respond with unbearable lust, the heat of the oil seeming to pulse with each heartbeat over her skin.

Her surroundings were forgotten, her mind was so obsessed with lust she did not register the boys in front of her, did not care if oil got all over the lace table cloth her mother had on the table, what she must look like if somebody came in, only the need to satisfy her desire was present. Unconsciously Annie scooted back, bringing her high-heeled feet up on the table as she leaned back on one hand, the other hand clenching the bottle of oil and pouring it over her thighs. Again the initial feeling of cold liquid running across her skin sent shivers throughout her as she slowly massaged up and down one leg, then the other, the cool sensation replaced by heat as the oil warmed against her skin.

Annie's arm was hurting from leaning in such a position so she laid her head back on the table, using both hands to massage her thighs and calves alternating between them. The burning sensation of the oil was seeping into her pores, throbbing with each heartbeat, sending electrified pulses straight to her clit. She did not even think about how she must look with the boys directly in front of her, laid back on the table, legs propped up and spread before them, only the desire and freedom to quench her desires remained.

She was briefly reminded of her surroundings when her head was lifted. Opening her eyes, not even aware of having closed them in her lust-filled state, Annie saw Brian holding two pillows. Raising her head and torso up, he placed them under her then sat back down as Annie leaned back. She was now propped up in front of them, lying on the table with her knees raised, her spread and exposing her bare pussy to both boys' scrutiny but did not care. All she cared about was satisfying the need growing into unrecognizable proportions within her. She continued to massage her thighs, her breasts, her stomach, her arms, teasing herself as the boys watched. Her body was completely covered in shiny oil, its heat pulsating throughout her skin.

Rubbing her upper thigh she knew she could not hold back any longer and moved her hand to her groin. "Oh fuck!" she involuntarily gasped as her well-oiled finger easily entered her wet slit. Her mind exploded with an immediate orgasm as she began fingering herself in front of the boys, all sense of shame gone.

The oil inside her pussy began to steadily warm, bringing her need to a new level of desire. Continuing to finger herself, she moved her other hand to massage her stomach and breasts, occasionally pinching a nipple to elicit small gasps from her. Small orgasms coursed through her body but she knew she had to go deeper to satisfy the need filling her. She tilted her head back, panting as she felt her body become more in need than ever before, lost in the feel of pleasure.

The feeling of something cold settling between her breasts caused her to open her eyes. Focusing on the weight between her breasts, Annie saw a small silver vibrator resting between her glistening tits. Without hesitation she turned it on, leaning back into the pillows and placing it between her legs.

"Oh God," she gasped, her hips rising to meet the vibrating device against her clit. Annie moved the vibrator back and forth across her slit, her mind exploding with a consecutive chain of small orgasms as her hips undulated with need, her skin and every nerve ending throbbing with the heat of the oil and vibration of the toy against her clit.

Continuing to massage her breast with one hand, Annie began moving the vibrator in and out of her pussy. Her hips unconsciously moved in rhythm to her strokes as her body throbbed with heated need. She had never felt so alive and sexual before; however, although the small orgasms coursing through her body were delightful, she needed more as she masturbated with the vibrator trying to find release.

Suddenly her reverie was broken by the ringing of her cell phone. Annie glanced at the counter where it was sitting in its charger, her mind finally taking note of her surroundings. What was she doing? Covered in massage oil, spread naked on her living room table, her legs wide open before Brian and William with a vibrator stuck out of her!

The cell phone rang again as her attention focused on William's command, "Do NOT stop what you were doing!"

Annie did not need more encouragement; her body was too aroused by the lust coursing through her as she leaned back, continuing to move the vibrator in and out of her. The ringing of the cell phone was lost in the background as she continued to satisfy the burning need within her. Whoever it was will leave a message or call back, she reasoned, her mind too absorbed by the silver device within her pussy and the heat of the massage oil across her body. She plunged the vibrator deep into her pussy as the cell phone stopped ringing, pushing it so far in she was barely able to hold it her finger tips, attempting to reach the one spot she knew could give her release; however,

the vibrator was too short, the realization causing her to groan in disappointment, lost with the mix of moans of desire.

Moving the vibrator faster in and out of her vagina, Annie hoped the speed and motion would give her some release. She continued moaning as her hips involuntarily bucked up and down in rhythm to her hand's movements when the cell phone started ringing again. This time she ignored it, undulating her hips faster, leaning back and enjoying the sensations of finally getting some sort of sexual relief.

"Hello?" Brian's voice caused her to immediately open her eyes, the vibrator forgotten in her as she looked in horror at him standing by her, her cell phone to his ear.

Was it Bob? Or her parents? Or anybody she knew! How was she going to explain Brian answering her phone? Unconsciously her fingers moved the vibrator slowly in and out of her pussy as she looked wide-eyed at Brian.

"One second, I'll get her," Brian said, grinning from ear to ear as he looked at Annie. "I don't know who it is, and it's not a number on your address list since it didn't register with Caller ID. I'm going to put it on speaker phone but if you stop what you are doing bitch, you will regret it, understood?"

The tone in Brian's voice left no room for argument as she watched him place the phone next to her on the table. "Here she is," he announced to the room, motioning towards Annie's groin for her to continue.

Annie could not have stopped her motions with the vibrator if she tried, but the circumstances of being on the phone while giving a sex show to two guys flooded her mind. Instead of frightened, she became even more excited, the prospect of being in such a dangerous predicament fueling the need within her.

"Miss Johnson?" an unfamiliar voice came over the phone.

"Yes," Annie answered, both in response to the question and the feel of the vibrator within her. She leaned back into the pillow turning her head towards the phone. Moving her arm behind her left leg and raising it, she continued to move the vibrator in and out of her pussy.

She did not recognize the voice, which made her relax somewhat. Reflexively she pinched a nipple, letting a small gasp escape her lips as she listened to the phone.

"This is Peter from the Misty Car Wash, you were here this past weekend?" she heard the voice stay over the phone.

"Oh yes," Annie gasped, but not in response to his question as the memory of her flirting at the car wash in front of a bunch of strange guys flooded her mind and the vibrator jolted against her clit. The combined memory of their lecherous gazes upon her while on the phone naked, covered in oil with a vibrator deep within her let her imagination roam, caused her to have a larger orgasm than any thus far, although not the one she was craving.

Her gasping 'yes' was more from the orgasm than in answer to his question as he continued, "The boys and I are proud to announce you have won our monthly drawing!" he said enthusiastically.

Annie's mind was barely on the phone now. This was not somebody she needed to pretend nothing was going on, he was a stranger, and the burning need between her legs had to be satisfied as she resumed her fast paced thrusting of the vibrator in and out of her pussy.

The voice continued, oblivious to her predicament, "You have won a lifetime of free car washes as a premier customer!" he said.

Annie could care less about the car wash, her mind flooded with the images of the men staring at her in lust as the vibrator moved in and out of her. She continued gasping and managed to pant out a small, "Thank you," as the voice continued.

"Unfortunately due to the amount of business, we ask if you wish to redeem your wash you do so around closing time. This will allow the guys to give you...and your car," even in her lust-crazed state Annie heard the slight hesitation in his voice, "their complete attention to detail. We hope to satisfy...sorry, I mean hope to give you complete satisfaction as a valued customer!"

"Thank you," Annie answered as she worked the vibrator in and out of her, her fingers again pinching a nipple to cause a small gasp from her lips as she massaged her breast.

"Thank you very much," Brian's voice announced to the phone, again breaking Annie's reverie as her eyes moved to him. He smiled as he took the phone, "I'm sure she'll be cumming soon," he laughed as he hung up the phone. Smiling down at her, Brian reached down and tweaked her other nipple, causing Annie to gasp and lean her head back, arching her chest towards him. "Are you feeling better?" he asked her as he set the phone beside her, his hand massaging her oil-covered breast.

Annie's mind was filled with need. The vibrator was helping, but she needed to be fucked deep and hard. Her gaze immediately went to the now partially erect member between his legs as she said without pause, "Master, this helps, but please, this slave needs more, I need you!" she gasped.

Brian laughed, moving back towards William. "No, we decided you were to be allowed this all to yourself, so we will not be interfering," he chuckled.

Annie groaned in frustration, knowing she would not be able to find full release with the silver vibrator, the rustle of the paper bag in front of her catching her attention. Looking on in her sex-crazed state she saw William pull something out. At first her mind did not register what it was—a tube or something—until he smiled at her and laid it across her stomach.

Annie stared down at a large black dildo draped across her belly, cool against her skin. It was huge—not as large as either William or Brian in width, but over a foot long. Her mind focused on how detailed it looked, realistic veins protruding from the surface, the head and shaft lifelike.

"This is your reward," William's voice intruded on her thoughts as she stared at the black monster lying across her stomach. "We will allow you to use this only if you please us, which today you have done exceptionally well," he said.

Annie's mind flooded with relief knowing she had done what the boys had asked, her gaze lingering on the life-like dildo as William continued. "As I said, this will be your reward. It is a rather expensive toy, but you earned that money yourself," he chuckled, "and it has all sorts of nifty surprises."

Annie heard Brian's laugh in front of her, but her mind focused on the dildo. This would definitely reach the spot she needed to get off and more she realized!

William was still standing next to her and Annie looked at his face, seeing an expectant look. Without hesitation she smiled, "Thank you masters, this slave appreciates your kindness."

William smiled and moved back to his chair as Annie set aside the now inadequate silver vibrator. Grasping her hands around the dark dildo she could not believe how real it not only looked, but felt—as if she was holding a real black cock in her hands. It was heavier than any other vibrator as she turned it around in her hands, admiring the beauty of it as her hands slowly slid across it, until it glistened from oil.

She noticed several buttons at the base, but her mind was too absorbed in need to care. Looking at both guys sitting in front of her with anticipated looks, she knew she still had to put on a show for them before satisfying herself. Moving the realistic cock replica to her mouth, she began licking it. The smiles on William and Brian's faces confirmed her choice as she began sucking the cock, the massage oil having a sweat taste as it moved back and forth across her lips.

Annie could not believe how real it felt. She had sucked on dildos before—mainly to lubricate them while masturbating—and they all had the feel of rubber or an inanimate object. Unbelievably this one felt real, like an actual cock of flesh and blood. She began moving the member in and out of her mouth, closing her eyes as she imagined it being real when her eyes flew open in surprise—the dildo had twitched! She thought she was imagining things when she rested her tongue against the base of the dildo and to her surprise felt a pulse!

Looking at the boys, she saw Brian holding up some sort of remote, a huge smile on his face. "We told you it had some extra benefits," he said waving the device in his hand. "Supposedly this little toy of yours can actually mimic a real cock."

She looked at William as his laughter echoed through the dining room. "Apparently it lives up to its reputation by the look on your face," he chuckled.

Annie knew how she must look, naked, covered in massage oil, her legs raised and spread open to show her gaping pussy unabashedly in front of the boys while she was propped topless on a stack of pillows, a large black dildo in her mouth. The twitching of the member in her mouth broke her thoughts as she continued sucking the realistic member.

"As we said, this is your reward for finally behaving," William said in front of her, his eyes taking in the whole scene of her on the table. "This is supposedly guaranteed to be so lifelike you should not know the difference between it and a real one," he chuckled.

Annie could not believe anything could feel so lifelike, but the truth was in her mouth as she felt the inanimate object come to life between her lips. Her initial surprise over her state of arousal again flooded her mind and body as she leaned back, enjoying the sweet taste of the oil and feel of the fleshy dildo within her mouth. She was still amazed at how real it felt—and after having had two cocks recently within in her mouth, she knew what real felt like—but she also had other needs her body was demanding.

After a few minutes of sucking on the dildo for the boys, she slowly pulled it out of her mouth, sliding it across her breasts, again amazed at how real it felt against her skin. She could no longer deny the burning need between her legs as she positioned the black monster in front of her pussy. Staring straight at the guys' smiling faces, she began inserting the big fleshy member into her.

Annie let out a groan of desire as her vaginal walls stretched to accommodate the large member. She was well lubricated from the massage oil and her own desire; however, it took a few moments to get used to the large size as she began working it back and forth within her.

"Oh Jesus!" Annie cried out as the cock—what else could she call it now—came to life within her. It was vibrating at a steady beat and she could feel it pulsating against the walls of her vagina like a live snake! In her lust-fogged state she glanced at Brian who was smiling and pressing buttons on the remote, knowing he was in complete control of what she was feeling.

And oh what a feeling, she thought. Her body could not get enough as she began moving six inches in and out of her, steadily moving more and more of the stiffened member into herself. Annie became lost in her desire. With the silver vibrator she had some sense of control, but not now, now she was coming close to fulfilling the deep spot within her and all she wanted to do was satisfy herself.

She again became oblivious to her surroundings, the uncomfortable table, the predicament of being in such a state in front of the boys—all she could think of was the two days' worth of need within her finally getting a release. Moving one arm back in support, her other arm began frantically moving the stiffening cock in and out of her in large strokes. She had a good two-thirds inside her, moaning uncontrollably as the head of the cock finally pressed against her cervix, sending a mad rush of desire through her.

Annie's head was moving back and forth uncontrollably as her hips rocked to meet each thrust of her hand. She ground her heels into the table, unconcerned about the high heels possibly denting the table's surface as her pelvis rose to meet each thrust she was giving herself. The cock within her felt more alive than any real one she had, vibrating, shaking, and throbbing with life of its own as Annie began frantically slamming it into her now saturated cunt.

"Oh yes!" she cried out, "Oh...oh...uh..." She was close, closer than she had been since fucked in the mall and nothing could stop her she knew. She started shaking, preparing for the mother of all orgasms when suddenly her cell phone began ringing again.

"No!" Annie cried out, frantically working the vibrating black cock in her. She needed to cum, she could not take time out now!

Brian's voice came beside her. "Well I'll be, it's your fiancé," he laughed, showing her the display with Bob's name flashing across the display. "Here, let me put this on speakerphone, I think it will definitely be worthwhile."

Annie started to scream "No!" as the phone was placed beside her. "Ugh," she gasped, as the cock again slammed into her cervix from her shift in position. Brian continued to work the remote and Annie involuntarily groaned at the living entity within her pussy.

"Annie?" Bob's voice came clearly across the phone. "Are you there? Is everything alright?"

Annie heard the concern in his voice as she lay there panting, biting her lips to stifle the moans of pleasure trying to escape. "Uh...oh...hi Bob," she finally panted, her arm continuing to move the black member in and out of her, albeit more slowly; however, she was too aroused to stop altogether, even with Bob on the phone. Her mind was a cloud of lust, moving the vibrating monster in and out of her cunt, panting even more in attempts to not let out a moan.

"Are you alright hon?" Bob's concerned voice came over the phone.

Annie had to think of something, when an idea hit. Without remorse she turned her head to phone, "Yeah, I'm on the treadmill working out, so I'm...uh...oh," she let out a small moan as the cock within her made an unusual move, hitting her in a different spot than before. Her glance at Brian confirmed he was playing with the remote, not making things easier for her on the phone.

She hoped Bob would not get any idea what was going on as she continued, "I'm just a little out of breath, sorry!" she finished, hoping he would believe her.

"Oh, that's alright hon, I didn't want to bother you, but wanted to let you know I won't be over tonight. I have a

few errands to run and it'll probably be too late by the time I get out of work and finish them," the voice over the speakerphone said, totally oblivious to his glistening, naked fiancée lying on the dining table in front of two guys, almost a foot of black dildo shoved inside her cunt.

Annie could barely keep her mind on what he was saying as the cock within her began doing all sorts of unusual undulations while Brian worked the remote.

"Oh God," she finally gasped, her eyes flying in horror wondering what Bob would say as she looked at Brian and William who had moved to each side of her at the table.

"Is everything alright?" she heard the voice over the speakerphone.

"Yes, I, uh, I got a cramp in my calf from working out, sorry," she finally panted.

William's movements caught her attention as he smiled at her, moving closer to her on the table. Brian had moved to her other side so both boys were across from each other; Annie lying before them on the table like some medieval orgy meal.

"You want me to let you go?" Bob's concerned voice over the phone stated.

Annie was about to tell him yes so she could finish when William's hand waved at her. "Uh, one minute honey," she said in horror, seeing Brian put the phone on mute.

"Slave, you will keep him on the phone for as long as you can, you hear me?" William stated to her. "We want you to finish what you are doing and cum over the phone with him on, understood?" he said.

Annie's mind suddenly cleared from her lust long enough to sputter, "I can't!" when suddenly her head flew back as she let out a loud groan, the cock within her suddenly undulating back and forth releasing a multitude of small orgasms to hit her.

"You will, or you will regret it," William threatened.

Annie knew she had little choice as she watched Brian unmute the phone.

"Sorry honey," she panted. "Had to check on the timer," she lamely tried to excuse herself.

"Uh, ok." Bob's voice came over the phone. "Do you want me to let you go?" he asked again.

Seeing both William's and Brian's heads shaking, she said somewhat dejectedly, "No, please stay on. Talk to me while I finish...uh, exercising," she said, hoping he would believe her. "Tell me about your day, and sorry if my panting is distracting," she did not know what to say as she saw both William and Brian holding their now stiff cocks in their hands, stroking them on each side of her. What were they going to do, she wondered as the cock within her again gave a lurching motion, although this time she was able to stifle her moans.

"No problem," Bob's voice returned. "Heck, with you exercising it almost sounds like you're having sex!" he laughed.

Annie's face flushed with shame at her lie, at what she was doing while Bob was on the phone; however, the need of her desire was too great. She listened as Bob started talking about his day, telling her about the guys and their teasing about their mall slut. Annie's mind drifted back to being used in the furniture store as she started moving the cock within her again at a rapid pace.

Her head slowly rocking back and forth again as she closed her eyes and panted, her mind focusing on her fantasies. Occasionally she would mutter something stupid like "Really?" or "Go on," to Bob; however, her body was too absorbed in the cock slamming within her, it's odd throbbing sensations unpredictable as it glided into her pussy again and again.

Annie began squeezing her breasts with her other hand, massaging them as she pinched a nipple, as an involuntary gasp escaping her lips.

She hoped Bob did not hear but his voice came across the speakerphone, "Are you alright?" he asked again.

Annie had to finish, she had to cum. Trying to keep up with her lie, she suddenly said, "Yes hon, I just have a cramp but need to work it off, so pardon my grunting while you talk, but I want to finish...this...workout."

She barely registered Bob's apology and affirmation for her to continue while he talked, so caught up in shame and desire. She began grunting as she slammed the dildo inside of her, hoping Bob would believe the lie, thinking she was grunting in pain as her mind slowly filled with need and her hips started to buck.

She was so close, "Oh God, I'm almost there!" she suddenly said, her mind too absorbed in lust to hold back.

She heard both William and Brian snicker when Bob's voice came across the phone enthusiastically, "Keep going hon, you can do it, get it over with!"

Although Annie knew he was talking about exercise, her lust-filled mind took it as affirmation for her to cum as she started slamming the dildo deeper into her, each thrust getting her closer and closer.

"Oh, oh yes, I'm almost there!" she gasped, unable to control her groans any longer and hoping her lie to Bob would hold.

She was so close. She began slamming the dildo in and out of her uncontrollably, not caring if Bob heard the squishing sounds of it sliding in and out of her pussy, so wrapped up in finally cumming to a release after so long.

Hearing a grunt to her left, Annie turned her head, suddenly hit in the face by a warm stream as William ejaculated across her face and neck. The smell of cum, the feel of it on her face and body only excited her more as she moaned a deep "Yes, that's it," the cock within her continuously slamming into her cervix as it jerked wildly.

Another grunt came to her right and knowing it was Brian, Annie turned towards him, watching as he ejaculated across her breasts. Annie was still massaging them and the warm fluid mixing between her fingers and skin only inflamed her desire more as she realized she was getting closer.

"Oh yes, I'm almost...there...just a bit more..." she gasped, unable to contain herself now and wondering what Bob was thinking, but she could not stop.

"Go for it honey!" Bob's voice came across the phone.

Again her mind took it out of context, but it was enough as Annie's body started shaking uncontrollably, her mind flooded with a single, continuous orgasm as she let out a loud wail, "Yes, I'm there!" she screamed, as her body literally convulsed in pleasure.

Suddenly the cock within her started spasming uncontrollably, feeling like it was actually cumming inside her, the feeling was so exquisite her orgasm continued to ride through her body as she slammed the dildo further into her, letting it throb within her. It felt so real, like it was actually cumming, she thought, but her mind was too absorbed

in riding out the ecstasy she was finally feeling.

“Did you finish?” Bob’s voice came quizzically across the phone.

Annie’s mind suddenly came back to reality. What the hell was she doing? She was lying across her parent’s dining room table naked, two guys on each side over her, covered in their cum, with almost twelve inches of black dildo stuck in her!

“Bob, I’m sorry, I need to go,” she said, almost to the point of tears at what she had just done.

“That’s alright honey, go get a shower and clean off. I’m sure you’re probably not in the mood to see me anyways so I’ll catch you tomorrow morning. Love you!” he said as he hung up the phone.

Annie’s face burned with shame, but she could not deny how satiated she felt. The smell of cum again hit her nostrils and without a thought, she slid a finger across her cheek, placing it in her mouth. The familiar walnut taste hit her taste buds as she licked off the rest of William’s cum from her face.

The cock within her pussy was still throbbing, but apparently Brian had let it die down as it was no longer doing strange undulations within her. It was in her comfortably, quiescent in her after-sex glow, an occasional spasm running through it as if it were real.

Looking down at herself she stretched her legs down, the movement giving a deep feeling of satisfaction as the pressure of holding her hips up with her thighs abated. Noticing streaks of cum across her chest, she again could not help herself as she scooped it with a finger, licking it off.

Brian definitely tasted different from William, she thought abstractedly, more tangy but not in a bad way; still definitely different.

“Excellent,” she heard William say beside her, her mind remembering where she was. She looked up at him as he continued, “you earned your keep today slave, and I hope you were able to please yourself?” he asked.

“Yes master, I thank you for letting me finish. But please, I cannot let Bob find out, this was too close!” she pleaded.

“Nonsense,” Brian said beside her. “This was perfect, the thought of you getting yourself off, your fiancé over the phone, while we jacked off on you was the perfect scene. You did excellent!” he beamed.

Annie was mortified. She slowly pulled the large black member out of her, her body protesting against its vacancy; however, she had to clean up. Bob may not be coming over, but her parents were due home later and she had to clean up not only herself but the table.

“I...I need to clean up. My parents will be home and they can’t see me like this,” she sputtered.

Both boys had already pulled on their shorts as Annie stood up from the table, her top still pulled beneath her breasts, although her small skirt fell naturally back into place. Both pieces were soaked with massage oil, her body still pulsing from its heat, but she had gotten to relieve the pent up desire within her allowing it to now be bearable.

Brian moved towards her, “You were magnificent slave,” he said as he reached up and massaged her breast, bending down to take a nipple in his mouth and biting lightly.

Annie could not stop the gasp escaping her lips as he stood back up, grinning. She could feel her nipple hardening and wondered how could she be getting turned on again. She had one of the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced—with a man or toy—and one guy biting on her nipple suddenly had her body in need again!

She tried to calm her thoughts as William walked over. “I agree, you were fantastic slave,” he said. He leaned into her and gave her a gentle kiss on the lips when suddenly Annie let out a groan, leaning into him as his finger slid across her slit, entering her briefly before he pulled away.

Chuckling, both guys turned around and walked out the front door without another word, leaving Annie standing there bewildered. For the thousandth time she wondered what the hell was happening to her. Normally she would be fine for weeks after an orgasm like she had, and now only minutes from it she felt her pulse beating within her, her body again arising in need!

She had to get her mind off sex. Focusing on cleaning up, she took off the massage oil-soaked table cloth and cleaned the table before putting on a new one. She then rearranged the chairs and straightened up the living room.

In horror she realized the pillows the boys had used for her to prop up on were from her own bedroom—how had they gotten them so quickly? Was she so lost in lust while on the table she did not even hear one of them leave?

As she cleaned up, she suddenly felt warmth between her legs, moving down her thighs. Looking down, she moved her hand and felt a warm liquid oozing from her slit. It had no odor and she recalled the sensation of the dildo cumming inside her. The boys had said it was lifelike, and based upon the amount of fluid coming from her now, she realized it must have had a reservoir inside it, wondering if Brian had caused it to ejaculate within her. It was the only explanation she had as she realized she needed to shower and clean up.

Shame now replacing her desire, she went upstairs to clean up, trying to get the thought of the days’ events out of her mind. Looking at herself in the mirror, Annie could not believe the slut looking out at her, naked, glistening from head to toe with oil. Even disheveled as she was, she could not help but admire how good she looked, her pulse again quickening at thoughts of what had occurred today.

She tried to shower; however, as with previous attempts it did little to ease the again rising need her body felt. Although not as intense as earlier, she was definitely becoming aroused. She had not eaten or drank anything while the boys were there, so it could not be the drug, so why was she becoming so horny?

As the water sprayed across her breasts Annie felt the now familiar state of her nipples hardening, her pulse quickening. She was in a total state of confusion, quickly getting out of the shower and putting on a pair of loose sweats for the rest of the evening.

Her parents came home right when she finished cooking dinner. Nobody noticed the different table cloth, and Annie felt a wave of relief as they sat down for dinner. Her only moment of panic was when her father asked if she was trying on a new perfume, smelling like cinnamon.

Her mind panicked, wondering how bad the aroma was as her mom leaned into her, smelling. “Yes, I like it,” her mom said. “Is it from Bob?” she asked.

Annie said yes and changed the conversation rapidly, hoping nothing more would come of the evening. She retired early, filling in the days’ events in her diary, her body growing in need as she relived the events and wrote them down. Finally she went to bed, the feeling of desire still coursing through her body...

After reading about her day, I could not believe how aroused I was. And to think I actually believed she was exercising with a cramp! The thought of my fiancée masturbating on the dining room table while two guys jacked off on her caused me to cum immediately as I read her diary of the weekend’s events.

And Saturday would be the pool party! I could not wait, although I am getting a bit ahead of myself so will continue to describe the events leading up to it in the next chapter.

Chapter 6 – Cleaning up for the Party

Previously I described how my fiancée Anne-Marie was coerced into having sex with William and Brian, two guys she babysat when teens. Annie is a natural tease, and had told me how she purposely tormented the boys when babysitting them by dressing up in sexy clothes and occasionally flashing a bit of skin at them, acting as if she were unaware of her actions. It was a game to her, continuing until they “excused” themselves and went to their rooms, amused knowing they were jacking off to thoughts of her. It was her method to get them out of the way to make babysitting easier. Now 18-years-old and almost out of high school, the boys were seeking revenge on her for teasing them all those years.

I have often fantasized about Annie with other men, and the circumstances leading to her seduction were partly my fault. We had teased each other all night before she went to babysit Brian's baby sister, neither of us aware the boys were watching us outside their house. As I dropped Annie off she had guided me to the back of the house, arousing me with a partial blow job which the boys used against her, threatening to tell their parents about her “improprieties” unless she gave them similar treatment. As additional leverage, they reminded her Brian's parents owned the bank where Annie's family had a large delinquent loan. With the threat of Brian telling his parents about her indiscretions and fearing retribution towards her family's financial status, as well as her body being aroused from our make-out session, she ultimately gave in, allowing them to dominate her.

Things progressed further the following week when they revealed they had secretly recorded her having sex with them, using it as additional blackmail leading to Annie becoming more entrenched in their schemes to make her their sexual play toy. The threats of placing her family's bank loan in jeopardy and me finding out about her cheating gave them enough leverage where she could do little against them.

Annie is very sexual with an incredible “supermodel” figure—long legs, long auburn hair, and a well tanned 36C-24-34 5'11” body—maintaining her athletic figure from high school cheerleading by working out regularly. She has received several offers for modeling; however, knowing such careers could be tenuous, she wanted to complete her college education to have a “fallback” job if modeling did not work out. With threats of the boys making the videos public and ruining her career, her school, her parents' loan, as well as myself discovering what she had done, Annie succumbed to their perversions.

Exerting their control over her, they dressed her up in a slutty leather outfit and took her shopping for more provocative clothing, displaying her body for all to see. Annie was both mortified and excited at her public display as men continuously leered and fondled her in the mall. The boys gained further control over her by spiking a drink with a “recreational” sex drug, lowering Annie's inhibitions and making her extremely aroused, becoming a willing participant to their debaucheries.

Researching the drug, I discovered it was experimental to treat sexual dysfunction in women; however, due to its extremely high potency and side-effects leading to nymphomania, the drug was unavailable commercially. It only affected women who normally enjoyed sex, making it of limited commercial use. Women acted out sexual tendencies they already had deep within themselves, precluding its intended use to treat frigidity unless the woman was previously sexually active. In Annie's case, all shyness and self-decorum were banished and she entered a state of perpetual arousal, desiring sex, no matter with whom.

While shopping at the mall and aroused from the influence of the drug, she became a willing participant in

an oral gangbang with my own buddies from work in a mall bathroom. Not satiated, she was later seduced into fucking a group of strangers after the mall closed. In her diary—which I read without her knowledge—she was ashamed to admit enjoying the experiences, yet horrified of me finding out and leaving her out of jealousy or anger.

As if the circumstances with the boys were not complicated enough, my work buddies were now formulating plans on blackmailing her from her mall blowjob incident, having photographed her exploits with their cell phone cameras. In spying on them and listening to their conversations, I knew the guys had something planned this weekend at a pool party we were scheduled to attend, planning to trick me into leaving Annie alone with them.

Instead of being upset at her predicaments, I was incredibly turned on. I know Annie loves me and want her as my wife; I am proud she is desirable to other men. To me there is a difference between making love with somebody you love and fucking for only sex, and I was incredibly turned on by her being used as a sexual play toy, knowing she truly loved me as I did her. I had often suggested to her having recreational sex with other guys, the thought turning me on, though she refused. Even my friends' plans for her did not bother me; instead I was trying to figure out how I could watch them while they thought I was away!

The combinations of watching her being used and reading about her episodes of lust and feelings in her diary has excited me to no end as her story continues...

Friday I drove to Annie's house, not having to work until later in the evening. After reading about her escapades with Brian and William earlier this week, I was longing to spend some "quality" time with her. Inwardly I wondered if she would follow their orders of not having sex with me unless they approved. I had mixed feelings, aroused knowing she was in their sexually depraved clutches, but also so turned on I wanted to have her myself.

Even more on my mind, I was anxious to read her diary and find out if anything happened Thursday, unable to have the chance to read her diary yesterday.

Wondering how to get a chance to access her diary before work, the front door opened and my mind went blank as my mouth fell open in amazement—I could not believe my eyes, Annie looked fantastic! She was obviously wearing another outfit the boys had forced her to buy, doing so all week, each outfit becoming more and more revealing—and this one was the best—a beige two-pieced skirt set showing more flesh than it concealed as I stared lustfully at her exposed body.

The top was a bandeau-type halter consisting of little more than two squares of material centered over each breast—the tight material fully outlining her nipples and leaving little to the imagination. She was practically topless, all sides of her firm breasts exposed, the tight halter doing little more than providing support and pulling her breasts together. The top opened in front, fastened by two half-dollar-sized silver rhinestone-studded hooks in the shape of horseshoes, causing one's gaze to focus on her accentuated cleavage.

The second half of Annie's outfit was a pleated sarong-like micro-miniskirt barely reaching her upper thighs to cover her crotch. The skirt was as revealing as the top, fully open on one side by a six-inched

gap completely exposing her left hip and thigh connected with a matching rhinestone appliqué.

The outfit was so revealing it was readily apparent she had nothing underneath, recalling the boys' orders to not wear underwear. I wondered whether she was following their orders or the outfit prohibited her wearing anything underneath as it exposed every part of her.

Completing the outfit, Annie wore a pair of brown and gold sandals with 6-inch stiletto heels, the gold straps wrapping up her calves in a crisscrossing pattern, accentuating her long legs perfectly.

"Wow, you look incredible!" I ogled at her, stating the obvious truth.

In response she threw her arms around me, giving me a deep French kiss I eagerly returned. My mind briefly flashed to her last two kisses having cum on her lips from recent blowjobs of Brian and William, but there was nothing but the faint taste of mouthwash as her tongue danced eagerly with mine.

I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into me as I gently massaged her bare ass cheeks, my cock hardening against her body. Annie moaned softly, her body pressing into me further, knowing she was as turned on as I was.

"I see you're happy to see me," she grinned evilly, her hand cupping my expanding groin and giving a playful squeeze.

I was about to answer when the phone rang, startling us both. Giving me a promising grin, Annie went to answer the phone.

I took in her sexy beauty, staring at her long legs and exposed flesh. The dress barely covered her ass cheeks as she walked away, her bare back and long legs causing my blood to pulse rapidly as I stared at her; however, my attention immediately focused on the conversation when she answered the phone.

"Oh, hello Mrs. Strauss," Annie said, catching my notice. She glanced at me nervously as she listened on the phone, and I wondered if it involved Brian and William's exploitation of her. "Yes ma'am, I'll be right there," she said, looking at me as she hung up the phone.

"That was Mrs. Strauss," she explained nervously. "She sounded upset and was calling from her car phone asking me to meet her at her house as soon as possible."

I could tell Annie was concerned, possibly wondering if Mrs. Strauss had found out about her liaisons with her son and his buddy William. Or maybe worse, could she have found the DVD's the boys had filmed of Annie's "sexploits" at the mall? Obviously Annie wouldn't confide in me, but the worried look on her face easily betrayed her thoughts.

I did not believe there was anything to worry about. Annie was older than the boys and although she had babysat them when teenagers, nothing had happened until now when they were of legal age. Even though Annie was a few years older, it was not enough for a scandal, other than her own belief in it causing a rift between her and I. Annie's paranoia about her image and personal embarrassment, as well as the possible implications in regards to her family's finances, were clouding her reasoning. It was her parents' friendship with the Strauss family preventing the bank foreclosing on their loan and

putting her family in further financial difficulties. Although Annie was concerned about something happening to jeopardize that, I doubted Mr. and Mrs. Strauss finding out their son had sex with a girl he's known for years would do much to harm their friendship.

"Want me to drive you over there?" I asked innocently, my mind pondering what was going on.

"No!" she exclaimed anxiously. Catching her composure she smiled at me, "Sorry, just hoping nothing is wrong. No, I better head over there myself. I'm not sure what she could want," she answered, "but I better go over now."

Preoccupied with her thoughts, Annie gave me a quick chaste kiss on the cheek saying she would call me later as she walked out the door.

Normally Annie would not have been caught dead in public dressed--or undressed as she was--but with her mind preoccupied, she gave it no thought as I watched her walked to her car. The light beige material of her outfit matched her tanned skin perfectly; at a distance anybody would take a double glance to see if she was even dressed. My attention was especially drawn to her tight skirt fully outlining her ass and barely covered her ass cheeks as she walked.

Annie's sudden change in attitude was unusual, and her abrupt leaving dressed as she was made me wonder if Brian had actually been on the phone and not his mother demanding her presence. Was Annie only saying it was Mrs. Strauss so I would not suspect anything?

Alone in her house, I knew this would be an opportune time to read Annie's diary; however, my curiosity on what was happening with the Strauss' won out, so locking the door, I ran to my car to follow Annie. The view from the side of the Strauss' house into the living room window could be used even during the day without being seen, as the side of the house was well-shaded, the adjacent garage preventing anybody from seeing me even from the road. My only concern was getting there without being observed.

Waiting until Annie's car pulled out of view down the road, I quickly turned onto the street, taking a different route to the Strauss residence than the one Annie usually drove. Racing like a madman to the Strauss' neighborhood, I parked a block away so Annie would not see my car, then cut through the woods neighboring the Strauss' yard. Hoping nobody saw me, I moved to the side of the garage where the large bay window of the living room was located.

As I neared the window I could tell it was opened to the summer breeze, the sounds of the television readily apparent. Staying in the shadows of the adjacent garage, I slowly moved behind a bush by the window and peeked into the house.

Once my eyes adjusted to the inside lighting, I observed Brian sitting on the couch in gym shorts and a tank top watching ESPN's Sports Center, no sign of Annie or his mother. I wondered if my suspicions were correct about the call being from him instead of his mother and wondered where Annie could be.

As if in answer to my thoughts, the doorbell rang and I realized I had arrived before her—Annie had probably driven slower than usual, apprehensive at what may occur, while I had been going fast in anticipation.

The shrubbery by the window blocked the view of the front house, so nobody—particularly Annie—could

see me from the street. Looking inside I watched Brian turn off the television and get up from the couch to answer the door.

I moved to the corner of the house to hear what was going on as the sound of the door opening drifted to me.

"Why Annie," I heard Brian say happily from around the corner, "did you miss me so soon after yesterday you came here to service me?" I heard him ask.

Hearing Brian's statement, I knew I needed to read Annie's diary, as he had obviously paid Annie a visit yesterday, but my attention was distracted by Annie's voice.

"No," Annie answered him, exasperation clearly apparent in her voice, "where's your mom? She called asking me to come over as soon as possible."

I heard the voices fading as the front door closed so returned to the window, realizing it actually had been Mrs. Strauss Annie talked to on the phone, more perplexed at what was going on.

Peering into the screened window I saw Annie standing in the middle of the living room, again amazed at how incredible she looked. Her high-heeled shoes emphasized her legs unbelievably, the thin material of her outfit doing little to hide her sexy body.

Seeing her standing dressed so provocatively I was proud to know there was not one guy from puberty to death who did not appreciate her figure and looks, Brian's gaze upon her confirming my thoughts.

"Where is she?" I heard Annie asked, ignoring Brian's blatant lecherous stare at her body.

"She's at the bank," he answered, "and not sure why she wanted you here. She knows I'm here alone, unless it's a little gift for me," he grinned wickedly. "I do enjoy what you decided to wear for me," he said, moving closer to her.

Annie tried to ignore him; however, she would not upset Brian due to his quick temperament changes. Her posture slumped slightly as she realized her compromising position: dressed—or undressed as the case may be—in front of Brian.

"I'm glad I please you Master," she said dejectedly, her gaze lowering, knowing insolence would be useless.

Brian smiled. "Oh, you always please me you little slut," he said, "but I would like to see more." Smiling at her, he turned on the stereo with the remote control, the heavy beat of a club song starting to play loudly, the heavy bass vibrating my skin even from outside.

I watched fervently as Brian reached up to Annie's top, his fingers quickly twisting the rhinestone appliqué and unsnapping it, the top springing open as Annie's breasts spilled out, the material falling to the floor.

Two weeks ago Annie would have blushed in shame, her arms covering her naked torso in front of another guy; however, now she stood still, looking directly at Brian as her breasts rose and fell with her

quickening breath, mesmerizing both Brian and myself. There was little reason for her to be shy in front of either Brian or William, having been used and exploited by each repeatedly. Instead of blushing in shame, her nipples visibly hardened from the exposed air and obvious excitement of being uncovered before a man.

The steady beat of the stereo played in the background with several moans and focusing on the song I almost laughed out loud, quickly covering my mouth as I realized it was appropriately playing Britney Spears' song "Get Naked."

Brian smiled at her body's obvious reaction, slowly reaching and grasping her right nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Annie elicited a small moan in queue to the song in the background, her eyes closing in obvious ecstasy. Seeing her reaction Brian grinned, both hands moving to caress Annie's breasts in rhythm to the music as she stood before him, small intakes of breath coming from her opened lips.

"Lovely," Brian said smiling. I noticed his gym shorts slowly coming to life outlining his large cock as he caressed my fiancée's breasts. Having watched Brian and William fuck and use Annie, I knew he was well endowed. Although typical high school "nerds" outwardly, both boys had sizeable cocks and the growing bulge in Brian's shorts looked like he was hiding a small baseball bat in his pants.

Still smiling, Brian bent down, covering Annie's left nipple with his mouth as she let out a louder moan, Brian's tongue obviously teasing the small nub. This time Annie's hands did move, not to cover herself or push him away but to pull Brian's head further into her breast, her hands slowly running through his hair. She let out another moan as her head tilt back, again closing her eyes.

I knew the moment Brian bit her nipple as Annie gasped out an audible "Oh!" as the music continued to throb in the background. Annie's hips were slowly swaying to the beat of the song as I stared transfixed at the incredibly erotic sight before me: my gorgeous fiancée in the middle of a room half naked, another man sucking and caressing her tits to her obvious enjoyment! I had to adjust my own hardening cock in response to the sight.

I could tell Annie was becoming more aroused from her movements as Brian literally made love to her breasts, her head thrown back as she relished the sensation, her ass slowly swaying to the beat of the song.

Her hands continued to hold Brian's head to her breasts as her head moved on her shoulder, her hips continuing to sway to the music. From my viewpoint I could see Annie move her hips to the side, realizing her thighs were clenching in rhythm to the song as I realized she was clenching and unclenching her pussy in arousal!

The sensual scene continued as I stared mesmerized at Annie's acceptance of another man being intimate with her as the song played.

I watched fascinated as Brian reached down, his hand sliding up the inside of Annie's leg as she spread her legs apart, giving him access to her slit. She gasped as I realized Brian was rubbing her as the song slowly ended. Abstractedly I wondered what the next song on the sound track would be when my attention suddenly turned towards the street, a car's wheels screeching as it pulled into the driveway, loud

enough to catch even Brian and Annie's attention.

I watched as Mrs. Strauss got out of the car, not seeing me at the side of the house, being well blocked by the hedges.

Movement inside caught my attention as I saw Annie quickly fastening her top back on and adjusting her breasts while Brian turned off the stereo. I heard the car door shut and Mrs. Strauss' high heeled shoes clicking hastily on the walkway as she moved to the front door. Looking back into the room I saw Brian smile at Annie's flushed face as he sat back down on the couch. Looking at Annie, he slowly put his finger in his mouth, savoring the taste of her before turning the television back on, continuing to watch Sports Center like nothing had happened.

Annie's attention turned towards the foyer as Mrs. Strauss entered the hallway, trying to regain her composure. Even from my view I could see Annie's hardened nipples through the thin material of her top, her breasts rising and falling at her quickened breath from her aroused state caused by the last few minutes of Brian's manipulations to her body.

"Annie! Oh I'm so glad you could come so quickly," Mrs. Strauss said pleasantly.

Brian let out a snorted laugh at his mother's comment, causing Mrs. Strauss to look at him on the couch as she continued, "Brian, Annie and I need to discuss something important. Can you please go upstairs or outside or something?"

Brian sighed and turned off the television as he stood up from the couch, his partial erection still outlined in his pants. Wondering if his mother would notice, I watched as she turned and moved into the foyer to place her keys and purse down on a table.

Annie was facing Mrs. Strauss, her back to Brian as he walked past her, so was completely surprised as Brian reached down, his hand sliding through the opening of her skirt and cupping her bare ass in his hand. Annie let out a small squeak of surprise as Brian moved past her grinning, holding up his hand to her.

From the light through the window I could see Brian's finger glistening in the sunlight, realizing it was covered with Annie's juices, having just been inside my fiancée's wet, excited pussy! Deliberately sticking the finger in his mouth, he winked at Annie's flustered face as he went upstairs, his mother entering the room oblivious to what happened.

"Mrs. Strauss, I can explain," Annie immediately blurted out, trying to regain her composure. I could tell she was nervous, probably assuming her actions with Brian and his best friend had been exposed.

"For what?" Mrs. Strauss asked as she looked at Annie, her gaze moving up and down her body. "Oh, you mean your clothes? Dear, you look incredible in that outfit," she smiled. "Hell, I wish my body was half as good as yours and could wear something like that. If you have it, flaunt it I say. You know, I even think my son has a crush on you," she giggled.

Annie blushed and I smiled. "If only Mrs. Strauss knew," I thought.

Although Mrs. Strauss stated she wished her body was as good as Annie's, it was false modesty. Mrs.

Strauss had a fantastic figure; I hoped Annie's body looked as good as hers did in 20 years. She was a true "MILF" earning as many admiring looks from men as Annie when she went out in public. She did not have the 'supermodel' figure Annie had, probably from birthing three children, but she was well proportioned and her clothes accented her curves to perfection. I had seen her when she and Mr. Strauss went out on social occasions and when not in business attire always dressed as alluringly as Annie in extremely sexy clothes. As I thought about it, it occurred to me some of Brian's taste in Annie's clothing probably came directly from his mother.

My attention turned back inside the living room where Mrs. Strauss continued. "Can I get you something to drink dear?" she asked, "How about some sweet tea?"

Annie's face blanched and I knew her thoughts returned to the spiked tea at her house when Brian had visited. "Uh, no Mrs. Strauss, I'm fine," she said hastily.

"Nonsense dear, you're family and always welcomed here. Sit down, let me get us both something to drink," Mrs. Strauss said as she turned without waiting for Annie to reply, heading into the kitchen.

Mrs. Strauss smiled at Annie over her shoulder as she entered the kitchen doorway as Annie sat down. I could not help staring at Mrs. Strauss' long nylon-clad legs and high heels, admiring her well-shaped ass held firmly in her business skirt.

Focusing back to Annie, my gaze drifting to her long legs and how her outfit emphasized her body's curves, my fantasies drifting to imagining the two together naked.

My reverie was broken as Mrs. Strauss yelled loudly from the kitchen. "Brian! Did you go to the grocery store like I told you?"

Brian's voice drifted down the stairs, slightly muffled, "Yeah mom, they're on the counter!" He mentioned something about sugar; however, a loud truck missing its muffler passed by on the road and I could not hear what else he said, probably concerning his mother's grocery shopping.

It was now evident Mrs. Strauss was not there to berate Annie, and her body visibly relaxed, her apprehension dissolving; however, now that her body was less tense, her arousal from the recent encounter with Brian became more evident—her face still flushed, her nipples hard and noticeable through the thin material of her top. Through the light of the ceiling sun roof, Annie's body shimmered with a sheen of perspiration—almost glowing with a sexual aura.

Mrs. Strauss returned with two glasses of iced tea, handing one to Annie. "Here you go dear, thankfully Brian went to the store; otherwise we'd have to drink it unsweetened." Without pausing she continued, "I must say Annie dear, you look incredible. I simply love that outfit. It's good my husband isn't home or he'd be ogling at you nonstop—I doubt he would be able to keep his hands off you," she chuckled. Seeing Annie's discomfort she smiled. "I'm not sure how Brian was able to sit here with you looking so ravishing," she said.

Annie's blush deepened as she muttered another apology but Mrs. Strauss waved her hand, "Nonsense honey, a girl as beautiful and smart as you deserves men waiting in line just to look at you! Why you could have any man you want eating out of your palms if you use your body well. Speaking of men,

how's Bob doing these days? Have you two set a date?" she asked nonchalantly sipping her iced tea.

Taken slightly off guard at the change in conversation, Annie explained our intention to wait until we both could save up enough money for the wedding. She told of her frustration looking for summer jobs while home from college for the summer, unable to find anything but babysitting for them these few times. "Well I've told you before with your looks and build, you should consider modeling," Mrs. Strauss replied. "I can set you up with some photographers from my days in college." Holding up her hand to stifle Annie's reply, she continued, "I understand wanting to finish school first; it's admirable to find somebody these days planning for their future. But weddings are expensive, and you could make good money putting that beautiful body of yours to good use," Mrs. Strauss grinned as she looked Annie up and down.

The conversation and Mrs. Strauss' gaze upon her was clearly making Annie uncomfortable as she shifted her seat slightly. If she were a man I would have thought Mrs. Strauss was making a pass on Annie, my imagination wondering if she were bisexual, her gaze filled with appreciation of Annie's figure.

Mrs. Strauss' open stare combined with Annie's previous state of arousal from Brian was having an obvious effect on her, causing her breathing to become shallow, her breasts steadily rising and falling at an increased rate, easily noticeable from my view as the perspiration on her skin glistened from the sunlight with each breath.

Taking another sip from her tea and ignoring Annie's discomfort, Mrs. Strauss continued, "Speaking of jobs, I'm glad you mentioned it," she said smiling triumphantly. "I have a proposition for you, but need an answer immediately. As you know, I don't trust Brian or Billy to take care of the girls, right?" she asked, barely acknowledging Annie's nod before continuing. "John and I both adore you and would like to help out financially. I know you won't take any handouts, but with your parent's financial status in such dire straits I believe we can help, while in return you can help us."

Annie's confusion was readily apparent, as was mine. Mrs. Strauss' change in conversation seemed odd as she continued, "You see, John and I have to go to an emergency meeting for the bank in Europe this Monday and need somebody to watch the kids until we get back. I'm not about to leave those boys alone in the house, and you are the only one we trust to keep them in line. I can't explain it, but these last few weeks both boys have been almost docile since you started babysitting here again, and we really appreciate what you've been doing for them," she said.

Annie's eyes widen and her whole body flushed in embarrassment as I smiled to myself, comprehending why the boys were more "docile." The thought of Annie being alone in the house with the boys excited me further as my mind fantasized about the possibilities, watching Annie fidget in discomfort.

"Well, I don't know..." Annie started to say, immediately cut off by Mrs. Strauss.

"Oh believe me we understand this is sudden and out of the blue. We just found out about the problem today and are rushing around to make arrangements. You've alleviated one concern as I wasn't sure if you were busy or not, but you just allayed those concerns with not having a job yet. We're willing to pay you \$500.00 inconvenience pay for the short notice as well as \$250.00 per day while we're gone. Believe me this is a bank emergency and it's a small price to pay for our peace of mind at home while we're worrying about bank issues. What do you say?" Mrs. Strauss asked.

Annie stared at her, a mixture of fear, surprise, and doubt on her face. I could imagine her train of thoughts: her parents were not well off financially, and the job market had not been kind to Annie this summer; anything she could earn would be helpful, and the prospect of almost a thousand dollars was not something to ignore. She wanted to help pay school tuition knowing her parents could not afford it much longer and this was an incredible opportunity to make some fast cash. Her parents would never forgive her if she refused.

Her hesitation was obviously due to Brian and William—who knew what depravity they would sink to if Annie were to stay for an extended visit, completely at their mercy. My cock hardened at the thought!

“What...what would I need to do?” Annie asked her thoughts obviously in turmoil.

Mrs. Strauss smiled as if she had won the decision. “Well, you would need to make sure the kids got off to school in the mornings. My mother has offered to take Suzie during the day so you would have the house to yourself until Ellen and Brian got home and pick her up. Keep the house clean, keep the kids fed; pretty much an extended babysitting job. After the last couple times you’ve been over and how happy they have all been, just do what you did before and I’m sure things will be fine!” she said.

I grinned wickedly thinking back to what Annie “did before” the last few times she had watched the kids with Brian and William.

Annie was obviously flustered and I knew her mind had similar thoughts. “How long?” she asked quietly.

Again Mrs. Strauss smiled as if Annie had already agreed. “We’ll be gone for about a week. We fly out Monday and will know more once we attend the meeting in Munich. We’ll call and let you know if plans change. I really appreciate this Annie. I know the kids love you and Brian obviously respects you so I know you’ll do fine,” she said.

I again stifled a laugh hearing her stating Brian respecting Annie...only in so much as a place to get his rocks off!

“I need to head back to the bank, but I’m so pleased to hear you agree,” Mrs. Strauss said, not noticing—or ignoring—Annie’s discomfort. “We’ll get the kids off to school Monday and drop Suzie off at my mom’s on the way to the airport, so you just need to show up sometime in the afternoon before they get home—I’ll leave directions to my mom’s but either of the kids can get you there. You can sleep in our bedroom, we’ll leave fresh linens and I’m sure you’ll enjoy the room.”

Mrs. Strauss smiled at Annie, “And don’t worry, I know an attractive engaged girl like you won’t be able to hold off your fiancé, so feel free to invite Bob over if you’d like.” Mrs. Strauss winked at Annie with laugh. “Just don’t be too obvious with the kids in the house please, discretion is all I ask,” she chuckled as Annie again blushed. “You’re family dear, feel free to make use of anything in the house as if it was yours, hell, you may even find a few of my outfits you and Bob might like,” Mrs. Strauss chuckled.

As Mrs. Strauss stood up Annie followed suit, my gaze immediately drawn to both of their long legs and figures. Seeing them together I again appreciated how Mrs. Strauss and Annie had similar figures—they could almost be sisters, my mind again drifting to wondering what seeing Annie with another woman would be like.

"I'm so glad I talked to you, this has given me such peace of mind with things being so chaotic right now," Mrs. Strauss said, giving Annie a hug. "If I don't see you before Monday we'll phone later in the week. I'll leave enough money for a full week in our bedroom in the nightstand--\$2500.00 should help out with school as well as anything the kids may need. If we're gone longer don't worry, we're good for the rest of it and can always have it available at the bank for you," she said as she picked up her purse from the foyer and headed out the house.

Annie stood still in living room as Mrs. Strauss left the house. From her expression, a thousand thoughts were going through her mind, but before she could collect her thoughts, Brian came down the stairs.

"Well, well, this is a pleasant surprise," he grinned wickedly at Annie as he walked up to her. "We'll have you for a whole week!" he chuckled as Annie looked up at him, her face a mixture of fear and something I unbelievably recognized as lust.

"I didn't agree..." Annie started to say as Brian cut her off.

"As my mother said, you need the money, so you can't refuse. Besides, you WILL take this job slave!" he smiled, "I order it."

He picked up the remote control, again turning on the stereo as he openly admired her body. "Now, where were we before we were so rudely interrupted," he smiled, walking up to her.

Again the heavy bass of the stereo played as I heard "It's Britney bitch!" on the stereo and recognized another Britney Spears song, this time a remix of "Gimme More." I was thankful Brian and Annie were close enough to hear, as the heavy beat of the stereo filled the room and drifted out the window, vibrating my skin.

I watched in anticipation as Brian reached out to Annie, expecting him to again unfasten her top; however, his hand changed position and moved to the appliqué on her skirt at her hip. With a simple twist of his hand the small material fell to the floor.

I stared in awe as Annie stood there, her bare ass and tear-drop shaved pubic hair fully exposed for all to see. More amazing was her reaction as her body moved slightly, bending one leg in front of her and tilting her hip as the material fell to the floor, posing sexily.

"It's nice to see you have followed our orders," I heard Brian say over the music as he smiled, "no underwear."

Smiling at her, he reached down and slid his hand between Annie's legs, the slight gap from her pose giving him full access while Annie stood still, not giving any protest. Her only reaction as his fingers found their target was her mouth opening to let out a soft gasp.

I watched mesmerized as Brian's hand slowly moved, fingering Annie's slit. Annie responded by closing her eyes, giving in to the feeling. I stared awed as her mouth opened, her breath coming in shallow gasps audible even over the music. Instead of offering any resistance, Annie slowly spread her feet further, widening her stance to give Brian's hand more room. Her hips slowly moved in rhythm to the beat of the song and Brian's manipulation of her pussy. She was completely caught up in the feeling as she tilted her

head back, her hips beginning to undulate with Brian's hand between her legs.

Brian reached up with his other hand and with a flick of his fingers unfastened Annie's top, again freeing her breasts and exposing her rock-hard nipples to the air. Annie barely moved except for the slow rocking of her hips, unmindful to standing naked before another man as he fingered her, massaging her breast with his other hand, her eyes still closed

Brian smiled at Annie's complete submission of her body to him as her hips swayed to the beat of the song, slowly pulling his hand away.

I couldn't believe my ears when Annie made a small whimpering "No," as Brian's hand moved away from her crotch, so caught up in desire as he chuckled.

Without a word Brian reached up to Annie's shoulders and turned her around towards the bookshelf, his hands reaching around her. I gazed lustfully at the sight of my naked fiancée in nothing but spiked high heels being fondled from behind by the guy she used to babysit! I had watched a similar scene only a few weeks ago and knew what would inevitably happen.

Brian's hands slipped to stroke Annie's arms, sliding across her hips as she again let out a moan. Still smiling, Brian gently pulled Annie back against him without any objection as his hands reached around to cup her breasts again. Her only response was to let out another moan, her eyes remaining closed as her head fell back against Brian's shoulder, freely letting him massage her tits as his fingers squeezed her nipples to her obvious pleasure. Her hips slowly swayed, rubbing her bare ass against his shorts, Brian's arousal obvious.

With her body pressed against him, his hands forcibly massaging her breasts, Brian slowly guided Annie to the bookshelf. From my view Annie was angled slightly towards me as I stared amazed when one of Brian's hands slid down to caress her stomach. My cock was rock hard as Brian's left hand moved between Annie's shoulder blades, gently leaning her forward. Instinctively Annie's hands reached out to the bookshelf as she bent forward, her feet shifting apart to steady herself as she leaned against the bookshelf, the erotic sight mesmerizing as I held my breath.

The scene was so erotic. Annie was naked except for her high heeled sandals in an "assume the position" pose; I knew what was going to happen as I stared breathless into the room.

The song ended and suddenly the rhythmic beat of The Pussycat Dolls' song "Buttons" came on, raising the sexual tension of the room with its steady sensual beat, Snoop Dog's rap filling the air.

I watched in astonishment at Annie's compliance and obvious arousal as Brian backed away, pulling down his shorts in a single motion, his large cock springing free. Annie had not moved, her arms lifted above her head against the wall for support, oblivious to Brian's actions as he moved up to her, his hands now reaching for her hips.

I expected some objection from Annie, but instead stared flabbergasted as she spread her feet further apart, tilting her pelvis backwards—her actions clearly demonstrating her need. Brian wasted no time as his hips moved forward, his member moving between Annie's legs. Both Annie and Brian grunted in unison and I knew without any doubt his cock had easily entered her. I held my breath as his butt cheeks clenched, rhythmically thrusting his cock into my fiancée as his hands guided Annie's hips back and forth,

fully impaling her.

As easily as Brian had entered her with his large size, Annie must have been extremely aroused as I watched, astonished and incredibly turned as Brian slowly fuck my fiancée, her hips thrusting in time to the song, Annie's body moving in unison to Brian's thrusts as she braced herself against the wall with her arms. I could not believe my ears hearing her grunting and gasping over the music as each of Brian's thrusts became faster and faster, Annie's hip movements eagerly accepting each thrust. Brian's hips started moving in rhythm to the song as Annie's ass responded in kind, meeting each plunge eagerly. No longer unable to hold back, I pulled out my own cock, slowly stroking myself in rhythm to the song, so aroused at the sight before me.

"Oh God," I heard Annie moan as Brian continued slamming into her, his strokes getting faster and faster, fucking her in earnest. The slapping sounds of his body slamming into Annie's ass carried over the song as he started thrusting wildly into her, her moans getting louder and faster.

Suddenly Brian's body clenched, slamming Annie forward against the wall as he grunted loudly, undoubtedly cumming deep inside her, his ass cheeks clenching and unclenching as he pumped his balls into her.

Watching my fiancée willingly fucked by the guy she used to babysit was too much as I suddenly came as well, spurting my seed onto the aluminum siding of the house as the song played in the background. It was almost surreal, watching another man cumming inside my fiancée while my own cock throbbed in my hand.

I watched as Brian gave a few final thrusts, his ass cheeks clenching as he milked himself inside her, then slowly pull away from Annie. I stared fascinated seeing a long strand of cum connecting the tip of his cock to Annie's crotch glistening in the sunlight from the sunroof. Brian's shaft was soaked with Annie's juices and he had a big smile on his face as he continued to back away, the strand of cum almost three feet long before finally breaking the connection between my fiancée's just-fucked pussy and his cock.

Without a word Brian reached down and pulled his shorts back on, stuffing his glistening and slowly deflating member back into his pants.

Annie was still leaning against the wall, her breasts rising and falling as she attempted to regain her breath, her thighs and ass quivering as her body recovered from its sexual use. After a few minutes she slowly turned around, her face flushed, not saying a word as she watched Brian drop to the couch.

She did not bother hiding herself, all modesty gone, accepting her nakedness in front of Brian as she looked at him, her breasts still heaving, reddened imprints of Brian's hands apparent across them, her nipples hard as she continued to catch her breath. From her facial expression and body language, I could tell she had not cum as she stood looking at Brian's smiling face, her own face and body glowing with lust.

"So you're going to be at our beck and call all week," Brian said triumphantly, not even acknowledging the recent use of her, calmly resuming the conversation as if his mother had left a few minutes ago.

Annie continued looking at him, bewildered by the lack of acknowledgement at her acceptance of his use

of her, his nonchalance making it seem as if she were a kitchen utensil used and discarded without thought. Completely off-guard at his indifference there was little she could say as the knowledge of her being here all week slowly sunk in. The thoughts of being used by both Brian and William, doing whatever they pleased—just like she had been used the last few minute—obviously on her mind.

I watched in awe as her body language relayed her predicament, her nipples remaining hard and erect and her face flushing as I became aware her body was anticipating their use of her!

This was something I had only dreamed about—Annie being a willing slut to others. I had no doubt she was still in love with me, the fear of me finding out about her predicament continuously discussed in her diary proving it; however, instead of being shy and demure, she was actually aroused at the thought of being sexually used. My blood raced as I realized my fiancée was turning into something I only dreamed about—a true slut.

“So you ready for the party tomorrow?” Brian asked, the sudden change in subject causing Annie to literally shake her head at being brought back to the present, her long hair falling over her shoulders and bare breasts.

Still not hiding her nakedness in front of him, Annie stared at Brian, obviously caught unprepared at her recent sexual use and the now casual conversation. Brian sat like nothing had happened; his lust now satiated as he barely took notice of her and her nudity.

“What do you mean?” Annie asked.

Brian grinned. “I’m sure after having sampled your delectable mouth at the mall those work buddies of your boyfriend’s are going to want more...so you probably need to eat your Wheaties!” he laughed.

Annie shook her head in denial, her long hair brushing across her shoulders and breasts. “Bob’s going to be there; even Rick wouldn’t try anything in front of him,” Annie explained. “Besides, the other guys’ girlfriends will be there as well; they’ll hit on me—they always do in front of anybody—but they won’t do anything to offend Bob or them.”

“Yes, but I’m sure in the past you held off their advances, probably even retreated to your boyfriend for support,” Brian grinned at her, “so it WILL be different,” he chuckled.

Annie looked at him quizzically, “What are you saying?” she asked, still standing naked nonchalantly before him like it was an everyday occurrence.

“What I’m saying slut, is tomorrow, you will allow them their advances, in fact you will eagerly accept them, letting them have their fun,” he grinned evilly at her. “I fully expect you to tease them to your fullest capabilities,” he chuckled.

“What!” Annie exclaimed, shock obviously on her face. “Bob will be there,” she protested.

I immediately noted she was not arguing about Rick and the guys fondling her—or even her allowing them to do so—but instead opposed of the idea of me seeing her. Her body was noticeably aroused and I knew the thought of Rick and the guys feeling her up was exciting her. My cock started hardening at the thought.

"Fuck Bob," Brian exclaimed, my attention brought back to my naked fiancée and another man in the room. "You said yourself they won't try anything obvious with him around. But if they are anything like you've mentioned, I'm sure they have plans to make sure your boyfriend is busy," Brian grinned, "so I'm ordering you to do *whatever* they ask, is that understood slave?" Brian's face was reddening slightly and both Annie and I could tell he was getting angry, something Annie knew to avoid.

"Yes Master," she replied meekly, not wanting to upset him anymore.

"Good," he said, pleased with her response. "If they ask you to dance, you dance as sexy as you can. If they try to cop a feel, you urge them on, hell, lean into them, rub against them, and show them you want it. And ultimately, if they ask you for a repeat performance from the mall or more, you will do as they ask eagerly, understood slave?" Brian said, watching Annie's response closely.

"Yes Master," she replied, knowing any protesting would be futile.

Annie's nipples were still hard, pointing forward from her body, the rise and fall of her breathing causing her breasts to move rapidly, not hiding her excitement at the thought of the guys' advances.

"Excellent," Brian said, his voice calming down. "Now, what bathing suit will you be wearing?" he asked, his eyes traveling up and down Annie's beautiful bare figure, changing the subject.

"You mean what suits plural," Annie answered.

Seeing Brian's quizzical expression, she continued as if standing before somebody naked was an everyday occurrence, "Everybody brings several bathing suits as one of the games they play is 'musical bathing suits.'"

Brian's puzzled expression was almost comical as Annie explained further. "It's a game the guys thought up to try and get a good look at each other's girls. When everybody gets to the party we draw names of bands out of a bowl. Whenever the band assigned to that person comes on the radio they have to change bathing suits before the song ends. No bathing suit can be worn twice and if the person doesn't bring enough suits or takes too long to change, they go naked the rest of the day."

Annie rolled her eyes seeing Brian's amused expression as she continued, "Obviously the guys don't mind, they do it mainly for the girls, so we all started bringing several suits so we never have to worry about running out of them. Still, the boys get a cheap thrill since the time to change is so short we have to pretty much change right in front of them," she told him.

Seeing Brian's grin she shook her head, "No, they don't get a good look. It's actually pretty easy to put another bikini on over one you're wearing and then untie and remove the other pretty quickly, or change under a beach towel. Still, the guys try to distract the girls so enough time ticks down quickly or they do not notice the song until too late," she explained.

"Well, what band are you picking?" he asked with a grin, his eyes roving across her exposed body, the sight of her nakedness obviously pleasing him. "I may have to make a few requests to the radio station," he laughed.

Annie frowned. "I told you we pick them out of a hat, so there's little chance of knowing what band I'll get," she replied.

Suddenly Brian's eyes lit up with an idea. "OK, then when you find out your band, I want you to call and tell me," he chuckled.

Annie's eyes got large. "What?" she asked as if she had been blind-sided.

Brian grinned, "You heard me, when you get your assigned band, call my cell phone and tell me what it will be, as well as what radio station they are playing. Then Billy and I can make requests all day!" Annie looked at him wide-eyed, her expression almost laughable as she stood before Brian completely naked in her high heeled shoes having a conversation with him. "But Bob will be there!" she said emphatically for the third time.

Again I noted Annie was more concerned about me being there and finding out about her indiscretions than the fact of being caught naked in front of my friends.

"And...?" Brian asked. "He obviously knows about this so-called game so would he really mind if you flashed or exposed yourself in front of everybody?" he asked.

Brian was more astute than I gave him credit for...the idea of Annie being bare to my friends would not have bothered me. On the contrary, if such things bothered me I would not be an observer here and now watching them. Of course Annie had not gone to a party with the whole gang for some time, so it was never an issue that came up.

"Besides," Brian continued, "we picked over a dozen bathing suits for you, how many do you think you'll use?" he rationalized.

That seemed to calm Annie down somewhat. "The most I've ever seen anybody have to change into was three or four separate suits. I guess you're right; still, I don't need Bob around if something were to happen. I have no idea what Rick and the guys are up to, but at least they won't try anything with Bob around," she rationalized, more to herself than to Brian.

Although Rick and the other guys lusted after Annie, they still respected our relationship and friendship. They would not try anything openly with me there; however, I also knew Rick and the guys were going to send me on a fake beer run during the party. Their extravagant plan was to sabotage my car by putting in a bad carburetor tonight when I went out with them. Their reasoning was I would be far enough from the house when it died and take some time to return, giving them plenty of time to be alone with Annie.

Knowing their plans, I had actually purchased a keg last night, as well as some cheap spy gear to watch and listen to whatever happened from the hill above Jerome's house, eagerly anticipating the show which would occur. They were going to great lengths to make sure I would not be there, and with Brian's orders and Annie's obvious excited state, I was more anxious than ever for the party.

"To reiterate, I am ordering you if they try anything with you, you WILL comply, understood slave?" Brian asked.

"But what about Bob?" Annie asked. It was now readily apparent she was not disagreeing with Brian's demands, but instead concerned at me being there and finding out.

"Hell, you're lucky I don't limit the number of bathing suits you can bring," he chuckled evilly.

Annie's face paled as she realized what could happen. "Thank you Master," she whispered to him, her shoulders slumping dejectedly.

Brian smiled. "I do order you to only wear 'approved' suits bought with Billy and me," he added. I saw Annie frown further, knowing this inadvertently limited the number of suits she could bring; however, she had some hope as Brian and William had been fairly prolific in Annie's attire; there were quite a few suits she would be able to bring.

"So let me reiterate your rules for this little soiree," Brian chuckled. "First, you are to notify me what band and radio station you get for your little musical bathing suit game. Second, you are only to wear suits bought with us. Finally, you WILL comply with any and all of the guys' requests, eagerly and without protest. Is that understood slave?" he looked at Annie quizzically.

Annie's shoulders slumped in defeat. "Yes Master," she muttered dejectedly.

"I'll even give you a little incentive!" Brian said, smiling at her and getting up. He leered at her bare body and smiled, "If you comply with their wishes and convince me and Billy of your obedience, we'll allow you spend some 'quality time' with your boyfriend," he said to her. "Oh, and you may get dressed now," he said, walking into the kitchen, obviously dismissing her.

Annie appeared to suddenly realize she was naked, turning to retrieve her clothes. I watched as she bent down to pick her outfit up off the floor, my gaze drawn to the inside of her thighs wet and glistening as Brian's cum leaked out of her pussy, the reminder of what just happened making me harder than ever. Annie almost nonchalantly put her skirt and top on, totally ignoring the wetness between her legs.

As she was fastening the clip on her top Brian returned carrying a cooler. "Here," he said, handing it to Annie. "If you feel the need to loosen up, feel free to drink these," he said grinning.

"What's in it?" Annie asked.

"Just some water for you to take to the party," Brian grinned.

Annie and I immediately understood what was in the bottles besides water—Brian had clearly spiked them with whatever drug they had given her before. Unbelievably Annie took the cooler, not saying a word as she tucked it under her arm. Taking one more look at Brian, she turned and walked to the front door as my mind reeled with her apparent acquiescence.

I stood in disbelief for a few minutes, hearing Annie leave the house, knowing she would be headed home and undoubtedly updating her diary. Looking at the time, I still had an hour before work when movement in the room again caught my eye.

I saw Brian pick up the phone, dialing rapidly. For some reason I decided to stay, wondering if he would be doing anything concerning Annie as he held the phone to his ear, sitting back on the couch.

"Hello Mrs. Mackey, is Billy there?" Brian asked over the phone.

Brian was calling William I realized, probably to talk about his encounter with Annie, so my curiosity won out as I stayed to listen.

"Heya Billy boy," Brian chuckled into the phone, "Guess who just paid me a little visit!" he said into the phone.

Only able to hear half the conversation, I could only image William's response as Brian continued. "No, no, nothing like that, it was our beautiful little cheerleader slut," he chuckled.

Listening into the phone Brian resumed, "Why to get fucked, why else?" he laughed into the phone. "No, it wasn't like that, she wasn't begging for it like she was yesterday," he said amused, "Then again, she didn't say no as I bent her against the wall and popped a nut inside her!" he laughed over the phone.

My mind reeled, Annie begging for sex yesterday? Something obviously had happened, now wanting more than ever to know what was in Annie's diary; however, Brian's conversation brought my attention back to the present.

"No, she didn't come over for that, in fact, my mom had her come over, but you should have seen little Miss Cheerleader, holy shit did she look awesome! She was wearing the brown stripper outfit we had picked...yeah, that's the one. Well, she came over before my mom and let me take her top off and play with her tits. Holy shit was she turned on, I felt up her snatch and my finger slipped right in she was so wet. It was a fucking damn good idea to spike the sugar in her kitchen with that shit...and I'm sure the time-released shit we shot in her pussy yesterday helped too! Didn't that Spider guy say it would last for a couple of days?" Brian chuckled over the phone.

My mind staggered wondering what the hell happened yesterday. Annie begging for sex, her family's sugar bowl spiked with the drug—and what the hell were they talking about putting something in her pussy? Realizing her sugar bowl had been spiked, it was no wonder Annie had been in a state of perpetual arousal all week. But what the hell were they talking about with 'time released shit' in her pussy? Knowing more had happened yesterday than all week I was about to leave in order to try and sneak a peek at Annie's diary as Brian continued his conversation.

"Naw, I couldn't, didn't have time...my mom came home too soon," Brian explained, probably answering William's question about fucking Annie. "Get this, my parents are going to Europe for a week...and guess who they hired to watch the house and us," he paused, listening on the phone. "Fuck yeah; we get the slut alone for the full week!" He listened for a bit more, and then answered, "Of course you need to stay over, tell your mom, pack your shit, and get your ass over here," Brian laughed.

Thinking the phone call was over, I was again ready to leave when Brian continued talking, "Ok, ok...well, at first she wasn't too thrilled, but my mom is going to pay her to stay here and watch us and the girls," he explained. After a bit of a pause, he smiled, "You think like me. I'm going to see if grandma can watch Suzie all week; my mom told our little fuck slave grandma would watch her during the day, but you know

her, she'd love to have Suzie all week! And I can probably talk Ellen into staying with a friend for the week since mom and dad will be away. Shit, we can have the bitch to ourselves all week," he laughed.

My mind was going a mile a minute as I realized I needed to figure out a way to see what would happen during the week as Brian's voice again brought me back to his phone call.

"Yeah, basically," he was answering, chuckling before he continued. "Well, after my mom left, I came down and told her she was going to accept my mom's offer. Then I did what that biker told us; I turned on some club music with a deep bass beat and holy Christ he was right, she almost went in a trance to the music. She let me take off her skirt without saying a word as I started fingering her!" he said over the phone.

Laughing at something William said, he answered, "No, she didn't say a word, just widened her stance and eagerly let me do it, closing her eyes and swaying to the music." After a few seconds listening, he continued, "Yeah, she was obviously turned on, she didn't even budge as I stripped her, bent her against the wall, and fucked the shit out of her. It was incredible! Without having to trick her she returned every thrust I gave until I got my rocks off," he chuckled. "I don't know if it was all the shit we gave her, the music, or...oh fuck, wait a second!" Brian said suddenly, getting up from the couch and running to the kitchen.

Wondering what was going on I heard Brian's voice as he came back out, "Oh my God, my mom used the sugar we were going to put in the slut's kitchen to refill," he said, listening to the phone. "No, she made her and Annie some sweet tea. No wonder Annie was so compliant, she was so loaded with the shit she probably would have begged a stranger off the street to fuck her," he laughed. "Shit, she may be doing that now...I know she didn't get off from me!" he laughed.

I wondered if what he said was true, figuring I would have to drive by Annie's house to see if she were home as Brian's voice brought me back again to listening.

"Yeah, my mom drank the shit too you sick fuck...so yeah, she's probably getting it from dad at the bank right now," he said, slightly mollified. "Anyways, talk to your mom, pack, and get your ass over here so we can start planning for the week," he said, finally hanging up the phone.

Sitting back down, Brian turned on the television, again watching ESPN. I knew anything else concerning Annie would not happen until William arrived, regretting I had to go to work soon. I still couldn't believe what I heard—Annie being drugged, begging for sex, and all sorts of images running through my mind as I headed back to my car.

Still having half an hour before work, I decided to drive over to Annie's to see how she was, but when I got there her car was nowhere to be seen. Wondering where she was and recalling Brian's comments about her fucking anybody off the street, my mind fantasized a thousand scenarios as I wondered where she could be. I needed to know what happened the day before, so against my better judgment, used the key I had to her house and let myself in, running up to her room as quickly as possible.

I have previously described what occurred—Annie's arousal, her excitement at giving both Brian and William blowjobs, and her ultimate self debasement masturbating in front of them. I was so aroused reading about what happened I ended up cumming again, images of Annie laying across the table with a dildo inside her as she talked to me on the phone, Brian and William cumming on her chest, all creating a

cacophony of erotic images in my mind.

Annie had still not gotten home by the time I finished and I had to get to work, so put her diary back after cleaning up. I quickly left and drove to work, wondering where Annie could be, my fantasies running rampant.

I was so preoccupied with what I had read Rick barely teased me the entire evening, doing little than saying how thrilled he was Annie and I would be going to the party. I tried to call Annie several times, getting her voicemail on the phone and wondering where she was, my mind drifting to her attire and how aroused she was and a thousand other fantasies. Eventually I gave up.

I did not find out until later what happened after she left Brian's house; however, to keep the story in sequence, I'll describe what happened as I read it in her diary later that week...

Annie sat in her car outside the Strauss' house for several minutes, her mind a flurry of thoughts and images. Her body ached with need, Brian's use of her only an appetizer to what it craved. It was as if the whole week's previous events had done nothing to satisfy her; she was more turned on than even yesterday when she displayed herself so unashamedly before Brian and William.

"What the hell is happening to me?" she thought, replaying the entire day's events in her head...

She had awoken in a complete state of arousal. Although not as intense as the day before—having curbed her needs with the monstrous dildo the guys had given her—there was still a yearning to be thoroughly fucked coursing through her body. Her skin tingled with desire, her breathing shallow, her heart beating fast, her pussy wet with longing; it was all she could do not to finger herself right then and there.

Getting out of bed she let out an involuntary gasp as the sheets slid across her skin as if electrified, the material caressing her seductively. Her nipples were hard and engorged with blood and as the sheet slid further across them Annie stifled a moan of need. In repeat to the day before, a shower did little to ease her longing, the rivulets of water sliding across her body like a lover's caress increasing her need. Drying off after the shower she elicited another moan as the towel moved across her sensitive skin.

"What is happening to me?" she again thought for the thousandth time.

One thing was certain, she needed to be fucked! Knowing Bob would be coming over she made up her mind and dressed in one of the sexier outfits she had bought with the boys—a small two-pieced beige set revealing more than it covered. Her body tingled at the thought of being on display for him. She was so worked up, she planned on letting Bob fuck her then and there, damn whatever the boys had told her.

By the time he arrived, she was aching with need and lust.

Then Mrs. Strauss called. It was as if a cold bucket of water was thrown on her as she listened to the urgency in Mrs. Strauss' voice, agreeing to meet her immediately. Her mind was so preoccupied she no longer thought about quelling her desire with Bob and quickly gave him a kiss and left for the Strauss' house.

Her mind was in turmoil wondering what Mrs. Strauss wanted. Had she found out about her use by the boys? Was she going to end every connection with Annie's family and personally berate her? What about her parents' loan with their bank? These thoughts and more were on her mind as she drove to the Strauss' house, fear of her indiscretions being discovered causing her to drive slower and slower as she worried about what would happen when she met with Mrs. Strauss.

Arriving at the house, she knocked on the door hesitantly, surprised when Brian answered the door. Although attempting to ignore Brian's lecherous stare on her, her blood quickened and she felt her heat rise before him.

Sitting in the car, another man's cum leaking out of her pussy and pooling beneath her ass on the vinyl seat, Annie thought about the last couple of hours' events—Brian stripping her, her body's immediate reaction to his touch, Mrs. Strauss asking her to stay at their house for a week, and ultimately Brian using her without any objection from her.

How could she have been such a willing participant? Not only had she let Brian strip her without saying a word, but had eagerly wanted him to use her. All she could think of was how the club music throbbed through her, igniting her passion. As soon as Brian began touching her, Annie's body awoke to such a state of desire and anticipation she did not even consider denying him from having his way with her.

How could she have stood there and let Brian fuck her—and worse yet, enjoy it? What was happening to her?

Annie sat in the car and took several deep breaths to gather her thoughts, acutely aware of Brian's cum oozing from her slit onto the car seat, the warm fluid pooling under her bare ass. She was still in a heightened state of desire, well lubricated, Brian's abuse of her doing little to ease her lust. She needed to cum, needed to be fucked.

Looking at the time she realized Bob would be going to work so would not get any relief; realizing it was going to be a long day. Annie needed to collect her thoughts, deciding to take a drive, something she often did when her mind was troubled, so started the car.

Immediately she let out a gasp as the small movement of starting the car caused the thin material of her top to slide across her hypersensitive nipples, as if a battery were charged on them.

She had no idea where to go, just that she needed to drive and try to overcome the intense feeling of lust flooding her pores. Getting on the freeway she headed towards the city, her thoughts reliving the events of the day over and over in her mind, her body feeding off her thoughts and remaining aroused.

Normally driving relaxed her; however, she was more than mentally troubled, she was physically aroused. Her whole body was flushed, heated with lust.

In an attempt to cool off, Annie turned on the air conditioner; however, the cold air blowing upon her only caused her skin to tingle and her nipples to harden further, becoming even more sensitive to the material of her top pressed tightly against her. Needing fresh air to clear her head, Annie opened the sunroof, the mixture of cold air from the air conditioner and breeze from the sunroof giving her some relief to the

temperature extremes.

Paying no attention to where she was driving, her mind relived the past several days' events over and over. Driving was therapeutic, allowing her to sort her thoughts while focusing on the road, and Annie had often driven around town just to think. Her mind tried to rationalize why she was so aroused, allowing Brian to use her without any protest and what she was going to do about the boys' control over her.

Annie's reverie was suddenly broken by the loud noise of a semi truck beeping his horn next to her. Startled, Annie looked up through the sunroof seeing a trucker waving at her, a large smile on his face. She realized from his height in the truck and her opened sunroof he had a complete view of her body.

A few weeks ago Annie would have been embarrassed, clad in an outfit the boys called 'stripper clothes' being ogled on the highway by a strange trucker. She would have closed the sunroof, sped up the car, done anything to get away from being leered at by a complete stranger.

Now her body tingled with yearning, her nipples noticeably hardening further as she again became conscious of the wetness between her legs. Looking up again at the trucker staring at her body, wanting bolstering her nerve, Annie smiled and waved back, keeping her car's speed the same as the truck's by placing it on cruise control. The trucker beeped his loud horn again in appreciation as he waved and Annie saw him say something in his CB radio and then sped past her.

Her thoughts would have returned to her daydreaming; however, she saw another truck move up alongside her and she grinned, realizing the previous trucker had probably mentioned her on his CB radio. Her pulse quickened imagining the comments on the radio. Looking in her mirror she saw a line of trucks on the highway moving to the right-hand lane probably waiting to check her out!

Sure enough as the next truck pulled alongside her car, Annie glanced up seeing a large black trucker blatantly staring at her. Again smiling and waving, he honked his horn, watched her a few more minutes before speeding up, only to be replaced by another truck.

Annie's body tingled with need. Strange men openly gawking at her, her body displayed before them again awoke her body with need. Annie's breathing became shallow, her pulse quickening; again feeling the need to cum, to be used.

As the next truck pulled up, Annie again smiled and waved; however, this time she shifted her position so this trucker could get a better look at her, leaning her seat slightly back. His horn beeped several times in acknowledgement and appreciation.

This was completely unlike her, but her lust was in control as she continued to flirt with the passing truckers. At one point a trucker held up a piece of paper with the word 'more' written on it. Without thinking Annie reached up with her right hand and squeezed her breast, the sensation unexpectedly causing a moan to escape her mouth. Again the blowing of the loud horn showed the stranger's appreciation as the trucker sped up to let the next trucker have his turn.

Some truckers did little more than smile and wave; however, others were bolder, holding up their cell phones for her number or making motions mimicking a blow job as their hand moved back and forth in front of their face with their tongues sticking out their cheeks.

Instead of being ashamed or embarrassed, Annie became even more excited, her body enjoying the attention it was getting. She was completely caught up in the moment, no longer in control of her actions as she brazenly caressed her body for the truckers, the thrill of being on exhibit fueling her desire. She continued massaging her breasts—sometimes with one hand, other times with both hands, steering the car with her knees.

The truckers inevitably demanded more, holding up signs written with things like 'show your tits' and 'pull off at exit' and so forth. Unable to hold back any longer as the next trucker pulled up beside her, Annie's mind made a choice. Smiling and staring directly at the trucker through her sunroof, Annie moved her right hand up her thigh, not stopping until it was between her legs. Her head involuntarily leaned back and her mouth opened, a loud groan escaping her as her middle finger easily entered her slit, wet with her desire. The action almost caused her to drive off the road as the trucker laid upon his horn continuously in appreciation.

Annie eagerly fingered herself, caught up in her lust as her hips moved in response, trying to get off. More truckers passed; however, Annie barely noticed, her mind now lost in lust. She was barely able to drive as her fingers stroked her clit over and over.

Several minutes passed until Annie realized she would not be able to quench her desire simply by masturbating, her experiences earlier this week doing little to alleviate the fire within her. Sobering from the realization of no release for her pent up sexual tension, Annie took note of her surroundings, observing she was further from home than planned and almost downtown. Her lust had clouded her sense of time and surroundings while displayed unabashedly to the truckers. Deciding to turn around, she waved at the last trucker and closed her sunroof, much to their obvious dismay as she pulled off the next exit, smiling as she imagined their disappointment.

Annie was in an unfamiliar, run-down part of town, deciding to quickly get back on the highway and head south; however, she discovered there was no return ramp, having gotten off on a northbound-only exit. In addition, she could barely think so clouded with lust was her mind...she needed to get home. Sighing in exasperation, Annie attempted to drive parallel to the highway on side streets in the hopes of eventually finding an exit back on the freeway.

Left to her own thoughts again, Annie's pent up desire caused her mind to drift, a myriad of images of sex overcoming her as she once more became lost in a fog of arousal. Her previous manipulations had done nothing but ignite her passion further as her mind clouded in a haze of carnal hunger. Her body was alive with yearning, her skin tingling with need. Her mind thought of nothing but sex—the boys having their way with her, being gang-fucked in the mall, the taste and feel of Rick and the other guys' cocks in her mouth, the smell and sensation of cum across her body, strangers having their way with her.

She was losing control of herself as unquenchable lust filled her very soul, barely able to concentrate on keeping the car on the road. Driving was on autopilot as her thoughts were in turmoil keeping her body aroused.

Dimly through her mental fog of lust Annie noticed a construction sign; however, it was not until she almost drove upon the flagman did she come back to her surroundings. In her frame of mind, she focused more on noting the construction worker was a well-built black man, rather than the fact of him holding a stop sign. Quickly slowing down the car and pulling near him, Annie smiled in apology and waited,

abstractedly watching the loud machinery ahead as construction workers cut up the concrete road with large saws and jackhammers, huge clouds of dust obscuring the road beyond.

Undistracted, Annie's mind still drifted to thoughts of her body being violated, thoughts of various exploitations by men keeping her body alive with lust. A movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention and she turned to look out the window. Annie felt her face flush—while at the same time her heart beat faster, the fabric of her top pressing on her sensitive nipples—seeing the flagman at the side of her car staring blatantly at her body through the window.

As with the truckers, weeks ago Annie would have been uncomfortable, but now her pussy moistened, her pulse quickening with her breath in response to the male attention. Without hesitation she rolled down the window, smiling at the flagman to his obvious pleasure.

As the hunky construction worker ogled at her through the window, Annie asked, “How long is the wait to get through?”

The construction worker's eyes blatantly continued to roam over her body until his gaze finally rested unashamedly on her chest as he answered her, “Sorry miss, we're trying to cut through to a waterline and it may be a bit if you don't mind waiting.”

Again his eyes roamed over her body causing goose bumps to rise across her skin in delight as she smiled at him. Annie was well aware her body language was leading him on, the outline of her hard nipples readily visible by the thin top. She deliberately kept the window open and not missing the opportunity, the construction worker leaned into the window to make small chat. Annie knew he was only trying to get a full view of her body, unashamed and thrilled as his eyes again roved over her. He continued to talk about the weather as he openly inspected her, this time his gaze deliberately stopping at her lap.

Annie smiled at him, letting him know she knew he was checking her out and not minding. The man smiled, obviously enjoying the view as he opened his mouth to say something else, suddenly wrinkling his nose as his smile suddenly got larger.

Breaking the silence, he told her, “Let me call ahead and see if we can...uh...accommodate you.”

Annie felt her body tingle at the worker's blatant lecherous stare. There was something in the tone of his voice as he leered at her body sending tingles through her, her mind imagining being used by construction workers. Almost reluctantly, he stepped away from the car, turning on his walkie-talkie.

Annie's juices were flowing freely within her, her shallow breathing betraying her desire. Glancing down to put her car in park, her eyes suddenly widened as she saw her skirt folded up to her waist, her pussy fully exposed. In shock she realized while masturbating to the truckers on the road, the material must have shifted. Annie felt her pulse throb through her body with the realization the construction worker had a complete view of her neatly shaved crotch, her legs parted abstractedly with an unhindered view of her dampened slit.

Too late to cover up now, her body relishing at the idea of a stranger seeing her so exposed, Annie kept her skirt as it was, putting her car in park. She was a slut, her mind reasoned, something the boys kept calling her, something the guys had accused her of from all her cock-teasing, and something Bob had

asked her to be for ages; acceptance coming to her of the truth to the label.

Hearing the worker's voice over the noise of the construction, Annie strained her ears to listen. A few words came through the noise such as "fox" and "body." She again felt her body flush unmistakably hearing the word "slut" and something about a gauntlet as he glanced over at her smiling.

Turning off his radio he walked back to the car, his eyes again moving across her body like a physical caress as he told her, "Good news ma'am, we can get you past the main construction, but it is a bit stop and go as we move some equipment around." He again looked down to the seat, smiling seeing Annie's pussy still exposed.

The knowledge of him seeing her body on display, her skirt pulled up, caused Annie's pulse to race as her imagination continued thinking about sex. She gave him her most alluring smile as she shifted in her seat, the mixed wetness of her desire and Brian's leaked cum causing the cheeks of her ass to slither on the vinyl seat. Feeling the slimy texture, Annie's eyes widened as she glanced at the flagman, realizing the smell of sex was everywhere within the car, the comprehension coming to her of him undoubtedly smelling it when leaning in her window!

Her heart raced as her body involuntarily reacted to the knowledge of what the worker was thinking, her pussy becoming even more moistened. Unable to hold back any longer, Annie felt her body become alive as she again shifted in her seat. Looking deliberately at the worker, she slowly spread her knees, conscious of him now having a complete view of her pussy.

"I can wait if you don't mind," she said alluringly, staring openly at the construction worker. Her gaze dropped to the worker's crotch in view of the window, feeling a thrill as she saw the large bulge in his pants, her own body responding to his obvious lust.

Annie's attention was pulled away by a commotion ahead as bulldozers and trucks began moving to clear the area. Where originally had only been a few workers cutting concrete, now a gathering of men were congregating along the road.

In sudden comprehension she realized the flagman calling ahead had alerted the other workers of the slut in the car and they were now lining up to get a look at her! Annie could think of nothing but sex as her pussy involuntarily clenched, feeling vagina getting wetter. She was acutely aware of her sensitive nipples pressing against the material of her top as the knowledge of being put on display to the entire construction crew coursed through her.

For the second time today she would be on exhibit before several strangers and her breath became shallow and fast at being in such a vulnerable position.

She thought about what the workers would see—the thin material of her outfit tightly pressed against her hardened nipples, the soft flesh of her breasts fully exposed—her shoulders and arms bare as was most of her torso. Even more shameless, her skirt pulled up to her hips like a sash freely exposing her pussy, the smell of sex permeating the inside of the car.

All thoughts of decency and shyness were gone as Annie's body oozed pure lust from her pores. Her mind fantasized being used, willingly accepting anything that may happen; so when the workers motioned for her to move her car forward, she did so without hesitation. Not unexpectedly, they waved for her to

stop as she reached the crowd of workers, a bulldozer blocking her car.

Annie's breath was rapid and shallow knowing she was more revealed than before the truckers. Unlike the episode on the highway, these men were up-close-and-personal, the knowledge of them getting an unobstructed look at her body exciting her even more as she uncontrollably panted, lust overwhelming her.

Her window was still open as a few workers moved towards the car. One spoke up, his eyes glued to her body, his gaze clearly on her exposed crotch, "Sorry ma'am, you'll have to wait here a bit until we can move the dozer, he needs to finish what he's doing first, our apologies," he said.

All humiliation gone, Annie simply smiled, purposely looking at the construction worker's crotch as she said, "Oh I don't mind, it's rather exciting to watch." She smiled up at him, the leer on his face making it clear he knew what she had been looking at.

Annie was on fire. Her arousal and shallow breathing making her throat dry. Her car sitting still meant the air conditioner was not working well either. Even though her window and sunroof were open it was a warm enough day a sheen of perspiration was forming over her skin, making her shine.

Over the next few minutes, each worker took turns moving up to her car to make small talk with her as an excuse to get a look at her body. In return, she continued to flirt with them, allowing them to view her as her heart raced in excitement, her body in constant heat.

Through her cloud of lust she overheard one of the workers tell another how hot she was and her mind focused on his words, realizing how warm the day was and how dry her throat was. Looking in the passenger seat Annie saw the cooler containing the bottles of water Brian had given her and she felt her tongue yearn with thirst. Without thinking, she opened it and grabbed a bottle of water and started drinking it.

"How much more hornier can I get?" she reasoned. If the water was drugged, she was already headed home and although she might be continuously aroused, by the time the drug took effect she would be home.

Drinking the water quickly caused some to spill down her chin and she felt the cool liquid against her skin like icy fire. She gave a sharp intake of breath as the beads of water rolled down further between her breasts. Annie continued to drink, the cool liquid hitting her throat, running down her chin, dripping on her heated skin.

Glancing at the construction workers she almost laughed seeing them staring in awe at her as she gulped down the water before them. The visible bulges in their pants indicating they probably all were wishing to be a bottle of water. Knowing they were enjoying the view, Annie continued drinking, not stopping until the entire bottle was empty, her top dampened from the spilt drink and her perspiration.

Her body was in a continuous state of desire, the whole day's events doing nothing but keeping her perpetually turned on, her pussy slowly seeping her lust from her slit onto the car seat.

She continued sitting in the car for several minutes until everybody had gotten a good look at her and then she saw the bulldozer move backwards. Through the cloud of dust and haze of lust she saw the

workers wave her past, one of them thanking her for being so patient. Annie smiled telling him the pleasure was all hers as they all smiled, her mind filled with images of being bent over her car and used relentlessly.

She could not believe she was actually disappointed all they had done was look at her as she pulled past the construction site, her body overcome with craving. She was almost ready to turn back, to get out of the car and let them have their way with her. She could not believe how she felt, how turned on she was. Her body was uncontrollable now, reaching beyond the point yesterday when she had begged Brian and William to fuck her, unashamedly exposing herself before them.

Giving the construction site one last look in her rearview mirror, Annie finally came to an exit onto the highway, her mind on nothing but sex as she headed south towards home. Her body was utterly aroused, every pore exuding sex as she realized she had to be fucked, to be used, to cum so badly until the lust was satiated.

She thought about the pool party tomorrow, knowing she could not wait that long on the chance of Brian's assumptions being true and Rick and gang using her. She thought about going back to Brian, knowing he wouldn't care about satisfying her desires. Bob was at work and would be going out with the guys afterwards, so that was a dead end. The want to feel a cock entering her, pulsing inside her was the only thing on her mind. Instead, she rationalized, she was doomed to spending the night alone, masturbating to curb some of the desire, but unable to completely quench it.

Trying to turn her thoughts away from sex, Annie attempted to focus on her surroundings. The windows were hazy and she suddenly noticed her car covered in concrete dust. The thought almost made her think of the construction workers again as she realized the inside of the car was flooded with the smell of sex. Again trying to move her thoughts away from sex, she put on her windshield washers to wipe the grit off her window, cursing as her windshield washers spurted a few squirts of fluid and died, her wipers smearing the now-damp dust like dough across her windshield. Realizing too late she should have had Bob refill her windshield washer fluid, she came to the conclusion the car needed to be washed.

Immediately her thoughts drifted to the call from the car wash, trying to ignore the pulsing within her vaginal canal at the thought of what she had been doing when they had phoned. Annie again refocused on getting her car cleaned. Her body flushed at the thought of the guys at the car wash and her previous exposure to them, knowing they would get an even better show in her current outfit as she felt her body unexpectedly tingle.

Glancing at the clock, Annie realized it was closing time for the car wash; however, she vaguely recalled them mentioning she could come by afterhours. Her mind made up to get her car cleaned, Annie turned off the exit, trying to obliterate the stray thoughts of more strangers ogling at her body clouding her better judgment.

A small voice in the back of Annie's mind screamed warning; however, her body was out of control, her lust overpowering any reason. She needed to focus on more mundane things, like getting her car washed. Even so, it was hard to ignore her racing pulse, her cunt aching with desire, or how sensitive her breasts were to the slightest shift of material her top made with each movement. It was as if there were two streams of consciousness in her head, one part knowing she would be exposing herself again to strangers; the other part convincing herself all that would happen would be her car washed, almost

repeating it like a mantra as she pulled into the carwash entrance.

Annie saw a "Closed" sign at the front door; however, the garage doors of the wash line were still open and several cars were in the parking lot, indicating somebody was still on site. It was a little after 6:00pm, realizing the wash had just closed and wondered if she could get her car washed before anybody left.

Annie parked the car and got out, her bare ass sliding across the slimy car seat as she was brought to the realization of sitting in a pool of her and Brian's fluids leaked from her bare slit. Embarrassed to know the attendants at the car wash would see the cloudy pool of sex on her driver's seat, she grabbed a towel out of the back kept for emergencies and wiped down the seat. The cool air blew up her skirt on her exposed dampened ass as she tried to nonchalantly clean herself off as well in the public parking lot.

She looked at how dirty her car was, her mind thankfully redirected from carnal thoughts actually wanting to get it cleaned. Her mind resolved, she walked to the door, noticing her reflection in the glass—her long sandaled legs, her short skirt barely reaching below her ass, her body alluringly exposed by the small outfit. The outfit perfectly matched her tanned skin and she grinned knowing people would do a double take thinking she was naked at first glance. She stared proudly at her athletic figure, fully on display as desire refueled her new-found need to be a slut, excitement running through her at her appearance.

Looking through the window into the main office, Annie saw the attendant from the other day who had her fill out the drawing form. Hesitantly she knocked on the glass door, seeing him look up, a thrill running through her body as his gaze did an obvious double-take. Recognition dawned on his face a few seconds later and he quickly moved to the door, unlocking it and opening it for her with a smile.

"Miss Johnson, what a pleasure to see you again," he said to her as she entered, his gaze unconsciously gliding up and down her body, her skin enjoying the sensation of being on exhibit. She noted a slight emphasis he placed on "seeing her" as her body responded to his maleness, goose bumps rising on her skin.

"Annie, please," she said to him, turning towards him, almost unconsciously sticking out her chest as his gaze lingered on the exposed flesh of her breasts barely contained by her top. "I was wondering if it was too late to get my car washed, I know I haven't called, but you said yesterday I could...uh...come any time," she said, her mind hesitating at the double entendre as her skin tingled seeing his lecherous grin.

Annie's gaze inspected the attendant as well, appreciating his good looks and how his tight coveralls did little to obscure the physique beneath.

"Of course," he said to her, smiling as he openly admired her body to her obvious delight. "We actually just closed, but I'm sure all the guys would be happy to get a...uh, I mean help you out," he said.

His correction was not lost upon Annie as her body flushed, her vaginal muscles clenching knowing he almost blurted out everybody wanting to see her. Her lust was in control as she answered him, "I was also hoping you could give me the...uhm...tour you mentioned too," she grinned mischievously.

At the time of his offer Annie's mind had been clouded with lust, her attention focused on the large black dildo moving in and out of her, on display before Brian and William; however, she knew they were interested in more than just her car. Recalling the week before, her body exposed to them in her wet

shirt, she knew today's outfit was even more revealing.

"We'd be happy to satisfy anything you may wish for," he grinned at her, now obviously flirting with her.

Annie felt her face flush, her nipples hardening in response as she smiled at him. Handing him her car keys she told him she would love to see everything, mentioning the raffle and "special treatment" he offered over the phone.

Annie's inhibitions were nonexistent, the cumulating day's events--Brian using her, the truckers and construction workers gawking at her, and her continuous arousal throughout the day triggering her to think of only one thing, being totally used and satiating her lust. In her mind she reasoned the car wash was "safe," it could not be held against her, she was as much a stranger to them as they to her, and nobody—not Bob, Brian and William, or even Rick and the gang—would know about anything occurring, realizing she could do anything she wanted.

The attendant smiled and called on the intercom. After a minute another attendant appeared, his first reaction being to gawk at Annie's body, his eyes traveling up and down, a small grinning leer on his face as she did nothing to hide herself before him, meeting his stare fully with a smile. Taking the keys from the first attendant he again gave Annie's body a full leer before going out to take her car to the back for its cleaning.

As he was leaving, the desk attendant told him to get the open track ready and for everybody to be ready. Annie was uncertain what he meant as the other attendant openly laughed, blatantly glaring at Annie's body as her pulse rushed through her.

She was completely overcome with lust; any small part of her mind comprehending it was a bad idea coming here in her current state completely gone. Her pussy was drenched as her lust coursed through her, knowing her body would be leered at by every guy there before her car was finished, wanting to receive more than just looks.

Her fantasies were getting the better of her as her reverie was broken by the attendant speaking, "How about that, um tour?" he said, his eyes moving up her body, pausing on her chest before meeting her gaze. "If you'd like we can even give you a ride," he smirked mischievously.

Annie felt her pulse quicken, her lust-filled mind interpreting his comment completely different at his comment as he explained they had set up a futon ride through the car wash on the same track automobiles went on. He went on to tell her how they would ride it once and a while to verify all parts of the car wash were working properly.

"It's quite an interesting experience," he grinned.

Asking her to follow him, they went through a long causeway lining the main area of the car wash, a large window opening to the track revealing large brushes, blowers, sprayers, and other equipment filling the sides of the alleyway where her car was being moved down. Annie saw several guys looking at her through the window as she felt her pulse quicken, imagining her previous display to them, her current state of lust again wanting much more.

The attendant explained the soap and chemicals used on the cars were completely safe, being the main

selling point of their car wash--all cleaning agents were gentle enough to even be used in a bath.

A fine mist of water continuously sprayed down the corridor and by the time the attendant and Annie reached the other end, she was thoroughly wet, rivulets of water running down her cleavage sending shivers through her. Seeing her reflection in a pane of glass, Annie saw the material of her outfit was clinging tightly to her, not hiding anything to the imagination.

Arriving at the main entrance, the attendant pulled a series of levers and Annie saw a large cushioned futon move onto the tracks where a car would sit. Smiling at her, he told her if she were willing, she could see firsthand what it felt like for a car to go through the carwash. Annie briefly had thoughts of an old Cheech and Chong movie flash through her mind, them going through a car wash with the top down and full of soap suds.

"Although you might get a bit wet," he grinned at her.

In her lust-filled mind Annie wasn't sure if he were actually talking about the carwash or her current state of arousal.

Offering to lend her a pair of coveralls as he eyed her up and down he said, "We wouldn't want such a nice outfit to get ruined," he grinned.

All sense of decency was gone, Annie was full of lust as she looked at him fully and smiled. "If it's good enough for a bath, then no sense not treating it as such," she said. She was tired of playing games, her body knew what it wanted and she was no longer interested in the verbal repartee, wanting only to be used.

Before the attendant could say another word, Annie reached up and with a simple twist of her fingers, freed her breasts from the tight top, the wet material springing from her body and falling to the ground. The attendant stared at Annie's exposed breasts, at an obvious loss for words. She felt the beads of water running across her breasts with the exposed air as her pulse throbbed with longing.

Still smiling, her mind clouded only with the desire to feel a cock inside her, Annie walked up to him, pulling his head towards her and giving him a deep kiss, moaning as his tongue instinctively entered her mouth.

Annie was no longer in control of herself as the attendant's hands wrapped around her, his tongue probing her mouth, his hands freely wandering over her wet body. She groaned against his mouth as he massaged her ass, grinding her pussy against his leg in obvious need.

Annie gave in to the lust flowing through her as she pulled the attendant to the leather futon, pulling him down with her as his hands roamed over her legs, sliding up her bare hip and stomach, kneading her breasts.

She moaned in obvious enjoyment as she eagerly pulled down the zipper of his coveralls, delighted to see he was wearing nothing underneath as she ran her hands across his bare chest. Her hand moved lower and she took his hard member in her hand, slowly stroking it, knowing she had to have him inside of her...now.

Breaking the kiss, the attendant looked down at the sight before him, a hot, barely clad girl eagerly waiting for him. Annie could tell he was starting to have second thoughts as he started to say, "Miss Johnson, I think..."

Quickly interrupting him, Annie shouted, "Shut up and fuck me, I need you inside me! Then send me through the car wash, I want the whole treatment!" She reached down and unsnapped the fastening to her skirt, tossing it to the side with her top.

Annie knew the worker could not hold back as her naked body was fully displayed before him, her actions banishing any second thoughts he may have had. Without a word he quickly shed his coveralls, his hard cock sticking straight out as Annie laid on the futon mattress on the track, eagerly spreading her legs in open invitation to him.

The attendant knelt down between her legs, moving on top of her, his arms holding his body above her. Without hesitation Annie reached down, guiding his rock-hard cock to her wet pussy eager to accept his manhood as it entered her moist crevice. Her slit tingled excitedly as the cockhead pressed against it, easily sliding between her lips, lubricated from all her juices.

Annie let out an animal-like groan as her vaginal walls spread to accommodate the quick intrusion of a strange cock as the attendant's weight pressed firmly upon her as he began thrusting wildly into her. Annie was finally getting what she craved, the weight of a man upon her, a strange cock pumping inside her. Instinctively she wrapped her legs around him, her high heeled sandals digging into the back of his thighs as she pulled him deeper into her while he brazenly fucked her.

"Ungh...ungh...ungh!" Annie groaned with each thrust as the attendant slammed his cock fully into her. Her arms wrapped around him, pulling him into her body as much as possible, wanting him more than anything.

The attendant's hands clenched her ass cheeks, but other than that, he completely ignored her, satisfying his own desire, thrusting wildly into her. Annie was just a tool to him, the model-athletic physique of her body keeping his lust fueled as he used her relentlessly. This was not making love, this was not two people fucking, this was a complete use of her body and Annie relished it, anticipating each thrust, eagerly meeting it with her hips as he pumped into her.

"Oh God," the attendant moaned as Annie felt his body stiffen, his hips suddenly slamming between her legs as his cock began cumming inside her. She felt the hard member pulsing inside her as squirt after squirt of his orgasm was deposited inside her. He had not lasted long she realized, but if she had any indication of the other guys along the line, she was not concerned about not being satiated as she relished in the feeling of his manhood spasming, her pussy eagerly clenching on his twitching shaft within her.

She felt a momentary feeling of loss as he pulled out of her, and Annie looked down at his cock wet with her excitement. The attendant smiled and Annie knew she must be some sight—a naked woman with a model figure lying beneath him, her legs spread wide as his cum oozed from her freshly fucked pussy. She smiled back at him as he tried to regain his composure, almost laughing when he started talking about the car wash!

"Each station you go through has a sign describing the process of the wash. If you have any questions, there will be an attendant at each station to help you with the car wash process," he said, pressing a button giving her a small wave as the futon/seat/mat jerk.

Annie felt the futon-like seat vibrate wildly as it began to move along the track, her mind totally engulfed in lust, not caring what was about to happen to her, in fact, anxious for it. She still laid where the attendant had left her, her legs spread open, unable to move after the attendant's quick use of her. She was filled her with lust as her attention was brought to a sign suddenly lighting up beside her.

The presoak process consists of various buffered solutions and hot water sprayed in a gentle mist to soak the automobile and loosen any surface material. In addition to a surface wetting process, a jet spray is used to spray the tires and grill to loosen any road debris from the undercarriage.

Before she could finish reading the sign, her body was covered by a gentle mist of hot water, saturating her body. The water created small pools on her stomach, the mist forming beads of moisture quickly coalescing into rivulets and trickling down her body, caressing her skin like a lover. The feeling was more intimate and sensual than her shower and Annie moaned in delight, the warm water electrifying her as she slid her hands over her breasts. She leaned back, enjoying the sensation.

Suddenly jet sprays started shooting moisture from the sides as the tire sprayers slammed against the sides of her moving couch, the hot water splashing against her exposed pussy, causing it to tingle with desire as Annie's body moved down the carwash line fully displayed for anybody to see. Glancing ahead she saw a curtain of chemise strips swishing back and forth as her moving couch started going through it.

At the first touch of the velvety material on her body Annie let out another loud moan, the supple fabric caressing and gliding across her skin. She could not believe how soft it was, gently swishing over her naked body intimately as the bed-like apparatus continued moving slowly forward.

As Annie came through the chemise swishers her attention was brought to another sign lighting up:

The second process after removal of surface debris consists of a buffered foam soap sprayed upon the vehicle. The soap is allowed to soak upon the car for several minutes to loosen any oil or other debris before attendants manually scrub the body with soft chemise cloths. Once thoroughly rubbed down, the automobile finally passes through another chemise swisher curtain to clean off debris.

Immediately upon reading the sign, soft foam started raining down upon her body. The foam was a combination of white, red, and blue soaps like saving cream upon her body, the soft bubbles popping against her skin and causing it to tingle in delight. Annie slid her hands up her legs, enjoying the slick soapy sensation when suddenly she saw movement on both sides of the line, as two naked, dark-skinned men moved towards her smiling, holding a cloth in each hand.

Both men blatantly stared at her foam covered naked body as the futon stopped. Immediately one man climbed on her ride, kneeling down by her shoulder as Annie's gaze focused on his stiffening cock. He reached down and started massaging her breasts as Annie let out a loud groan, her nipples responding to the abrupt treatment, the soap allowing his hands so easily glide across her breasts. Meanwhile the other

man started rubbing her smooth legs, causing another groan to escape from Annie's mouth. Without thinking Annie maneuvered herself to accommodate both men as she enjoyed the sensations of their hands caressing her.

She felt the man near her head shift. Looking up, her gaze immediately was drawn back to his hard cock sticking out in front of her face.

Smiling at her, the man said in Spanish, "*Chupame la verga, prostituta!*" as he waved his dick in her face.

Annie did not understand Spanish, but she knew what he wanted as his cock moved closer to press against her lips. Instinctively she opened her mouth, the strange cock sliding past her lips as she began sucking him in earnest, turning her body sideways, propped on her elbow for a better angle.

Her lips slid over his hard member as she started moving her head up and down his shaft and the man let out a groan, obviously enjoying her oral treatment as he muttered, "*Si, chúpeme.*"

Annie moaned as she tasted the musky sweat of the man's cock, her tongue running across his head and up and down his shaft as he slowly thrust into her mouth. She felt his hands on her head as he guided her, moving further and further into her mouth until his balls started slapping against her cheek. Annie was lost in ecstasy as he moved in and out of her eager mouth.

The guy on her legs was not to be outdone as he said loudly, "*Quiero follarte!*" Again Annie did not understand him; however, his meaning was clear as he raised her hips up, tilting her to her further on her side. Annie continued to suck the cock in her mouth, not losing a beat as she felt the other man's hands on her hip spreading her ass cheeks. Suddenly she had another strange cock enter her pussy as she let out a loud groan, the vibrations of her vocal cords obviously delighting the man now fucking her mouth.

Both men were mouthing out words in Spanish as Annie sucked one man, the other rapidly abusing her pussy. She heard some words several times, "*chupa*" coming from the man fucking her mouth while the other in her pussy said several things such as "*puta*" and "*chingao*" repeatedly.

Hands were all over her soap-slicked body, squeezing her breasts, caressing her ass while she was both orally and vaginally stimulated. One hand stayed on her wet hair guiding her head back and forth as the cock in Annie's mouth slid back and forth between her lips.

The man fucking her moved in rhythm to the man in front and Annie envisioned a long cock skewering her, entering her pussy and exiting her mouth, then alternating the other way, further increasing her lust. Her body was slick with foamy soap as she was screwed, relishing the feeling of being used.

Without warning the cock in her mouth slammed into her mouth, the man holding her head against him. Annie felt the cock spasm as the first spurt of cum hit the back of her throat, instinctively loosening her throat muscles to accept his orgasm as she started swallowing.

Annie's leg was raised as the other man began slamming into her pussy, his hands grasping her breasts as handles as he fucked her in earnest. Suddenly he let out a groan and she felt him also cumming inside her, unable to do anything more than groan as the man in her mouth continued to hold her head

close to him, his cum leaking into her opened throat.

She moaned, knowing the vibrations running over the cock in her mouth was stimulating the man as she felt the other cock empty into her.

Then as quickly as they had arrived, they were gone. Annie fell forward on the futon, her breasts pressed against the leathery material as she felt her ass and back covered with more foam. She licked her lips, relishing the taste of semen as she swallowed the remnants of the man who had just fucked her mouth as the spray coursed over her.

Startling her, the futon began moving forward again and Annie turned to see another swishing of chemise cloth strips ahead of her. Once more the soft cloth coursed over her body, her skin alive with the sensations as it gently caressed her body as she passed through the curtain of cloth strips.

Another sigh lit up before her:

The third process entails a pressurized spray to remove the soap and loosened debris from the vehicle. In addition, wheel scrubbers position to clean the hubcaps and tires as the car moves down the wash line. The process is completed by another fresh water spray soaking.

Annie was startled as water shot against her body. The pressure was greater than her shower, but not painful as she realized it was pulsing like a massage. Moving onto her back, Annie moaned as the jet spray shot against her slit as she started fingering herself.

The spray massaged her breasts, her entire body, as she unabashedly continued to masturbate, oblivious to anybody watching, in need of coming after being used by the last three men.

Not caring about any decency, Annie raised her hips, positioning her pussy against one of the sprayers as she quivered with a small orgasm, the water spray alternating jets of pressure against her clit and pussy. Annie stayed poised in that position for a bit until she realized she was getting no release--she needed a cock inside her.

Turning forward, the jets of water hitting her breasts she moaned, the water massaged her skin relentlessly, keeping her in a continued state of arousal. Groaning, Annie closed her eyes, tilting her head back as she leaned back on her arms, letting the water caress her body vigorously.

Suddenly her eyes shot opened as she felt something slap against the sides of her body, seeing two spinning wheels of cloth against her sides. Annie groaned as the cloth slapped against her breasts, doing nothing but exciting her further, not believing it were possible to be further stimulated.

Just when she thought she could not bear it any longer, the wheels moved away, another stream of water gently spraying against her naked body, washing the soap and foam from her and her ride. Annie closed her eyes as the water sprayed her whole body, licking her lips as the moisture pooled on her. Behind her closed eyelids she saw another light, opening them to read the next sign as the futon passed by:

Stage four consists of a hot wax being applied to the automobile. Attendants use specialized scrubbing sponge gloves to work the wax into the vehicle's body, allowing the way to permeate even the smallest crevice and crease within the surface of the car.

Immediately Annie was covered at first what she thought was steam, until her body trembled realizing it was a soft spray of warmed wax covering her body. She looked down at her glistening breasts and legs, the hot sensation again awaking sensations of desire.

Out of her peripheral vision Annie saw movement, seeing two more naked men moving towards her, one from each side. She abstractedly realized they were not completely naked, seeing them both wearing cloth gloves as they moved towards her without a sound.

This time prepared, Annie smiled, turning on her hands and knees facing one man, her back end raised invitingly to the other approaching man. She felt the hot wax across the crack of her ass as the man near her head started literally petting her with his cloth-covered hands. At the first touch Annie groaned, the sensation incredible between the hot wax and the erotic aspect of being displayed between two naked men.

She felt the man's hands behind her slide up her legs to her hips, grasping firmly as she raised her ass, knowing what to expect. Not disappointed, Annie felt a cock slide easily into her pussy, lubricated by her lust and the wax and he started slamming against her, the "slap, slap, slap" of his body against her ass echoing in the car wash as he pumped her steadfastly. Annie grunted repeatedly as she moved her hips, meeting each thrust as she braced herself on her arms, the man slamming into her without any care for her comfort--much to Annie's delight.

The man in front of her was still caressing her back and breasts as she moaned in ecstasy, her body thrusting back vigorously, eagerly meeting each thrust of the man behind her as he used her. Unable to hold herself any longer, Annie lowered herself down to her elbows, giving the man behind her even easier access to her vaginal canal as he used her roughly.

"Fuck she's so tight, even after Jose having his way with her," she heard behind her as the man slapped against her ass, his cock slamming into her faster than she could comprehend.

Groaning uncontrollably from the use of her and the man sliding his hands over her body, Annie suddenly was thrown forward as the man behind her slammed into her with all his weight, pinning her between him and the mat as she felt him spasming inside her.

"Fuck you are one hot bitch," she heard whispered in her ear as the man's full weight pressed her down, his cock emptying inside her.

"OK Jack, my turn," she heard above her, for a moment having forgotten the other man.

She felt the weight shift off her as she laid there, letting out a small whimper as the cock in her pussy slid out of her.

"Don't worry beautiful," she heard above her, "I won't let that pussy stay empty."

Without looking Annie felt the other man lay on her, feeling his cock sliding up and down the crack of her ass. Annie let out a moan, raising her hips slightly in anticipation as she heard the man chuckle.

"Do you want something?" he asked. "You need to beg for it if you want it," she heard him chuckle.

"YES!" Annie yelled out, no inhibitions left, "please fuck me!"

Hearing and feeling the man laughing as he laid upon her, she wasn't left needing long as she felt his body move. She instinctively raised her hips and groaned, the cock entering her wet cunt. Annie gasped, feeling the cock being as wide as Brian or William's as it entered her.

She tried to raise herself to position herself better, but the man had other ideas. "Oh no, you lay there, I'm the one fucking you," he laughed.

Annie felt his legs move as he put them outside of her legs, clamping them together, pressing her legs together as he thrust into her. Her legs closed like a clamp, causing her pussy to squish tightly against the wide cock as the man continued fucking her.

Annie could do nothing but groan and moan, the man's weight holding her down as his legs clamped hers together. All she could feel was his weight and the cock slamming back and forth through her.

"Oh God, yes! Fuck me!" Annie cried out, letting her body go limp as the man used her.

She laid there flaccidly, the man using her as she focused on the sensation of his cock spreading her vagina apart, only to close back as he pulled back, the feeling heightened from him clamping her legs together. He was moving faster and faster, taking the breath out of her as his body began slamming against her relentlessly and all Annie could do was yell for more.

Finally, at long last, the pent up frustration within Annie released as she came. Her pussy clamped down on the man's cock inside her as her whole body started shaking. She was cumming harder than she had ever cum in her life and her mind exploded in a kaleidoscope of colors as she gave into the feeling. She went completely limp as her orgasm coursed through her body, through her pores, the man inside her oblivious as he pounded continuously in and out of her tightened pussy as she tried to gain an awareness of her surroundings again.

Without warning the man on top of her slammed into her and she felt him emptying what felt like a quart of cum inside her. His cock twitched and spasmed inside her and Annie swore it felt as if she had a quart of liquid as he came and came inside her. Annie was still in the throes of her orgasm as her pussy instinctively milked his cock of any remaining fluids.

"You are one hot woman," he said as he moved off of her.

Her body entirely spent, Annie just laid on the futon, feeling cum running out of her pussy like a spilt gallon of milk. The hot wax continued to beat down on her as she was barely aware of the futon moving again down the track her body wracked with tiny orgasms.

Suddenly her eyes shot open as she felt what she thought were dozens of hands caressing her, seeing a spinning chemise wheel caressing her as she moved down the conveyer belt. She again closed her eyes, relishing the sensation. Behind her eyelids another sign lit up, but the sensation of the chemise brushes over her body and her earth shattering orgasm were too much as she laid back, enjoying the

sensation.

Immediately she felt more pressurized water against her skin, realizing it was another rinse. Moving her hips, she groaned as another sprayer hit her pussy as she let the water wash her off. Her skin rippled with tiny orgasms as she tried to regain some composure.

Finally opening her eyes, she saw her skin glistening from the wax, wondering if it was safe even after what the attendant told her. Another sign caught her attention as it lit up, and this one she looked up to read:

The final stage before drying is a coat of polish to finish the wax. A pure glycerin is used to buff the body of the vehicle further bringing out the shine of the finish on the car.

Another fine mist sprayed her body, slick as oil as she felt it slithering across her body. Annie caressed her breasts, amazed as hot smooth the fluid was, covering her whole body in lubricant. She thought the wax had been silky, this was slicker than mineral oil as her entire body was encased in the fluid.

She was broken out of her reverie as a man sat next to her, smiling. "You ready for the next stage?" he grinned.

Annie smiled in response as she raised herself, motioning the naked man to lay down on the mat. Smiling at her in return, he laid down, his hard cock pointed straight in the air as Annie wasted no time straddling him, lowering herself onto his cock.

The man beneath her groaned as she started working her hips, amazed at how slick their bodies were from the glycerin spray. The cock inside her was long and slender, pressing against her cervix as she lowered her full weight onto him, riding him faster and faster, her excitement still coursing through her body. She started feeling the stirrings of another larger orgasm as she rode the cock beneath her.

Movement caught her eye as another man moved in front of her. This man was short, his cock at the perfect level aimed straight at her face. Looking up at his face, Annie eagerly took him in her mouth as she slowly moved back and forth between her lips, maintaining eye contact with him with each thrust.

The sensation was incredible as Annie rode one cock, another sliding in and out of her mouth as she increased the pressure in her mouth, sucking the cock in it hungrily. She was in perfect synchronization as she closed her eyes, imagining one huge cock entering her cunt and exiting her mouth as the men remained motionless, letting her guide their members in and out of her.

She moaned around the hard dick in her mouth as she felt hands spread across her breasts, squeezing them as she leaned forward to accommodate the shorter man in front of her. She was in a sexual daze and it took her a bit of time before realizing the hands massaging her breasts were from behind her, not in front or below her as she felt a third man press against her back.

Annie felt the third man press against her back, his hard cock against her lower back, sliding across her well-lubricated skin. She felt the man beneath her grab her hips, guiding her back and forth on his dick as she wondered groaned, feeling the third man caressing her breasts.

The man in front of her finally moved, grabbing Annie's head as his hips began thrusting into her. At the same time, the man beneath her grabbed her hips, raising his in unison to the shorter man as they continued the rhythm of thrusts she had been maintaining.

Her mouth was full of the shorter man's cock while the man beneath her moved her hips up and down incessantly. She was no longer in control as one man held her head, pumping his dick in her mouth and the other moved her hips without her control as he pumped into her.

Annie let go, relishing the feeling. Suddenly she felt the smaller man move backwards; however, he held onto her head, keeping his dick in her mouth as she could do nothing but lean forward, to follow his body. She looked up at him but saw him looking behind her.

Her head locked in his hands, she could not turn, but she felt the man caressing her breasts move, feeling his dick slide down between the crack of her ass as he kneeled behind her. She felt his body lean against her and she didn't know what was going on as the man underneath her pulled her hips down on him and held her there, at the same time the man in her mouth moving his cock all the way into her and holding her face against him.

All too late she realized what was happening as she felt the head of the cock of the third man press against her asshole.

"Whth, wths!" she mouthed around the cock in her mouth; however, the shorter man grabbed her head preventing her from turning as his cock pressed the back of her throat.

Suddenly all her attention was focused on the pressure against her anus, the other two men not moving as the cock against her ass slowly pressed harder and harder.

"Nthhhh, inth, cthh," she mouthed around the dick in her mouth. Annie realized she was well-lubricated by the glycerin as suddenly the cockhead on her ass entered her.

"Acth, gthd!" she groaned.

She thought the experience would be painful; however, Annie realized although different, it was not unpleasant as the man stayed still, her anus slowly expanding to accommodate the foreign anal intrusion.

Her body began to relax as it accommodated this new development and the man must have sensed it. She groaned again as he moved further into her, as she instinctively loosened her sphincter, her hips moving slightly back into him, the cock within her pussy sliding in unison to her movement. The man behind her reached around, grasping her breasts and with a fluid motion, began to move his cock fully into her.

Annie let out a groan around the cock in her mouth as all three men started moving, their cocks filling her completely.

Annie had never felt anything so erotic in her life. She had imagined anal sex, actually using a vibrator once to see what it would feel like, but this was totally different as she had a cock in her ass, one in her

cunt, and one in her mouth. Her body was like a ragdoll as the men held her, moving her body like a marionette on strings as they started moving faster and faster.

Annie realized she felt the stirrings of another orgasm as she started moving her hips, eagerly accepting the thrusts into her ass and pussy, her head moving almost unconsciously over the cock in her mouth as she was probed and used in every hole imaginable. She gave into the sensation as she suddenly started shaking, another orgasm washing through her very soul. The man behind her must have sensed her release as he began slamming uncontrollably into her.

"Oh Christ, she's so fucking tight...I'm cumming!" he yelled and Annie suddenly felt the cock in her ass slam into her.

She groaned, feeling him cum inside her colon. She had once had an enema at the hospital but this was so much different, the pure sexual energy and tension of the moment causing her to lose control as she orgasmed over and over.

"Holy shit, she's like a firecracker!" she heard one of the men say as her body moved uncontrollably, all cocks in her sliding back and forth frenziedly as one orgasm after another wracked through her body.

She felt the man beneath her suddenly thrust up, knowing he was cumming as she eagerly rode him. Almost at the same time she felt the cock in her mouth erupt, eagerly swallowing the load of cum spaying across her throat.

Unable to hold herself any longer, Annie fell sideways, all the cocks leaving her at the same time as she laid on the futon, her body still twitching as orgasms poured through her. She was barely aware of the three men leaving her where she lay as the futon again moved forward. Another soft chemise swisher caressed her body and after her recent orgasms, her over-sensitized skin could do nothing but writhe uncontrollably as the cloth caressed her.

Immediately warm air began blowing down on her, and Annie realized she had reached the drying stage. The warm air felt good as she rolled onto her back, raising her knees and letting the warm air work its magic between her legs.

Her eyes opened when she felt a hand on her hand, and looking up she saw another man grinning at her as he moved her hand onto his cock, working her hand back and forth. Annie smiled and started jacking him off as another man moved to her other side. Without needing any prompting, Annie reached up with her other hand, jacking off two men at once as the warm air beat down on them.

A shadow loomed over her and Annie looked up, seeing a man standing between her legs. With just a smile as an indication of her presence, he lowered himself onto her, easily entering her gaping pussy.

Annie held onto the two cocks in her hands as the third man rode her, her body completely in acceptance of being used by any and all men. She closed her eyes, savoring the experience as the cock slid in and out of her pussy until she felt a shift on the futon.

Opening her eyes, she saw a fourth man straddling her chest as he moved his cock towards her face. Annie smiled as she opened her mouth, the cock sliding into her already abused mouth. He moved forward as she laid her head back, his hips moving his cock in and out of her mouth.

The man between her legs grabbed under her knees, pulling her legs around him as the man in her mouth moved forward. Annie could see him taking a position like he was doing push-ups as he literally began fucking her mouth.

Annie was unconsciously making choking sounds as the man fucked her mouth, the "Cak, cok, glach, glock," echoing through the car wash. Her only anchor was her grips on the two cocks in her hands as she somehow continued to stroke them.

The experience was surreal as Annie realized she was not in any control, just lying limply as one man fucked her cunt, another fucked her head, and she stroked two other cocks.

The sound of skin on skin, her hands slapping quickly up and down the other cocks, and the occasional "Gack, gack," gagging from the cock in her mouth were the only sounds in the garage as she let herself be used.

Soon the man fucking her was cumming as she continued to lay on the mat, letting him deposit his load into her. She felt him pull out of her and leave; however, she could not see, as the man in her mouth was almost slamming his hips into her face as he fucked her mouth. Annie felt another cock against her pussy as she realized somebody else was now entering her, using her without even knowing who it was.

Annie could do nothing more than lay there, the cock in her mouth keeping her in place as her pussy was used relentlessly.

Soon the main inside her pussy emptied into her and pulled out. At the same time she felt the cock in her left hand move away, soon to feel another cock enter her pussy, realizing it was probably the guy she had been stroking. She was fairly confident as he came quickly. He was soon replaced by the guy on her right as she could do little but gag against the cock continuously slamming into her throat.

Soon she felt the cock in her pussy spasm inside her and move away. She finally was granted her breathing as the man over her face stood up. Smiling down at her, Annie realized she must be a sight, her hands splayed out from her sides, laying with her legs spread, cum from several men leaking out of her, her face covered with her saliva from his use of her mouth.

"Time for sloppy...what is it, tenths? Twelfths?" he laughed. Annie just laid there as he entered her, fucking her even more vigorously than he had her mouth.

Surprisingly he lasted longer than anybody else, considering he had fucked her mouth the entire time and was obviously aroused. Annie realized she was getting turned on again as she lifted her legs, wrapping them and her arms around the man, fucking him back as vigorously as he was fucking. Finally she felt her vaginal muscles clamp down in orgasm, the man thrusting one final time into her as he came deeply into her at almost the same time.

He laid on her a few minutes as they both came down from their respective orgasms, then the man slid out of her and stood up, leaving her lie there.

Annie was not sure how long she laid there until she felt somebody kneeling next to her. Opening her eyes, she looked up at the original attendant.

"Are you all right?" he asked, a bit worriedly.

Annie could only smile and say "Doing wonderful."

He helped her to her feet, wrapping a terrycloth robe around her.

"You're not upset?" he asked.

"No, it was fantastic," Annie said truthfully, realizing she had enjoyed the whole experience. "I was worried there for a bit, I didn't know Frank was going to, well, that all three were..." he trailed off. "No, it was fantastic," she admitted.

The attendant walked her to her car as she slowly got in, feeling her body exhausted, hoping she could get home before passing out from physical exhaustion.

Before she left, the attendant handed her a video cassette. Looking up at him questioningly, he explained. "We have a security camera on a track system that follows each car in case there are any problems. I thought you may want a little memento of your tour," he smiled.

Annie smiled back as she started the car, realizing it was cleaned both inside and out, absurdly wondering if her car had as much fun as she did with the carwash as she made her way home and straight to bed.

Chapter 7 –Cumming to the Pool Party

If you have not read previous adventures of Annie, I recommend them to fully understand the sequence of events leading up to this point in the story, as well as my obsession and enjoyment of other men lusting after my fiancée Anne-Marie. Following is a somewhat brief--although I use the term loosely as so much has happened in the past couple weeks--overview of how our lives have changed. For those who are familiar with Annie's adventures, feel free to skip to the next section...

My name is Bob Angel, and I have always urged my girlfriend and now fiancée Anne-Marie to dress provocatively, in as revealing and sexy clothes as possible to show off her beautiful body. I enjoy 'showing her off' to other men as a visual shout of 'Look what I have!' and desiring her to become more open with her own sexuality. I have often fantasized her pleasing other men--including my friends who work with me at the local auto shop--since the day I met her. It is not because I want to degrade or use her, but I believe something so beautiful should not be squandered; like rare art I want to share her assets with other men to enjoy. I love her and know she loves me; it is a turn-on imagining her with other men to satisfy their lusts with the knowledge she always returns back to me. In my opinion is a difference between fucking in pure lust and making love to somebody and committing your life to them. One I would enjoy her pursuing with others, while the other I know is mine and mine alone.

Annie is worth the admiration of any man with testosterone flowing through his veins. She has a supermodel figure--tall with an athletic figure toned from cheerleading in high school and maintained by regularly working out. Although she does not dress as slutty as I would like her to, she still shows off her body amazingly well. With her long brunette hair framing her angelic face, natural well-defined and firm breasts, and long legs, she always draws the attention of every male around her.

Recently our lives have taken an interesting turn. We had a sexual dry spell due to me working late for several weeks, and both of us were horny as hell when I finally had a night off for us to see each other. Unfortunately at the last minute Annie was asked to housesit for some friends of her family. The Strauss' have two daughters--2-year-old Suzie and 12-year-old Ellen--as well as an 18-year-old teenager named Brian whom Annie used to babysit along with his best friend William when they were younger.

Even knowing our plans were canceled and she had to go and babysit, Annie and I teased and aroused each other to the point of exploding before I drove her to the Strauss' house. I was in a particularly odd frame of mind as I continued to arouse Annie, leaving her horny as hell right before I dropped her off at the Strauss' house. As a final act of revenge, Annie pulled me to the back of the house, pulled down my pants, and proceeded to give me a fantastic blowjob. Annie is the best oral aficionado I have ever had the pleasure of knowing, and she used all her talents that night. As I was about to explode down her throat, she suddenly stopped with a laugh and went inside, leaving me alone and standing with my dick in the air, pants around my ankles!

As I had nothing else to do that evening and was still in an unusual--albeit aroused--mood, I decided to hang around and spy on Annie babysitting for a bit. I moved to the side of the house where the living room window was located, finding it opened for the summer breeze. The side of the house was within the

shadows of the garage even during the day, so nobody could see me looking in from the outside. What I expected to be a dull and short evening of Annie watching television before I went home, was quickly replaced by something completely unexpected.

The Strauss' son Brian and his friend William were both home; however, being too rowdy and self centered recent high-school graduates, they were not trusted to watch the younger girls, which was why Annie was asked to come over. Looking in, I saw the two guys talking to Annie, Mr. and Mrs. Strauss apparently already gone for the evening.

From my vantage point, I could hear and see everything in the well-lit room, and from the conversation, Brian and William had seen us in the backyard earlier, commenting on Annie teasing me with her blowjob! More surprising, the boys stated they were going to tell Brian's parents about her behavior unless she gave them similar treatment in compensation. Mr. and Mrs. Strauss owned the local bank where Annie's parents had a sizeable loan, so such a scandal would mean the bank could foreclose on their loan, ostracizing Annie and her family from the community. The circumstances of embarrassment not only to Annie but her entire family and the possibility of financial ruin for her family who was already having problems in this economy were too great to risk. To make a long synopsis short, the boys ultimately blackmailed Annie through a possible 'scandal' of her acting like a slut to become a slut.

The boys had not come about their blackmailing scheme by chance, having had a personal grudge against Annie for years while she had babysat them. Annie told me once she purposely teased them to get them to leave her alone. She dressed in revealing clothes, 'accidentally' flashing them a bit of skin every once and a while until they both got so worked up, they would excuse themselves to their rooms for the night. Annie rationalized it was the easiest way to have a peaceful night. She even admitted feeling sexually empowered with the ability to tease somebody to the point of them having to relieve themselves.

Annie has always been a natural tease, her body movements, mannerisms, and general demeanor unconsciously seducing any man who watched her. When she did it knowingly it was impossible to ignore.

Because of all the past years of pent-up cock teasing, the boys had a personal lustful grudge against Annie and had been looking for any way to manipulate her to their control.

Any other evening Annie would have been of a right mind to call their bluff, life continuing normally; however, as aroused as she was and slightly drunk from our interrupted date, she believed the boys' threats, fearing her parents going bankrupt, their house foreclosed, and how such embarrassment would destroy her family. Eventually she succumbed to their demands, at first only agreeing to show off her body to them; however, as turned on as she was, and the general eroticism the act of having two well endowed men in front of her, Annie ultimately agreed to a hand job at their incessant urging.

Inevitably her own lust and desire got the best of her and I watched in amazement as during the hand job Annie leaned over Brian and took him fully into her mouth! Things progressed after that, leading to one of the most erotic sights of my life as I watched Annie involved in a threesome—my naked fiancée on her hands and knees sucking one guy while another pounded her from behind, her ass and tits swaying with each thrust.

Instead of being mad or jealous as I stood outside watching the events unfold, I was more aroused than

ever, in the end jacking off twice to the scene of Annie following the demands of the two guys, exposing her body and letting them appease their sexual gratification through the use of her. Although she may have started off unwilling at first, as they satisfied their lust her own body betrayed her, yearning for more. Yet in the end she was left unsatiated, as the boys' only interest was in her humiliation, leaving her filled with two strangers' sperm as proof of their control over her.

The following week Annie had to babysit again, and predictably the boys were present, me spying yet again through the window to see if anything else may happen. I watched as the boys revealed videotaping the previous week's exploits, threatening to expose the tape to Annie's school and parents, as well as their parents and everybody in the community, even threatening to accuse her of abusing them as minors in the past.

Ultimately Annie caved in when they threatened to tell me about her indiscretions--the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. Annie's greatest fear is losing me, and she loves me with all her heart. She would do anything to keep us together, even prostituting her own self out, as paradoxical as it sounded.

The irony of the situation was this was something I had always dreamed about. Annie thought I was joking when I told her I would not mind her sleeping around with other men. Knowing she loves me and is mine even when satisfying another man's lust is one of my biggest thrills. I am all for women's lib and equal opportunity, but I believe a sexually beautiful woman should use the gifts God gave her, and the greatest gift any woman can give is serving another's needs with her body. I believe in true love and devotion as well; to me there is a difference between fucking and making love. Yeah, ok, maybe I'm a bit weird, but that's who I am, deal with it!

Over time the boys made several demands of Annie, placing her more and more into their control—the more she succumbed to their demands, the more incriminating evidence they gained. One weekend they got her to dress up as a biker slut and go shopping with them at a mall, her body on display to all who saw her. They had Annie try on all sorts of slutty clothes--often in the changing room with her--making her buy a whole wardrobe of 'appropriate' slave attire.

Without her knowledge they drugged her with a recreational sex drug causing her to become uncontrollably aroused and then leaving her alone at the Food Court. Fate that day was in an unusual mood as my best friends ended up finding her, her body blindly wanting satisfaction to her sexual cravings.

As I have mentioned, every guy who knows Annie has lusted after her, and my friends are no exception. We often pride ourselves in attempting to seduce each other's girlfriends, not minding if we succeed, as we all feel similarly in terms of sharing a woman's body. In particular my best friend Rick has been obsessed with Annie since the day we started dating. He has always pursued her, and I often told Annie she should sleep with him to satisfy his craving and get it over with, but Annie always believed I was joking.

Finding her stoned and in such an aroused state at the mall, dressed provocatively and completely at their mercy was a dream come true. As the events unfolded, they finally led her in a sexual stupor to the men's bathroom where she gave the entire gang blowjobs.

Later in the evening the boys continued her sexual domination by arranging a group of strangers at the

mall to fuck her in a gangbang. Annie's blackmail continued as not only had my friends recorded Annie's 'sexploits' in the bathroom with their cell phone cameras, but Brian and William had her gangbang recorded as well, further capturing her within their folds of domination.

Since then life has been stimulating for both of us. The boys have continued their sexual control over Annie; ordering her to dress provocatively in clothes they picked for her at the mall, also demanding she not wear any underwear unless instructed. Furthermore, she is at their beck and call to be used for their own enjoyment as much as possible. Meanwhile they have denied her to have sex with me unless they give her permission.

Annie has explained her changes by telling me she is seeing if I was truly serious about her dressing more slutty, even though I knew the actual reason. The abstinence from sex she has further stated is due to our engagement, in order to have something to look forward towards on our honeymoon.

Additionally, my friends were now blackmailing her, threatening to reveal to me her behavior at the mall and her gang blowjob session with them. The first part of their plan has been to force Annie to attend a pool party we were had arranged for this weekend.

Annie has always known of my friends' lust of her, especially Rick--so has avoided any contact with them as much as possible. This was the first party she was going to attend since graduation, always finding an excuse not to be around other times. To explain her sudden change in attitude, she explained to me how she missed seeing all her friends, wanting to catch up with her girlfriends who would be at the party.

With all the recent events, Annie has become blatantly sexual. She has had several doses of the recreational sex drug the boys bought, resulting in her being almost continually aroused. Though her changes could be explained solely by the drug, Annie has admitted in her own diary (which I secretly discovered the location of long ago) how she is enjoying the attention, feeling a part of her being 'freed.' Her thoughts have been in constant dichotomy between wanting to enjoy other men's use of her body and her abiding by 'normal' society's morals of a 'proper' and 'good' girl. Moreover, her love for me has her afraid of giving in due to the possibility of losing me, unable to reach the same conclusion as I have that she can be a slut and still be in love with me.

It is through reading her diary as well as spying on her without her knowledge I have discovered and been recounting her adventures. I again urge you to read what has occurred before to understand both our feelings and Annie's predicament up to this point as the story now continues. The day of the pool party has come (or cum as the case may be) and gone, and I am telling the events in the order they occurred, as opposed to bits and pieces out of synch as I found them her diary afterwards or watching myself in order to better explain the story...

Annie awoke Sunday morning feeling more alive than ever, particularly compared to the last couple weeks. All last week she had woken with pure sexual need and uncontrollable lust, yet now she felt energized. Her body still burned with desire, but it was a familiar tingle, her mind aware of her desires and willing to give in to them to some extent. She felt built for sex, ready to let her body be used.

Thinking through the past day, she realized her lust was controllable to some degree, particularly with her mind starting to accept her role as a slut. Yes, her yearnings were as strong, but thinking about relieving

those urges instead of denying them seemed to be the key. It was as if being used at the car wash had broken down some barrier in her mind, some part of her no longer fighting the desire to be used. Now the main worry in Annie's mind was the uncertainty if the price of controlling her inner dark desires was worth it, especially if she had to fuck a dozen guys to appease it!

Going to the car wash and giving her body to every man present had somehow removed all her inhibitions. There was a crossing point while she was being serviced where her mind had given in to the depraved pleasures of the attendants, as if a dam had broken and all the pent up lust had crashed forth. Instead of being afraid and abhorring what she was doing, she had allowed the sensations full freedom, allowing acceptance of her role as a sexual object to saturate her entire being. She had done what felt 'right' to her. The end result—besides mind-shattering orgasms at the time—was waking up this morning and although fully aroused, no longer afraid of the arousal, instead anticipating it, wondering on ways to appease it.

A part of her could not believe she had sex with so many guys at once, or been so open and eager about it, or even had gone there to begin with; however, another part of her consciousness was accepting it, and was now the more dominant emotion. A week ago she would have been horrified at her actions; this morning she looked back on it with a tingle of excitement. The only difference between yesterday and previous incidents with not only the boys, but Rick and the gang as well was she gave herself willingly, whereas before there was always non-cooperation in what she was doing.

She looked down at her chest, the bed sheet having fallen to her waist, seeing how her skin glistened with remains of the car wash treatments. The various cycles had cleansed her better than any spa treatment, and her mind wandered, imagining what it would have been like going to bed covered in cum, waking with it dried upon her skin, the smell of maleness surrounding her.

She ran her fingers through her soft hair, her mind fantasizing it being stiff and matted with dried sperm. Instead of rejecting the idea as before, the thoughts of sex sent a thrill through her, the cleft between her legs becoming moist at the thought of being used so thoroughly by men.

Her mind was still in turmoil, but it was lessened in terms of the amount of rejection and abhorrence she felt being used as a sex object. It was not a complete reversal, giving in to a complete acceptance of being a slut—she did not plan on walking outside and fucking any man she met. There was still a large part of her consciousness questioning how she could have gone through with such a display of promiscuity, particularly frightened of what Bob would say if he found out. That being said, she could see some benefits in following the orders of her masters versus rebellion.

She did not willingly relish her predicament with the boys or Rick and the gang; however, a part of her now felt almost exhilarated to be desired not by one or a few, but several dozen men.

Without thinking she squeezed her left breast, savoring the spike of her pulse, the tingle of her nipple as her palm grazed over the responding, hardening nub. She increased pressure on it, kneading it between her fingers, moaning quietly as the nerve endings of her nipple reverberated through her body. Running her hand lower, she felt the smoothness of her belly, images of it covered with the warm, slimy ejaculate of a man filling her head, picturing the slickness as she rubbed it across her stomach.

She wondered what was happening to her. She had always argued with Bob over his belief women were sexual objects in nature, meant to be used. When they had first discussed to topic she had thought him a

Neanderthal in his thinking, but after getting to know him, she realized he respected women as more than sex objects. He merely had none of the reservations many people had over 'free sex' or what roles were expected by each sex—women to be used, men to use them. To him sex was a pleasure to be pursued, although he had never been with another girl since they had started dating—at her own request she acknowledged, wondering now if it was selfish of her and unjustified. Already she had been pleased by—holy Christ, over two dozen men she realized! Not only with strangers but people she knew, and her love for Bob had not diminished in the slightest. Instead she actually felt she understood him more, with stronger feelings for the intimacy they shared together beyond the pure unadulterated lust of sex.

Was she merely justifying her use by so many men? Was this an excuse she was subconsciously using to rationalize why she felt—good, that was the feeling she had. Was she trying to explain feeling good from so much sex with some convenient excuse? She had been used and willingly ravished by almost a dozen men in a single day, and felt better than she had in a long time, with only a twinge of regret. What was happening to her?

Annie stretched in bed, her left leg uncovered by the sheet as she remembered the first attendant's gaze upon her legs as she stood before him in the revealing outfit. Reflecting on the moment, her body became covered with goose bumps as pins and needles flowed across her skin, her mind reliving his eyes gliding up and down her body. She should have been ashamed of herself for even allowing that much to happen, let alone agreeing to the 'ride' through the car wash and the depravities she allowed to be committed upon her person.

And yet, instead of being horrified, she felt an exhilaration course through her, admitting without doubt she would enjoy it again.

She again wondered what was happening to her, for who knows how many times. Was this the drug's residual effect upon her? She never read the full side effects, but she thinking back, she was not aware of having many doses since the initial mall incident, even though the boys had hinted her getting it from several sources. She could not believe a drug would change the way you thought and reasoned, or affect somebody this fast. Then again, look at crack addicts she realized. Did they think the drug they took affected them negatively or badly enough to stop? Was she becoming addicted to the drug or was she simply becoming more open-minded?

Glancing at her clock, she realized she had been daydreaming for over an hour. Bob would be by in a couple hours to pick her up for the party. She recalled him telling her the guys were taking him out to a bar after work and wondered how late they had stayed out. It seemed odd they had gone out the night before a party, when they usually rested up for big events such as this, but shrugged it off as boys being boys.

Contemplating the party, Annie's thoughts focused on how she now anticipated wanting to go instead of reluctant. What had changed in her? Almost a day ago she had been horrified to even think about it, not wanting to attend. Now she could not deny the increase of her heart rate, the sudden flush of her skin as she imagined Bob and all his friends ogling over her body in a bikini. Instead of being afraid to show off her body with the many bathing suits the boys had picked, she felt a desire to wear them all, to show each one off to their utmost potential at revealing her body.

Annie's thoughts turned to the party and what to expect. If it was like others she had attended—the last

one being over two years ago where she stupidly got outwitted into giving Rick a blowjob--she still knew what to expect. Annie loved to dance, and Bob knew it, so urged her to dance with everybody, even though when on the dance floor the guys would try to touch her whenever and wherever they got the chance. The guys would undoubtedly team up to distract Bob away from her while others would hit on her. Even engaged, they would attempt to grope her without Bob aware of what was going on while they danced. Thinking about Bob, she knew even if he saw the guys making passes at her he would not mind, as he always encouraged her to let the 'inner slut' out in public.

The guys hitting on her and trying to grope her was the known factor. It was the unknown issues bothering her--they were undoubtedly going to hold the episode of her sucking them all off in the bathroom mall against her. She knew they would not make any overt comments about her blowjob fiasco in front of Bob, but would still say several innuendos and hints; she only hoped they would not attempt anything too obvious. Annie was uncertain what else they were planning at the party, but knew they would be trying something. With Bob there she hoped they were only going to force her acceptance of them groping her, but she did not know how far they would push her. She was in a deeper predicament than before and could not guess what they would try now that they had leverage on her.

Annie's phone went off with a text message alert. Expecting it to be Bob reminding her he was picking her up at noon; she instead saw Rick's number, her heart doing a weird flutter in her chest.

"Speak of the devil," Annie thought, opening up her text pad, expecting what it would say:

In case you had reservations about not cumming...

There was an attachment. Dreading what to find, Annie clicked the paperclip icon and there, clear as day on her phone's screen was her face covered in cum, her mouth wide open as somebody's dick ejaculated into her mouth. Annie stared at the picture in dismay, realizing it was obvious to anybody looking at the picture she was smiling!

Annie immediately noticed a change in her attitude. Last week she would have been horrified seeing the picture, possibly even angry; now she felt her pulse quickening, her nipples hardening as she stared at the image while standing in her room naked. It took her a moment to realize she was not feeling trepidation, but instead anticipation at going to the party!

Staring at the picture her mind drifted back to the mall, recalling how each guy had a distinct taste to their cum, her next thought shocking herself: wondering if she would be able to tell who was who if blindfolded if she sucked them off a few more times.

Suddenly comprehending her stray thoughts, she shook her head. Was this how Bob and the rest of the gang thought? She was not only almost accepting their lecherous attempts at fondling her, but anxious for it. Instead of afraid and ashamed, she was excited and eager to see what they would do.

What was happening to her? The words kept echoing through her mind with every other thought, no answer readily available.

Knowing she could not come up with any immediate solution to her problems, she went to her closet to get ready for the day. The first thing on her agenda was what bathing suits to bring. Annie had no doubts Rick and the rest of the gang were going to attempt to stack the game of Musical Bikinis against her— they

had done it to girls before by recording a radio station and stacking songs from bands so the women had to change more often.

This was one of many things Bob had told her in confidence about the gang, and she loved they could share such secrets, wondering if she could ever share her ultimate secret with him. Was he really agreeable to her being with other men? She loved him more for the thought than ever before, wondering if he really thought she could be his and yet give her body freely to others.

She again shook her head, wondering why she was even contemplating such thoughts. Annie knew after not appearing at any parties with the gang for so long, they would try to make up for lost time, but would they do anything with Bob there, she wondered, recalling the text message she just received.

Her main apprehension was what they were going to do about the pictures on their cell phones. The guys were not looking to break her and Bob up—they wanted them together so they could have access to her. Causing her and Bob to break up—God forbid, she thought—would mean the guys would have nothing over her. In fact, they had more to lose as she would never be around them again if her and Bob broke up. Suddenly Annie realized although they could use the pictures to exploit her and have her follow their demands, if push came to shove, they would definitely back down before letting Bob know of her indiscretions.

She was actually the one in control, as they could only embarrass her, but if push came to shove, they would have to back down! The thought gave her some confidence of her own, she hoped. She could live with a bit of groping all day, maybe even a bit more, but she rationalized the gang was unwilling to go as far as to expose her indiscretions to Bob. In fact, the more and more she thought about it, the surer she became the gang would not do anything too degrading to threaten her relationship with Bob. In fact, she could have fun with them instead, by teasing them to her fullest. That would be her payback for the aggravation they had caused her, the prey becoming the predator!

She suddenly realized she was safer with Rick and the gang than with Brian and William at this point, knowing the two boys gave little thought to Bob's or her feelings. With the boys, they would humiliate and debase her fully—to them she was truly a sexual slave. The guys on the other hand may do some heavy petting with her, but would not push things too far, respecting Bob too much.

The thought of actively teasing the gang caused Annie's nipples to pebble, her pulse beating faster. She imagined the surprise on their faces if she did not pull away from their groping, but leaned into them, teasing them further. She debated how far she could tease them without things getting out of hand as thoughts of sucking their cocks flashed her head, but she pushed such thoughts aside. Teasing them was one thing, but allowing anything else to happen was out of the question even if Bob were not there. Regardless of what he said about such things, she was not going to even picture it.

Annie again wondered at the almost overnight change of thinking. She had been dreading this party since hearing about it, and now she was looking forward to it, wondering how far she could actually go. This would be the perfect test to see Bob's reaction to her being more open. He had been telling her for years he would not mind, urging her to 'flaunt her wares' and let the guys have some fun. If she allowed a bit of teasing and groping to go on, knowing she was in control and the gang's threat ultimately being empty, she could see if she truly could be more open with Bob.

Was she really thinking this? Annie wondered where her sanity was going. Would the man she planned

on marrying really mind if his fiancée were fondled and groped by his friends? What was she thinking by wondering if she could do it? The familiar phrase of “what was happening to her” echoed through her thoughts more and more.

Looking at the clock, she was surprised to see yet another hour had passed while her thoughts wandered, needing to get ready for the party. Grabbing her beach bag and pulling out the bags of outfits the boys had made her buy at the mall, she began to consider which bathing suits to take. Earlier last week she was planning on taking suits covering as much as possible; however, now the idea of showing as much as she could was invigorating, so Annie grabbed some of the more revealing outfits the boys had picked out. Quite a few were less bathing suit and more stripper outfits--many even having obvious ‘quick release’ connections on them to allow a stripper to tear them off quickly without damaging them, and Annie’s mind was at odds whether it was good or bad if the guys figured those out!

All the suits were perfectly apt for the party and her plans, so she packed most of them in her beach bag. She also packed a few ‘demure’ suits, knowing the other guys’ girlfriends would be there and did not want to appear too slutty—time would tell if she would need to put something more revealing on.

And that was another detail keeping the guys’ in control Annie suddenly grasped, not only was Bob going to be there, but some of the guys’ girlfriends would be as well. They would not attempt anything too obvious no matter how she teased them; however, as she thought about it, knowing Rick and his perversions as she did, she was almost certain there were probably plans to either get rid of the girls or get Annie alone at some point during the party.

The thought of being alone with Rick or the other guys caused her to catch her breath. A part of her wondered how far she would actually go in such a situation. She was already accepting the thought of teasing them and letting them touch her; however, she could not deny a tiny part of her anticipating more. In the back of her mind a small part was horrified at the prospect, wanting to call the whole thing off and not go, yet this particular voice of consciousness was not as loud as it had been before, merely a passing thought.

Once more she wondered at the change of attitude, the passionate part of her mind overcoming the frightened aspect, feeling her skin become electrified at the thought of the guys fondling her.

She put the suits in her beach bag, along with several different pairs of high heeled shoes—if she was going to go all out, she was going to go all out. She also packed the usual tanning oil, sunscreen, as well as the bottles of water Brian had given her the day before. She did not know if they were spiked with the drug or not, and a small part of her did not care; however, she had been unable to go to the store to buy water yesterday and knowing the guys, other than pool or tap water, there would be nothing but alcohol available.

Looking at her clock, Annie expected Bob to arrive soon, so decided she better get dressed. She had been so absorbed in picking out suits and other thoughts she had not decided what to wear first! Shaking her head at her train of thought being more focused on sex, she decided to accept Fate and closing her eyes, reached into the bag, pulling out a piece of flimsy material.

Opening her eyes Annie saw she had a metallic turquoise string bikini in her hand. Looking at the bottoms attached, she saw they were tied on the side with a Brazilian cut—at least she was spared

having her ass completely bared right off the start, she thought!. Picking a pair of clear, 6" spike heeled platform shoes with rhinestones across the top to go with the outfit she went to the bathroom to change.

As Annie brushed out her hair she again admired how her body shimmered, probably from the glycerin/waxing treatments from the car wash. She laughed—nobody could say she had not learned anything from her 'tour' she grinned in the mirror. Putting on the bottoms, she admired how they firmly hugged her ass cheeks, walking around a bit to make sure they would not ride into her butt crack. They were a perfect fit, showing off enough of her ass to tease the boys, but not obscene. She put on the top next, again admiring the fit as the two triangular pieces cupped her breasts perfectly, showing a generous portion of her soft mounds as cleavage, exposing a little of her breasts on the sides but covering enough to be considered decent.

Annie was putting on her shoes when she heard her phone ringing. Running out to her bedroom to get it, she figured it was Bob calling to pick her up, but when she looked at the Caller ID number her heart skipped a beat at the familiar number.

"Yes Master?" Annie asked tentatively into the phone.

"Slave," Brian's voice came over the receiver, the single word expressing his pleasure at how she answered the phone, but also a reminder of what she was to him. "You need to come over here for a few things I picked up for your pool party today," he continued.

"But Master, Bob will be here soon to pick me up!" she explained.

"I don't give a shit," Brian's tone was obviously irked. "Tell him you'll meet him there or whatever, but I gave you an order so I will see you soon," his voice ended as the phone lost its reception.

Annie wondered what he could possibly want, quickly dialing Bob's number as she tried to think of an excuse to give him. Luckily he was still home, nursing a hangover from the night before. Annie told him she had to run an errand for her mom and would meet him at his house when she was done. Bob agreed, saying he could use a few more winks, as Annie teased him about drinking too much before yet another party.

"Hair of the dog my love," Bob chuckled. "This way I'll be able to drink more," he rationalized, telling her he would see her soon and hung up, more-than-likely going back to bed.

Annie considered wrapping a sarong around her waist, but since she was going to Brian's, he would have her take it off anyways, so she kept it in the beach bag. Grabbing a beach towel she went downstairs, being careful not to fall in her 5 ½-inch high heeled shoes.

Annie yelled to her mom what was in the kitchen she was headed to the pool party as she left the house, getting into her car and heading to the Strauss' house. She wondered what 'things' Brian had gotten in less than a day's time since she saw him, knowing whatever it was would not be good. Brian was no doubt up to something, probably wanting a grope at her before the party she thought, a thrill running between her legs at the thought, her mind again wondering what was changing in her. Again she noted her change in demeanor, not necessarily fearing what may happen, instead accepting being in front of Brian and those at the party dressed—or undressed—as she was.

It took only a few minutes to get to Brian's parent's house. Knocking on the door, Annie pulled her sunglasses on top of her head as the door opened, revealing Brian in gym shorts and a t-shirt.

"Come slave," he said as way of greeting, walking into the living room.

Annie had noticed the Strauss' cars were not in the driveway, wondering if they had already left for Europe. As if reading her thoughts, Brian said, "My parents took my sisters over to my grandmother's for the night, so we don't have much time," he said.

Annie stood in the middle of the living room as Brian walked around her, his hand sliding across her ass and cupping her right butt cheek, "Very nice, this suit fits you well," he said.

"Thank you Master," Annie replied humbly. "I am pleased you are pleased," she concluded. Her breath had caught at Brian's hand on her ass, and Annie felt her pulse quickening, as well as her nipples beading beneath the thin material of the bikini. Surely she could not be getting aroused this quickly at one grope of her ass! Yet the signs were obvious as she stood silently, her body exposed to Brian.

She saw Brian smile as came around to face her, her hardened nipples clearly outlined by the suit. "Yes, very nice," he said, reaching up and pinching her left breast.

Annie immediately caught her breath, almost closed her eyes with the slight gasp caused by the sudden sensation coursing through her. She looked at Brian as he chuckled.

"You look very good, very good indeed," he said as she again thanked him.

Brian stood back and turned his head slightly as he looked at her, "Are you wearing tanning lotion? You almost seem to shimmer, it's a look well-suited to a slut like you," he smiled lasciviously.

Annie's mind hurried with an excuse, "I...uh...used a new lotion going to bed last night," she told hesitantly.

Obviously not believing her, Brian stared back at her. "In fact, I would say you are actually glowing," he smiled. "Slave, have you had sex with your boyfriend?" he asked her sternly.

"No Master," she bowed her head, not wanting him to see the worry in her eyes.

"Hmm, and what about sex with anybody else?" he asked after a few seconds.

Annie's silence gave her lack of innocence away as her whole body flushed, unable to come up with a believable lie before Brian bust out laughing. "Well done slut. I am pleased to know you obeyed our orders and found release elsewhere. So who was it? One of his friends? Somebody off the street?" he asked anxiously. Annie noticed the outline of his beginning erection in his shorts.

"It was not one of the gang," she belayed. "I went to have my car washed, and..." She paused, there was no way she was going to tell him what happened she thought, coming up with a cleaner excuse, "I met a guy there who took me out," she finished, hoping Brian would believe the quick lie.

Unfortunately, he could obviously read her better than she wanted as his hand suddenly slapped across her face, causing her more shock than pain. "Bullshit, tell me the fucking truth now whore or you won't have to worry about this party or your boyfriend when they all get the shit we have on you!" he yelled at her.

"Master, I..." she paused, cringing as Brian's hand rose again, "there were several, and...and," she could feel tears welling in her eyes now, "and I let them have their way with me." she finished silently, waiting for her punishment.

Annie's head jerked up in surprise at Brian's laughter. "Well done slave," he said. "How many were there to use you?" he eagerly asked.

"I don't remember for certain Master, at least 7 or 8," she said, feeling tears begin to well up in her eyes as she confessed. A part of her was disgusted at her for voicing what happened out loud, as well as telling Brian, her thoughts from earlier this morning vanishing at her disclosure to him.

Brian's humiliation continued as he demanded, "Tell me everything," he said.

Annie muttered the words before she could even think, "Why not just watch the tape." Suddenly her eyes went wide as she realized what she said as Brian's laughter echoed through the house.

"Oh yes, this it precious!" he said. "Get the tape or whatever you have and bring it to me," he demanded.

"It is still in my purse," Annie told him, remembering she had gone straight to bed and had left it where she had placed it yesterday, starting to become disgusted with herself.

Brian took her purse off the table, shuffling through it until he pulled out a VHS tape. "Tape? Who the fuck uses tapes anymore?" he looked at her.

"It was a security camera that taped us, Master," she said demurely.

"Well, I will have to watch this at William's, his dad is fucking old-fashioned enough they still have a VHS machine, so you can spare me the details of what happened, we can cover this tomorrow. What time is your party?" he asked.

Taken off-guard at the sudden change of topic, Annie answered, "I was supposed to be there already, it started at 11:00am," she said, glancing at the clock and seeing it was almost noon.

"Well, then we'll hurry," he said. "Take off your suit," he demanded, "including your slut pumps."

Annie did not question him as she bent and slid off her heels. With them she was slightly taller than Brian; however, in her bare feet, she felt small and diminished in front of him. She had already been in front of Brian naked several times; however, her feeling of vulnerability continued as she pulled off the top of her suit, leaving it tied so she could put it on quickly again. She caught a glimpse of Brian's leer at her as she pulled the top off, revealing her breasts.

Reaching out, Brian took the bikini top from her, turning it over in his hands. "A few more rules for this

party, beyond not fucking your asshole boyfriend," he said, getting Annie's attention as she quietly slid off the bottoms of her suit, standing naked in front of him. "First, you are going to untie this damn double knot and make a simple bow, and you will do that to all your suits with ties, understood?" he asked, looking at Annie standing before him naked.

Annie knew he was doing this in case of the guys pulled the strings, so the suit would come off, but could only answer, "Yes Master."

"Good, now, I got something for you," he said, grabbing a metal tin container, handing it to her.

Annie took the tin and noticed there was no label. Opening it up, she saw it contained some thick, clear gel which sparkled as she moved it around in the light. She looked at Brian questioningly.

"Stripper glitter—or slut dust since you'll be wearing it," Brian grinned. "I want you to put it all over your body," he said, turning around without waiting to see if she complied.

Annie dipped her hand into the tin, pulling some of the gelatinous, somewhat oily substance out. Rubbing her fingers together, the gel had an oily consistency, becoming more fluid as she rubbed it between her fingers, so she started rubbing it up and down her arms. It was not unlike putting on lotion as it slid over her skin easily, the glitter so fine it blended into her natural skin tone.

"Smear it on thinly," Brian said, "the clerk at the store said a tin should last an average stripper a couple weeks, unless you plan on doing shows nightly..." Brian chuckled letting the thought go unfinished. "You see, I knew you shining with a glow would be sexy," he said as he turned and watched Annie continue to apply the ointment over her body.

Finishing her arms, she began rubbing it over her breasts while Brian watched hungrily. As she began smearing it on her stomach Brian walked over to her, scooping up a small glob in his hand. "I'll get your back," he grinned, moving behind her.

"Thank you Master," Annie said half-heartedly, as she continued spreading the oily substance over her stomach and hips, thankful Brian was behind her as she moved her hand between her legs. She bent over slightly as she moved on to her thighs, the knowledge of Brian behind her giving her an unconscious thrill. She noticed her skin shone even more than before, the fine glitter in the mixture giving off both silver and gold hues as the light hit her skin making her sparkle.

Annie jerked up in surprise as Brian's hands slide over her back, starting at her shoulder blades, rubbing the mixture into her skin. As she bent over further to reach her calves Brian worked his way down her back until he was rubbing her ass, cupping her cheeks in each hand. Annie was reluctant to admit his hands sliding across her sensitive skin felt good as she gasped in shock when he suddenly slipped his finger up and down the crack of her ass several times.

"You never know where people will look," he chuckled behind her.

Annie suddenly recognized the position she was in—totally naked, bent over in front of a guy who was blackmailing her for sex. And she was acting as if this were a natural occurrence as she smeared the glitter mixture over her body. Realizing her compromising position, instead of embarrassed she felt a thrill course through her, bringing to mind this morning's thoughts on her change of attitude.

Brian moved away from her to the table as she continued working the mixture into her legs, moving down to her ankles. She saw him on her periphery move back behind her and was ready for him to smear more of the glitter on her. Instead, she felt him lay something like paper across her lower back, but before she could stand up, Brian placed one hand between her shoulder blades keeping her bent forward as his other hand continued rubbing the oily gel over her. He kept her bent over as his hand worked the mixture into her sides and hips. Fully aware of his hands sliding over her body, she forgot about whatever Brian had placed above her ass, focusing on his strong hands sliding up and down her side and hip.

Annie let out a sudden gasp, attempting to straighten up as she felt Brian's hand cup her between her legs; however, his other hand continued to push down on her back keeping her bent over. She let out an involuntary moan as his finger slowly ran across her now moistened slit. Instinctively Annie arched her hips, forgetting everything else as she tried to position herself to give him better access, wanting his touch. Brian stroked her slit teasingly, barely hitting her clit for a few seconds as Annie started to move her hips in rhythm to his strokes.

A mixture of relief and dismay hit her as Brian moved his hands down the inside of her left leg, rubbing the compound into her inner thighs as she finally finished her feet.

"Stay bent over for a few seconds like that," he told her, "and make sure it's worked into your feet." he explained.

Annie had already rubbed it into her feet, but she complied, knowing any defiance would only cause trouble. Her blood rushed as Brian's hands continued sliding across her naked body, starting on her hips and roaming freely over her ass and backs of her legs.

"Just making sure it is drying," he chuckled as Annie's skin tingled, feeling herself becoming increasingly aroused as thoughts of the party were erased from her head. "It will take a few minutes to completely dry," Brian said, "so while we wait let's put the time to good use and service me, slave," Brian ordered.

As he finished his inspection of her skin, she felt him pull whatever piece of paper he had on her off her lower back, crumbling it and tossing it to the trash as he spun Annie around, pressing on her shoulders forcing her to kneel before him.

After Brian's teasing of her slit and his hands roaming all over her body, Annie could care less about whatever he was using the paper for she smiled, seeing his obvious erection through his gym shorts as she complied and got on her knees. A strong part of her wanted to taste Brian, feel his cock between her lips, in her mouth as she willingly let him guide her head towards his crotch. Her body felt overcome with need, and was suddenly willing to service any man she could.

Without being asked, she pulled his gym shorts down to his ankles, freeing his erection, moaning as his cock sprang free and bounced against her cheek.

Looking up at Brian and staring straight into his eyes, Annie rubbed his cock across her cheeks, spitting on her hands for lubrication. Watching Brian's head lean back, she took his cock between her lips, thrilled at the feel of the hard member as it slid across her lips, her tongue running underneath and flicking the large vein. Brian moaned as Annie clamped her lips around his cock, slowly sliding up and

down the shaft as she sucked, feeling him getting harder against her lips.

Annie's own body was on fire, and she was amazed at how aroused she was at sucking another man's cock. She usually enjoyed giving Bob head, but now it was almost as if it were a need she had to fulfill, not caring it was not her fiancé before her but another man.

She needed as much release as Brian so took the shaft in one hand while her other hand slid down her breast, caressing her stomach as her head moved up and down Brian's cock. Her tongue flicked the bulbous head as the shaft guided back and forth between her lips, moving deeper into her mouth. Brian's hands were on his hips thrusting in rhythm to Annie's head bobbing back and forth on his shaft.

Annie's body continued to tingle with desire as she moved her head faster and faster, literally forcing Brian to fuck her face as she slid her finger between her legs, touching her now saturated clit. She let out a moan as her finger manipulated her own bud, her head bobbing to the thrusts of her hips as Brian moved faster and faster in and out of her mouth. Annie sucked and stroked, her whole body alive with lust. She could feel the cock in her mouth hardening almost to a concrete rigidity as the sounds of her slurping and moaning filled the room.

After only a few minutes Brian groaned, "I'm cumming on you bitch!" pushing her back, his cock springing free with a pop from her lips. His cock suddenly began ejecting spurts of warm white cream onto Annie's face, landing across her cheek and nose.

His large cock continued to spurt and Brian aimed lower, the next streams hitting Annie's chin, then several squirts across her tits as he milked his throbbing member.

"Very good, slut," he told her. "Now clean me off," he demanded as he guided his cock back to her lips.

Annie willingly and all too eagerly opened her mouth, licking the head of his shaft, tasting the salty almond taste of his cum as she sucked his now deflating cock, cleaning it off like a lollipop. After swirling the now rubbery member around her mouth a few times, Brian pulled out, smiling down at her.

"Now that's a look I want to see more often," he chuckled, "a true slut covered in cum and slut dust, eagerly licking cum off her face."

Annie froze as she realized her tongue was doing exactly what he stated; unconsciously licking Brian's cum off her lips as she looked up at him.

"Master, may I get a towel?" she asked, trying to regain some composure.

"Actually, no, that is another rule for today. Anything you get on you, particularly somebody cumming on you," he chuckled, "you may not wipe off. Smear it over your body, thin it out, and cover it all over you. Hell, even smear it in your hair, but you are ordered to keep it on your body, understood slave?" he looked down at her shocked face.

"But Master, what about Bob, he'll know!" she said, the fear of smelling like a cum slut in front of Bob at the forefront of her thoughts. Subconsciously she was astonished at how she had been so willing to strip in front of Brian and suck him off, realizing somewhere in her mind she had actually hoped he would

do exactly that.

"I'll tell you what slave, since you were so truthful with me about your excursion yesterday and actually found strange cock to satisfy your lust and not your boyfriend's, you may suck him off when you see him today. That way he'll think it's his cum on you he smells, if he notices it at all. Understood slut?" he asked. "Though you'll then be wearing two men's cum on you...and maybe it will spur you on for more," he chuckled.

Annie knew arguing would be pointless as grudgingly she raised her hands and palmed her face, feeling the slightly cooling cum spread across her cheeks as she rubbed it in. Her hands went down her neck, trying to smear it out as much as possible to not leave any white stains if it dried as she saw Brian smirking above her. Running her hands across her breasts, feeling the slimy fluid smearing across her skin in a sticky mess, her nose was filled with the mixed smell of bleach, roasted peanuts, and the glittery ointment.

"Excellent slave," Brian said, watching Annie smear the drying cum across her breasts. Annie noted distractedly as she ran her hands across her body the ointment was now dry, although her body had an oily sheen to it. And the cum spreading across her skin did nothing to dislodge the glitter, which adhered to her body without moving.

"Master, how long does this glitter stay on?" she asked, trying to get her mind off more detrimental thoughts.

"It's supposed to stay on for a day or so, but it's a formula a lot of strippers use since it doesn't flake off onto customers after dancing and sweating. Can't have guys paying for their table dances and go home to their wives covered in slut dust, can they?" Brian chuckled.

Finished with smearing Brian's cum across her body as best as she could, Annie's skin felt like it was covered with a layer of--well, cum—drying on her. Annie stood up as Brian smiled at her.

"Of course, this is a bit of a modified solution," he said as Annie looked at him. "I added a few extra ingredients to make sure you would be more amendable to my commands, although," he looked at her, his hand stroking her left nipple delicately with his forefinger as Annie uncontrollably groaned in response, "it seems it may have been unnecessary. You truly are becoming a good slut, you know?" he grinned.

"Thank you Master," Annie replied, her body alive with a mixture of lust and disgrace.

"By the way, we're going to have to send you to that stripper store I got the glitter from later this week, you need more clothing," he told her, chuckling at Annie's immediate "Yes Master."

"You may now get dressed slave, and enjoy your party," Brian chuckled. "Remember, call me with what band you are assigned, as well as any other interesting developments you may think I would want to know," he smiled. "Otherwise, we will see you tomorrow," he laughed in dismissal.

Annie finished retying her bikini, remembering to keep the bows simple; whimsically afraid they would untie themselves with the slightest breeze. Having been given her dismissal, Annie slipped on her high heeled shoes, grabbed her purse, and went to her car.

While in the car, she sprayed some perfume on her, hopefully masking the odor of cum on her body as she started the car, heading to Bob's home. Wishing in hindsight she had brought some drinks, she opened one of the bottles of water she had brought that Brian had given her, wanting to get the taste of him out of her mouth before kissing Bob.

While driving, her thoughts incessantly turned more and more to sex. Her skin felt electrified and she realized she was becoming completely aroused. She presumed it was due to her shameless display in front of Brian, stripping in front of him without any thought and then sucking him off willingly when told, fueling her body with need.

The question kept going through her mind more and more, what was happening to her?

The sound of the front door opening woke me up on the couch, having fallen asleep after my call with Annie. I looked over at the clock seeing it had been almost two hours since she had called! Where the hell had she been? The damn party had already started...

All thoughts of being angry at Annie fled from my mind as the most beautiful vision entered the living room. Annie walked in, her long legs accentuated by clear high heeled stripper platform shoes and wearing nothing but a metallic aqua bikini, every erotic curve of her body exposed by the lack of clothing. Her more private parts seemed to be shouting for attention being highlighted by the tight triangles of material barely covering her breasts and crotch. Her skin literally glowed from the sunlight coming through the window and I could only gaze in wonder.

"Holy shit," I said getting up, "you are beautiful."

Annie smiled, "You always know what to say to a girl," she said.

"Only one girl will I ever say that to. You look fantastic! I can't wait to see what the guys do seeing you," I laughed.

Annie looked at me funny. Normally she would have shaken her head in annoyance or scold me for being an ass; however, something was different in her attitude today. Today, she only shrugged...

"You really want that? Rick and the guys ogling me all day?" Annie asked.

I immediately came to attention, all grogginess from my nap gone. For some reason this discussion was different than the thousand others we had over the years. Not sure what was up, the odor of Annie's perfume drifted to me, smelling sweet with a mix of something faintly chemical as I realized her skin was sparkling.

"You're glowing!" I said absurdly.

Annie laughed, "I thought it would spruce up my look to you. Why, do you think the guys won't like it either," she asked coyly.

Again I noticed the odd tone in her voice as she came towards me. I pulled her to me and gave her a big kiss, my tongue sliding past her soft wet lips as she sighed and leaned fully into me, my hands stroking her smooth flesh. Again I marveled a woman so beautiful could be mine, wanting to show her off to the world.

"I would love nothing more than to watch another man hit on you, touch you," I told her truthfully. "I know you are mine, I have no qualms about being jealous, but to see my woman satisfy another man, well," I pulled her hand down to my now hard crotch, "what do you think my reaction would be?" I asked.

Annie looked at me, smiling. "Well, we need to do something about that right now," she said, sinking to her knees.

I could not believe what was happening, as Annie nonchalantly pulled down my bathing trunks, exposing my now erect cock.

"Honey, as much as I want nothing more, we're already a couple hours late to the party," I told her, torn between the thought of Annie willingly giving me a blowjob without asking and being late to the party. Then a sudden thought came to me, "Uh, so what did you do for two hours that was so important?" I asked, trying to sound innocent. Annie ignored the question as she pulled my semi-hard cock in her hand, positioning it in front of her face. Looking up at me, she smiled. "This has been unattended to for way too long Mr. Angel, I think I need to resolve this before we leave for the party, it may explode," she smiled.

For the second time today my thoughts completely blanked in my mind as Annie's lips surrounded my cock, her hot wet tongue sliding across my head, flicking the tip of my cock. Pulling back, she ran her tongue down the base of the shaft, then taking the whole thing in her mouth. The heat and moisture of her mouth alone was enough to almost have me come as she increasingly sucked on my member.

I have mentioned how Annie is the best cock sucker I have ever met, and she did not disappoint. I had not been with her for a couple weeks now, so I was already more than ready, plus the sight of her in such a small string bikini, my cock sliding in and out of her mouth was more than I could stand.

I felt her lips hit the base of my cock as her nose brushed my pelvis and realized she was deep throating me as I felt the head of my cock wedged in her throat. I could not hold back any longer as I ground my hips even further forward, planting my cock in her throat. As her hands cupped my ass for support I let out a groan of pleasure as she began making swallowing motions around my head. It did not take very long for me to feel my balls tightening as I prepared to come.

At the last minute I pulled back, my cock pulling out of Annie's mouth as she made a retching sound. My cock was glistening in the sunlight as it left her mouth and Annie looked up at me questioningly. I grabbed my cock and with only two strokes was cumming, the first streak shooting across the space between us onto Annie's forehead and across the sun glasses on the top of her head. I moved my cock, getting better aim as I continued to spurt onto her face, then moved down with my last few spurts between her tits.

"You've made a mess," Annie said, grinning at me. "And I wanted to taste you so bad," she pouted.

Smiling I took my finger across her sunglasses, a glob of cum on my finger as I moved it between her lips. "Here you go Sweetheart, can't deny the love of my life, can we?" I grinned as she eagerly took my finger in her mouth, sucking on it with vigor.

I could not believe how quickly I had cum, as I felt my cock hardening slightly to Annie greedily sucking cum off my finger. The sight of my fiancée kneeling in front of me covered in my own jism gave me a wicked thought as I said, "I have a favor to ask." Annie looked up at me questioningly as I continued, "Do you mind not wiping that off you?" I smiled at her looking at me in surprise as I explained. "I want you to be smeared with my cum over your body so when we go to the party I know you're covered in it as you talk to other guys," I said.

I expected Annie to immediately protest, giving some excuse about being embarrassed before Rick and the gang, or any of a hundred excuses she usually made when she looked at me in surprise. Instead of annoyance, a grin appeared on her face as she started smearing my ejaculate across her skin.

"I would be my pleasure to wear your cum, my lover," Annie said. "But what if the other guys smell it on me?" she asked. "You trying to give them ideas?" she asked, again an odd quality to her voice. "You know male dogs, they are always trying to mark territory," she teased. "Well, if they asked to cum on you, would you agree?" I asked hesitantly, again wondering at the oddity of the conversation compared to previous ones.

Annie looked up at me in surprise. "Do you really want that?" she asked. "Do you want your fiancée turning on another guy so much he cums on her? How far does this fantasy of yours go? Do you care if I sucked Rick and the whole gang off? How about I just bend over a table and let guy at the party fuck me? Is that really something you want?" Annie asked.

Normally Annie would be saying these things in fury, the words spoken while looking for something to throw at me; however, I instantly noted what was odd about the situation, she was not angry. For the first time in the six years we had been together, she sounded like...well, I honestly could not believe she was considering it, but she sounded more open to the possibility. She was definitely NOT mad which was more than unusual.

"Honey, I will always love you," I told her, pulling her to her feet as she smeared the last of my ejaculate between her breasts.

Her perfume was barely noticeable now, the overpowering smell of cum drifting to my nose. Suddenly my thoughts froze. THAT was the smell on her I noted before, cum. Had Annie sucked me off with another man's cum already on her?

Annie's voice broke through my revelation, "Well, I guess that second hard-on is answer enough," she said, as I realized yes, after cumming only a few minutes ago I was already hard again, my cock pressing against Annie's bare thigh.

Whether it was the idea of her finally opening up to other men or the sudden realization I apparently was not the first person to coat Annie with sperm today, I know not, but I chose the safer answer.

"I will always love you. I want you to enjoy life too, and I am only one guy. You are a highly sexual woman, how do you know you won't like being with other men? You say you love me, and I truly love you, enough that I want you to enjoy life, to enjoy your body. If something feels good, is it really bad? Do I want you to hit on the guys? Hell yes, I've wanted it for years! How far do I want you to go? Again, I want you to go as far as you want, this is not about me, although yes, I get turned on thinking about you with another man, but the bottom line is I want you to enjoy yourself," I finished.

Annie looked at me, pulling my head to her and giving me a big kiss. As our tongues met I tasted a bit of saltiness, wondering if it was me or somebody else--Brian's maybe?—on her lips. We broke the kiss and I looked at her expectantly as she whispered words I have waited to hear for years...

"We'll see." she said.

I stared at her in astonishment, with not a small bit of hope obvious on my face. Her voice stronger she finished, "Grant you, I still am not going to this party and fucking your friends, but I will try to be a bit more 'open' to maybe a few passes if one of them tries to cop a feel. Will that be alright?" she asked me.

I looked at her, kissing her again lightly. "I want YOU to want it," I told her. "Don't worry about me, if something happens I don't like, I will talk with you, like we talk about everything in our lives. We are going to be married, we should share everything with each other," I told her, seeing a thousand unanswered comments in her expression, wondering if she were considering telling me about everything happening the last few weeks.

In the back of my mind I could not wait to get to Annie's diary to find out what was going on, but at this point, I was winging it, not knowing what may have happened since yesterday since leaving Brian's after he had fucked Annie from behind at his house.

For the first time Annie seemed partially open to other guys hitting on her, and with the inevitable plans Rick and the others had for the party, I wondered what would happen, eager to get to the party. It would be like putting gasoline on an already lit fire, and I was curious to see how big the explosion would be.

"Let's go, we're already late, and could use another drink," I told her, giving her a quick kiss as I grabbed my gym bag of pool paraphernalia and followed Annie outside.

Annie's mind was still in chaos. Did she just suck off her fiancé to hide the smell of another man's cum on her, or did she suck him off because she wanted to please him? She could not deny the enjoyment of pleasing Bob after so many weeks of neglect, but she wondered if subconsciously there were other reasons due to Brian's use of her earlier.

Then there was the matter of whether she was willing to accept the idea of Bob wanting her to hit on other guys. It was something he had always said he wanted her to do, but seemed against her nature—at least in the past; apparently her nature was changing. Or maybe her nature had always been to be this slutty and she had only suppressed it.

These and a thousand other thoughts were in her head as she walked out the door, Bob trailing behind her when his voice broke out behind her, "When did you get that?"

Assuming he was talking about her new bikini, she replied back over her shoulder as she walked to the car, "I picked this up at the mall the other day, bought a few more since I knew about the 'Musical Bikini' game and didn't want to be unprepared without enough suits."

"No, I mean the back tattoo," Bob's voice came from behind her.

Annie's mind froze; Bob's comment causing her to immediately stop, vainly trying to look over her shoulder. "What? Oh...you like it?" she hurriedly improvised. She suddenly recalled the feeling of paper or something Brian had put across her lower back, realizing with trepidation he had put some sort of temporary tattoo or something there without her realizing it.

"Well, it is definitely sexy," Bob's voice drifted through her thoughts, his arms coming around her waist and giving her body a wave of desire. "What's the meaning of the rubies and roses?" he asked, backing up to examine her lower back. "With the glitter on you, it makes you look hot—nice and slutty," Bob purred in her ear.

Annie's mind was racing. "Uh, it's something I grabbed without thinking," she answered hurriedly. What was she going to do?

Needing some time to see what was on her she told him, "Before we go, let me go into the bathroom and check my make-up."

Annie hoped the lame excuse was enough as she turned around and hurriedly headed back into the house, aware of Bob's eyes on her lower back the entire time. Once in the bathroom she turned and stuck out her ass to the mirror, seeing the tattoo for the first time. There blatantly above the low waistband of the bikini, barely above the crack of her ass was a large colorful tattoo!

Abstractedly Annie admitted the tattoo was beautiful consisting of a top row of three gems—two blue sapphires with a red ruby in the center—a middle row of four red roses, and a bottom row consisting of three red hearts over a tribal blue wing pattern fanning out towards her hips. The whole tattoo was about 8" across, the bright colors and location blatant to anybody who saw her.

Annie recalled what people nicknamed lower-back tattoos--tramp stamps--and she knew it was Brian's way of reminding her of his control over her. Typical of the asshole to hide it from her, then send her to Bob without being aware of it.

Thankful it was at least not something vulgar or embarrassing--Brian could have picked something up much worse--she had to admit it looked good on her, turning her ass in various poses to see her reflection in the mirror. Annie had always considered getting a lower back tattoo; however, with plans for a modeling career she held off preferring to keep her skin unblemished—although the 'pure' trend was now fading as several famous models now had tats on their bodies.

After hastily putting on some bright red lipstick—to match the tattoo, she thought wickedly—Annie walked out to where Bob was waiting on the porch.

"Everything alright?" he asked as she came outside.

Feeling a bit more rational and calmer—at least in terms of surprises since her body was still aroused and electrified—Annie answered him, "Yeah, I wanted to make sure a 'certain lotion my fiancée put on me' was evened out enough," she grinned, seeing Bob's smile in response. Heading to the cars, Annie asked if they should take her car, since he would undoubtedly be drinking at the party.

Bob's reply came out rather quickly, surprising her, "No, no, I need to drive. I mean, we can take my car."

His tone of voice was odd. Annie could not understand why the choice of cars would make any difference as she went to the trunk to put their stuff in it; however, Bob's voice, again having an odd uneasy quality to it like he was hiding something came back to her, "Just put everything in the back seat." In answer to her questioning look, he replied, "I have a bunch of stuff from the shop back there and we don't want to get oil on everything."

Annie shrugged--immediately gasping as the material from the bikini top slid across her now sensitized nipples. 'What was happening?' she wondered, feeling the familiar throb of arousal coursing through her body as strong as in previous days.

She recognized the build-up of intense arousal when the boys had given her whatever drug they had tried on her, wondering if the bottle of water was truly spiked with it. Then her mind went numb as Brian's comment returned to her about the stripper glitter: "Of course, this is a bit of a modified solution. I added a few ingredients to make sure you would be more amenable to my commands."

'That asshole,' was Annie's immediate thought, aware he probably had put something—probably their sex drug—into the mixture hoping it would absorb into her skin or some sick shit. Realizing his plan may be working, Annie once again became acutely aware of her body--her breasts rising and falling with each breath, her pulse throbbing, the wind caressing her over-sensitized bare skin, the hot sun stroking it with heat as her perspiration beaded on her, teasing her as it rolled down between her breasts.

Getting into the car, Annie hoped she would survive the day...

I continued to be astounded at how hot Annie looked, and the knowledge of her possibly wearing two different men's cum on her was an odd thrill. I was morbidly curious about the tramp stamp on her, knowing after asking about it she had not known it was there. While sitting on the porch waiting for her to get out of the bathroom my mind wandered to what she could have been doing to be so preoccupied it could have been placed without her knowledge, my cock hardening with all sorts of sexual thoughts.

When Annie came back out of the house she was more composed and I continued staring at her, admiring how fantastic she looked. The bikini did nothing but accent all her curves, showing off her body more than being naked. And her skin! The stripper glitter blended well on her, not gaudy—having seen some rather cheap strippers—but made of a fine, powdery mixture spread evenly over her body did not so much as sparkle as give her body a soft sheen, reflecting her curves in the sun. The back tattoo was the coup de-grace. Annie looked sexier than she had in years, feeling my heart swell with love for her, while my cock swelled with thoughts about how the other guys would be affected when they saw her.

"Want me to drive my car? That way you don't have to watch what you drink," Annie's voice came to me, breaking my reverie.

Immediately thoughts of the keg of beer and the spy equipment in the trunk came to mind as I rather hastily said, "No, no, I need to drive. I mean, we can take my car," I explained weakly. Annie looked at me oddly; however, she quickly got over it, her mind probably still in turmoil over going to a party with the gang dressed as she was, or being blackmailed, or everything else happening to her.

Seeing her move to the trunk of the car to place her stuff in it, I hastily added, "Just put everything in the back seat. I have a bunch of stuff from the shop back there and we don't want to get oil on everything," I improvised.

Annie shrugged, apparently accepting the excuse or too preoccupied with her own thoughts to care as we got into the car and headed out to the party...the car drive quiet as each of us became lost in our own thoughts.

The ride to Jerome Wilson's house was uneventful, if you call trying to suppress various groans and moans of arousal uneventful as each bump in the road caused Annie's bathing suit to slide across her sensitive skin like an electrified lover. Even as small as the suit was, her skin was tingling with desire, anything touching it sending shivers all the way to the throbbing core between her legs. Bob had placed his hand on her thigh and was lightly stroking her skin while driving and it was all Annie could do not to orgasm from the sheer pleasure of the skin-on-skin contact. Annie's nipples were rock-hard from both the air conditioner and her aroused state, attempting to bore through the thin material of her top. Every movement or bump in the road left her breasts screaming to be released as the material slid across their sensitized surface. Her body was progressively more aroused, and Annie was afraid she was going to soak the crotch of her bikini bottoms if things became any worse.

Trying to keep her mind preoccupied, Annie stared out the window as they drove out of the middle-class section of the city to the more well-to-do area where Jerome's family lived. Mr. Wilson had started off as a B-movie director who had done very well for himself over the years and had 'retired' from the business, now continuing his hobby by working for the local cable company making documentaries and such. When the mood or money was right he still did odd movies on the side, ranging from action and adventure to sultry romances. He had even directed several porno movies, sometimes using his own house to film them. The successes had made the Wilson's quite wealthy, owning a huge house on the bluff, their backyard overlooking the entire city below.

It had been a few years since Annie had been there, but remembered how extravagant the house had been. The back yard was set in a jungle motif with a lagoon-like pool surrounded by various palm trees, banana plants, and other tropical vegetation. During parties the main deck served as the dance floor, overlooking a steaming waterfall pouring into a hot tub area, which then fed into the main pool to keep it heated.

The backyard behind the pool was one of Jerome's dad's proudest accomplishments, having built a hedge maze covering most of the remaining property. The maze was designed such that over a third of it

could be shifted around via potted hedges to change the design on the fly, often confusing people trying to figure out a way out. It had served as one of the main party games for every event hosted by the Wilsons, even offering seclusion from the main house for filming on site for his various 'adult' films.

The maze wrapped around the pool in the shape of a 'U' and extending back until it ended at the edge of the bluff where a large party-size redwood deck and pool house was built. There was a large kitchen area and a smaller wading pool, serving as a secondary party area. The idea was being able to host two parties at the same time without either interfering with each other.

As secluded as sections of the yard were, Mr. Wilson's cinematographer addiction hit its peak, as every inch of the area was under surveillance with hidden cameras and sound equipment; no matter where you were, it was possible somebody could be viewing you from elsewhere on the property. It had made for some hilarious 'bloopers' home movies Mr. Wilson showed at parties. Recalling this aspect of the house, Annie wondered if it was the reason Rick and the gang had chosen Jerome's house for the party—so anything happening could be caught on tape.

The thought sent a shiver through Annie. At first she thought it was due to the fear of being seen with somebody groping her, but then she caught herself absently stroking her stomach and realized she was aroused at the idea! The thought of others being able to see her no matter where she went on the property was a thrill, her mind again wondering at her change in thoughts as the cameras used to be one of her bigger fears.

Was she really going to do this? Allow the gang to hit on her? She would do this more for Bob than Brian's orders, though the two coincided. After her considerations this morning, she was resolved to at least be more open and see what happened. In fact, she was sure Rick and the guys would demand something along those lines anyways due to their pictures of her, so being more open seemed a way to appease everybody. Although this morning her decision had been firm, the closer she got to the party the less confident Annie felt.

Her reverie was broken as they pulled into the large driveway to the Wilson's house. Annie could tell from the sound of the music permeating the car that the party was in full gear; however, she also noticed signs of the party having already hit its peak. There were a few people packing up their cars while several parking spots open showed others had already left.

"Damn, we're late," Bob muttered as he parked the car, his thoughts observing the same thing.

Annie looked at her watch and saw it was only 2:30 pm, wondering how it could be 'late' for a party. As if reading her thoughts Bob explained, "Several people had to work today, and it being a Sunday, a lot of people couldn't stay late due to work tomorrow...that's why we planned it for 11 figuring we'd have 3 or 4 hours of solid time before people left. Looks like we're hitting the tail end...but most of these are people we invited from the shop; the gang and regulars like us will be partying until late," he laughed as if to reassure her.

Annie had thought it was only going to be a small get-together with the gang and their girlfriends, not such a large scale. While she was dreading the former, knowing this was on a larger scale made her feel more comfortable as she was sure the guys would not attempt anything too overt with her in such a public atmosphere. Of course, it also meant her being in such skimpy bikinis would have her on display to more

people, but she would take that as the lesser of the two evils.

Feeling a little better about the circumstances, Annie accompanied Bob up the walkway, startled when a familiar, and dreaded, voice shouted, "It's about goddamn time you two showed up, we were about to send a search party."

Looking up, Annie saw Rick walking out the front door as if he had been waiting for them—knowing Rick, he probably had been Annie thought. Looking at Rick walk towards them, Annie could not help but admire how good he looked with no shirt and his beach swim trunks loosely hanging off his hips. Annie had never been revolted by Rick's appearance—on the contrary she found him extremely hot, which was one of the problems being around him. She put up a front of being revolted by him to keep him away, but inwardly she found him one of the most attractive men around. The problem was his relentless pursuit to get into her pants, even being engaged to Bob. Looking at Bob, Annie realized regardless of how good looking a man is, when you love somebody there is nothing that could take that away as she slid closer to Bob.

Rick smiled as if sensing Annie's discomfort as he listened to Bob complain about 'women and never being on time' to explain their tardiness.

"Well, you're here now, and fucking-A Annie, you look awesome as always," he leered at her, his eyes not missing an inch of exposed skin with his leer. "Hell, if Bob weren't here I'd be throwing you on the grass in the front lawn and taking you every way I could," he teased.

Annie felt a twitch in her core between her legs at the thought, blushing when Bob joked, "Well, don't let me stop you from your conquests!"

Sensing her further discomfort, Rick again looked her up and down as his arm wrapped around her bare waist, pulling her to him in a big hug, "Damn, we missed you girl, you need to come by more often," he said loudly.

Annie tried to give a non-committal hug as her body was pulled against his, but Rick held her tight. Unable to break free, Annie felt him grind his pelvis against her hip, feeling his semi-erect member beneath his swim trunks as he whispered in her ear for her ears alone, "And I do mean cum," the inflection on the word 'cum' not lost upon her.

Annie pulled back, trying to regain her flushed composure as she looked over Rick's shoulder at Bob, who was grinning mischievously watching Rick's obvious more-than-friendly hug. Finally breaking free, Annie shook her head muttering "Men" as she continued walking to the front door while Rick and Bob followed behind, fully aware of both their gazes on her ass.

"Hot damn, nice slut tat ya got there Annie, is it permanent?" she heard Rick say hopefully, her whole body blushing as she remembered the art on her lower back in clear view to both guys behind her.

"Nah, it's a temp," she heard Bob say behind her. "She just wanted to see how it would look," he explained for her, saving her the grace of having to talk to Rick at the moment.

"Well, looks fucking awesome; and gives me a whole new position for my lecherous thoughts about ya Annie," Rick teased.

Instead of being insulted or revolted, Annie felt another thrill course through her at Rick's comments, hoping she could survive the party. She vaguely listened to him and Bob talking about her stripper glitter, but her thoughts were taken over by the house as she entered, so overcome by the sheer size of it.

The Wilson's house screamed money, but not in an obscene way. Everything was well-designed and had a perfect Feng Shui appeal to it, giving it a homey, comfortable feeling. As they made their way to the back, Annie was again overwhelmed by the magnitude of the property, noticing the party being well underway as she came out the back porch.

There were about 40 people, some dancing on the deck while others lounged around the pool. Annie figured another dozen or so were on the back deck as she made her way through the throng to find a place to set up their beach blankets, fully aware of not only Rick with Bob behind her as they walked around, but every other guys' eyes upon her.

Her uncomfortable thoughts were pulled away as a familiar voice shouted over the music, "Why Anne Marie Johnson, you slut bitch of a whore, it's about goddamn time you showed your sexy little ass around here!"

Annie smiled as she saw Sheila Roberts, Tom Kender's girlfriend run up to her giving her a big hug. Sheila was Annie's best friend from high school, and she had been feeling guilty not calling her since she got home for summer from college. Behind her stood Jessica Beard, Jerome's current beau and Courtney Pullman, Stan Wilkens' girlfriend since high school. All the girls gave Annie a hug, ignoring the surrounding guys' comments about girl-on-girl action and other derogatory comments.

It had been almost a year since Annie had seen some of the girls, having been off to college and having no time this summer to meet up with them. She was glad they were around to help lessen the load of lecherous stares, as all the girls were good looking. Sheila was a tall redhead with a body closely resembling Annie's, though not as firm due to lack of working out, a slight bulge to her belly showing her neglect. Jessica was the opposite of her boyfriend—whereas Jerome was a tall well-muscled black man, Jessica was a short, fairly plump blonde, still good looking in a two piece bathing suit. Courtney Pullman was a black-haired Latino who had a body to kill for, but who had unfortunately suffered from a history of severe acne in high school, leaving behind enough scarring for her to be called plain by most standards.

Glad to have some diversion from her exposed body, Annie and the girls caught up with each other as they pulled her away from Bob and Rick. While they sat and talked, Annie could not help noticing all the men at the party taking good looks at her as she lounged with the other girls by the pool, her blood racing as she met several of their eyes and they unashamedly leered back at her.

While talking, Annie felt a presence behind her, turning to see Bob offering a drink to her. Gladly accepting the wine cooler, Annie realized she was enjoying herself, forgetting her other worries until she saw Rick coming up to them, his eyes locked completely on her body. Annie watched as he made his way through the crowd, an upside down ball cap in his hands.

"Before you guys get situated, you have to draw your designated bands!" he told them. "Annie, you remember our musical bikini game, don't you?" he grinned at Annie's nod and rolling of her eyes. "Well, the pickings are slim since you guys are late, but that's your own fault, so lady's first," he said, offering the

ball cap towards her.

Annie could see several pieces of folded paper in the hat as she reached in for one. Unfolding it, she said out loud, "Timbaland," as the girls around her groaned.

Looking at them in explanation, Sheila told her, "That sucks, he's in town next weekend at the coliseum so the radio has been playing him non-stop. Damn girl, if you don't have enough suits you can borrow some of mine," she told her in commiseration.

"Now, now ladies, remember the rules, no loaners!" Rick smiled evilly at Annie, his focus drawn to her exposed chest. "Oh, and Bob, here's yours," Rick said, reaching into the hat himself and handing Bob a piece of paper. As Bob unfolded it, Rick looked over at Annie and winked, tilting the hat towards her as he unfolded a few of the other papers, all showing 'Timbaland' written on them. Annie realized he was letting her know it had been fixed, also explaining why Rick had handed Bob his paper instead of letting him draw from the hat.

Unfortunately nobody else noticed the exchange as they were looking at Bob who said loudly, "Ooh, Shakira; looks like I won't have to bother changing today," he laughed. "Well, time for a drink! Rick, let's leave the hens to their chatter," Bob said, seeing Annie's thankful smile as he led Rick away. Although it would not last long, Bob was trying to make Annie feel more at ease, and distracting Rick earned him big points.

"Sure thing Bob, I'm sure we'll have plenty of time to catch up Annie," Rick said as he leered at her body one more time before turning to leave.

Taking a sip of her wine cooler, Annie's cell phone suddenly started ringing. Looking at the number, her heart did a skip realizing it was Brian.

"Your mom?" Sheila asked, presuming with Bob and them at the party, there were few people who would call Annie.

Standing up to move away from others from hearing, Annie replied, "Yeah, just going to let her know to not wait up tonight," she said, moving away from the crowd and answering the phone.

"Yes Master," she whispered quietly so nobody else overheard her.

"Haven't forgotten about me, did you slut?" Brian's voice said over the airwaves.

"No Master," Annie replied. "I just now got the band for the bikini thing," she said. As the silence stretched on, she knew he was expecting her to continue as she said, "Timbaland."

Suddenly laughter erupted from the phone. "Wow, I could not have planned this better!" Brian exclaimed. "You know he's coming into town and they've been playing his shit on every station non-stop. Well slave, you remember your rules?" he asked, hanging up when Annie simply told him yes.

Moving back to the girls, Annie took a long pull from her wine cooler, finishing it and grabbing another out of the girl's cooler.

"That bad?" Sheila asked, changing the subject at Annie's shrug.

By the time Annie was on the third wine cooler, she had caught up with all the girls' gossip and knew everybody who was doing everybody in town. Unfortunately they were interrupted almost every five minutes as every guy at the party at one point or another made their way to their little group to said hi, their attention obviously focused on Annie's body.

Annie was grateful for the distraction talking to the girls, although a part of her also enjoyed the attention of the male eyes around her. Her body was still on fire, her skin electrified, and every man walking up to the group to say hello brought abrupt fantasies of sex.

Also during this time Sheila had to change into a new bathing suit, her pick Jay Z having come on. Annie watched as she put on a little polka dotted bikini over her current suit, then pulled off the old one underneath. The new suit was a bit skimpier, showing off her body to good advantage.

Seeing Annie's curious stare, Sheila explained, "That's right, it HAS been a while since you've been to one of these, hasn't it," she chided. "The guys decided the timer thing was too much a pain in the ass, so they decided all suits had to be changed in public before the song ended. Of course it's their way to try and catch a peak at us, but we've been out-smarting them by putting on our new suits first," she grinned.

Annie complimented her on her new suit.

"It's not as good as that little number on you does!" she exclaimed at the compliment. "I swear girl, your body never quits, and you are better toned than when we were in high school cheerleading. Shit, you get more beautiful the older you get! Not only does every guy at this party want to do you, but I'll bet half the girls feel the same way," she kidded as Annie blushed, unexpectedly wondering what it would be like with another girl.

"By the way, I saw your mom at the store yesterday," Courtney continued. "She said you got a pretty nice house sitting job with that bank family," she said. "I'm not sure how you can stand to be around those two brats, you know, their son and his friend. They remind me of the type of guys you'd see wearing a raincoat at the adult bookstore," she laughed with the rest of the girls.

"And you can't use your old tricks with them now," Sheila grinned at her. Seeing the other girls' questioning faces, Sheila explained, "Annie used to flash them while babysitting. She would have them so worked up they would 'excuse' themselves to their rooms for the night because they were so hard from her cock-teasing!" Sheila laughed.

"Get the fuck out?" Jessica said. "I should have thought of that when babysitting, that would have made some nights so nice and quiet," she laughed. "Though now those guys would probably take you up on the offer now," she laughed.

Annie felt her body flush, not laughing with them when she suddenly felt a hand on her shoulder. Looking up, she saw Brent Maugham, one of the gang and Bob's friend. Seeing him immediately brought back images of him standing before her at the mall bathroom, her sitting in the stall covered in cum as he shot his load on her face after barely touching him.

"Annie, I believe you owe us all some dances," he said to her, his eyes roaming up and down her body as bad as Rick's.

Annie was about to decline when the girls all told her to go. "Let them get a glimpse of those firm tits and ass jiggling," Sheila laughed. "Besides, we're going to have to get ready to go, the three of us have to work tonight and need to get home to get ready," Sheila said.

Annie looked at her in shock, "You're going to leave me alone with them?" she said, realizing her refuge was leaving. Although other women were still at the party, Annie did not recognize any of them, feeling almost alone. She had felt safe from the guys by being with the other girls.

"She'll be up there in a sec Brent, let us say goodbye," Sheila said as she ushered Brent away. After he had left out of ear-shot, Sheila got serious. "Look, I'm sure after this long the guys are going to be at their worst for you," she said knowingly. Before Annie could tell her she could take care of herself Sheila continued, "My advice, let them have their fun. Don't make a fuss, and they'll let it blow over," she said seriously. "Half of their enjoyment is shocking the shit out of us, so once we don't make a scene, they leave us alone," she said.

"Don't tell me you've let them grope you?" Annie said in shock.

Jessica laughed, "Honey, we've all been there. Trust us, we all admired you when you decided to not come to any other parties, particularly with Bob being so supportive; however, you're here now so they're going to make up for lost time. And yes, we've all been there—and Sheila is right, you let them have their fun, cop a few feels, and they'll get tired of it," she said.

Annie was shocked. Although Bob had told her all the guys hit on each other's girls, she thought it was something unique with her, realizing she had been a bit egotistic. But then she remembered her biggest fear as she told them, "Well, I'm sure the other guys may leave alone after a few feels, but you all know Rick, he's had an obsession with me for years. Do you really think he would stop at a mere handful?" she asked.

Suddenly all the girls got quiet, looking everywhere except at Annie. She had a sudden revelation, "Don't tell me one of you slept with Rick," she said amazed.

Sheila finally broke the silence. "Well shit, we're not going to lie to you, and yes, we all have been there. Think of it as girls' initiation," Sheila said ashamedly. "Not going to lie to you Annie, he will probably attempt it, and as Jessica said, we've all been there, and we all have that particular notch in our bed, for good or bad," she said. "Still, it's gotten him to leave us alone, so what the hell, besides, it wasn't the worst thing to occur," she grinned.

"Well maybe for you, hell, I was passed out at the time," Courtney laughed. "Though I must've felt something, as content as I was the next morning," she grinned.

"I can't believe this! And it's easy for you all to say," Annie said, "None of you are engaged!" she exclaimed.

"Shit, don't pull that on us," Sheila said. "I've heard for years Bob talking about how he'd love you to slut

around, so that's the least of your concerns," she said. "Just take some friendly advice, you may not have to sleep with Rick, particularly with the 'engaged card' on your side, but the guys are going to be at their worst, and based on our past experiences, it's easier to give in than fight it," she said somberly.

Annie could not believe what she was hearing—all the girls had slept with Rick? She didn't have as much of an ego to think he would not have tried, but she would never have thought any of her girlfriends would have given in like that. Letting the guys have their way made sense, and something she had already considered doing, but not as far as they had gone she decided.

"We can meet up sometime next week," Sheila continued, "but meanwhile, have fun; this is a party after all!"

Giving Annie a hug, the girls said their goodbyes while some of the guys around them whistled yelling for more girl-on-girl action.

Annie realized she was now on her own as she turned and made her way to the dance floor. Focusing on the music, she realized it had been weeks since she had been dancing. The three wine coolers had given her a good buzz and in combination with the sexual vibe she was feeling, Annie felt her blood spike at the thought of dancing as she walked straight over to Brent's eager face, images of him cumming in her face only two weeks ago.

As Annie moved up to Brent as "California Gurls" by Katy Perry started playing. As she started to move, Annie easily got into the music, letting her body take control, swaying her hips and moving her body in time to the beat. Annie loved to dance, and soon she did not care who she was dancing with, letting her body go, undulating it with vigor. Even dancing in a bikini, she let her body go, letting her natural dancing rhythm take control.

Annie had worried about dancing in the tall heeled shoes; however, she found them to be extremely versatile, allowing her to do some moves she would not have attempted with other high heels. She could understand why strippers wore these types, the rubber soles catching on even the slickest surface, allowing her to turn on a dime without any fear of slipping.

Annie twirled around; raising her hands as each "Oh-ah-Oh-ah Oh Oh-ah-Oh-ah-Oh-ah" refrain came out. The deep base stirred something inside her, not caring who was watching as she danced seductively to the music.

Suddenly she felt hands on her waist, focusing on Brent in front of her, pulling her near. As the next "Oh ah-Oh-ah Oh Oh-ah-Oh-ah-Oh-ah" refrain came out he turned Annie around, his arms wrapping around her stomach, pulling her closer to him. Nonplussed, Annie started swaying her hips, grinding her ass into his groin, feeling his semi-hard erection in response.

Turning around to face him, Brent's arms still around her she met his grin. She returned the smile as she swayed to the music, feeling his hands move across her back every so often, as if taking possession of her. Brent's hands were definitely having an effect as she felt herself feeling more and more sexual. As Snoop Dog's solo came on, she felt his hands dip down to the top of her ass until he was cupping both cheeks; acting like it was all part of the dancing holding her as they danced.

As the song ended, Annie looked around, noticing several guys watching her dance, admiration visible on

their faces. Seeing Bob, she saw him give her a big 'thumbs up' as she waved back at him, Brent's hands still on her ass.

'Well, if that's what he wants,' Annie thought to herself, letting herself be a bit more loose as the next song, Jay Z's "On to the Next One" came on, Annie started swaying her hips and ass provocatively, Brent's hands holding on tight to her jiggling cheeks, in view of everybody watching.

Annie swayed and slowly turned around, seeing a large crowd surrounding the dance floor, all male eyes focused on her as she gyrated, sending a thrill through her core. Brent's hands moved to her stomach as she again swayed her ass into him, slowly sinking down to her haunches as Brent's hands ran up her sides, stroking the sides of her breasts, then moving to her arms and shoulders as she sunk lower. In this position, Annie had her legs wide open to the crowd watching, seeing several guys trying to maneuver in front of her to see more. Slowly rising, Brent's hands repeated their course in reverse, his roving touch bringing chills to Annie as they ran across her body.

Annie could not ignore Brent's hands all over her, as each touch sent thrills through her. She looked around, seeing Rick a few feet away watching her intently and she slowly raised her hands, sliding them up her sides until she cupped her breasts, looking straight at him as she smiled. Rick nodded appreciatively as he turned towards a scruffy guy she did not recognize whose eyes were locked on her as he absently greeted Rick. Curiosity got the best of her, wondering who he was, so Annie slowly guided Brent near them, pretending it was the dance moving them to get closer.

"Who's the hot piece of ass?" she heard the guy shout into Rick's ear. The combination of trying to shout over the music and being drunk allowing her to catch what they were both saying.

"Why that's the cheese at the end of the maze," Rick chuckled. "That's Annie Johnson, the hottest piece of ass to ever grace the halls of our high school," he told the guy. "Ain't she a looker?" he asked.

The guy slapped Rick on the back, "Hell yeah, she hooked up with anybody, or would any of us have a chance at getting a piece of that action?" he said.

Annie felt her face flush, hoping she was not being obvious as she pretended to not listen to them, continuing to dance with Brent, her ass and tits shaking to the beat of the music. Suddenly Brent pulled her back against him, holding her tight as they moved together, his hands running over her stomach. Annie tilted her head back against his shoulder, swaying her body with his, feeling his hard-on pressing against her ass. Her body was on fire, the rhythm of the music, Brent's attention to her body, as well as every guy watching her sway to the music getting to her. She felt alive, her skin on fire with desire as she seductively moved her body. Thoughts of Brent cumming on her face kept flashing through her head, remembering how quick he came, wondering if she could get him to last longer if she had a chance. Shaking her head, she tried to clear her thoughts as she focused back on the conversation behind her.

As the song ended, in the brief silence she heard Rick answer, "Well, the answer to both those questions is yes," he laughed.

Annie spun around in shock, quickly remembering to dance and not pay attention to them as Ke\$ha's "Take It Off" started to play. She glanced over at Rick, who was looking at the other guy as he told the other man, "Stick around for a while and you might get more than an eyeful of that lovely candy on the dance floor," she heard Rick hint.

Annie immediately felt her pulse pound, wondering what they had planned. Although a small part of her was still frightened, on the dance floor, the deep base of the music thrumming through her body, she was too turned on to worry, particularly knowing Bob was around and would stop anything getting too out-of-hand.

Loving the song, Annie started getting into the music, trying to keep her mind off of Rick as well as the crowd of guys watching her, just getting into the music. Unfortunately, the words of the song were getting to the crowd as they began chanting with the song "Take it off," obviously directed towards her.

Annie was turned on, dancing in front of so many eyes as she continued to bounce around, her arms raised, knowing she was giving them a good show as her breasts bounced in time with the music. Brent's hands grabbed her when he could, but due to the fast beat of the music, Annie was mostly left untouched.

As the song ended, Usher's "OMG" started playing and Annie started slowly swaying her hips to the introduction.

"I believe I'll take the next dance," she heard behind her, seeing Rick wave Brent off.

"Sure thing Rick," Brent told him. "Annie, it was a pleasure, and I hope we can do more," he grinned, winking at her. Annie had no pretense he was talking about more than just dancing.

Rick's arm went around Annie's waist pulling her against him, his hips swaying against hers in time to the beginning of the song. Annie tried to step back but his arm stayed locked around her lower back. The end result was her torso bending back while her lower body pressed against Rick's gyrating pelvis. In this position her breasts thrust up proudly as her head fell back. If not for Rick's grip, she would have fallen.

Rick smiled as he thumped his pelvis into her with the song's "Oh oh oh..." preventing Annie from straightening up to pull away. His grip around her waist was tight, keeping her firmly pressed against him as he looked at her. "So Annie, are you going to be a good little girl today?" he said, running his hand from her neck to down between her breasts in front of everybody watching, his thumb briefly hooking on the string between, pulling it down slightly. Annie has a brief fear of him ripping off her top...

Her body flushed at Rick's touch, the party and everybody around them forgotten as she stared at him, becoming fully conscious of wanting more. At a loss for anything to say, she simply looked at him, "I'm here, aren't I?" she said, as if it explained everything, starting to swing her hips to the music, rubbing against him at her odd angle.

Rick laughed, finally releasing her when she caught her balance. Remembering her conviction the guys likely would not try to piss Bob off, Annie gathered her courage and purposely stayed against Rick, gyrating her body against his to his obvious pleasure.

Not to be outdone, Rick grabbed her hips, his hands sliding around to cup her ass as Brent had done as she swayed before him.

When the slower part of the song came, Annie turned around, slowly lowering herself, swaying similar to what she had done with Brent. Rick's hands stayed in the position where her ass was, moving up her stomach while Annie lowered herself until they were under her breasts. Whereas Brent had moved his

hands to her arms and shoulders, to her surprise Rick suddenly cupped both her breasts, pulling her back to her feet while continuing to grasp each breast through her bikini, his index fingers slowly moving across her erect nipples.

Annie's mind exploded. Facing the crowd, she felt her whole body flush with embarrassment as guys around the dance floor shouted their appreciation, blatantly watching Rick fondle Annie's breasts in front of them. As embarrassed as she was; however, it was overshadowed as her body responded eagerly to his attention. Annie felt herself moan as her nipples reacted to Rick's ministrations.

Looking around, Annie saw Bob smiling, realizing she was being fondled not only in front of a crowd, but in front of her fiancée—with his obvious approval! With Rick's grip so locked on her, the only thing Annie could do was spin around so his hands were on her back, pressing her breasts against his chest.

The next song, Rihanna's "S&M" started playing as Rick pulled her against him. "Very nice," he said, pulling Annie completely against him. The look in his eyes made Annie realize he thought she was purposely trying to get close to him as they swayed together to the song. Even though the song was up beat, he slowly turned them in a circle, one hand moving down to cup her ass again as they oscillated to the music.

Annie looked over Rick's shoulder at Bob who was watching intently. Seeing her regarding him, Bob nodded at her with a grin, looking down at his trunks. Lowering her gaze Annie, saw he had a visible tent in his shorts from getting hard as "I like it, like it" blared over the radio.

Annie was at a loss. A part of her definitely wanted the attention Rick—or any guy for that matter—while another part did not want to make a scene, particularly in front of Bob. Yet his obvious approval reinforced her thoughts as she remembered Sheila and the other girl's comments about it being best to just give in and let the guys fondle her.

Annie's attention was broken as the song ended. Instead of starting to dance again, Rick guided her off the dance floor as Drake's "Find Your Love" started playing. "So let me show you around," Rick told her, his arm firm around her waist, the beginning of the song almost a sound of impending doom.

"I've been here before," Annie told him, part of her wanting to pull away but resolving to stay where she was against him. "Besides, I need to get back to Bob," she said, when Rick interrupted her.

"I already told Bob I was going to show you Jerome's dad's back deck. It wasn't completed when you were here last, so Bob said he'd be right there when he got us some drinks," Rick told her, guiding Annie through the crowd of appreciative male looks into one of the pathways of the hedge maze as the music played behind them.

Annie glanced over her shoulder, vainly looking for help as she was guided into the maze; however, all she saw was a crowd of guys watching her ass as Rick led her away.

"Really Rick, I think we..." Annie started to say as Rick interrupted her.

"Shut up bitch, it's time you and I had a little talk," he said. Gone was the polite easy-going guy, and back was the lecherous Rick Annie knew from old, the guy who did not take 'No' for an answer.

As they took a few turns, Rick guided her to a dead end where a small bird fountain was bubbling quietly. Nudging her into the small clearing, he turned around, saying over his shoulder, "First, we need a bit of privacy," he leered at her. Grasping one of the walls, it easily moved a bush-covered wall over the entrance as Annie remembered the moveable, potted hedges designed to change the maze.

With trepidation Annie realized her and Rick were essentially alone, cut off from anybody passing by in the maze. Under other circumstances, she would have thought the little alcove peaceful; however, now it seemed to close in on her, the walls thick and isolated. It was a prison, and she was trapped with her jailor.

Sure she could yell, which would be embarrassing, but a part of her actually wanted to see what was going on—part curiosity, part arousal.

In the back of her mind, Annie heard Three 6 Mafia's "Lolli Lolli (Pop that Body)" start to play. Trying not to be distracted, she looked at Rick's leering face. "Rick, I don't think we..." she started to say as he again interrupted her.

"Should be so far apart? I agree," he said, moving closer to her, his arms sliding around her hips, sending an uncontrollable tingle through her.

"No, I think I..." she said as he once again finished her sentence.

"Should be on your knees? I agree," he said, putting his hands on her shoulders, firmly pushing Annie down.

Annie's resistance prevented her from kneeling completely, instead lowering herself down to her haunches, Still on her feet as her body tingled with desire, she realized her predicament. Knowing what may be happening, a part of her suddenly anticipated it.

Looking up at Rick helplessly, Annie told him, "Uh, I don't think you should..." again her sentence was finished by Rick.

"Have my shorts on? You're right," he said, easily pulling them down, exposing his now erect dick. Annie stared. Having seen Rick's dick several times, she was still amazed at how fat it was, compared to its length, as she felt her mouth reflexively water up.

"Rick, I need to..." she attempted to deny him again, as he easily continued her sentence...

"Have my dick in your mouth, now," Rick finished, as he thrust forward.

Instinctively Annie opened her mouth, her lips eagerly accepting the cock as it moved past her lips, across her tongue, stretching her lips wide with its thickness. Annie and Rick moaned simultaneously as she unconsciously clasped her lips around him, sucking at the slightly salty, hard member sliding into her mouth.

Annie's legs were splayed wide open as she crouched in front of Rick, barely keeping balance until she

felt his hands take her head, guiding her back and forth his cock as Annie gave up all resistance, instinctively reaching around and holding the back of his thighs to maintain her balance. All thoughts of denying him were gone as she eagerly took him in her mouth, her tongue stroking the underside of his shaft moving in and out of her mouth. Overcome with desire, Annie no longer cared about anything but the cock sliding back and forth between her lips as she hungrily sucked on his member, feeling it harden further as it slipped back and forth between her moist, lips.

Rick continued to guide her head back and forth as Annie swayed on her feet from the motion, feeling her hard nipples pressed firmly on her bikini top as if trying to break free. Her core was on fire, her crotch moistening as she instinctively started moving her hips, attempting to create friction of her suit across her clit.

Annie moaned, causing Rick to groan in return from the vibration of her vocal cords up his shaft. Steadily his thrusts became more eager as his cock filled Annie's mouth. Abstractedly Annie realized he was thrusting in time to the current song playing, P!nk's "Raise Your Glass." Letting him have his way, Annie gave in, letting him guide her back and forth as he literally fucked her mouth, concentrating on her tongue movements and the suction of her mouth.

Annie was barely aware of her surroundings. The only sounds were the bubbling of the fountain, the music from the party, and the wet rhythmic gagging and suction noises her throat made around Rick's cock.

Loosening up her throat more, Annie felt Rick yank her head against his pelvis, his cock shoved all the way into her mouth, pressing against the back of her throat as he held still, holding her head as she deep throated him. In the silence caused by the lack of sucking noise from his cock entering and exiting her mouth, Annie vaguely heard Lady Gaga's "Alejandro" starting to play over the party. She even heard somebody walking by their little alcove, wondering if it were Bob looking for them, the thought of her fiancée possibly feet away from her with another man's cock in her mouth again making her moan, feeling Rick's dick twitch in her mouth.

Annie stayed still as Rick's cock pulsed in her mouth, her tongue slowly stroking the large vein pulsing against it. She could barely breathe, Rick's dick so far into her mouth and holding her still, but she was too excited being used. She even pulled his hips forward, her grip firm on the backs of his thighs. Rick ground his pelvis around her face in response, his pubic hairs scratching across her nose as his cock jerking spasmodically in her mouth.

Eventually Annie started to worry about air. Finally she slapped his ass as Rick jerked away from her, a hacking "Xgathcka" noise coming from her mouth as his dick was freed from her throat so she was able to take a breath. Before she could inhale a second time she felt hot fluid splash her chin. Looking up, she saw Rick cumming on her, directing his ejaculate to her chest where she looked down in fascination as long pearly white streams splattered against the prominent curves of her breasts.

"Oh yeah bitch, that's a good girl," Rick moaned, jerking his cock in his hands and sending splatters of cum onto her suit, to Annie's horror, knowing she could not hide stains like that.

As Rick stepped back, he looked down and Annie imagined what a sight she was. Crouched before her nemesis, the Homecoming Queen of high school, head cheerleader, hottest girl in town, and Rick's best friend's fiancée covered in his own come. Rick smiled as if he could read her thoughts.

Annie absently licked her lips, tasting the salty sweet fluid. In the back of her mind she compared it to Brian's, which had a salty almond taste, and Bob's, a clean, freshwater, saltiness. Rick's cum was slightly sweet, recalling his favorite drink was rum and pineapple juice, wondering if she was possibly tasting the sweetness from those.

Looking back up to him, she saw Rick smiling. "Now that we got that little interlude out of the way," he said to her, "we can talk."

Annie stood up, realizing she what a sight she was covered in Rick's cum. She moved towards the birdbath to wash off when Rick suddenly grabbed her elbow.

"No, that is one of today's rules of the party," he told her. Seeing Annie's questioning look, he explained. "Today you will not remove anything put upon you, tanning lotion, water, or even cum happening to somehow get on you," he grinned.

Annie recognized this was the third time today she had been requested to leave cum on her body, wondering if this were some 'Man' thing for marking territory as Rick continued. "Today, you are going to be the Annie we have all wanted you to be," he said. "When somebody asks you to dance, you will do so willingly, not turning down, even if you don't know them. In addition, whomever who you dance with you will allow them to do as they please with you," he grinned. "Wherever they want to put their hands, let them," he said authoritatively.

At Annie's shocked expression, Rick laughed. "Within reason bitch," he said patiently. "I mean if they want to fondle those luscious tits of yours, you'll let them. If they want to hold you against them, you let them. Today you are going to be everybody's favorite party doll," he grinned. "Also, anybody who wants to give you a 'tour' of the hedge maze, you will do so willingly, treating them as you did me," Rick grinned evilly.

Before Annie protested, he continued, "Remember we have the pictures of you doing exactly that from the mall. Unless you want Bob to see those pictures, you will comply. Who knows, Bob is such a freak wanting to show you off he may get off on the pictures, the question is, are you willing to take that chance?" Rick told her.

"How am I supposed to act like this with Bob around?" Annie asked. She had predicted something along these lines would be occurring for the party, so was not surprised, nor, she realized, abhorrent to the idea. Instead, she was eager, wanting to see how far she could actually go in teasing the guys. Annie expected them to grope her, and hell, she reasoned, she had already sucked them off, so repeating one of her favorite acts of sex was not something she was against, although she did wonder if it was all they would attempt.

"You think he minds?" Rick asked. "Hell, you saw him yourself as I was feeling those gorgeous tits of yours...he was getting off on it!" Rick said triumphantly.

Annie knew Rick was right, having seen for herself the reaction Bob had to Rick's roaming hands.

"Go ahead and smear my cum over your body slut," Rick commanded, as Annie silently complied feeling

it drying on her skin as she smeared it thinly over her. "As for Bob, don't you worry about him; hell, for most of it he'll enjoy it, for the rest, we'll keep him distracted," he grinned, seeing Annie standing before him.

Annie did not say a word as she merely nodded to Rick's grin. In the silence, she heard "If We Ever Meet Again" starting to play, by Katy Perry as Rick laughed. Looking up at him, he smiled at her, "Remember, you pulled Timbaland from the hat...that means ALL Timbaland songs, whether he is the lead singer or not," he laughed, seeing Annie's expression as he continued. "Lucky for you, I took the liberty of bringing one of your bathing suits with me," he said, pulling out a string of material from his swimming trunks pocket and handing them to her, apparently having raided her beach bag.

"I supposed it's asking too much for you to turn around," Annie said with resignation as Rick laughed, affirming her question.

Taking the bikini from his hands Annie decided if he was going to watch, she would give him a show as she untied the top of her current suit, letting her breasts free to the warm summer air. At least this resolved the issue of cum stains on her top she thought as she ignored Rick's hissed "Nice!" when her breasts were freed. Instead of putting on the new top, she untied her bottoms, letting them fall to the ground. Annie felt a thrill between her legs as her wet slit was exposed to the air, standing in front of Rick naked except for her high heeled shoes.

She focused on the bathing suit Rick had given her while he watched her lecherously. This was the first time he had seen her fully nude, and Annie realized she needed to hurry and get dressed before he got ideas for something more.

Unraveling the bikini she saw it was a bright fluorescent green—no way she would blend into the crowd with this, it simply shouted "I am here!" to the world. The top was a simple triangle top; however, as she put it on, she realized it was so small it covered less than a quarter of her breasts, exposing them top, sides, and even the bottom of her breasts. Her aureoles were barely covered by the top triangle as Annie realized if she moved suddenly they could possibly peak out. Trying to adjust it further, she realized if she tied the top higher, the bottoms of her breasts were exposed, but at least she wouldn't be flashing her nips to everybody. Deciding on the lesser evil, she tied the piece higher, letting her breasts bulge out on all sides before untangling the bottoms.

The bottoms were a thong design—so much for not showing off her ass, Annie thought as she tied the suit on. Her pussy lips tingled as the material pressed against them, pulling the straps high over her hips. Annie blatantly felt the sun shining on her ass as she bent to pick up her previous suit. "Such a nice view," Rick said behind her as Annie realized she was basically mooning him as she stood up. "So let's go get those drinks," Rick said, sliding the hedge open and waving for her to go first as if nothing unusual had happened and they were taking a tour like he had said earlier.

Annie thought about what had just happened, giving her main nemesis a blowjob without any fight. Her body tingled remembering the sweet taste of his cum and she realized her body was still aroused, her skin energized with desire. Rick slid his hand behind her, gliding across her bared ass before settling around her waist as he guided her to the back deck, his touch sending shivers through Annie's body, all seeming to at her clit.

As they cleared the hedge, Annie saw Bob sitting at a picnic table with Tom Kender and Stan Wilkins across from him. Bob's back was to them as Stan and Tom grinned, seeing her and Rick walking out of the hedge towards them. Rick move his hand off her and looking at him, she saw with horror he was making 'pumping' motions with his hand, his mouth open and his tongue protruding from his check as Annie felt her whole body flush. She looked at both Stan and Tom as they grinned at her, knowing what she had just done with Rick as she moved up to Bob, putting her arms around her neck.

"Oh hey, were've ya been?" he asked,. Then he noticed her suit, "Wow, if that suit doesn't get everybody's attention, I don't know what will, don't you think guys?" he asked the two sitting with him, to their agreement.

"Sorry, we got a little lost through the maze," Annie tried to explain, ignoring the snickers of Tom and Stan as she continued, "then I had to go back for a new suit," she said, hoping Bob did not smell Rick's dried cum over her skin, hoping if he did he would think it his own.

Bob stood up to give her some room, handing her a bottle of water, which she thankfully accepted, guzzling half the bottle before he said, "I grabbed the water out of your bag since I knew you didn't want to drink too much."

Annie thanked him as he pulled her to the side, letting Rick sit down with her in the middle. "So how was Rick?" he asked her quietly so the other guys did not hear.

"What?" Annie exclaimed, wondering if Bob knew what had happened. "Excuse me?" she looked at him.

"I mean, did he try to make a pass at you in the maze? I wouldn't put it past him," he said, looking at her intently.

"Well, he grabbed my ass the whole time, but other than that, he pretty much kept to himself," Annie lied, hating herself for doing it.

Bob seemed nonplussed as he said, "Well, get a few drinks in him and he'll be all hands on you," he laughed at her, giving her a hug. Annie realized he already had a few drinks more than her and was getting a good buzz on, hoping he would not drink himself to sleep as he usually did when he over indulged.

Rick had been talking to Stan while her and Bob had talked, and Annie's attention was drawn back to them as Stan Wilkins stood up telling Rick, "I'll go let everybody know," looking straight at Annie as he walked away.

"Know what?" Bob asked as they sat down.

Annie had a feeling her agreement with Rick was was being told to everybody as Rick answered him, "Oh, we may be a little low on beer, so seeing if anybody brought extras. We thought Jerome's dad had a couple kegs in storage, but sadly he only had the one and it's getting low. We may need somebody to go on a beer run later," he said, winking at Annie.

Annie realized who would be chosen to go on this so-called 'beer run' as she tried to scoot closer to Bob.

The guys chatted shop talk while Annie looked around at the finished pool house and deck, admiring how well it looked. The last time she had been here only the deck had been completed, and she was impressed how much things have improved.

Unexpectedly she almost yelped as something rested on her knee. Telling Bob she was fine who had noticed her tense up, she realized she had a bare foot stroking the inside of her right leg. As he was the only one across from her, she knew it was Tom Kender, even without the shit-grin on his face. Annie smiled at him to show she was not fazed. She even retaliated by rubbing her knee up and down against his foot. A hand landed on her left knee as she realized Rick was getting his feel as well as she looked at his smile. Both guys continued talking to Bob as if nothing were going on, but Annie knew their main attention was under the table as she felt both foot and hand rub the inside of her knees and lower thigh.

As if on cue, Annie's knees were spread apart by the foot and hand under the table. She could imagine the sight underneath; her legs spread wide open as two guys touched the inside of her thighs. To try and show them she was not going to let them get to her, Annie looked directly at Rick and Tom, licking her lips slowly. Rick grinned back wickedly as she felt his hand move higher up her thigh. Almost immediately she felt Tom following suit with his foot a moment later.

A week ago Annie would have stood up, asking Bob if they could move somewhere else, but in the state she was in, ready to accept any teasing the guys may give her, as well as her decision to return the same to them, Annie smiled at both of them as she slid her ass forward, leaning slightly back, as if daring them to go any further.

She almost gasped as another foot was placed against her crotch, pressing against her pussy. Looking between the picnic table slats, Annie saw Tom's other leg between her legs slowly stroking her crotch up and down. Instinctively Annie began moving her hips, trying not to bump Bob in the process; however, he seemed oblivious to what was going on under the table next to him.

Annie could feel her core throb as Tom's bare foot worked up and down her crotch. She recalled Sheila's comment about the guys wanting to only get a rise from her, so she deliberately looked across the table and nodded once to Tom then glanced at Rick. Seeing both their grins in understanding, Annie felt the foot between her legs press against her slit through the suit. Since Tom was Sheila's boyfriend, Annie figured he was 'safer' than Rick being near her pussy as she allowed him to move his toe up and down her crotch.

As his foot moved, Annie became more and more aroused, her hips starting to undulate faster. She realized if this continued, she could very well orgasm when suddenly Rick stood up. "Well, let's get back to the party. It seems fewer people are around, so we might as well confine things to the pool area," he said as everybody stood up.

Annie stood slowly, hoping her crotch was not obviously wet; however, being a thong, what little of the suit exposed was fine. Bob's arm went around her as they led the way, Rick and Tom following and Annie knew they were watching her bare ass the entire time.

As they exited the hedge, Annie saw that definitely a few more people had left. She felt a slight panic noticing most of the people gone were the women—only a couple girls were left milling around the party, none of whom she knew; however, her attention was pulled away as Greg Smith met them as they neared the pool area.

“Annie love the suit, or lack-thereof,” he grinned at her. “I believe you owe us all a couple of...dances,” he said after a pause as Bob nudged her towards Greg.

Annie saw a literal wave of male eyes turned to look at her as her new suit was noticed. She could just imagine the sight of her, tall brunette in a bright green fluorescent micro-bikini, her 36C breasts barely covered by the bright material, the small “V” of material at her crotch barely concealing any decency, and her ass fully exposed by the thong. No wonder Bob was beaming like a kid in the candy store, this was his dream come true for him—her being displayed like a tramp in front of other men.

Greg took her hand and led her to the dance floor, aware of every male eye focused on her and her bright—what little material there was that showed—bikini. Annie was still wearing the clear platform shoes which accentuated her legs and as she walked she could feel every man’s eyes on her ass and legs. Nearing the dance floor, Annie concluded this was where the few remaining women were congregating.

Annie almost backed out as Jason Derulo’s “Ridin’ Solo” came on, not wanting to dance a slow song with somebody other than Bob, but Greg pulled her against him, whispering in her ear, “Now, now, remember your agreement little slut.” Annie realized she had been correct, Stan had indeed been sent to spread the word about her and Rick’s ‘talk’ in the hedge.

Although a part of her was embarrassed wearing as little as she was in front of people she knew, the part awakened earlier in the morning was still in control, and Annie began to willingly move in Greg’s embrace, melting against him, spooning together as their bodies slowly undulating to the music.

If they wanted her to tease them, so be it, she would give it her best she decided, knowing she wanted to do exactly that.

At first Greg’s hands stayed safely around her bare back, but as their bodies moved to the song, she felt them slowly lower until he was cupping her exposed ass cheeks. Annie moved tighter against him, nestling her head on his shoulder, showing him she was not going to back down as his hands guided their dance from her ass.

Abruptly Annie gasped as Greg’s tongued moved across her ear lobe, the warm, wet probe hitting her to the center of her being. Hearing him chuckle, she realized too late she had moaned out loud.

As they continued dancing to the song, Annie unwittingly rubbed her breasts against Greg’s bare chest, sliding her waist across his, surprisingly bumping into his prominent hard-on. Trying to ignore the hardened member that kept rubbing against her was impossible as they danced so closely together, and Annie felt herself getting more aroused at Greg’s reaction to her.

The next song was more upbeat, being Taio Cruz’s “Break Your Heart” with Ludacris. Annie moved back, swaying her hips and body to the music. She slid her hands up her hips, across her stomach, her breasts, and finally over her head causing her hair to splay around her shoulders as she danced seductively to the music, the beat turning her on as much as the attention of the guys’ cheers around her. This was one of Annie’s favorite songs, and she closed her eyes, becoming one with the music.

As she danced, she undulated her body like a snake, thrusting her hips forward, following with a wave like

motion of her body rolling up to her head. Slowly she swayed and turned, still amazed at how comfortable the shoes she had on were letting her dance. When Annie finally opened her eyes, she saw most every guy watching her intently and felt herself grinning, realizing she was enjoying the attention. Greg grabbed her hips, and they both moved together in rhythm to Ludacris' solo, his hands occasionally brushing lower on her ass as she swayed in front of him some more.

When the slower part came up, she turned around and leaned closer of her own volition against Greg's body, rubbing against him. Greg immediately responded by reaching around and cupping her breasts, pushing them up against each other, showing nothing but cleavage as she gasped. As the crowd cheered, he let go and Annie moved away as the song ended. Immediately La Roux's "Bulletproof" came on and without missing a beat Annie continued to dance.

As the song played, Annie slowly moved seductively, swaying her hips and body, Periodically lowering herself until she was resting on her haunches, she eventually realized she was crouched before Greg in the exact same position she had been when giving Rick a blowjob, feeling her skin flush. As she rose up and turned around, she saw Rick smiling at her as he talked to Bob, knowing he undoubtedly had the same thoughts.

Suddenly Annie felt Greg grab her waist, hearing him mutter in her ear, "Fuck this, come on," as he pulled her away from the dance floor. Annie looked pleadingly towards Bob, but he was turned away talking to Rick, not even noticing as Greg pulled her into a side path of the hedge maze as she knew what—or who—was about to come next.

Greg pulled her only around the immediate corner, barely out of sight of the dance floor before he turned to her, "OK bitch, time for your next protein shake," he smiled, pulling down his shorts without preamble and revealing his completely hardened cock.

"But somebody might see, can't we go somewhere a little more private?" Annie asked, realizing anybody walking past the opening of the dance floor or coming through that opening would walk upon them.

"Fuck that, it's either now and here, or Bob is going to see some rather interesting pictures," he said.

Usually Greg was the shy one of the gang, rarely looking at girls or even speaking to her; however, he had apparently found some backbone over the last few years as he ordered Annie to kneel before him.

Annie reluctantly complied, her knees sinking into the soft loam of the hedge. A part of her was surprised at her obedience, but she realized any type of resistance was probably useless.

As a last attempt, she looked pleadingly up at Greg, "Greg, please..." she started when he interrupted her.

"Such manners, yes, you may suck me off," he smiled, moving up to Annie's kneeling form. Without further direction, Annie reached forward, sliding her hand up and down Greg's shaft until he unexpectedly slapped her hand away, saying "No, the other hand, I want to watch the hand with that engagement ring stroke my cock!" he ordered. "I want to watch as the hand with Bob's ring on it jacks off somebody other than him," he grinned.

Shocked at his words and the implications, Annie still complied, grasping his shaft with her left hand. Although it felt slightly odd, being normally right-handed, Annie quickly got into the rhythm as she stroked the shaft, her engagement ring sparkling brightly in the sunlight. In silent agreement to his desires, Annie moved her head forward as Greg thrust his hips forward, groaning as his cock entered Annie's eager mouth.

Greg's cock was thinner and shorter than Rick, Bob, or Brian's dicks, Annie noted abstractedly as she swirled her tongue all around it—something she could not do with Rick's wide dick. Greg groaned in response as Annie sucked, moving his hips back and forth, his cock sliding back and forth across her lips. Unlike with Rick, Annie did most of the work, as Greg kept his hands to himself, reminding her again of him being the shy one. Although he may talk tough, he was still hesitant to control her physically, and for that she gave his cock extra attention, his moans in response making her feel good.

As Annie sucked she eventually noticed "Bulletproof" ending, a new song coming on. She could feel Greg's cock hardening, knowing he was going to come soon as the back of Annie's mind registered the song playing in the background, "The Way I Are" by Keri Hillson—and who else but Timbaland.

Sliding Greg's cock out of her mouth, glistening with her saliva she looked up at him. "I need to go and change my suit, Timbaland is my pull," she said, her hand unconsciously sliding up and down the slick shaft of his cock.

Greg smiled down at her, telling her, "Don't worry, that's all taken care of, isn't it Tommy?" he asked over Annie's head.

Turning her head, Annie froze, in shock as she saw Tom Kender standing behind her, holding one of her suits from her beach bag as well as a pair of shoes. "Hell yeah, we have it all covered," he smiled at her. "Since you're obviously busy, I'll help you out with the suit," he grinned.

Annie's head was turned back around by Greg as he said, "You may continue slut," moving his hips so his cock was again in front of Annie's face.

Annie gave a slight pause, realizing she now had an audience, but also realized any opposition would be vain, so giving in with a "what the hell" thought, she took Greg's cock again in her mouth, working her head up and down the shaft.

While focusing on his cock, she felt hands slide around her shoulders as Tom whispered in her ear, "Oh yeah, you look so good with a cock in your mouth bitch, keep sucking and I'll help you with your suit," he said, sliding his hands around her, cupping her breasts.

Annie could do nothing but moan as Tom massaged her chest, his fingers gently pinching her rock-hard nipples. His voice continued to whisper in her ear as she sucked Greg's dick. "So you like another man feeling you while you suck somebody off?" he asked, to which Annie could only groan. "Are you ready to have another of your boyfriend's best friends cock in your mouth next," he asked, which Annie could only groan in agreement, unashamed at wanting to suck them both off.

Tom's hands moved away and she felt him move her hair away from the back of her neck, suddenly

feeling a pull at the strings of her bikini top. "Good girl," she heard behind him, "no knots to make this difficult."

Annie felt the open air on her chest as the top fell away. She moaned again around Greg's cock as her breasts were again massaged, only now without any material between them and Tom's hands. He tweaked her nipples, kneading her bare flesh, the contact driving her further into a state of desire.

As his hands moved away, Annie felt her bottoms being untied as well, having to spread her legs to let Tom pull the bottom from between them. "Damn Greg," Tom said behind her, "look how wet this damn thong is," he laughed. "Why Annie, you do enjoy the attention, don't you?"

Annie could only continue sucking in response. Here she was, naked except for her platform shoes giving one of Bob's co-workers and friends a blowjob while another watched. She suddenly felt her feet lifted, having to grab Greg's waist for support as she felt her shoes being removed too.

"Don't worry, I brought a spare set of hooker heels," Tom said behind her.

Before Annie could respond she felt Greg tighten up, and with an "Oh shit!" exclamation he pulled back, shooting Annie straight in the face with his ejaculate. Spurt after spurt hit her, dripping down her nose, her chin, and her bare tits as Greg's hot streams of almost clear fluid splashed onto Annie.

"Fuck man, you cumming or pissing on her," Tom asked, also amazed at the amount coating Annie.

Greg laughed, "Well, the last time I shot a load was with Annie here, so it's been a few weeks," he chuckled.

Before Annie could even begin to smear what was on her, Tom said behind her, "OK, my turn, turn around slutty little Annie."

Annie pivoted around and saw Tom standing with his swim trunks already down around his ankles, his hard cock standing in the air. Without hesitation, he moved towards Annie who took his cock into her mouth, eagerly sucking.

"That's right bitch, show Tommy here you are a better cock sucker than your best friend Sheila," Tom said to her. "Yeah, that's it. How's it feel to suck not only your best friend's boyfriend's cock but your fiancé's friend?" he asked.

In response, Annie groaned, eagerly sucking his cock harder, eliciting a groan from him as his hips thrust back and forth, matching her rhythm. Annie knew from Sheila that Tom was a talker during sex, so it was with no surprise he continued on, comparing her to Sheila, commenting on Bob, asking her how it felt to service so many guys at once, even at one point asking if she wanted to be fucked as hard as she sucked.

His talk was working, in conjunction with her sucking Annie was completely turned on, when she suddenly felt him stiffen, a hot stream of fluid filling her mouth as she instinctively swallowed. Tom pulled back, his next spurts hitting her on the cheek and neck as he came on her body, still covered with Greg Smith's cum.

After finishing upon her, Tom put his cock in front of her again, "Here, clean me off before I put my swim trunks on." Annie eagerly complied, thinking his cum was less salty and more bitter than most, but still palatable as she licked all remaining cum from his dick. "Good, now you can get dressed," he said, backing away.

Annie stood up; her body covered in two men's cum, feeling it slowly dribbling down her breasts, onto her stomach. Without hesitation she started smearing it over her body, to the guys' obvious delight. She could imagine what a sight she was, completely naked smearing two men's cum all over her body and enjoying it!

Annie had so much ejaculate on her she had to spread some on her thighs before it was thin enough to dry on her and not to leave any dried stains on her skin. Even so, she could feel her skin tightening as the mixture dried upon her skin.

Both guys golf-clapped and applauded her as she bent to pick up the new swim suit. Untangling the wad of stringy material, Annie noticed the pair of black stiletto heeled pumps with ankle straps lying beside it, wondering why of all the shoes she had, Tom had picked those as she focused on the bathing suit. This suit was composed of a strapless bandeau top with a large bow in the center of her chest. The material had a flowered pattern and as Annie put it on, she realized just like the last suit half her breasts were exposed. Though it was more material than the previous suit, and the floral pattern was less conspicuous than the fluorescent green, her body was still blatantly exposed. The bottoms were another thong, so when on, they felt as familiar as the previous set.

Bending down, Annie slipped the black pumps on, buckling the straps around her ankle and stood up, much to the guys' laughter as her suit top had other ideas and flipped past her breasts. Annie quickly recovered, pulling the material back above her breasts, realizing the strapless top did not play well with gravity and her breasts. Without much recourse, she asked Tom if he would mind tying her top tighter behind her as she turned around. Thankfully he complied, and after telling him 'tighter' a few times, it was eventually snug enough an immediate repeat performance by the twins would not be as easily to come by.

Annie grabbed her other suit and followed out to the main area when they left. More people had departed. Annie realized, the party now down to mainly the seven guys of the gang including Bob, a few small groups of other guys she did not know, and four other women, who were all dancing.

Spotting Bob lying on a lounge chair, Annie went over before anybody else could intercept her, and lay on the lounge chair next to him, him having spread out a beach towel for her. Taking the proffered wine cooler he thankfully offered, he grinned at her.

"Ah, change of suit, was wondering where you wandered off to," he chuckled. "And here I thought you finally gave in and were getting serviced by some of the guys," he grinned at her, raising his eyebrows.

"You wish," Annie replied, slightly taken aback by Bob's accurate comment. Trying to relax, she lay on the chair to catch a few rays of sun. After a few minutes, deciding to roll over and tan her back, she propped herself around and lay on her stomach, saying, "You mind putting some tanning oil on my back?" to Bob. Hearing no response, Annie looked over, seeing Bob dozing beside her, realizing he probably had more

to drink than she thought.

"Here, let me help you with that," a strange voice said behind her, as Annie felt cool oil being poured on her back.

Turning around, Annie saw the scruffy guy who had talked to Rick earlier settling down on her chair, pushing her legs over as he rubbed oil onto his hands.

"Excuse me? Do I know you?" Annie asked, wondering who this guy was.

"Not as well as I'm hoping to get to know you," he chuckled. Seeing Annie's frown, he introduced himself, "I'm Fred Shackle, I have an auto graveyard outside of town where your boys sometimes pull parts they can't normally find from the dealers," he said in what Annie could only guess was a thick Texan accent.

"They're not 'my boys,'" Annie told him, "and do you mind?" she said dismissively, expecting him to leave.

"Not in the slightest," he said chuckling, ignoring her tone as his hands laid upon her, spreading the oil on her back. Annie attempted to sit up but he pushed her forcibly down on the chair. "Now, now, pretty little filly, you don't want me to tell Rickster over yonder you opposin' to a little tanning oil do ya?" he asked.

Annie did not know this stranger, but obviously he knew Rick who had apparently told him something about her, as she resignedly settled back down, "Fine, please make sure it's even," she said resignedly, trying to act as if she was not nonplused.

"Anything fer a lady," he chuckled, as his hands massaged the oil into her shoulders. "As to the boys, well, they may not be yours, but according to them, you sure are theirs," he chuckled. "And don't worry, I'll treat you right," he said to her as his hands moved harder, his fingers rubbing deep into her muscles, not only smearing the tanning oil over her shoulders, but massaging her muscles as well.

Annie groaned involuntarily as the sensation felt wonderful. The Texan stranger obviously knew what he was doing as he massaged her back. Annie's skin was one large nerve ending, each touch electrifying her and shooting thrills straight to her core, while yet relaxing her at the same time. She felt her whole body giving in to his ministrations. As relaxed as she was, her arousal was also peeked, a stranger's hands all over her as her fiancé lay beside her.

Annie made a slight exclamation as she felt her top being untied, but the guy silenced her saying, "Now, we can't have any tan lines on a perfect body like this, can we?" Since Annie was lying on her stomach, she figured it was innocent enough so let him have this small victory, though getting the bandeau top back on so it would not drop like before was a worry.

Turning her head, Annie noticed several guys intently watching her and the Texan. A few even raised their beers to her in salute as she turned the other way, embarrassed. In this direction she saw Rick near the keg giving her a thumb's up as he, Tom Kender, and Greg Smith talked, eventually giving them a high five and Annie knew they had obviously told him of their blowjobs from her.

Meanwhile the Texan's hands were moving lower, working their magic on her lower back. "This here is some sexy tat, shame it ain't real," he said his hands sent waves of pleasure through her body. Annie

had noticed several tattoos on him, so knew he could tell the difference between real and temporary tattoos as she laid there, enjoying the sensation of his hands working their magic. Her body was a dichotomy—his hands were both relaxing and exhilarating. Her mind was slowly drifting into complacency while the very center of her being was so aroused she felt as if any further touch would send her over the edge in orgasm.

“Uh...that’s enough, don’t you think,” she asked hesitantly, as his oily hands started cupping and massaging her ass, working her bathing suit further into her crack.

“Nah, not at all,” the gruff voice replied back to her. “In fact, we need to make sure we don’t have any of these tan lines either.”

Before Annie could do anything she felt him tug her suit down, the string peeling out of the crack of her ass like dental floss between teeth as she realized he had unwittingly untied the sides of her suit. Even though it was a thong, Annie was mortified knowing her bare ass was exposed to the world. Instinctively moving her legs closer together, Annie become conscious of the fact if somebody were behind her, they would have a full view of her moistened slit. If she were of right mind, she would stop this; she was practically naked lying on the chair, in front of over a dozen guys whom she did not know, being erotically massaged by some stranger.

Yet she just laid there, her mind in a whirlwind of emotions. The combinations of drinks, being used by Rick, Greg, and Tom, knowing so many men were watching her, and the highly aroused state she had already been in was taking away all her judgment.

The Texan meanwhile continued without pause, his slippery, oily hands continuing to massage Annie’s ass and upper thighs. She had to admit his hands were working wonders as he massaged her legs, her mouth panting random small moans from her of pleasure. As his hands worked down her legs, Annie’s mind drifted to more sexual thoughts, wondering if she would have to suck this guy off. The idea was not one she was opposed, steadily giving in to the thought of her having to blow most—if not all—of the guys left at the party if Rick had any say to the matter.

Annie thought it odd she was her accepting the fact as she felt the Texan’s hands start to knead her other leg, working his magic down. She was slowly sinking into a stupor, feeling his hands on both her thighs, massaging them together, working his way down her feet. She wondered what she looked like, bare and glistening with tanning oil while some scuzzy looking guy’s hands wandered over her body.

She was barely aware of him moving up the insides of her legs when she heard him mutter, “Relax now pretty thing and ol’ Fred here will give you what you want.” Annie’s mind figured he was talking about continuing the massage when she suddenly felt his hands grip her thighs, spreading them apart!

Annie lay there in shock; at a loss for words she was so shocked. Before she could say or do anything, she let out a loud groan as his fingers easily over into her slit, her hips involuntarily bucking at the sudden—but not completely unwelcomed—intrusion to her core. “That’s it little filly,” she heard behind her as he steadily moved his fingers up and down, then in and out of her slit, rubbing her clit in the process.

Annie could do nothing but lay there, her body eagerly accepting his exploitation of her core. She heard

the man chuckle behind her as he said lowly, "See, ol' Fred knows what you needed, now let go and enjoy this," he said.

Annie could do nothing else as she felt his fingers move faster and faster over her clit, working their way into her pussy until he was sliding in and out. She could do nothing as she was finger fucked in blatant view of everybody at the party; at this point, she did not worry about suppressing her moans, only looking over at Bob to make sure he hadn't woken.

Suddenly Annie felt her pussy clench around the gruff man's knuckles as she gasped into the towel to hide her yell as her body burst into orgasm. Her body was out of control as her hips involuntarily rose up, almost on her knees giving Fred full access to her pussy as he rapidly thrust his fingers deep into her pussy. In the throes of passion, Annie could care less who was watching as this stranger, this miracle worker, gave her the release she needed. Several smaller orgasms pulse through her as her vaginal muscles clamped down on his skilled fingers, until eventually she slumped back into the chair, spent.

"Now THAT was a pleasure ma'am," the guy said, getting up. Annie looked over her shoulder at him as he licked his fingers clean. Bending down, she felt him pull her bathing suit bottom back up between her now parted legs, tying it at her waist. "I'll see you later ma'am," he said, walking away as Annie laid there, in a post-orgasm lull.

She had almost dozed off, her body in a post-coital stupor until a voice above her said, "That was the hottest sight I've seen in a while," recognizing Jerome Wilson's voice. "And now that you've had your little rest, how about you and me head off to the hedge for a little of my own release?" he said, pulling Annie's arm as she sat up.

Too late Annie remembered her top being undone as she was pulled up to her knees in front of him topless, to the notice of everybody else at the party who proceeded to whistle and hoot.

Not giving her any pause, he pulled her to her feet. "C'mon bitch, time for you to get some dark meat," he grinned, pulling her to the hedge before she had time to get her top or try to wake Bob up from his nap.

Jerome half pulled, half dragged Annie into the hedge, moving aside a wall and exposing a large area with a chaise lounge and Jacuzzi. "My own little hidey hole," he told her as he pulled her in, moving the wall back in its place. Annie had walked by the wall twice now and never noticed anything, so she knew they were as alone as they could get here.

Jerome let go of her hand and without pause, pulled off his swim trunks and laid down on the lounge chair. "I don't need to stand like them other white boys," he said. "This nigga's going to relax while you suck him off," he laughed.

Annie stood there, her top off, covered in tanning oil, as she looked down at Jerome laying on the lounge, his dark black cock standing at attention. Without thought she moved towards him, seeing his bright white teeth smiling from his dark face as she bent down on the chair at his feet, crawling towards his cock. Keeping her eyes on his face the whole time, Annie saw him watching her bared tits sway back and forth as she kneeled between his legs, his cock directly below her face.

Without hesitation, Annie reached down, standing the cock up and lowered her mouth on it. Jerome's groan only urged her on as she began to suck his cock, eagerly moving her head up and down, stroking

it, feeling her breasts swaying in the wind. Annie was no longer conscientious of her surroundings, her recent assault on her pussy and her body fully alive with desire; all she wanted to do was service the man in front of her as she eagerly clamped her lips around his cock, sucking him and moving her tongue around the head of his dick.

Pulling the cock out of her mouth she looked at Jerome, seeing him watching her. Staring at him, she rose up her chest and started rubbing his cock between her breasts. Jerome's hips began thrusting as Annie jacked him off with her tits.

Smiling, Annie pushed her breasts together, tightening their grip on his cock as Jerome groaned, "Aw yea, now that's a good white bitch."

Annie continued to let him tit-fuck her, lowering her head to catch the head of his cock with each forward thrust as his movements got faster and faster. When she thought he was ready to come, he pushed her away up, surprising her by standing up.

"Lay down on the chair bitch, I'm going to finish tit fucking you my way," he told her.

Annie laid down on her back as Jerome straddled her stomach, lowering his hips to her chest as he started fucking her cleavage relentlessly. Annie again pushed her breasts together as Jerome bucked his hips wildly.

Suddenly, he let out a yell Annie knew anybody at the pool could hear as hot liquid splash against her jaw, filling the cleft in her neck, coating her the middle of her chest.

Looking down, Annie saw Jerome move forward until his glistening cock was hanging right in front of her face, a bead of cum slowly oozing from the slit at the tip. Unconsciously Annie opened her mouth, taking the spent and slowly deflating member fully into her mouth, sucking for all she was worth as she cleaned his cock of any residual seed.

After a few minutes, Jerome stood up, smiling at her, "Damn, Bob is right, you are the best cocksucker ever."

Annie grinned up at him, her chest covered in cum. While staring at him, she deliberately started smearing his cum across her bare breasts and stomach as Jerome watched in appreciation.

"Damn, you is fine girl," he muttered, watching Annie mixing his cum with the tanning oil on her body. As he turned to leave, he turned around, saying to her, "Oh, and don't worry about your suit, there's another one behind you to wear," he finished as he pushed the wall aside, letting himself out.

Annie turned seeing another one of her suits lying behind the chair. This one she recognized as one of the more revealing suits she had gotten with the boys—a metallic red micro-bikini even smaller than the green one she had on earlier. She knew from trying it on at the mall the top barely covered her aureoles with a small square of material. Unlike the previous top, Annie had no room to manipulate where it sat other than centering the material directly over her nipples. She could imagine how her breasts looked—ready to explode from the thin material as she wondered what Bob was going to say.

Putting on the bottom, little more than a small triangle covering the runway cut of pubic hair she had over her slit, she hiked the G-string between her ass cheeks, it being nothing but a string to meet the single string around her waist.

Annie was more exposed than ever, almost naked as she tied on the bathing suit, knowing she needed to get back to the pool before Bob noticed her missing. As she walked out, she almost missed the pair of shoes lying by the chair—a pair of matching red 7-inch platform shoes, which Brian and William had called the Ultimate Stripper Shoes. As Annie put them on, she felt more exposed than what the bathing suit showed as she towered over everything, her height standing out due to the high heels and platform sole.

Annie walked around a bit before leaving, having never worn shoes so high and not wanting to fall on her face in front of everybody, and then exited the hedge. Walking back to her where her and Bob's chairs were, she saw him awake and talking to the several of the gang. She also noticed only a dozen or so other guys were left at the party, the others—including many if not all of the women—having left during her interlude with Jerome. Dressed as she was, Annie felt utterly exposed.

All the guys whistled appreciatively as Annie literally strutted over to them, including Bob. "Wow, you never showed me THAT suit before," he exclaimed. "And I didn't even hear the Timbaland song come on, must have been while I was dozing off," he said.

Annie felt her body responding to all the male stares, her skin electrified as she felt her pussy clench in uncontrollable desire, her pulse racing as she barely heard Bob's words. She could feel her nipples hardening, knowing without looking down they were outlined by the thin material of the suit.

"Unfortunately, honey, I need to leave you alone for a bit."

The words sank in and Annie's mind suddenly centered directly on Bob. "Say what?" she said, her sole focus on Bob now.

"As Rick mentioned earlier we needed a beer run, and it looks like the keg is getting close to finishing. Since most of the guys here don't mind staying, we're going to get another keg. We drew straws and I was the unlucky bastard," he explained.

"Of course you were," Annie said sardonically as she glanced at Rick, who grinned openly at her. "Well somebody else can go, one of the dozen other guys here without their fiancée," she told him. Annie noticed Rick's grin turn to a frown behind Bob as he slowly shook his head.

Bob continued, oblivious to the tension going on, "It's only for 30 minutes or so. I just need to run to drive-thru near the mall, get a keg, and be right back," he said.

"The mall is 30 minutes way," Annie said, "that's well over an hour you'll be gone. What am I supposed to do here alone?" she asked, as Bob shook his head.

"Don't worry, I'll gun the car and be back in a flash. And the guys have promised to behave. They said they won't do anything you don't want; just dance with them, or maybe take a swim, and I'll be back before you know it. Hell, you've spent most of this party away from me anyways," he chided her.

Annie realized he was right, even with Bob here she had sucked off most of the gang already! Even if it happened again, she could prolong it enough until Bob returned, hoping he was right.

“Don’t worry honey, Rick and the guys said they’ll take care of you, so I’ll be back in a flash,” Bob said, grabbing his car keys.

Jerome stopped him as he started to get up, “Here Bob, take this remote, it will open the garage when you come in so you can back and we can unload the keg,” he said.

Annie noticed the other guys grinning behind Bob as Jerome handed Bob the remote, wondering what was going on. Giving Annie a kiss, Bob again told her she looked good enough to eat and said he’d be back in a flash.

Annie followed him to the deck, and once they were alone, Bob looked at her seriously. “Look, I know you’re worried about the guys hitting on you and such with me being gone. Regardless of what you think, all you need to do is tell them ‘no’ if things go too far and they they’ll leave you alone. They may be horny, ruthless bastards, but believe it or not, they will respect that,” Bob told her earnestly.

Annie was not so sure; however, she only had to deal with it for maybe an hour, so kissing Bob goodbye, she turned back to the party as he watched her bare ass wiggle away. Unfortunately, she also noticed several other people—including the remaining four women—saying their goodbyes as well, as Annie felt her blood speed up with foreboding.

As Bob walked away he was somewhat reluctant, particularly after seeing Annie in this last teensy weensy bikini. She was practically naked and he knew the guys would be all over her once he left, wondering what she would do. He had seen Annie leave with several of the guys’ on and off, always returning a little flushed and wondered if they had groped her or made her make out with them, wondering what the knowledge of him being gone for a good couple hours would do.

He had been serious with her about the guys. Even if they were blackmailing her to be more ‘friendly’ he knew if Annie honestly told them ‘no’ they would desist; however, after the last couple weeks with Brian and William, he wondered if she could even say no to a male any longer. He had noticed although Annie protested at times, she never outwardly denied any of the demands on her, always succumbing to the suggestions given to her when push came to shove.

His main concern was leaving her alone with the other guys. Some he knew from the shop, such as Fred the dump yard guy; however, the others were friends of friends and not work-related, so he did not know them from Adam. The gang may respect Annie for being his, but who know about the other guys. Still, Rick was dominant enough that anybody who went against his wishes would get his ass kicked, so Bob figured Annie was in as good as hands as she could be.

His cock had been hard all day, even after Annie’s blowjob. The ideas of what to expect at the party had been on his mind all day. Surprisingly, Annie was more open than usual, having let Rick grab her tits and rub his groin into her while dancing. Annie had looked at Bob as he nodded in approval, seeing her at her best, teasing a man. He knew if she had told him ‘no,’ Rick would have not gone that far, her allowing him

to continue his groping was an interesting change. Bob imagined her alone with Rick in the hedge, probably feeling her all over as he wondered if she enjoyed it, or even permitted things to go further. The cock in his pants twitched at the thought.

Getting in his car, Bob drove to the end of the street, parking and getting out. He was sure Jerome's 'remote' only registered near the house, so knew he was safe from it not going off. Bob remembered when Jerome's dad made the alarm for the dogs getting into his garden, it only had gone off when they were near the house, so parking a few blocks down the street should be more than sufficient.

Going to the trunk, he got out the backpack of items near the keg of beer he bought earlier in the week. He felt weird wanting to spy on his fiancée alone with other men, wondering what was wrong with him, but anxious at the same time to see what would happen.

Jerome's father's house was nestled between two large hills, one fairly steep, allowing an unobstructed view of the entire back yard, even into the hidden areas of the hedge maze. Bob and the gang knew about it as they had often come here when younger to watch Jerome's father film his porno movies. They had a clear view of everything going on, learning about the 'birds and bees' hardcore.

With the added technology of the listening device, low-light binoculars, and other equipment Bob was certain he would be able to not only see, but hear anything going on at the party.

Climbing up the back hill from the road only took a few minutes, as the exit out of the complex was partially uphill anyways. Bob moved into place, looking down and seeing everything clearly. The sun setting behind him would prevent anybody from seeing him and it took only a few minutes to set up the cone for listening as he gazed down into the party with the binoculars.

Adjusting the sound slightly, he was amazed at how clearly he could hear, depending on where he pointed the cone. Aiming to one of the groups of guys he did not know, Bob tuned in on their conversation. There were four guys, one wearing black swim trunks, one wearing red, and two others with blue—one with glasses and the other without.

'Non-glasses' was speaking...

"Yeah, she's hotter than any girl I've seen on the 'net," he said, looking towards the dance floor.

Bob scanned around and saw Annie on the dance floor, grinning as he saw at least three guys dancing with her, another five or six guys he did not know surrounding the dance area and watching, moving slightly with the beat of the song.

"Fuckin' A she is," Black Trunks agreed. "And Jesus, why even wear a suit if you're going to wear something so revealing," he laughed.

"Yeah," Glasses said. "And did you see that old fart get her off in the chair? Jesus, and right next to her boyfriend!" he exclaimed. "She's a firecracker waiting to go off!"

Bob wondered what the hell they were talking about, realizing his nap had caused him to possibly miss something even better!

"That wasn't just her boyfriend," Red Trunks was saying, "They're engaged," he laughed.

As everybody echoed "No shit?" he nodded. "Yeah, he's pretty open and according to Peters over there, lets her do what she wants. Supposedly their both in love and believe there is a difference between love and lust," he shook his head.

"Well, I know lust, and I have it for that chick, how long do we have to sit around before things get started?" Black Trunks asked.

"Just long enough to get the filming equipment unloaded," Glasses said. "The theme is supposedly a Real World like reality show gangbang movie Jerome's dad contracted out for, though based on the NDA we signed, it may only go as far as us watching her from here, but the contract did say if she was willing, anything could go," he chuckled.

Bob was amazed as he listened in, wondering how the hell Rick found these guys, and what else the fuck was going on. Obviously these guys were interested in fucking Annie, but not quite sure if it would happen or not. Meanwhile, he focused his attention on the dance floor, where Annie was dancing...

Annie watched Bob leave with trepidation, knowing Rick had everything to do with Bob going on this so called 'beer run' instead of one of the other guys, again wondering what he was planning. Her only consolation was it would only be an hour, not enough time for anything really bad to happen, though she had a feeling she would be more exposed—yet instead of being afraid or mad, Annie felt apprehension coursing through her. Annie knew better when Bob told her telling anybody 'no' would be sufficient if they tried anything; however, she again took some solace knowing there was only an hour to fend them off.

Hearing Bob's car fire up over the music, his loud muffler apparent even over the music blaring from the speakers, she listened as it faded as he drove away, her heart speeding up as she knew the farther he went, the closer her degradation would begin.

Suddenly Annie felt a hand around her waist, turning towards Rick next to her. "C'mon little Jizzabelle, let's see how you move in those stripper shoes," he chuckled, his hand stroking the bare flesh of Annie's right ass cheek, guiding her to the dance floor.

Annie felt on display, being the only female at the party, dressed in 7-inch stripper platforms and a tiny bikini, as Rick pulled her onto the dance floor. She saw Tom Kender and Greg Smith surround her to dance as well, and Annie noticed other guys moving around the dance area to watch.

The speakers started thumping with a strong beat, as Miley Cyrus' "Can't Be Tamed" came on. Somebody handed Annie a drink and she looked at Greg, who smiled. Figuring 'what the hell,' she thanked him and took a brief sip, recognizing Rick's favorite drink of rum and pineapple juice, which although sweet, definitely hit the spot as she downed the rest of it, starting to move to the beat. The drink had an odd aftertaste, but Annie soon disregarded it as her body was taken over by the music.

Annie danced with Rick, Greg, and Tom at the same time, and yet she danced with none of them as well, falling into the rhythm of the song, her hips and arms moving seductively, as she became almost oblivious to anything but the music. She could feel the eyes of every man on her as she strutted around, fueling

her on. Instead of being discomforted, Annie relished being the center of attention as she succumbed further into the dancing. If this was the worst she had to live with, she did not mind, loving to dance as her hips gyrated to the steady beat of the song.

As Annie danced her tits noticeably swayed in time to the music, the small material barely containing them in place, her flesh on all sides exposed as they bounced and swung in beat to the music. Annie bent over, her hair falling wildly in front of her, knowing the G-string bottom did little to hide her ass, in full view of the crowd watching her; however, the music was taking over and Annie did not care anymore as she danced, the men cheering her on.

All three guys began to touch Annie as she danced, catching brief rubs of her ass, stomach, shoulders, arms, even brushing her tits a few times as she spun around, dancing to the beat of the music. Her skin was tingling, her whole body increasingly aroused. She was not sure what was happening, maybe the alcohol she downed so fast was hitting her stronger than she thought as the song came to the end. Annie realized her whole body was alive with lust, a thin sheen of sweat magnifying the glitter worked into her skin.

Rick pulled Annie against him. Instead of pulling away she felt her body move against him eagerly. The song ended abruptly, replaced by Black Eyed Peas "Rock That Body" and Annie quickly merged into the beat, bouncing in rhythm to the beat of the song, feeling her butt wiggle with the motion. Rick made thrusting motions against her pelvis with each thump of the music and Annie rode along, her hips in time with his.

She could imagine it looked like him fucking her on the dance floor feeling an evil thrill through her at the thought. Slowly lowering herself down Rick's leg, she thrust her hips as the "rock that body" refrain came on, Fergie's high-pitched voice in time while swaying.

Rising up, Annie spun around, her hands in the air, brushing her hair up, aware the material of her top moving further up her breasts as she faced Tom Kender, dancing in rhythm with him. Feeling hands around her waist, Annie gave in as Rick pulled her again into his crotch, swaying his hips with hers and grinding his erection between the cracks of her ass. Vaguely she was aware of his hands stroking the underside of her breasts, the feeling both sensual and thrilling. Annie was lost in the music, her only response being grinding her ass further into his groin, his erection continuing to rub her ass.

Swinging around, Annie straddled Rick's leg, slowly sliding down it until she was starting between his legs as the song beat on. At the ending Annie slowly rose, her body swaying as her crotch slid all the way up Rick's bare leg. Turning around while still swaying to the beat of the music, she was fully aware of her tits bounce before the crowd as the repetitive chorus throbbed throughout the song.

A part of her was amazed how easily she could dance in the platform shoes, again explaining why strippers did not constantly fall on their asses, as she was perfectly balanced in the tall shoes. She also seemed to have lost all inhibition, the music taking over with her dancing as the crowd of men cheered their approval, wondering if this euphoria was why some women were strippers.

The next song started with a seductive beat, Annie quickly recognizing another Timbaland song, "Give It To Me" with Nelly Furtado and Justin Timberlake. Knowing she had to change even through the cloud of lust coursing through her body, she turned to walk away from the dance floor, but Rick grabbed her arm.

“Oh no you don’t, here’s your suit, go ahead and change as you dance,” he said, holding out a strand of cloth and string with a big grin.

Annie looked at him in shock, realizing he was telling her to strip in front of everybody! Although she had been naked in front of some of the guys already, there were complete strangers surrounding the dance floor, wondering what to do. Yet the beat of the music throbbed through her as Rick started dancing, stirring Annie’s blood as she realized she had little choice, and if they wanted a show, she would give them, her pulse starting to race.

Smiling back at Rick, Annie began undulating her body as Nelly Furtado’s voice came across the speakers changing “give it to me, give it to me.” Turning around and facing the crowd Annie looked over her shoulder told Rick, “If you would do the honors.”

Feeling him reach behind her, Rick easily untied the top. Without pause Annie raised her hands, letting the material drop to the ground, her breasts fully exposed in front of everybody. A chorus of cheers erupted around her as she slowly danced topless, her hips swaying, her bare breasts bobbing to the music and Timbaland’s voice.

Annie was thankful she was firm enough in the chest her breasts did not flop all over the place as she continued to dance as if being topless was nothing to her. When Justin Timberlake’s part came on, Annie pulled Tom Kender and Greg Smith to each side, handing each of them a string on the sides of her bottom. Before they knew what to do, Annie twirled around, untying both sides simultaneously as the material fell between her legs.

She was now swaying completely naked in front of the guys to many cheers. A tiny voice in her mind remained shocked at how easily she could be in front of a group of horny men wearing nothing but stripper platforms, hearing a few stray comments about her glitter being ‘everywhere’ a wicked part of her was glad Brian had been so thorough.

Taking the suit from Rick, Annie continued swaying as she unraveled the new suit to the song’s slow ending. In her hands was a light pink bikini with blue trim. Putting on the triangle top first, Annie was thankful it covered more than the previous top, although hugged her breasts more completely. The material of the suit was extremely thin, blatantly outlining her nipples and aureoles, but after showing everybody there her tits already, Annie figured this was at least a better alternative. The bottoms were a high-rising thong, which Annie tied to the sides of her hips right as the song ended, Nelly’s “give it to me, give it to me” echoing through her body.

Rick tapped her shoulder to get her attention and handed her a pair of black stiletto heeled sandals with ties wrapping all the way up her calves. Although it took her some time to put them on, she realized the shoes, more than the suit, screamed “fuck me” as scantily as she was clad.

The next song was Justin Bieber’s “Somebody to Love” and after putting on the shoes, Annie began moving in time to the music. She once again marveled how easily the rubber-soled shoes allowed her to dance, even with 6-inch heels as yet another drink was given to her. She easily downed it completely to the cheers of the crowd, recognizing the pineapple drink.

At the urging of the crowd, she began moving back into the beat. Annie knew most eyes were locked on

her firm ass swaying to the pounding of the bass as she turned away from Rick. She saw Greg and Tom were replaced by Stan Wilkins and another guy she did not know in black swim trunks. She attempted to move towards Stan; however, the unknown guy pulled her closer, grinding his pelvis into hers.

Annie quickly looked back to Rick, as if for support, but she knew that was a dead end seeing him smile and nod at her as the strange guy's hands gripped her ass, grinding his pelvis into her. Annie didn't know what to do, not knowing this guy; but the music continued and her body felt alive with awakened desire. Figuring "what the hell," she began gyrating against her new partner. His hands continued to roam across her bare ass as Annie danced. Suddenly she looked up in shock as it registered in her mind he was pulling her ass cheeks apart, the thong sinking further into the crack of her ass! Although Annie tried to squirm away, the guy kept pulling her to him, continuing to spread her ass wide open to the approving crowd. Annie was thankful when the song ended.

Her mind was slightly taken aback as "My Chick Bad" by Ludacris came out of the speakers. Black Trunks spun her around in her brief moment of loss, grinding his pelvis into her ass as his hands blatantly cupped her breasts, bouncing them in rhythm to the rap beat. Annie saw Rick smiling in front of her, waiting to see her reaction.

From his look, Annie understood Rick expected her to move away and for some reason his attitude and Sheila's comment came back to her at the same time. As if they were playing chicken, she instead leaned forward, grinding her chest into Black Trunks' hands, who eagerly kneaded her breasts ruthlessly in front of everybody. Without pause Annie pushed her ass into his cock, grinding into him as she felt his hard-on clearly through his trunks as his hands continued to knead her breasts.

Annie stared at Rick, as if they were playing chicken, him expecting her to pull away and her refusing. She felt Black Trunks' hands move down to the top of her thong while she swayed her hips, and still Annie refused to move away, her eyes locked on Rick.

Black Trunks moved around in front of her, holding her hips so she could still see Rick over his shoulder as his hands slid his hands around her waist, cupping her ass and swaying with her.

Annie smiled at Rick, as if winning some match. Suddenly she felt Black Trunks reach between them, his hand going between Annie's legs as she heard "She slides down the pole like a certified stripper," feeling Black Trunks' finger slide across her wet slit.

Annie's mind immediately exploded in desire as she unconsciously leaned back fully into another guy standing behind her, her hips gyrating around Black Trunks' fingers. In an almost out-of-body experience, Annie recognized her moan as Black Trunks moved to the song's finish, walking off the dance floor and giving 'high fives' to his friends.

Annie stood there, dazed with disbelief at being felt up by a stranger in front of a group of strange guys as the next song came on. Rick drew her dazed attention as he pulled her to him, her mind briefly recognizing Ke\$ha's new song, "Blow" as Rick began moving her to the music.

Annie felt his hand glide behind her neck and grabbing her hair he pulled her towards him. As if in a dream she saw his face move closer, instinctively opening her mouth as he kissed her, his tongue invading her mouth ravenously as his other hand cupped her ass, swaying them wildly to the song. Annie

could not control herself as her body gave in, merging against Rick's body.

Suddenly breaking away, Rick spun Annie around, seeing another strange guy in front of her with Red Trunks. Annie had no time to think as this stranger immediately pulled her to him, kissing her deeply. Annie acted purely on autopilot as her tongue danced with the stranger's, feeling his hands move all over her bare back and ass.

In a daze, Annie felt another pair of hands reach around her, fondling her tits as she French kissed the guy in front of her, the song beating on. Mindlessly Annie groaned into the other man's mouth at the sensations overwhelming her very core, the music permeating the air.

Ending the kiss, another guy replaced Red Trunks, this one in Blue Trunks who pulled Annie against him without hesitation, his open mouth moving to her while she instinctively opened hers, meeting him head on as their tongues danced. Abstractedly she felt several hands on her, guiding her hips as they danced, feeling her tits, even sliding between her legs briefly; meanwhile, her face remained locked on a stranger while her body was felt up behind her.

The guy probing her mouth continued to do so as the next song came on. Another pair of hands massaging her breasts as Annie felt the man behind her begin to grind his pelvis into her ass.

The next song was "Love The Way You Lie" by Eminem as Annie felt her body gripped by the hips, slowly swaying to the beat. Blue Trunks let go of her and Annie was spun around, seeing the dump yard guy—Fred something—in front of her. He pulled her against him, kissing her deeply, and Annie responded as before, eagerly accepting their tongues dancing together in her mouth.

She never could remember how many guys she deep French kissed as she was passed round, hands continuing to run all over her body, feeling her ass, her tits, her stomach, legs, and between her legs. Annie was in a fog of arousal as she continued to undulate to the beat of the song.

She was nothing but a female in front of a bunch of eager males, eager to please. Her body was electrified, groped by probably every guy present, several between her legs, sliding their fingers across her wet slit before leaving as quickly, much to Annie's groan.

As she was turned around yet again, she comprehended Rick as he smiled at her. "You want this, don't you, slut?" he whispered to her. Without thinking Annie nodded as Rick chuckled. "Well, just so you realize what's at stake, we have a little movie to show you," he said oddly.

Before she could even fathom his words, he continued dancing with her, his hands on Annie's hips swaying her back and forth. She felt like her skin was being stroked by every guy's eyes watching her. Rick pulled her closer against him, his hands cupping her ass and Annie let out an involuntary groan to his obvious delight.

Her head still in a daze of lust from all the making out with various guys, the alcohol obviously affecting her, she had no inhibitions. Hearing Taio Cruz' "Dynamite" come out over the speakers Rick surprisingly took her hand. She looked at him questioningly as he led her to the side of the pool where she saw Jerome Wilson setting up several large plasma screen televisions. Her fear immediately resurfaced as she grasped the possibility of Rick showing everybody the pictures that had taken of her in the mall!

In front of the screens was a double mattress-covered lounge. Several tripods with video equipment were set up as well, Annie's fear surfacing as she wondered what the hell was going on.

"What's going on?" Annie asked as Rick put his fingers to his lips. Annie felt all the men at the party gather behind her as her attention was brought to Jerome, who whistled for people's attention. The music continued playing over the party as Annie again wondered what the hell was going on.

"Now, as many of you know, my father's a film buff, so he has cameras all over the place," he said.

Annie started to get a feeling what she was going to see, realizing she had been in several compromising positions today. Turning to Rick she started to say something when he again told her to be quiet, pointing to Jerome to continue.

"So, anyways, I wanted to preview a new movie I'm personally putting together, based upon some of my dad's previous works. The soundtrack is still rough, but once it's put to adequate music, I think it will be a real winner.

Annie watched in trepidation as the screen flickered. At first her mind did not grasp what she saw, but then recognized her and Rick walking into the hedge maze. She saw her and him speaking, but could not hear the words as Jerome's voice carried over the crowd. "Now, the soundtrack obviously is going to be edited, this is a raw cut, but I'm sure you'll all get the idea," he grinned, looking now directly at Annie who watched morbidly as she saw herself on television almost willingly lowered down, Rick's cock entering her mouth.

The crowd around her applauded as Annie watched herself give Rick a blowjob. Her body was an odd dichotomy of troubled concern and the thoughts of her this morning as she felt herself becoming aroused. Seeing how sexy she looked sucking on a cock was a rush she did not expect, as she watched herself eagerly suck Rick's cock.

There must have been several cameras around them, Annie realized, as the angle changed several times, providing the best views of her mouth and the cock sliding in and out of it. She watched mesmerized as Rick pulled away, jets of cum splashing on her to the cheers of the crowd around her, her gaze locked upon the screen as she watched herself her his seed onto her skin.

She vaguely remembered having moved to the fountain; however, the footage had been edited to make it look like she willingly rubbed Rick's cum all over her without any prompting!

The next scene was her with Greg Smith, then Tom Kender, and finally with Jerome. In all the scenes, they were edited expertly making it look as if she were willingly giving them blowjobs, eager to please. As the movies ended, Annie realized she was burning up, her skin flushed as desire coursed through her veins. She actually looked hot in those films...more amazed at how sexy she looked than what the implications of her sucking off several guys meant.

As the movies ended, a slide show appeared on the screen, and Annie realized these were the cell phone pictures of her in the mall. Although several of the shots were blurred and fuzzy, more than enough of them were clear as she saw herself covered in cum, sucking cock after cock.

"Now gentleman," she heard Rick say loudly behind her, breaking her trance. "I know you're thinking

such a good cocksucker cannot be true, but we're here to testify she is," he said, smiling at her. "In fact, we're willing to auction off to the highest bidders the chance to partake of her lovely mouth," he said, as Annie turned to him, eyes wide in horror.

"Rick," she started to say, as he pulled her to him. "We now have not only the pictures, but the movies, he told her quietly. "Just go with this, I'm sure you'll enjoy it, you've always told Bob you loved sucking cock. Now's your chance to enjoy what you do best," he grinned at her. Then he looked back to the crowd of grinning guys, "Now, I know you all think she's already been used, being covered with several guys cum, so Annie, if you'll please dive into the pool, you may now clean off a bit," Rick said to her, pointing to the pool.

Annie stood there, barely comprehending Rick's expectation to follow his orders when she felt her hand being grasped. Looking at Brent Maugham, she slowly shook her head in denial, yet walked with him to the pool. Looking back at Rick, she flicked him the finger as she dived into the pool, sandals and all.

Annie stayed underwater, hearing yelling above her as her mind grasped the complications, realizing she was being whored out to the highest bidder to suck somebody's cock. Oddly, Annie was more pissed, not afraid. Recalling the scene, she understood why the lounge chair had been brought over—she was going to perform in front of all of them! Then as if in post-traumatic reply, she remembered the cameras, understanding she would be filled as well...

Annie should have been beyond frightened, but suddenly felt a thrill course through her as she finally came out of the water for air, comprehension seeping into her that a large part of her was eager to be put on display before the guys.

Looking at the crowd, few were watching her, instead turned towards Rick shouting. She heard shouts of \$200.00 as in shock understanding people were actually willing to pay that much for her to suck them off! Swiping the water from her eyes and matting down her hair, Annie walked up the steps, still in her high heeled sandals.

As she came out of the pool, the crowd immediately got quick, all turning towards her. Wondering what they were looking at, Annie looked down, shocked to see her bathing suit completely transparent, her skin flush with the web fabric. She stood there, frozen in shock as shouts of \$250 and \$300 began.

Rick walked over to her, smiling. "Now that's a good selling tactic," he said, as Annie looked at him piqued.

"So you're going to sell me to the highest bidder?" she said exasperated, expecting him not to answer.

"Well, we'll share the profits, after all, you are going to be doing most of the work," he grinned, sliding his hand around her wet waist and walking back to the crowd.

"Gentlemen," he shouted above the crowd. The bidding will be ending in five minutes, but meanwhile, I'm going to have our little sexy girl model for you," he chuckled. Looking at Annie, "Go crawl on the lounge chair, on your hands and knees, I'm sure that will get the bidding going," he grinned at her.

Annie could do little to refuse, feeling like a piece of meat put out for viewing as she moved towards the lounge. She tried to resign herself to her fate when her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Rick

saying behind her, "Wait, what's up with your slut tat?"

As Annie tried to turn to see it, she heard Rick laughing almost hysterically. "Oh my God, this is so perfect, Jerome, can you get a shot of this," he said.

Annie saw Jerome grab one of the cameras and move to Rick. Seeing movement on the television screen Annie watched her ass come into focus as the camera moved to the tattoo Brian has placed on her. She somewhat sadly realized most of it had come off in the pool, the gems and roses washed away; however, as the camera focused she realized there was now writing.

Annie stared in shock as she saw what remained of the tattoo on her lower back. The words were clear and distinct, knowing Brian had undoubtedly known this would happen as she stared at the lettering on the screen:

C U M S L U T

The word 'cum' was where the top row of rubies had been displayed; the "SLUT" portion taken up by the row of roses. There was fancy calligraphy around the lettering as well, but all Anne could focus on were the two words.

"Well, get on the chair," she heard Rick say, her body obeying while her mind blanked out. Looking back over her shoulder, Annie saw every guy eagerly gawking at her, knowing she had two choices, fight it, or go with the flow. After this morning's revelation, Annie grasped going with the flow may possibly be the best route.

Suddenly smiling at the guys, she bent over, crawling onto the chair on her hands and knees. As if planned, Taio Cruz' "Dirty Picture" came across the speakers. Annie briefly wondered at Fate setting the soundtrack of her life as if it were pre-ordained or rehearsed. The guys gathered around her, cheering. She must be some sight, her sheer suit probably showing off her ass easily. Glancing up at the television screens, she saw exactly that, as Jerome focused on her with the cameras.

"Gentlemen," she heard Rick shout above the noise, "I give you five minutes to check out the merchandise and place your final bids," he said.

Suddenly Annie was surrounded by male flesh, hands rubbing and squeezing her wet body. She gasped as a hand moved between her legs, knowing he would be aware of how turned on she was, her slit being so wet. Annie knelt there on all fours, the music playing as Annie felt lust begin to course through her body. Instinctively she began swaying to the music while hands continued to glide over her, fueling her desire.

Movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention as she saw Stan pulling a speaker over to them, morbidly realizing she would have her own soundtrack. As the song ended, Annie heard a rapper's voice begin chanting "Face down, Ass Up, That's the way we like to fuck" as she recognized The-Dream's "Sex Intelligent" play. Hearing the music, Annie's body instinctively swayed to the music, her body alive as

the steady bass flowed through her. She became oblivious to the fondling of her, her mind attempting to ignore them while her body increased in desire.

Finally she heard Rick shouting the bidding was closed, announcing the winners. He mentioned three names, none of which Annie recognized as she saw three guys—Red Trunks, Black Trunks, and another guy she had not seen yet at the party all raise their hands and move to Rick. All three guys had shit eating grins as Rick called for everybody to be quiet, as they would be filming this, confirming Annie's fears.

Being on display and fondled, Annie did not care any longer, her desire coursing through her. Distractedly she heard the music volume being lowered as Red Trunks stepped up to the front of the chair. As Annie was already on her hands and knees, conveniently at the level of his cock, she moved closer to him, and without any direction reached for his trunks, pulling them down and freeing a monstrous cock. Annie gasped, the monster before her putting Brian and William to shame as several guys behind made horse comments.

Hearing Jerome shushing them, Annie heard the sound track change, Pitbull's "Girls" coming across the pool. She grinned at the irony of the song saying the girl would try anything as she hesitantly reached up to the large cock. It had to have been 11-inches long, and both of Annie's hands wrapped around it, still leaving skin exposed between her fingers. It was as wide as or wider than Rick's cock, and Annie briefly wondered what it would feel like inside her as she felt her mouth watering instinctively.

"I've been waiting for this all night bitch, now get to work," Red Trunks said grinning at Annie's astonished face at the cock in her hands.

Crouching on her haunches, Annie began sliding her hands up and down the large cock, still unable to accept such a thing was real. She felt it hardening in her hands, not growing like a normal cock, but inflating as if filled with blood. Without another thought, Annie lowered her head down, taking the head of the cock in her mouth, her lips stretched wide.

Both Red Trunks and Annie groaned as one, as the rest of the crowd cheered, watching her. Out of the corner of her eye she saw herself on the television screen as Jerome taped her performance. Realizing this was exactly that, a performance, Annie decided if she was going to do this, she would do it in style.

Taking the saliva-covered cock out of her mouth, she rubbed it all over her face, smiling at the camera in Jerome's hands before placing the cock back in her mouth, again to the now hushed applaud of the crowd. Annie's head slowly lowered on the monster cock, taking only a third of it in her mouth before it hit the back of her throat. Annie started stroking the rest of the shaft with her two hands as her head bobbed up and down, the cock sliding in and out of her wide-opened mouth, in time with the song.

Annie continued uncontrollably sucking, her jaw aching slightly to the large size as the song track changed. Usher's "More" came on and Annie sped up to match her strokes to the song. Pulling the cock out of her mouth to give her aching jaw a break, Annie ran her tongue under the entire shaft, finishing at Red Trunks' balls as his monster cock rested across her forehead. Annie moved back, again taking the cock in her mouth as she started working on the cock vigorously to the beat of the song.

Meanwhile Red Trunks was not standing idle as he ran his hands through Annie's wet hair, muttering things like "That's it slut, take that monster cock!" and "Good bitch, suck that dick," over and over.

Although such talk normally turned her off, his vulgarity instead turned her on more as she bobbed her head faster on his cock.

As Annie worked the cock in her mouth, she felt his hands on her shoulders, then slide down her front. In an instant his hands were inside her suit, massaging her tits. Annie moaned uncontrollably around the cock in her mouth as the skin-on-skin contact sent shivers throughout her body. She responded instinctively by rising up higher on her knees, giving him better access to her breasts as she heard him mutter, "Yeah, you like that, don't you slut, you like your titties played with while you suck cock, hunh?"

Annie could only groan in agreement, even letting out a slight whine when he moved his hands away, the loss of sensation leaving her yearning for more when she realized he was reaching behind her, untying her bikini top. Leaning over, the large cock never left her mouth as he pulled the ties of her top free. The fresh air on her tits confirmed his success as her head continued to bob up and down the large cock in her mouth. She glanced at the screen to the side, seeing her topless now, sucking a stranger's cock while being filmed. The circumstances turned Annie on even more as she moved her head faster and faster, the cock hitting the back of her throat with each downward swipe.

Vaguely she realized the song had sometime changed to Flo Rida's "Right Round" and the only other sound besides the music was the sounds of "Ackth, Ackth, Acth" coming from her throat as the large beast relentlessly hit the back of her throat.

Finally Annie's jaw needed another rest as she pulled the cock from her mouth, covered with her spit. She had saliva dribbling down her chin, onto her now bare tits as she admired the large specimen before her, stroking it with her hands. Annie rose up, placing the cock between her breasts and squeezing them around it, began moving her hips, sliding up and down the shaft.

Unlike Jerome tit fucking her, Red Trunks cock was much larger, and Annie was able to not only tit-fuck him but suck the head of his cock at the same time. Her body rose up and down, gliding along the shaft, the position of her mouth over his dick causing drool to leak down and provide more lubrication between the cleft of her tits.

Annie started moving faster and faster, feeling the cock hardening both in her mouth as well as against her cleavage as she bounced up and down. Abstractedly she heard Rhiannon's song "Rude Boy" play as her body slid up and down the stranger's large cock.

Abruptly she heard him shout "Oh Shit!" feeling his hands pushing down on her head, keeping his cock in her mouth as what felt like a garden hose emptied into her, splashing with force against the back of her throat. Annie tried to swallow, but was unprepared for the incredibly large amount as her mouth flooded with sperm. Unable to contain it, waves of cum exited her mouth, pouring over her chin, onto her tits, the hot liquid dribbling down her stomach. And still to her amazement the cock continued to pump in her mouth. Annie again tried to control swallowing, again overwhelmed.

Several exclamations of "Holy shit" and "What a fucking load" echoed around her, but Annie was still too preoccupied controlling the pulsing member between her lips.

Finally he pulled back, the cock sliding out of her with mouthful of cum following. Annie looked up at his grinning face as he reached down. Pulling up his red trunks without pause, he smiled down at her, telling

her "Definitely worth the cost," as he moved back.

Annie unconsciously smeared cum over her body as she saw the next guy, Black Trunks walk up with a smile. He was shorter than the previous guy, and Annie unabashedly reached up and pulled his trunks down. His cock, although larger than most, was definitely not in league to what she just had in her mouth and Annie felt a brief relief, her lips needing a rest.

Being shorter, Annie got back on her hands and knees as she immediately started sucking him off. The smell of cum was all over, the odor of sex turning her on even more as she moved her body back and forth, letting it work instead of her mouth to give it a little more rest. As she rocked, she began imagining her being taken from behind, as if the cock was going through her.

Annie gyrated her hips, moving her legs together, the thong rubbing against her clit with her movements, getting more turned on as she noted the next song, Enrique Iglesias' "Tonight I'm Loving You." She began moving in rhythm to the song and was suddenly startled when the lyrics came on, realizing it was an uncut version, the voice singing "Tonight I'm fucking you," coming across loud and clear.

Annie suddenly felt hands glide across her ass as she continued gyrating her hips, the cock gliding in and out of her mouth across her lips. She groaned around the dick in her mouth as the hand move between her thighs, barely conscious of opening them further to give whoever it was behind her easier access. As the cock moved in and out of her mouth, and the words of the music permeated the air and Annie anticipated with relish whomever behind her to touch her.

She let out a loud moan over the cock in her mouth as a finger ran across her thong covered slit, glad the wet material would hide her excitement. Even more dismayed, was her involuntary whine when the finger moved away until she heard Rick's voice near her, "Annie, do you want that itch scratched as well?"

Annie's body was uncontrollable, and she had only one answer as the cock pulled out of her mouth, gasping for breath she panted, "Oh God yes!"

Knowing Rick had a huge smile on his face, Annie put the cock in front of her back in her mouth as she felt hands, undoubtedly Ricks, slide up her legs to her hips. Expectedly she felt the ties of her bottom being pulled, the sudden cool air hitting her bare core as the material peeled away. "Gentlemen, the main attraction may now commence," Rick yelled, as Annie heard cheering behind her.

All Annie could think about was the cock in her mouth as she felt a weight move behind her on the chair. Feeling hands on her hips, she took a brief moment to turn, seeing Rick kneeling behind her. All she could do is groan when Rick said, "Ready cum slut?"

She felt him place a hand on her lower back and suddenly Annie's mind exploded in pleasure as she felt his cock push against her cunt as Ludacris' solo came on. Annie rotated her hips in response to the pleasurable intrusion as Rick sat still for a minute, allowing her pussy to accommodate to his girth.

When he placed his hands on both her hips, Annie was ready as without any preamble, Rick started sliding in and out of her steadily. Pre-occupied with her muscles accommodating Rick's side, she suddenly felt the cock in her mouth ejaculate, taking as much as she could in her mouth as her mind focused on Rick's cock moving in and out of her cunt.

As the cock in front of her moved away, Annie leaned down to her elbows, "Oh God, yes, fuck me, fuck me, Oh God!" she shouted uncontrollably as Rick literally slammed into her cunt over and over without pause. Her body jerked forwards and backwards to the violent thrusts as Rick hammered into her relentlessly.

A small part of her realized she was being fucked in front of a group of guys, many of them strangers; however, she was too overcome with lust and instead of being shy, Annie only hoped she could last through them all, wanting nothing more than to be their sex object.

All too soon she felt Rick stiffen, as he shouted out, "Oh fuck, Anne-Marie, I'm cumming, cumming in your tight cunt!"

Annie could only respond with "Yes!" as she felt the cock inside her tighten up, warmth filling her pussy as Rick came inside her. He stroked a few more times before pulling out and Annie remained where she was on her elbows and knees. She could feel Rick's cum leaking out of her pussy when she felt movement on the chair. Looking back, she saw Greg Smith, move behind her, grinning from ear to ear.

"I'll gladly take sloppy seconds, or third, or hundredth's of this bitch," he said, ramming his cock into Annie without any delay.

Annie grunted, and if it had not been for her being so worked up and lubricated with Rick's cum, it probably would have hurt, but instead, Greg's cock slid easily into her eager pussy.

"Fuck, she's so tight!" she heard him yell behind her as he pounded ceaselessly into Annie. As his body slammed into her hips, her body was thrust forward and her hair was pulled up. Seeing the third guy who had won the bidding for her blowjob, she only smiled at him, seeing his trunks already down.

Annie eagerly took his cock in her mouth, letting Greg abuse of her body move it back and forth. As his cock moved out of her pussy, the cock in front of her entered her mouth, and vice versa as her body swayed back and forth. Annie clamped tightly on the cock in front of her, sucking and swirling her tongue as she eagerly sucked him, feeling Greg starting to move faster and faster inside her, knowing he was about to come.

Suddenly she felt Greg stiffen behind her, the warm sensation in her pussy proof of him cumming as she was suddenly surprised at the cock in her mouth also erupting, filling her mouth with cum as she greedily swallowed all she could. Annie's mind was a whirlwind of lust as both men came into her from each end, almost whimpering as they also both pulled out of her.

The loss was only momentary she saw Tom Kender move over to her. Smiling up at him, he grinned back telling her, "I want you to ride me. Since this is being filmed, I can't chance Sheila seeing my face fucking her best friend," he smirked, "but I'll be damned if I'm not going to have myself inside the hottest piece of ass ever," he smiled.

Annie moved aside as Tom Kender lay on the lounge chair, his erection proudly pointing up and without even a thought, Annie straddled him, pausing only briefly to him, "Which way you want me facing?" Tom laughed as he told her away so he could see her slut tattoo as she rode him.

Annie turned around, seeing a crowd of men around her, watching intently. She noticed without any fear many of them already had their shorts pulled down. A wicked thought entered Annie's mind as she realized she was going to be a busy girl. Smiling openly at them, she lowered herself on Tom's hard cock.

She gasped at the difference in angle; although his cock was not large, it pressed in places neither Rick or Greg had hit and she started undulating her hips, his cock sliding back and forth into her throbbing pussy. She heard a muffled, "Gawd" behind her as she leaned forward, her body moving up and down, riding him rapidly. The sensation felt too good as Annie leaned forward, putting her hands on his knees and started riding him rapidly.

Her peripheral vision saw a shadow before her and looking up, saw another one of the strange guys, this one with glasses standing in front of her, his cock pointing towards her face. As if on cue Tom's hands gripped her hips, guiding her as she reached up, pulling the cock to her enthusiastically, taking it into her mouth as she rode one cock, sucking another.

Annie's body was on pure sexual autopilot, needing to satisfy every cock she came across. She was not thinking; no thoughts of Bob, whether he would return, or even the idea of being fucked in front of so many men entered her mind. All she could fathom was absorbing the pure pleasure as her body was used unconditionally. This became her mission, she was here for a purpose, and she was going to accomplish it like everything else, superbly.

Her hips were slammed forward as Tom thrust into hard, feeling again the warm flush inside her as indication of him cumming. She stayed straddled across him as she continued to suck the cock in front of her, using all her tricks to get him to get off as he quickly as possible until he pulled back, shooting his load across her face before stepping back.

Annie pulled herself off Tom, sitting on her folded legs as he got up. Before even being able to take a breath, she saw the junkyard guy Fred before her, telling her to lie back. Annie had no hesitation as she complied, lying across the lounge chair, her legs slightly parted. The Texan moved between her legs, raising her knees up, and then pulling her calves on his shoulders as he maneuvered between her legs.

"Now it's my turn, little Philly," he told her knowingly as his cock easily slide between the wet folds of her core.

Annie's mind did flips as the sensation of the Texan's cock spread her labia, thrusting deep into her. At this angle, with her legs over his shoulders he entered deeper than anybody, giving him complete access to her canal.

Although his first few strokes were slow, he leaned over Annie, stretching her knees almost to her shoulders as he started slamming uncontrollably into her. Annie could not believe the feeling of the cock slamming into her as she started grunting, "Ungh...uhng...oh God, yes...fuck...ungh..." over and over. The guy was tireless as he hammered into Annie's pussy relentlessly. She could not feel the rest of her body, so focused on the feeling of the cock moving rapidly in and out of her, the wet sounds of her pussy squishing around his cock in time with the creaks of the lounge chair.

The Texan was stretched straight over her as he hammered into her, and Annie was amazed at his

stamina, never having anybody last this long at his pace. Suddenly, she started to feel a build-up within her, "Oh god, I'm cumming!" she cried uncontrollably.

As the first orgasm hit her, Annie's body started shaking frenziedly as the Texan suddenly grunted, his cock spasming inside her. The knowledge of yet a fourth man's cum filling her pussy sent her over the edge again, realizing she still wanted more.

The Texan laid upon her for several minutes as he came down from his high, sweat from his forehead beading down his nose, landing on her chest as Annie was bent almost in half beneath him, unable to do anything but wait. Finally he smiled at her, pulling out as Annie sighed when her legs were lowered, blood flowing back into them.

Immediately another shape loomed over her, seeing Jerome Wilson completely naked standing over her. "I think Tom had the right idea, I want you straddling me, but I want to watch your tits sway and your face as I plant my dark seed into your white cunt," he leered.

Taking his proffered hand, Annie let him pull her up so he could lay down. The feel of cum leaking down her inner thighs was a rush as she comprehended she was holding more than she could contain after four men emptied into her.

"Come on slut," she heard Jerome mutter, realizing her mind was wandering as she straddled him, immediately lowering herself on his cock, to his satisfied, "Oh yeah, this is heaven, Bob's fiancée fucking the entire gang," he muttered.

Annie started sliding up and down his shaft, not as large as she thought it would be when she first saw him, ruining the stereotype of all black men all having large cocks, but he still filled her as she began riding him up and down, his cock sliding in and out of her pussy.

His hands were on her hips, guiding her, when Annie saw another person in front of her, one of the other strangers standing in front of her. He looked down at Jerome, asking, "If you don't mind, can you move a bit back?" he grinned.

In response, Jerome humped his body further up the chair, the jerky motions impaling Annie on his cock until her face was closer to the guy standing before them. As her body slid up and down on Jerome's cock, she leaned forward, moving closer to the stranger's cock. Eventually she was leaning forward completely, her tits swaying directly in front of Jerome's face as he fucked her, pounding into her rhythmically. Meanwhile her mouth became full of strange cock as the guy held her head tightly, guiding it back and forth between her lips.

Annie tried to move her body, being impaled by two cocks; however, between the stranger's grip on her head and Jerome's on her hips, she was at the complete mercy of both men.

Before she could accommodate any cadence between them she heard Brent Maugham's voice behind her, "Well, there's still some opportunities here I see," hearing a few other guys chuckle.

Suddenly Annie felt something on her lower back, tanning oil was being poured on her back wondering what he was up to. Annie felt the liquid slowly roll down the crack of her ass as comprehension started to seep in, "Mmph," she tried to say around the dick in her mouth, but instead she heard Brent tell the other

guys to hold on, feeling another body move on the lounge.

Annie tried to squirm away; however, Jerome's grip on her hips and the stranger's on her head gave her little room, her arms grasped around the stranger's thighs for support. Even expecting it, Annie was shocked when she felt a hard probing at her anus.

"Ngthlaly," she tried to tell them to stop, but the stranger who's cock was deep in her mouth, held tight against him, her only capability being able to breath.

Jerome slid in and out of her pussy slowly groaning about "white married pussy" again feeling the head of Brent's cock against her back hole. Suddenly before she could do anything else, her both her hands were lifted and guided towards a cock on each side. Annie instinctively started stroking them, raising herself up and down on Jerome's member as she focused on the cocks not only in her hands, but in her mouth and pussy holding her still.

Annie let out a relieved moan as the pressure against her ass eased, until she suddenly felt a quick push, her eyes opening wide as she let out a muffled "Unghph" and Brent's cock slid past her sphincter, her ass stretched. The feeling was not unpleasant or painful, remembering the anal intrusion at the car wash. In fact, she realized morbidly as she loosened up it began to feel good letting out a loud groan around the cock in her mouth.

"Why, I think she likes it," she heard Rick laugh near her, as Annie could only groan in response. Slowly the cock in her ass started sliding back and forth, alternating rhythm with Jerome's cock in her cunt as Annie held onto the two cocks in her hand, trying to stroke them in time to her body. The guy in front of her continuously thrust his cock quicker and quicker into Annie's mouth.

Annie again had a momentary out-of-body thought as she realized she was servicing five guys simultaneously, her body being truly used for nothing but sex as she groaned, the imagery almost too much for her battered, lusty body.

Suddenly her mouth was filled with warm salty fluid, which Annie immediately swallowed, sucking the cock in her mouth dry. Still her body was raised up and down by the cocks alternating strokes in her ass and pussy, her hands jacking off the other cocks as she was fucked everywhere.

The guy in front of her moved away and Annie leaned further forward, using the cocks in her hands as handholds, giving both Brent and Jerome more access. As if on cue both of them started thrusting faster and faster, their strokes no longer in synch as each uncontrollable thrust into her.

The intense feelings were too much and Annie felt herself building up to another orgasm. "Oh God, yes," she moaned, "Fuck me, fuck my ass, fuck my pussy! Oh God I'm cumming!" she yelled, her body racked with spasms as she came over and over.

In the midst of her own orgasm, she felt Jerome and Brent both thrust into her at the same time, their cocks throbbing as they came inside her together. Shockingly Annie felt warmth hitting her shoulders and back. Glancing to her sides, she realized the cocks in her hands were cumming as well; her body now saturated with cum, inside and out.

Annie felt Brent pull out of her ass, almost laughing as a small fart followed, quickly quieted as Jerome lifted her, pulling out of her as well. Annie fell forward on her stomach on the chair, trying to recuperate, but immediately felt somebody straddle her legs. Without even looking at who it was, Annie felt somebody lay on her, spreading her legs apart as a cock slide easily into her flooded pussy.

Annie saw an arm on each side of her shoulders, feeling the guy on top of her move his legs. Placing his legs on the outside of her legs, he pulled her legs together, causing her pussy to clamp down on the cock sliding in and out of her. Although already fucked by several guys, the position and clamping of her legs brought new sensations to Annie, as she uncontrollably began moaning in response to the cock moving in and out of her abused core.

The guy lowered his entire weight on Annie, his hips unceasingly rising and falling as he began pounding into her while her body eager to accept all he gave her. Amazingly she felt her body starting to build up to yet another orgasm as her moaning intensified. The guy slammed repeatedly into her, the "slap, slap, slap" against her wet ass accompanying her grunts as she laid there, letting her body take the pounding. Before she could build up to her orgasm, she felt the body upon her stiffen, his cock slamming into her one final time as she became the cum repository of yet another guy. He stayed in her for a few moments before she felt him pull out, getting up from his position and leaving her lay on her stomach.

Before Annie could even recover from this last assault on her pussy she felt her shoulder being pulled, a voice saying "Roll over, slut." As she wordlessly complied, she saw Rick above her, his cock again hard as he grinned down at her, "I can fuck you forever," he said, as he lowered himself between her legs.

Annie spread her legs without prompting, moving her heels behind Rick's thighs as he moved between them. Looking down at her, Annie waited with anticipation for his cock to enter her, but he still looked down at her, grinning.

Looking up at him questioningly, she saw Rick grin, "I want you to beg for it," he said

Although a part of her screamed "No" in her mind, Annie groaned without further prompting, "God Rick please fuck me, I want to feel your cock inside me, show me how you truly are the best man. Fuck your best friend's fiancée, please!" she moaned, meaning every word of it.

Seeing Rick's happy smile, he told her to keep talking as she felt his cock slide into her cunt, "Oh God, yes, fuck me Rick, fuck me hard," Annie urged him as he pumped into her, her feet pulling him deeper with each thrust.

"Yes, that's it, fuck your best friend's fiancée, give her your hard cock and show her what she's made for," Annie continued repeatedly as Rick moved in and out of her.

"That's it slut, keep talking," Rick said moving back and forth into Annie.

Annie could not help herself as she started screaming out loud, "Oh God, fuck me Rick, all of you fuck me, I'm your slut, I'm the garage's slut, please fuck me!" Annie moaned uncontrollably, already having been denied cumming yet again as Rick continued pounding into her. "Oh yes, stick your cock in my cunt, I'm the garage slut, I'm here only for you all to fuck me, Oh God yes!" she yelled, as Rick started jackhammering into her.

Annie felt him shift position as he raised one of her legs up, placing it over his shoulder as he turned her slightly to her side. Annie gasped as his cock slid deeper, the thickness spreading her pussy wide and deep. Without prompting she groaned, "Fuck me, oh God yes, fill my cunt with your sperm, with your cock, use me!" she groaned as Rick relentlessly slammed into her, the 'slap slap slap" of his pelvis hitting her groin getting louder and louder.

Annie could no longer talk, uncontrollably grunting at each thrust of Rick's cock until she felt another orgasm building. "Ugh, cumming," she gasped, as her mind suddenly exploding in orgasm, her whole body shaking as Rick's body stiffened, his cock cumming inside her for a second time.

He lay upon Annie for a few minutes, his cock slowly deflating inside her before standing up.

Annie continued to lay there, cum covering her body and seeping from every orifice. "Now for sloppy fifths...or is it sixths," she heard a voice above her.

Looking up Annie saw another guy she did not know. She frowned at him as he bent down, pulling her to her feet while she looked at him questioningly. He was a body builder type, and Annie exclaimed in surprise when he grabbed her by the ass and pulled her off her feet, her legs automatically wrapping around his waist. Trying to maintain her balance, Annie felt him lower her onto his cock, amazed at his unerring aim as she began groaning at not only his display of strength but being at his mercy. Annie's body was raised and lowered, impaled on his cock as he asked her how it felt, which she could only groan in response.

"Mind if I join in?" she heard another voice behind her.

"Not at all brother mine," the man holding her impaling her on his cock said. Annie looked over her shoulder seeing a similarly built man move behind her. Before she could say anything she felt his hands spread her ass cheeks as the hard tip of his cock pressed against her ass. Immediate her anus loosened, his cock sliding in as Annie groaned. She was apparently still well lubed from Brent's fucking of her ass, and was held helpless up by the two men. Annie continued to be raised and lowered on the two cocks, totally out of control and at the mercy of the two hunky guys as they moved her body faster and faster up and down.

Annie had one arm wrapped around the guy in front of her, the other reaching around the head of the guy behind her as she was fucked uncontrollably. Each was grunting in her ear as she helplessly floundered in their grip, not believing the stamina and strength of the two as they used her while she hung between them like a rag doll.

The sensation of being held up and fucked was too much as she suddenly felt her body twitch, an unexpected orgasm taking her over as her body convulsed between the two men.

As she rode the waves of her orgasm, she suddenly felt the cock in her ass slam and stay, twitching inside her as she realized he was cumming with her. Meanwhile his 'brother' continued to pump into her. After a few moments, Annie felt the man behind her move away—with some regret she realized. Before she could get accustomed to his absence the man holding her spun around, setting her ass set on one of the tables, while his cock still moved in her cunt.

Annie kept her legs wrapped around his hips, but leaned back with her arms behind her holding her. The body builder took hold of her hips and started slamming into her relentlessly. He began fucking Annie so vigorously she had to wrap her arms back around his neck, afraid he would push her clear across the table as his cock pounded into her. Then, with little warning, he sank himself fully into her one more time and stayed there, Annie feeling him emptying his sac deep within her.

As he pulled out, he left Annie sitting on the table, briefly thanking her as he retrieved his shorts. Nobody else was around her other than Jerome and Rick with cameras, as they moved in front of her. Annie looked down, seeing her pussy lips puffed and reddened as a steady stream of cum seeped out of her onto the table.

During this reprieve Annie looked around and saw some of the guys had left. Having her fuck or suck them, apparently some had left. Annie only recognized the gang and a few other of the strangers she had not recognized earlier, mainly Red Trunks and Black Trunks. Her mind wandered, realizing Red Trunks had not fucked her—she would have definitely remembered that monster entering her, as she continued looking around.

Hearing somebody behind her, she turned and saw Rick smiling at her. “My God Annie, you were perfect, you should have done this long ago,” he said. She imagined what a sight she was, sitting before him, covered in who knows how many men’s cum. “I bet you could take us all on again without pause,” he grinned.

Feeling emboldened, Annie looked him in the eye and said “I can take anything you all can give me,” she smiled back, her body back into full teasing mode.

Rick grinned, then his face becoming serious. “You realize this is what Bob has wanted all along, don’t you?” he asked.

Annie looked at Rick in horror, “Please don’t tell him,” she pleaded.

Rick smiled, “Don’t worry, we are not going to jeopardize a good piece of ass like you, but you need to be more open to us if Bob is not around, otherwise, he MAY find out,” Rick said somewhat threateningly.

Annie nodded, somehow expecting such a demand. Her body too used to say much more as Rick laughed. “Why don’t you take a dip in the hot tub and wash up a bit. Bob called and said he was having car trouble,” Rick laughed. “So he may be gone longer, though he did get the damn keg,” Rick grinned, as if at some inside joke.

Annie realized a dip in the hot tub or pool sounded good as she stood up, steadying herself on her feet.

“Oh, and don’t worry about a bathing suit until Bob gets here,” Rick leered, “we may have a need of you further,” he told her.

Shaking her head, Annie bent over, to Rick’s obvious pleasure, and undid her sandals. “Oh, except the shoes,” he clarified. “We expect you to be wearing slut shoes all the time,” he chuckled. “But I will concede and allow you to go into the pool without them; we wouldn’t want such slut pumps to get ruined,” he grinned.

As Annie walked away, acutely aware of her body covered in cum, dripping down the insides of her legs, she heard Rick's voice behind her, "Oh, and LOVE the tat...it's better than the original, did you realize it would do that?" he asked.

Annie shook her head as Rick laughed, letting her go to the pool. Several of the guys watched her, but she ignored them, deciding to soak in the hot tub for a few minutes before diving into the pool.

Bob was almost ready to shoot his third of load upon the bush in front of him in an hour as he watched Annie bend over in front of Rick naked to untie her sandals. Meanwhile, Jerome was focusing the camera upon her ass, zooming in on her inner thighs literally drenched with other men's cum.

He could not believe how excited he was! When Annie was dancing with Rick and he started kissing her, Bob almost burst through his shorts he was so hard. As Annie was passed around from man to man, he could barely contain himself watching her get felt up the entire time realizing this was what he had always asked her to behave like.

He was shocked how willing Annie was taking all the attention, wondering why she was so inhibited suddenly until he pointed his listening cone on Stan and Greg as they talked about the spiked drinks they had given her. Bob did not know what was in them, but it obviously was lowering Annie's inhibitions to an extreme degree.

He knew Rick's plan was unfolding exactly as planned when they had her watching her hidden camera videos sucking off not only Rick, but Greg, Tom, and then Jerome! As he watched them, it being only fifteen or so minutes since he left he knew she had done all of this while he had been busy talking with the other guys! Based upon Annie's expressions, he knew she had been somehow coerced into the compromising positions, and the videos had been edited; however, he wondered how much protesting she actually had done.

And then to actually see Annie auctioned off for a blowjob! He was not sure whether to be proud guys were bidding over \$400.00 for her or insulted. He had missed what Rick had told her until she jumped into the pool, sandals and all; however, what was more exciting was when she exited the pool—her bikini was literally transparent in front of over a dozen guys!

Again transfixed as she was told to model for everybody on the lounge chair, Bob stared as if he was dreaming is ultimate fantasy as Annie began sucking the largest cock he had ever seen! Stroking himself with one hand and holding the binoculars with the other, he finally came when Rick moved behind Annie, fucking her from behind! He knew having seen Rick in the showers at school that Rick was fairly endowed, and as easily as he entered Annie she was undoubtedly incredibly aroused.

Cumming a second time as Annie rode Jerome and fucked from behind by Brent, sucking another guy and jacking two others off, he realized his fantasy had finally come true—his girlfriend was a true slut! It was as if he was watching a true porn movie, and whenever he could not get a good view from guys surrounding Annie, the guys with cameras made sure to get everything shown on the television screens!

He had cum again watching Annie finally fucked on the table by some body builder stranger he knew Rick had invited, watching mesmerized as she eagerly wrapped her legs around him, meeting his thrusts with

his hips without pause!

Watching her enter the hot sauna, he saw several of the guys who had talked about being “hired” to be here watching her, the guy with the huge cock finally break away and move in her direction. He wondered what would happen when suddenly his cell phone rang.

Grabbing the phone afraid the guys would hear it ringing up on the hill from below, he saw from the Caller Id it was Rick of all people! He almost did not answer it until he remembered he was supposed to be out getting a keg and stranded on the road....

“Hello, what the fuck you want now Rick,” he answered.

“Heya Bobby, just wondering where the hell you’ve been—it’s been well over an hour you know! You get lost?” Rick asked jovially.

Bob knew damn well Rick was just checking up on him while they sexually abused his fiancée; however, he was too excited. He watched as the guy with the big cock and Annie moved into the swimming pool, almost forgetting Rick on the line...

“Bobby, you there? Everything alright?” Rick asked. Bob could almost hear the conniving grin on Rick’s face, moving the binoculars towards the other end of the pool where he saw Rick on his cell phone.

“Yeah, I’m having some damn car trouble,” Bob muttered, wanting to get Rick off the phone as he saw another man walking up to Annie and the other guy in the pool, wondering what was up. He could not move the cone and listen in on their conversation with the cell phone, so wondered what Rick was really up to.

“You need a mechanic,” Rick said laughing.

“No dipshit, I don’t need a mechanic. It’s obviously a heating problem—I can drive the care for a bit and then it just stalls out. It has to cool down before it will even goddamn start again,” Bob explained. Pushing his luck he commented, “It’s like that carburetor from hell problem we had last year,” he said, seeing what Rick would do.

Through the binoculars, he saw Rick looking around, as if Bob knew his secret. Then he moved his view back to Annie saw a guy sitting on the edge of the pool, the view of Annie and the other guy blocked by his back. He wondered what was going on when he saw the television screens and could not believe his eyes. Annie was sucking the guy sitting on the edge of the pool, while another screen showed an underwater scene of a cock sliding between a girl’s legs, knowing without a doubt that was Annie getting that monster cock in the pool. Bob had forgotten about the cameras in the pool as he muttered, “Holy shit.”

“What was that?” Rick asked, as Bob realized he had said it out loud with the cell phone.

“Sorry, almost burnt myself working on this damn car,” Bob told him, hoping he could keep up the ruse.

“Look, I got the keg, but it’s going to be a good hour or more before I can get back, is Annie alright?” Bob asked, watching mesmerized at the underwater footage on the screen as Annie was taken from behind,

almost now even caring about her sucking off the other man.

“Oh, Annie’s been...great,” Rick said, Bob noting the slight pause, moving his binoculars back at Rick and seeing his wide grin as he talked on the cell phone.

“You guys behaving, or do I have to kick your asses when I get back?” Bob joked, wondering how far Rick would lead him on.

“Of course we’re not behaving jackass...this is Annie we’re talking about. Your girl is fucking hot and you know we all have jacked off thinking about her at one time or another!” Rick laughed. “With you gone, everybody here has been trying to hit on her,” Rick said truthfully.

“Great,” Bob muttered, watching amazed as the monster cock on the underwater cam moved out from between Annie’s legs, Bob transfixed as a cloud of cum floated out between Annie’s legs in the water. “Now she’ll be pissed and never want to come to another party,” Bob said, testing what Rick would say.

“Oh, I’m sure she’ll come again,” Rick said cryptically, and Bob could not help but notice the inflection on the word “come” as Rick laughed. “Actually, Annie’s been giving as good as she’s been getting,” Rick said smug as hell. “In fact, you’re missing quite a show of guys hitting on her and her acting almost as if she enjoys it!” Rick explained.

“Hot damn, and I’m missing all of it,” Bob said, watching as the two guys moved out of the pool, leaving Annie alone.

All of the guys shared the belief that beautiful girls were meant to be shown off. Every one of them had hit upon each other’s girls before, and Annie was the last one left who had not been “conquered” by the lusts of the other guys. It had been a standing joke for years that Bob had wanted her to be more and more open as she became more and more distant from the gang that he would not have even minded her sleeping with on of them—something Bob had never denied. Now to be watching it was a dream come true for him.

“Well, give us a call when you get near,” Rick laughed, “we’ll wash off all the cum from your girl before you get here!” Rick teased. Bob knew Rick was teasing him further, but also knew Rick was blatantly honest, thinking Bob would be expecting it as a joke.

“More power to ya buddy,” Bob told him, basically giving him another green light with Annie. “Just be sure to record the video for me,” Bob told him, seeing Rick laughing as he hung up his phone and moved back to Annie.

As Bob’s cell phone began ringing up the hill, Annie was easing herself into the hot tub. Moving underneath the hot waterfall, she let the warm water wash cum out her hair, face, and the rest of her body as she sighed at the warm water, loosening some of the stress from her more used muscles from the last hour or so. Stepping away from the cascade of water and opening her eyes, Annie noticed somebody else in the tub with her, the guy with the Red Trunks, through the water she now noticed he had kept them off.

A thrill went through Annie as she realized both of them were naked in the hot tub as she attempted to ignore him, but he moved closer to her. "My name's Mark by the way," he said as introduction, holding out his hand..

"Annie," she replied, wondering why he cared about names at this point. She shook his hand, wondering at the incongruity after having sucked and hard her mouth flooded by his cum in front of a crowd of guys earlier.

"I have to say you were fantastic! I've not seen a better pro in years, just wondering why we've never shot a scene together before. I thought this was going to be a lame gig until I saw you take those five guys at the same time," he said, Annie's mind flashing to the experience on the chair.

"Well, thank you, I guess," Annie replied, at a loss for anything else to say.

"So what agency are you with?" he asked mysteriously.

"Excuse me?" Annie replied, confused at the conversation.

"Agency, acting group. Which one are you affiliated with?" he asked.

"Uh, I have no idea what you're talking about," Annie replied truthfully.

"Wait a minute, you mean to say you're not a porn actress?" he asked, as if this were a normal, everyday conversation.

"Uh, no," Annie replied, at a complete loss for words.

"Holy shit, you mean Jerome was telling the truth, you're just one of the guys' girlfriends?" he asked. "Fiancée," Annie corrected, "and who the fuck are you?" she asked.

The guy laughed, "Fantastic! I, my dear beautiful vixen, am a paid actor, a porn star if you will. Jerome hired me and a few other guys for a possible video, which I guess was with you," he grinned. "I must say, I'm impressed, I've seen girls in the field with years' experience not look as slutty as you," he said honestly.

"Well, thanks, I guess," Annie said comprehending and amazed Rick and the guys had planned on her humiliation so far in advance.

"I don't suppose you'd mind if we, well, you know, all I got was a blowjob, and your body is too good to refuse," he said almost shyly.

Annie almost told him to fuck off, until she realized she had already been fucked by more guys today than she could count, so instead, she shrugged, "Why not?" she said with some resignation.

Smiling, the guy told her they should move to the pool, so Annie complied. After the heated tub, the cooler pool water was invigorating. They waded in until the water was lapping at Annie's sensitive

breasts and he moved closer, pulling her to him. Without preamble he began kissing her deeply. Annie immediately responded her tongue dancing with his as his hands slid across her breasts, tweaking her nipples beneath the water. Already sensitive from earlier, Annie moaned against his mouth, the water buoying her against him as his arms went around her waist.

Breaking the kiss, he turned Annie around, walking her to the edge of the pool. "Just relax," he whispered in her ear.

Annie's body stiffened feeling his hand between her legs, but slowly relaxed, spreading them further as the water lapped at her breasts, her pulse racing. Mark continued kissing her neck and nuzzling her ear as he fingered her, and she soon began moaning in response. After a few minutes he moved his arms to wrap around her, cupping her breasts.

Annie felt his hard large cock slide up and down the crack of your ass. "I'll only enter you if you tell me to," he whispered.

Annie was already aroused, wanting to feel him inside her as she gasped "Yes, please," feeling him maneuver his hips. Annie gasped as the large member moved between her legs, amazed at his unerring aim as she felt the head press against her lips, slowly entering her.

"Unnnnnghhhh...God yes," Annie moaned as his cock continued to slide into her, the walls of her vagina spreading apart to accommodate the large member entering her. He moved slowly, pulling back every so often allowing her to adapt to his size. Annie had never taken anybody this big before, feeling as if an entire arm was being shoved into her as she groaned uncontrollably.

His hands still cupped her breasts, his pelvis ultimately resting against her ass, moaning in appreciation as he entered her fully. "Oh, you are exquisite," he whispered to her, the huge cock slowly sliding in and out of her.

Annie groaned in response as she was slowly and steadily fucked by the huge member, her body completely aroused, sustained from her recent who knows how long of a sex marathon with a dozen guys. She closed her eyes, relishing the slow fuck she was being given, by a porn star no less she realized.

His strokes started getting bolder, moving further in and out of her as Annie felt she was in heaven, her body being used completely. Suddenly her moment was broken by a voice above her, "Hey you two, mind if I join in?"

Looking up, Annie saw the guy in the Black Trunks, also sans bathing suit, his cock standing straight out. "Annie, I'd like you to meet Bill, another actor like me. Hey Bill, Annie's the real deal, and right now, she has the white python completely buried in her," he grinned, as Annie moaned in response.

"Impressive, not many pros can even take Mark or as many as you did," he said appreciatively. "I can leave you two alone if you'd like," he asked.

Annie looked at him, seeing his hard erection and shook her head, "No, please," was all she could get out as Mark's 'python' continued its assault on her core.

Seeing Bill smile, he sat at the edge of the pool, his feet in the water. Mark slowly maneuvered Annie over until she was between Bill's legs, her face was directly in front of his cock. Without a word Bill moved his hips forward, groaning as he met Annie's hot moist mouth, already open to receive the cock before her.

Mark did most of the work, moving Annie's body in the pool, bobbing her up and down both onto his cock as well as Bill's. "Pool sex is tricky," he muttered. Chuckling, he continued, "You should only attempt this with trained professionals," causing Annie to smile around the cock in her mouth.

"Wow, I cannot believe you're not a pro Annie," Bill said approvingly as Annie worked on his cock, fully aware of Mark's huge cock sliding in and out of her faster, her arousal building up.

Suddenly she felt her core explode as an orgasm hit her, trying desperately not to bite Bill's cock as her body shook uncontrollably. She heard Mark chuckle behind her, whispering "Just ride it out, let it build up to something bigger," he guided her, his cock continuing to thrust into her.

Annie felt Bill stiffen up, her mouth being filled with sperm, as she swallowed his load, continuing to suck him.

"Damn, either that was an awesome blowjob or Bill needs to quit this job and lose his fluffer," Mark laughed.

"Trust me, she's good," Bill told him, "Besides, you've already felt her mouth, don't you agree," he chuckled, not embarrassed at having not lasted very long. Professional hazard Annie surmised.

"Oh trust me, my end is much better," Mark said behind her not missing a beat. "Though I would never deny that pretty mouth of hers, this is pure heaven," he said, thrusting faster.

Annie felt another orgasm build up, gasping out loud, her moans coming faster and louder. "Hold it in, I'm getting close, let's rid it together," Mark whispered as he started thrusting in and out of Annie quickly, their movements causing waves in the pool. Annie grasped Bill's thighs for support as Mark pounded into her, her cunt stretched vertically and horizontally from his huge size, the monstrous thing slamming into her back and forth

Annie started groaning, her body wanting the release building up in her as Mark's voice again whispered behind her, "Hold it, I'm almost there," he said.

Surprisingly Annie held herself in check as Mark continued to fuck her relentlessly until he told her, "Now," as he began pumping into her. Annie instantly felt her body wrack with one of the best orgasms she had ever had. If it were not for Bill, she probably would have fallen face first underwater, but he held onto her, grinning at Mark.

"Well done sir," Bill smirked above her.

Annie ignored them both as she rode out the orgasm, feeling Marks cock twitching deep inside her, his ejaculate against her cervix as he held himself within her. Her vaginal muscles continued to contract

around him as she slowly regained control, leaning back into Mark's arms.

"Thank you," she whispered, "that was fantastic." She admitted.

"The pleasure was all mine, believe me," Mark said as he started to pull out of her. "Oh, and smile, you're on candid camera," he chuckled.

Annie looked up, seeing Jerome above them with his video camera; however, what caught her notice was the image on the screen behind him. The image was underwater and Annie realized it was focused between her legs, Mark's cock still inside her pussy. She watched in morbid fascination as he slowly pulled out, her pussy lips everted as if reluctant to let the large cock go. Annie watched mesmerized as the large cock, looking even larger under water, slid from her pussy. As it left, Annie watched in fascination as a cloud of sperm exited, floating in the water. The camera was focused on her pussy slowly closing, as if reluctantly accepting the loss of the large member from her.

A part of her wondered where the hell the underwater camera was, but knowing Jerome's father, the whole pool was probably wired.

As if reading her mind, Jerome chuckled, "Yeah, pops even put cameras in the pool, although we had to have Bill reposition you to get a better view," he chuckled.

Annie tried to be pissed, knowing she had been set up, but she realized Mark had asked permission first, and although she was not sure what would have happened if she had refused, she had agreed, so she had little to complain.

Mark spun her around, giving her a quick kiss on her lips as he told her, "You're amazing. I'm going to leave my card in your bag before I leave...if you're ever interested in the field, give me a call," he said, grabbing her hand and kissing it.

Annie looked out around the pool area, realizing Mark and Bill were the only non-gang people left, as they too got out of the pool and packed up. Annie remained in the pool watching them shake Jerome and Rick's hands, then leaving.

Annie thought about staying in the pool, now hoping for Bob's return, but she was turning into a prune, so with some reluctance climbed out of the pool, almost surprised at seeing herself naked in the television, somewhat forgetting her circumstances.

Brent threw her a towel so she dried herself off, digging into her beach bag and pulling out a simple pair of silver pumps, remembering Rick's demand. Annie caught her thoughts as she regarded the pumps, simple if you considered a 5.5-inch stiletto heel normal, but slipped them on, wishing she did not have to parade in front of the guys naked, again anxious for Bob to return.

"Care to dance?" she heard and looking up saw Brent smiling down at her.

"What the hell," Annie said, getting up and following him to the dance floor, wearing nothing but the pumps.

Brent flicked a switch and suddenly the speakers started playing music, Beyoncé's "Sweet Dreams"

thrumming through Annie's body. Loving this song, Annie slowly undulated to the beat of the music, having the dance from the video memorized. As the song started, Annie thrust out her chest, her hands passing over them wondering if Beyoncé ever danced naked to the tune before.

She wiggled her tits and hips seductively as Brent danced with her, moving to the beat of the music. As she became absorbed in the music, she distanced herself from the fact she was naked, instead putting her mind on the dance.

As she danced the faster portion, she realized her stance gave Brent a full view of her pussy, although it was nothing he had not already seen she figured. Still, his eyes never left her body as Annie danced with, or more appropriately before him.

As her hands roamed over her body, she saw him grin, moving closer to her. Annie tried to remain dancing, but Brent continued to crowd her, eventually putting his hands on her hips as the song slowed down, his hips moving with hers as it sped up again. He continued against her, his erection pressing through the cloth and Annie realized there was only his suit keeping them apart. As the ended, Brent made a quick maneuver, turning them and her around until she felt her back press against the glass door of the porch.

Without another word or warning, he spun her around, pressing her tits against the glass door. Annie was looking into the house, seeing a few people in the kitchen. Sensing Brent moving behind her, Annie turned her head, seeing Brent move closer behind her.

Suddenly she felt his cock between her legs, her pussy twitching in abrupt anticipation as she realized he had taken off his suit. Instinctively moving her hips back, Annie gave him easy access, groaning as he thrust into her.

Brent held her hips firmly, slamming his cock into her as Annie realized this was pure fucking, nothing slow or sensual about it. Her tits were pressed firmly against the glass, her breasts making slight squeaking noises as they rubbed against the glass with each thrust.

Catching movement out of the corner of her eye, Annie looked through the glass door, seeing Jerome and Greg, cameras in hand, filming everything as Brent slammed into her from behind.

"Fuck it," Annie thought, realizing she no longer cared about the cameras, instead living for the moment, moving her hips back and forth, enjoying the sensation of Brent pounding into her pussy. Annie hoped the guys inside were getting a good view as she groaned when Brent sped up his thrusts. Soon she felt him cumming inside her, his body pressed against hers as he released inside her, slowly moving, leaving her pussy twitching in denial and her lack of release.

As he moved away, Annie remained where she was against the glass. Looking behind her, she saw Stan Wilkins move up to her saying, "That looks like something I want as well," he said.

Instead of moving her against the glass door, Stan pulled and turned Annie sideways, bending her over the deck railing, her tits hanging free as her belly laid across the redwood fence.

Kicking her feet apart, Stan wasted no time thrusting into Annie as she let out a grunt, his cock slamming into her, taking Brent's place. As with Brent, this was no leisurely screw, but a true fucking, him wanting

to do nothing more than get his rocks off inside her. Annie continued grunted as Stan thrust in her, feeling him suddenly stiffen as he emptied another nut into her.

As quickly as Stan entered her, he pulled out of her moving away and off the deck, leaving Annie bent over the railing, legs splayed apart. She remained where she was for a few seconds, catching her breath, feeling her pussy leaking the double load it just received, the warm sensation slowly moving down her inner thighs.

When she finally straightened and turned around, she saw Jerome crouched behind her on the deck, camera in hand getting every drop filmed. A week ago Annie would have been angry, embarrassed, beyond humiliation, probably huddled to hide her exposed body. Now she smiled, waving at the camera.

Thirsty from yelling and panting so much, Annie walked down to her beach bag—totally nude with cum oozing out of her—to get one of the wine coolers left by the girls when they left.

Barely finishing the bottle, she looked up from her seat on the beach chair, seeing Tom Kender standing over her, “Ready for my seconds?” he grinned as Annie caught herself nodding to him, accepting her fate as her tattoo stated, a cum slut until Bob returned. Tom smiled, “Lay back, I realized I need to see that fucking hot body beneath me, Jerome can cut out any shots of my face, but I need to fuck you good,” he told her.

Annie lay back on a beach chair, placing her feet on each side of the chair causing her legs to spread open. She watched as if in a trance, her body overcome with lust as Tom pulled his trunks off, his hard cock bouncing as he knelt between them. Reaching down, he lifted both her legs from under her knees, placing her ankles on his shoulders, then rose over her until Annie was almost bent in half. Tom maneuvered himself, entering her easily and abruptly as Stan and Brent earlier as Annie let out an involuntary grunt, “Ohhh!..”

If her pussy had not had the workout it had over the past few hours, the quick entrance would have hurt; however, Annie did not need any foreplay as he entered her easily and swiftly.

“Oh yes,” Tom said, as his hips began thrusting into Annie’s slick pussy, “you are such a good friend to Sheila, aren’t you, eagerly fucking her boyfriend,” he told her as he slid all the way into her, his pelvis against hers. Annie’s only response was to grunt as Tom pounded into her while he continued, “You are such a good fiancée too, I’m sure Bob would be proud of his fiancée helping out his whole gang by letting them drop their loads in her all day,” he continued.

Annie was almost bent in half, but she was so overcome by need she barely registered his words or her position, her mind only accepting it was getting what it needed, a cock fucking her pussy, gasping with each thrust as Tom pummeled into her. Her head was turned to the side, her mouth open in pleasure as each thrust brought out a gasp or moan from her.

Hearing a noise, she opened her eyes, seeing Jerome with his ever present camera beside them. Annie wondered at the view he was filming, her legs were thrown over Tom’s shoulders, his cock ramming in and out of her, her tits bouncing in rhythm to his fucking as the “slap...slap...slap” of his pelvis beating into hers echoed with the creaks of the lounge chair.

Annie moved her hands to her breasts, squeezing them as Tom continued to pound into her, his talkative fucking turning her on further...

"Oh yeah, you are so tight slut, even after fucking a dozen guys, you are so tight," he said, pleasing Annie. "How's it feel to be the garage slut, fucked by every guy here?" he asked. Annie could only moan in response as he continued his constant fucking and chatter, "You are so hot, you were built to be fucked, weren't you slut?" his voice went on.

Inside her, Annie felt Tom's cock getting harder and harder when suddenly he stiffened, the heated sensation of him cumming inside her throbbing canal overwhelming her as she could only lay there, pinned to the lounge chair while yet another man came inside her for his own pleasure.

Looking up again, Annie saw Jerome now behind Tom; looking at one of the nearby television screens she could see it focused on her pussy, impaled by Tom's cock the screen showed him pulling out, a stream of cum following and dripping down to her ass. Tom backed off, setting her feet again on each side of the chair as Jerome stayed focused on her for a bit, panning up to her body, showing her face; in the camera, Annie saw herself smiling!

Rick came over, laying a bathing suit next to the water near her chair and smiled at her, "Bob called; he's a few minutes away, so you'll have to put on some clothes again, unfortunately. Unless you want to stay as you are?" he grinned.

"No," Annie said immediately, jumping in the pool—high heeled shoes and all—to rinse off before getting out.

Rick watched with his usual leer as Annie got out of the pool naked, his eyes never leaving her breasts as he handed her the new suit. This bikini was similar to the first one, being a Brazilian cut on the bottom and a full triangle top. Annie actually felt over-dressed as she adjusted the material which had become instantly wet as it met her wet body and clung to it as eagerly as Rick's gaze. Having spent the last couple hours completely naked in front of the guys, she felt as covered as if wearing a long-sleeved shirt and slack. She was adjusting her breasts in the suit when she heard Bob's car in the driveway.

A few minutes later, she heard him yelling from the opened deck door, "Goddamn fucking car!" as the guys all went to him. Annie stayed back, having a few moments to herself to collect her thoughts. A part of her wanted to tell Bob all that had happened, but fear of him breaking up with her, particularly in his obviously bad mood, put those thoughts out of her mind quickly.

As he came over to her, he gave Annie a big kiss, apologizing profusely for being late due to his car breaking down. Rick was behind him, grinning. "Don't worry Bob, we'll look at it tomorrow, sounds like it might be the carburetor," he said. Behind him a couple of the guys snickered, and Annie wondered if they had sabotaged Bob's car to purposely make him late.

Not catching what Bob asked, she looked at him as he repeated the question. "So did the guys treat you well?" he asked, looking her up and down, his eyes eagerly taking in her body.

At Bob's stare, Annie became self-conscious, feeling as if she were still covered in half a dozen guys' cum as she simply replied, "Oh yes, they treated me very well."

Again looking behind him, she saw all the guys grinning like Cheshire cats as she felt her entire body blush as Bob told her they might as well call it a day, as the car problems put the mood of a party out of his system.

Rick handed Annie her sarong which surprised her—Rick giving her something to cover herself up? She looked at him questioningly until Bob's attention was drawn to one of the other guys asking him a question when Rick reached behind patting the spot where Annie's tattoo was. Suddenly remembering what it now read—the words "Caution When Wet" developed a whole new meaning as she quickly wrapped it around her waist.

Packing up the rest of their stuff Annie followed Bob as he walked out with some of the other guys. As Bob turned the corner to walk outside the house Annie felt her arm pulled back—straight into Rick's arms. "We hope you COME back soon slut," he said, giving her ass a firm squeeze. Before her mind could even register his actions his other hand moved behind her head, his mouth brutally claiming hers, his tongue ramming into her mouth. Annie again felt her body respond; she had not been allowed her own release these last few times the guys used her and her core demanded attention. Immediately releasing her, he spun Annie back around and followed Bob out the door...

The ride back to Bob's house was quiet as both Bob and Annie were lost in their thoughts...

Now that Annie had some time to herself, she wondered what the hell had happened. The obvious was apparent from the dull aches between her legs, the tenderness of her ass and her breasts feeling as if they were one big bruise. She could not believe she had allowed everything to happen—not only that, but offered no resistance whatsoever! Her mind was in turmoil, torn between her decisions earlier this morning to let go allow anything to happen and the reality of the situation as she sat next to the man she loved, knowing she had allowed God knows how many to fuck her, willingly sucking off many of them.

That Annie enjoyed the freedom she had experienced was not disputed, and that was what scared her. Glancing over at Bob, her heart swelled with love for him and she could not believe she betrayed him like she had.

Of course, from his perspective if he truly wanted her to act as slutty as he said, he would be proud of her, but Annie could not believe anybody would want what she had become as their significant other.

Bob could not believe how proud he was of Annie's behavior, finally letting herself go—it was all he dreamed about and more.

He caught her glancing at him a few times out of the corner of his eye and wondered if she were going to tell him what happened. She was probably more upset at how she had allowed things to get out of control he realized she was probably guilty, believing she had betrayed him when he had all but set her up to be used by his own friends.

The silence in the car became more profound as Bob wondered if she should tell her he knew of everything.

When Bob glanced at her, he felt nothing but love towards Annie, knowing deep down acting out one's lust versus loving somebody were two separate emotions. Several times he almost told her he knew what was going on, and then closed his mouth, figuring she would tell him in her own time. He could only keep encouraging her to loosen up in the hopes she would be more open with him around and not having to just let herself go when he was away.

With the knowledge of knowing her mind was in turmoil, but not wanting to reveal his knowledge of what happened, Bob decided he had to prove to her the difference between love and lust...

As the car pulled up to Bob's house, Annie had the door opened and was getting out before it had stopped. She felt stifled sitting inside, even with the cold air conditioner blowing. For one, her body felt confined even in the small bikini; after having spent the last few hours naked and at the mercy of every man at the party, her body wanted that freedom again. Being clothed in front of Bob caused that feeling to increase, as she wanted to do no less for the man she loved. Secondly, the quiet in the car between the two of them had gotten on her nerves, so lost in thought at her actions at the party a part of her was glad for the silence, but still felt contained in the car due to neither her nor Bob talking. And finally, she was still incredibly aroused, having been used by the guys without any regard for her release. Her nipples were rock-hard, unmistakably outlined by the thin bikini top and she had kept the air conditioner on hoping Bob would think it was due to that and not her seething with desire.

Getting out, the slight breeze blew through Annie's sarong, the cold air shocking against her crotch as she realized perversely she was still leaking fluids between her legs, having been overly used multiple times. She wondered how Bob had not noticed the odor of sex emanating from her from so many men, figuring the blowing air conditioner and smell of sun tan oil had masked the scent. Then again, maybe she was overly sensitive, feeling guilty for cheating on Bob, even with his urging her on.

She was wanted to get into her car and go home, wondering how she could make an excuse to leave as quickly as possible without being obvious. She needed to get back to her room, soak in the tub, and try to gather her thoughts. Yet when Bob grabbed all their things and walked into his house, she could do little but follow in the hopes of retrieving her belongings.

When Annie entered the house and her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, Bob was standing before her. Before she could say or do anything, he pulled her to him, his mouth meeting hers and his tongue easily sliding between her lips. Annie could do little else but moan as the familiar taste of the man she loved consumed her, eagerly returning the kiss as her body melted into his embrace.

A brief moment of panic came to Annie as she thought about kissing the other men, but she quickly realized this was completely different. At the party, the men had not given her any freedom, taking what they wanted whether she was willing or not; yet Bob's kiss, while demanding, was soft, almost gentle as their tongues danced. This kiss was noticeably different, not at all demanding, yet familiar all the same.

Annie felt Bob's hands sliding across her bare back and she instinctively moaned, having missed his touch for the last few weeks. His arms pulled her into him, and Annie could feel the hard member between his legs pressing against her, moaning again, a new ache in her core causing her blood to race.

Unlike at the party with the other guys, Bob's hands were gentle, caressing her slowly, causing her to

become aroused even further. He did not demand, but instead slowly caressed her body, the sharp familiarity entirely different from the strangers who had assaulted her earlier. Although her body had responded to them as well, their touch and her responses had been coarse and forceful, utterly raw with lust, while this had a warmer, more intimate feel. Without any prompting, her body felt as one against Bob, almost a shelter in a storm.

Bob slowly worked his way down her neck, gently kissing, licking, and even biting her as he worked his way down her breastbone. She gasped in response as he moved his head to the right, his mouth taking her nipple in his mouth as she realized her top had been undone by him without even noticing.

Again she discerned the differences between the other men and her fiancé. Whereas they had groped her, even mauled her, Bob was gentle, even his bites being tender, causing her blood to race even faster. She let out an involuntary moan as he gently clamped down on her nipple, working it between his teeth as Annie felt her core warming further.

Suddenly he stood up and Annie let out a loud squeak of surprise as he picked her up in his arms with him, cradling her as he sat her down on the couch. The soft fabric met her bare ass as Annie realized in horror he had untied her bottom as well, a flash of panic at what he would find, but soon again her mind was absorbed by his gentle kisses.

Whereas at the party she had displayed her body as a wanton slut, now Annie felt almost embarrassed, the intimacy between her and Bob a sharp contrast to how she had been on display before guys not only at the party, but for the last few weeks. Her body responded similarly, becoming more and more aroused, but again, the feelings were completely unlike the other times with the other men.

Annie gasped against Bob's mouth as he again kissed her, moaning as his hand slid between her legs, his fingers spreading her lips and stroking her clit with a familiarity she had not experienced with anybody else. A part of her was frightened at the possible residual cum from the other men, but she was also wet herself with desire, moaning as Bob slid not one but two fingers inside her, slowly moving in and out. In response, Annie's hips instinctively moved in time with his fingers while their tongues danced in each other's mouths.

The dichotomy was not lost upon her, Bob's touch gentle, not forceful, although his actions were equally demanding, his touch and movements were as much for her benefit as his, giving and taking in equal proportions. The times she had been used at the party, car wash, or even with Brian and William, it was all demand with no regard towards her pleasure. A part of her enjoyed the lack of choice, but she realized as she felt her core building up in orgasm to Bob's manipulations, this was even better, the gentle stroking and intimacy they shared spilling her over as a warm rush overcame her, her vaginal muscles clamping around Bob's fingers as she came.

Chapter 8 – Annie Babysits the House

If you have not done so, I recommend reading the previous installations of Annie to fully understand the sequence of events leading to this point in the story, as well as my obsession and enjoyment of other men lusting after my fiancée Anne-Marie.

I have always enjoyed showing off my beautiful fiancée to other men, not only in terms of bragging about her being with me, but exposing her body's attributes for other men to enjoy. I have urged her to wear as revealing of clothes as possible, but although she would dress sexy, it was never enough. I do not want to treat her as a trophy, displaying her as a conquest of mine to tease before others, but instead, want to share with others the enjoyment I have with her.

My desire first started off merely wanting her to expose herself to other men, for them to visually enjoy her beauty and body as I have over the years. Lately that desire has developed into not only allowing others to gaze upon her beauty, but also to partake of the use of her body, to enjoy the physical feeling of her arousal.

Before you assume I am some wimpy freak who wants to be a cuckold, let me explain. I have always held the belief women, although equal in many ways through education, employment, and other opportunities, exist in the most fundamental role in human society to bring pleasure to men. That may sound like a roundabout way to say I see women as sex objects, but there is more than treating them as non-entities; it is difficult to write how I love my fiancée as a person, but enjoy other men receiving pleasure from her—as long as she herself is pleased.

That is another distinction; women should also get pleasure from a man—it is a give and take relationship. I do not believe in belittling women, nor would I ever force a woman against her will. I do not look down upon a girl who enjoys sex for the pure satiation of lust, as that is her role in society. If a beautiful woman wants to show herself off, I have more respect towards her as a person than some feminist believing her body is something to abhor.

I love Annie, and in my mind there is a sharp delineation between love and lust. Both can exist separately or together; satisfying one's lust does not negate the love they may have for another. I have felt this way since puberty and have attempted to convince Annie to be more open with her own sexuality—asking her to dress provocatively, even allowing somebody to grope her—as long as she is willing. I do not even draw the line in terms of sex, as I believe there is a firm distinction between making love and fucking. If a girl wants to satiate her lust and fuck somebody, it does not negate her love for somebody else.

It is the way I am and it is neither right nor wrong, just what I believe—if you cannot understand that, hopefully reading previous chapters will give you an insight to my feelings towards Annie, if not convince you of my sincerity. It is those feelings and my attempts at convincing Annie of the same which have led me to relate the recent adventures of my fiancée.

Annie has a supermodel's figure with long brunette hair, long legs, and an athletic 36-24-34 figure to cause any man to stand at attention in more ways than one. In high school she was the cheerleading

captain and drew more attendance at games than our winning team. Even the fathers of kids in school came to watch Annie bounce and move on the sidelines. Since graduating, she has maintained her shape through exercise—her latest exercise regimen being enrolled in a pole dancing class at the college she is enrolled at.

And yes, when I heard about her taking pole dancing classes I immediately thought of strippers as well; however, apparently there is a large following of women who exercise through pole dancing, as it is a rigorous workout—not that I would not mind seeing Annie strip in front of a bunch of guys, as has already become apparent!

Even without my influence Anne-Marie has always been a tease—which is how I first noticed and started dating her; however, I have always had to beg her to wear more revealing clothes than she chose, urging her to act more openly in terms of her body. Annie has an exhibitionist side to her which has prevented what would typically be an argument with other girls, so I have tried to awaken those tendencies further.

Up until now she has always assumed I was only teasing her and not completely serious. Thankfully, outside influences have caused Annie to become more than I dreamed...

It all began with Annie receiving a frantic call to babysit for a family her and her parents had known for years.

Annie had babysat the Strauss' son Brian and his friend William several years ago. They were a few years younger than Annie—her being in high school at the time and them not even in middle school—and were not mature enough to be trusted alone with Brian's little sister. The boys were typical teenagers with rampant hormones, always gawking at Annie and making any attempt to catch glimpses of her cleavage or legs. All Annie wanted to do was spend a quiet evening watching television and have the boys out of her way, and their leering gave her a wicked idea. She figured if she teased the boys by wearing more revealing clothes, 'accidentally' flashing them skin, they could become so excited they would excuse themselves 'to go to bed early.' True enough, things worked exactly as she planned—Annie knowing full well the boys were up in their respective rooms—Brian in his and William in the guest room—jacking off to thoughts of her.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Strauss asked Annie to babysit their two daughters, Ellen, who was now twelve-years-old, and Suzie, barely two-years old. Although Brian and William were now eighteen and almost through high school, the Strausses did not trust them to be responsible enough with the baby, so asked Annie to come over.

As it turned out, we were planning on a long date that night. Annie had been away at college so it had been months since we had hooked up together—phone sex just did not cut it, and although her college was not far, my job kept me tied down to our hometown. Although extremely reluctant to cancel our date, Annie definitely could use the extra money, as her parents were not financially well-off and Annie had not been home long enough to look for a summer job, and even the small amount for babysitting was enough to convince Annie to accept their offer.

Still, we were both in frisky moods, and teased each other relentlessly while I drove her to their house, their call interrupting our short date. I had teased Annie considerably beforehand, so as a final act of payback at me for getting her aroused earlier in the night, Annie pulled me to the Strauss' back yard,

giving me a blow job on their back porch—only to immediately stop before I came and running into the house, leaving me standing there with my pants down and a hard-on pointing to the sky! My only consolation was knowing Annie was as worked up as me, so figured it was fair play, both of our arousals being unfulfilled.

Not having anything else planned for the evening, I decided to stick around and see if Annie ended up having some time to herself which we could at least spend together if the kids were in bed. As such, I snuck around the side of the house, looking through the Strauss' living room window to spy on Annie. I knew nothing exciting would happen, but was bored, so figured what the hell...

What ended up happening changed our lives forever, as it became apparent the boys had seen Annie and me on the back porch, describing watching her on her knees with my dick in her mouth. From the gist of the conversation, the boys were threatening to tell their parents about how Annie acted so lewdly in front of them, going so far as to fabricate a lie of her attempting to seduce them when they were under-aged!

Annie is not dumb; however, the odd combination of being aroused and publicly humiliated lowered her defenses, and in her worry caused her not to think clearly. The breaking point in her resolve was when Brian reminded Annie of his parents owning the bank where Annie's parents had a sizable loan—implying the loan could be foreclosed if Brian's parents found out what a tramp Annie was.

Looking back, it is ironic they threatened Annie for being a slut, when that is exactly what they demanded her to turn into. In the end their blackmail was successful, and she agreed to give them each a hand job. Then they convinced her to do it naked; however, Annie's poor judgment bought on from her arousal and humiliation caused things to go even further. As a result, Annie could not resist giving Brian a blowjob, and ultimately William fucked her from behind while she was sucking off his friend.

Although Annie protested, her weak denial was transparent even to them as she finally succumbed to their lust.

Ultimately humiliated by having sex with two boys she had babysat, Annie would have ended things, had she not found out the following week—when having to babysit again—that Brian and William had recorded their use of her. To her horror they threatened to reveal everything unless she became their sexual slave.

The events leading to her blackmail are more intricate than what I have described, even as things have progressed further, so I once again recommend you reading the full story.

As Annie began to succumb to the boys' blackmail, they expedited things along by secretly drugging her with a recreational sex drug. The drug had its desired effect, as Annie became uncontrollably aroused, and while under its influence, was even coerced to give all my work buddies blowjobs in a mall bathroom! This led to further blackmail, as my buddies took pictures of her sucking them off with their phones, threatening to expose her impropriety and licentiousness not only to her parents and school, but to me her fiancé.

I have no doubts the guys would ever do anything to cause me and Annie to break up. They, like me, believe a woman should provide men pleasure, and although they lusted after Annie, they knew I truly loved her. They had lusted for Annie since high school, and all they wanted was to enjoy her gorgeous body themselves, especially after all the teasing she had done in high school.

Things progressed considerably after that, to the point where Annie even participated in a gang bang—without either the boys or my gang of friends knowing and completely on her own.

I learned of all this both from spying on her as well as reading her diary. Through her own written words I know she is experiencing turmoil at enjoying her use at the hands of other men, at odds with her love for me. It has not been until recently she has even begun to realize a difference between love and lust.

Although she has not confided to me of her predicament, her thoughts within her diary indicate she is finally considering the fact I may have been truly serious in wanting her to be so open sexually.

The day before this chapter began my friends convinced/blackmailed Annie to come to a pool party. In the past she has avoided all my friends, knowing they lusted after her and was uncomfortable around them; however, due to the potential blackmail of her mall exploit becoming known to me, she had little recourse but to accept their request and attend.

At the party they 'convinced' me to go on a beer run. My buddies and I worked at a car shop, and I had found out previously they had planned to sabotage my car, causing it to stall repeatedly once it warmed up. As such, they knew I would be gone longer than expected on my beer run, leaving Annie alone with them for most of the party while I was 'stuck' with a broken down car.

I had overheard their plans, so had bought a keg the day before which I kept in my trunk. When the time came for me to go out on the supposed 'beer run' I instead drove down the road and parked out of site, doubling back on foot to watch the party from a neighboring hill, curious as to what the guys planned and not wanting to miss anything that went on in my absence.

To say I was not disappointed would be an understatement. Later on I learned that even before I had left and Annie and I had been separated, the guys had used their blackmailing leverage to force her into reluctantly agreeing to give each of them a blowjob—while I was still at the party!

What Annie did not realize, but something I had learned earlier when I had discovered their plans about my car, was they were taping all her indiscretions. The party was held at Jerome Wilson's house, and his dad was a large movie buff—even directing several B-type movies as well as a few pornographic movies. As such, the entire premises had hidden cameras all over the yard and in the pool.

Ultimately, after all the girlfriends had left for work and Annie was left alone with over a dozen men, the gang revealed to her the evidence of her further incriminations, persuading her at long last to become the 'main event' at the party, cumulating into an orgy of lust.

I watched as Annie had been fucked repeatedly, before I eventually 'returned' from my trip—giving enough advanced warning for everybody, particularly Annie, time to clean up.

These events I am relaying in order, although many of them I did not discover until reading her diary much later. After the pool party I have finally planted the seeds of uncertainty in Annie's mind, where she is slowly accepting there may be a difference between love and lust. After her wanton gangbang at the party, I had made love to her repeatedly as an attempt to show her and have her feel the difference between making love and pure fucking. Now, after reading her diary, I have found I was somewhat

successful, which leads to this next chapter, where Annie has been asked to housesit for the Strausses while they are on a business trip in Europe—spending the entire week with not only the two girls, but deplorably with Brian and William.

Having bought spy equipment for listening and watching her from a distance from the pool party, I put it to good while camping out by the Strauss' garage to see what may happen to Annie. The following is both observed depravity upon Annie as well as reading about it from her diary, and as stated, have put things in order to make it more logical, although much of the beginning portions I did not know until later.

Annie woke up Monday morning actually surprised she was alone in bed. Her dreams had been filled with images from the pool party—completely naked except for her high-heeled shoes, kneeling on a lounge chair as Rick shoved his cock into her mouth while the other guys—Tom, Greg, Stan, and Brent—took turns fucking her, her body having non-stop orgasms. The scenes in her head had been relived over and over as she slept—Rick cumming down her throat, then his cock being replaced by Jerome's, black cock sliding between her red lips while she eagerly sucked him off as well, completely overcome with lust.

Then there were the porn actors who had been at the party, having their way with her like the others—using her as if she was simply some party slut hired for the men's pleasure.

Had she really done all that yesterday? Had she really behaved like a wanton slut, letting not only her fiancé's friends, but complete strangers, have their way with her?

As she stretched her body in bed, the soreness between her thighs and the tenderness of her breasts were proof enough of her unadulterated use, an affirmative answer to her doubts and questions.

No, she had not simply dreamed it.

How could she have betrayed Bob's trust like that, being a total whore for his very own friends? And what kind of friends blackmailed and fucked their best friend's fiancée?

Her world was turned completely topsy turvy, first Brian and William's debasement of her, and now Bob's friends.

Her thoughts returned to the love of her life. Bob had urged her to be more 'open' with the guys, even telling her to allow them to cop a feel of her ass or tits if she was willing—and hinting at more. To her shame, that and more had happened. Would her fiancé really be all right knowing she had been willingly gangbanged at the pool party while he was innocently away, leaving her alone, trusting not only herself but his friends concerning her wellbeing?

Her biggest concern—even above the thoughts of Rick and the gang's betrayal of Bob's trust—was her own betrayal. Not only had everything she had dreamed happened, but she had allowed it, and in fact, enjoyed it. She may have protested and stated no at first, but in the end she was as much a willing participant as any of the guys there.

Had she really begged and pleaded for them to fuck her?

Her only glimmer of hope was that as exciting and carnal as her use at the party had been, nothing compared to the gentle sensual lovemaking with Bob afterwards. Although she had been used continuously, her biggest orgasms had been in her own fiancé's arms, feeling more content than she ever had when he had been inside her. She had no doubts about her enjoyment of the uninhibited use by the other guys, but her session with Bob transcended even that—with Rick and the gang it had been pure unadulterated physical lust, but with Bob it had been something meaningful.

Bob had always stated his beliefs on the difference between love and lust, that fucking and lovemaking were two entirely separate things, and although both could happen together, they also could be done separately. Although they were all sex in the broadest of terms, the mindset and circumstances, even the freedom provided by both, were different. Perhaps he was right.

Sitting up in bed, she looked down at her inner thighs, expecting to see herself covered with bruises based upon how tender she was, but her legs were smooth and unharmed. She was also surprised to see no bruising or blemishes upon her breasts, also tender from all the man-handling they had endured.

In fact, her entire body had a wonderful dark tan—a benefit of being completely naked most of the afternoon.

Contrary to the flawless glow of her body, her mind was in complete turmoil, a storm of thoughts, questions, and doubts flying through her head faster than she could grasp them. Had everything really happened? Had she allowed Rick and the gang to have their way with her, slacking their lust upon her? And had she really not been reluctant, but actually eager to be used by them? And what about Bob? How could he condone the betrayal of not only his friends, but of his own fiancée? Could he really be comfortably knowing his friends had used her over and over? Would he really understand it had been an act of lust, not love?

When they had first started dating, Bob had asked her to dress more provocatively. She had done it for him, thinking he was turned on by her beauty and showing it to him; however, it had not taken long for her to discover his primary purpose was not to enjoy her for himself, but to show her off to his friends. Dressing like a slut in front of his friends had made him so happy, she had followed his requests, even when she was uncomfortable, dressing and acting like a slut whenever they went out with Rick and the gang during high school—even living with the reputation for being a cock tease.

And Bob had been pleased with her; however, this last year she had discovered he fantasized about his friends being even more intimate with her—instead of having her on display, he apparently wanted to share.

At first she had been appalled, thinking Bob did not love her, merely seeing her as a piece of meat, some commodity to pass around to his friends; however, over the years she had been amazed at the depth of love he gave to her, not wanting to debase her, but to have her enjoy herself. She was starting to wonder if he truly believed a person could satisfy their lust upon one person—or persons—while being in love and devoting their life to another.

She was completely confused.

Once again she thought about her continuous orgasms from her use by the other guys pining in comparison to the mind-blowing release she had felt in Bob's arms.

Annie was tempted to tell Bob she wanted to go out on a date with one of the guys, Rick's name immediately rising to the forefront. What would he say if she told him she was not only agreeing to go out with his best friend, but going to allow him to have his way with her, to use her any way he pleased for the entire night? Talk was cheap, and Bob may constantly be telling her it would be alright, but what would he say or do if she actually called him on it?

The only thing holding her back was her love for Bob. The threat of him hating her, breaking off their engagement, and no longer loving her was too much to bear.

And she really did not have time, as at present she was planning on spending a week at the Strauss' house, knowing full well Brian and William would do nothing but humiliate her, sinking her into their bottomless depth of depravity. Would Bob even begin to grasp and understand that, when she herself did not know what was going on?

But what else could she do? The thought of Brian's parents discovering what had happened, believing she had hit upon the boys when they had been under-aged, her becoming a pariah of the community she knew Brian's threats of his parents foreclosing on her own parents' load out of disappointment was possible. That denying them their blackmailed requests too risky.

Being the cause of her parents' financial ruin would be too much, and it was worth her own morals and self-esteem to not place that in jeopardy.

And again she thought, what about Bob? He might understand his friend's finally slaking their lust upon her—she HAD teased them for years—but could he understand the depths she had sunken in babysitting Brian and William. Could he even begin to accept what they had done to her, and God knows what they were planning on doing to her this week?

Suddenly Annie gasped as she realized her hands had been rubbing across her body as she had been lost in thought, only now coming back to her surroundings as her finger slid between the folds of her slit and across her clitoris.

She was wet! Even after having sex with almost a dozen guys, she was aroused less than twelve hours later.

What was happening to her?

Annie enjoyed sex, who did not, but the depths of arousal she had begun to feel in the last few weeks did not seem normal. Was she becoming a sex addict? Was that even possible for a woman?

The sensation of her finger against her clit was overpowering, and without hesitation she laid back upon her bed, her other hand sliding up to squeeze her breast.

She moaned at the bruising pain of her breast as she squeezed it, her finger beginning to move rapidly over her clit as she unconsciously began to move her hips.

The orgasm that erupted was mild in comparison to those she experienced yesterday, and yet, it was almost as fulfilling, calming the worries in her mind and centering her once again. Her masturbation was almost therapeutic as the worries flying around her head dissipated and she was once more centered on the here and now.

She could do nothing about Brian and William or Rick and the other guys. They had her proverbial nuts in a sling, even if some of their ammunition was her own fault, their threats were too real and she knew there would be absolutely no way she could deny them their demands without considerable collateral damage, particularly her relationship with Bob. All she could do was damage control and accept what they demanded, trying to save not only her parent's home, but her relationship with Bob.

It sucked, she had no doubts about that, but she had considered all the options.

Calling the police on Brian and William for their blackmail and sexual use for her? That was not an option, as she had no doubts they would both state it was due to years of sexual abuse by her when she was babysitting, that somehow they believed it to be right to use her, as that was how they were raised when she babysat.

Denying them their perverted demands? Again, that was not an option, as she firmly believed they would notify Mr. and Mrs. Strauss, and the risk of them shunning her family and the threat towards their loan was again too great.

Even denying Rick and the gang was a threat, as they now had videos of her fucking them, and as much as Bob hinted that was what he wanted, again the threat of it turning around and shattering her life with him was too great.

No, until something else happened and she could somehow find a way out of this mess, she had to give in to their demands. What other option did she have?

Looking at her clock she saw it was already eight-thirty, upset that she had wasted so much time when the Strausses asked her to come over first thing in the morning. She had already showered last night after getting home from Bob's, so all she had to do was pack—which would consist mostly of bringing the bags of clothes the boys had made her buy, which she still had yet to unpack. Unpacking the slutty outfits would almost be an acquiescence of their domination over her. By placing those clothes in her dresser and closet they became permanent, a part of her, and that was not something she was willing to accept.

Having showered and the clothes still in their bags, all Annie really needed to do was brush her hair, put on some make-up, and get dressed, which she promptly did.

The hardest part of the morning was figuring out to wear, as the boys would expect her to wear something slutty, but she needed to be presentable to Mr. and Mrs. Strauss as well.

Note:

This is all we have been able to gather of Annie Babysits the Kids by DocCIS.

If you have more of his works please contact us.

As always feel free to write more content into this universe

DocCIS's outline

Characters:

- Anne-Marie Johnson
- Bob Angel

- William Mackey- friend of Brian
- Brian Strauss - parents own bank
- Ellen Strauss - Brian's 12-year-old sister
- Suzie Strauss - Brian's 2-year-old sister

- Mr. John Strauss - Brian's father, bank owner
- Mrs. Julie Strauss - Brian's mother, bank owner

- **Bob's Friends**
 - Rick Peters - ringleader
 - Tom Kender
 - Greg smith - shy
 - Jerome Wilson - black
 - Stan Wilkins
 - Brent Maugham

- **Girlfriends**
 - Sheila Roberts - Tom Kender
 - Jessica Beard - Jerome Wilson
 - Courtney Pullman - Stan Wilkins

- Stranger - slave trainer

- Biker - clerk at leather store
- Tim Nelson - shoe salesman
- Fat Clerk at novelty store

Car Wash Stages:

1. Presoak (a and b) - buffered solution, hot water
2. Tire sprayers
3. chemise swishers
4. Foam soap - fuck x 2
5. Spinning tire brush
6. Spinning chemise scrubbers
7. Undercarriage sprayer
8. High pressure sprayers
9. Rinse stage (sprayers, chemise swishers)
10. Polish/Wax - fuck x2 (doggie)
11. chemise swishers to rub wax

12. Rinse stage (sprayers, chemise swishers)
13. Glycerin polish - fuck x 3 (anal) (cowgirl)
14. Soft rinse
15. Drying - fuck x 4

Spanish sayings:

Chúpeme Suck me
 Chupe leche del pene Suck milk from my penis
 Conchuda Cunt
 Chupame la verga, prostituta Suck my cock, whore
 Chupaverga Cock sucker
 Chupa mis grandes huevos Suck my big balls
 Chupa mi pinga Suck my dick
 Chupame la pija Suck my balls
 Mama la pinga Suck my dick
 Chupa me la pija Suck my dick
 Quiero que mi chupa la polla I want you to suck my cock

Housesitting:

Monday: Rules, masturbation video, Pool (solo), explore house, outfits, stripper exercise - boys finding her dancing

Tuesday: stripper exercise naked and being found by pool boy, cleaning house and answering door (UPS, FedEx, Mailman, Cable, Plumber, A/C), spiked drinks?

Wednesday: Stripper store - clothes, Rick's delivery, fucking Rick in front of lawn workers

Thursday: Lawn care, going out to dinner with Brian and William (table blowjobs), watching stripper videos

Friday: Cable guy finding masturbation video, plumber in kitchen cabinets (Annie straddling him), air conditioning (having Annie hold thermostat in front of cold air), payment for all!

Saturday Party

Sunday: Mr. Strauss

Strip Routines

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rpr3C1S4Gqo&feature=related> (POP2)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k3zUyFrbUgg&feature=related> (POP1)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PhLIBPwr9vU> (POP1)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k7PdblgRXYk&feature=related> (SLOW5)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BwNpaxkhfl&feature=related> (SLOW5)
<http://www.youtube.com/user/REDKE71#p/a/u/1/5AF0iztm9ow> (SLOW6?)
<http://www.youtube.com/user/REDKE71#p/a/u/2/lfaR-LZJyfM> (SLOW6?)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fPYwJiEyKyg&feature=related> (SLOW6)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7VdsQ9kiM6w&feature=related> (RAP3)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zetF4kgrB9Q> (RAP4)
<http://www.youtube.com/user/exdiva69> (RAP)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vsX4FCZsUVk&feature=related> (HARD7)
<http://www.youtube.com/user/exdiva69#p/a/u/1/xVy9i8luOOk> (HARD)
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N4i-eixY-_c&feature=related (HARD8)

<http://www.youtube.com/user/REDKE71#p/a/37F76BCE851D166B/0/Q8PLPi0M8bM>
http://www.verticaldance.com/forumphotos/VerticalDance_beginnermoves.pdf

Pop 1 - FREE - cheerleader outfit - calf boots, pom poms, skirt, half tank top, pig tails, dancing with another guy (rubbing ass against crotch)

3 - top and pom poms, kicks and splits, pole spins, crawl and hump floor, sexy dancing, take top off but leave bra

Paralyzer - sexy dancing, splits, pole dance, skirt off during splits and music interlude revealing thong, pole spins, ending in split humping floor

Bulletproof - pole dance, splits, sexy dance, table dances in bra/thong/boots, ass felt up, crotch grabbed, sexy dance humping floor

I Like It - sexy dance, humping floor, bending over showing and shaking ass,, rubbing tits and crotch, taking off bra at refrain, pole dancing, 2 guys join on stage during Pitbull solo, sexy dancing between them, tits felt up while on stage with hands in air, walking both back to tables with ass grabbed by others

14.5 min

Pop 2 - 25.00 - black gown, gloves, garters and stockings, corset with bra, g-string, high heeled shoes, hair up in bun

Cream - sexy dance, pole dance (spins, splits, climbs), let hair down during cream, humping floor, moving to tables and dance humping guys' legs, take off gloves, move to stage and take whipped cream in mouth mimicking oral sex on fingers while ass humping pole and stage, letting whipped cream escape from mouth (looking like blowjob), licking up whipped cream from floor

Sexy Bitch - splits, bending and pole dancing, feeling tits, dancing against pole, taking gown off at first refrain dancing in garters and corset, pole humping, feeling tits, pole spins, sexy dance and splits, humping floor

Not Myself Tonight - swaying hips, kicks, ass dips, looking through legs, pole dancing, pulling 2 more guys up on stage, dancing/rubbing around them x2, sliding up and down them, long pause rubbing crotch, taking corset top off, dancing in front of guys facing crowd while guys grab tits

Like a G6 - facing crowd dancing sexy while guys feel her up, rub ass over their crotch, turn around and hump guys legs while moving ass, when hands in air, guys pull off g-string but keeps covered with hands, turn to pole and sway back and forth, fake masturbation against pole while guys feel tits trying not to show her bared pussy, guy grabs hips from behind and feels Annie's wet slit as her hips move across his hand

17.5 min

Rap 3 - 50.00 - leopard miniskirt, peasant top, clear stripper shoes, g-string

Hot in Herre - sexy dancing, rubbing tits, first refrain grab water pitcher and pour over breasts top exposing breasts, rub water all overwater on blouse, pole spins and humping pole, humping floor, remove blouse baring tits, pour water over bare chest, humping ground and pole

Rock that Body - pole dance, splits, spinnign on pole, swaying down pole, crawling on floor pumping ass, high kicks, swaying down pol while unzipping mini-skirt, rolling on ground, splits in air, sexy dancing, table dances while tits and ass being felt and sometimes crotch, walk back to stage as song ends, pole swaying

Salt Shaker - ass shaking, pole humping, ground humping, more water on tits while rubbing shaking ass, open splits towards crowd, sexy pole sway, turn around from crowd pulling off g-string while squeezing ass, shaking ass fast, slowly turning around showing full naked body as she pours water over her, swaying hips towards crowd, finish with just boots doing split towards crowd exposing pussy

Just a Dream - pole dancing naked (spins, twirls, inverts, splits), sexy swaying, feeling tits, humping pole slowly, swaying and bending over showing pussy to crowd, humping floor
16.5 min

Rap 4 - 75.00 - cowgirl/bull rider, Mexican Toro outfit (vest), black anklet boots, hat, gloves, mask, chaps, G-string

Sexy Lady - Spanish dance, rub tits under vest, hand down chaps, rubbing crotch with hands, humping pole, crawling across floor and humping floor, standing and swaying to pole, humping pole

Move Ya Body - slow pole dance, table dances letting feel tits and crotch through clothes, rubbing bare ass against everybody, humping legs, move back to stage and sexy dance with pole, squeeze tits through vest, ending bent over in front of crowd

Freek a Leek - slowly stand up swaying hips, squeezing tits through vest, slowly unbuttoning vest and letting sit lose while she dances showing cleavage, facing pole and hump it while letting vest slides off arms, turn around swaying, pinch nipples, squeeze tits, lick nipples, move back to crowd and pour wine cooler on tits and letting guy lick it off, take off mask and hat while humping guys' laps, slowly roll of chaps during names, crawl on floor back to stage while guys rub ass

Goodies - sexy dance in G-string, turn away from crowd and split humping floor, pole dancing during Ciara first refrain slowly sliding down pole in splits, humping floor, climb up pole and rip off g-string, spin on pole, hump pole and floor, dance sexy occasionally feeling tits and crotch, splits and humping floor, pole spins feeling tits and crotch while dancing
14.0 min

Slow 5 - 100.00 - leather biker outfit - leather shorts with V cut down front and zipper, black leather thong, leather halter top, fishnet stockings, goth boots, leather jacket with fringe, leather cap

Supermassive Black Hole - strut on stage, pole dancing (splits climbs inverts), splits on floor, seductive dance, squeezing tits and rubbing crotch through clothes, throwing hat into crowd while humping floor doing splits, pole dancing

Battle Flag - slow pole dance and twirls, slowly unzipping shorts letting fall to floor while hips thrusting, strutting across stage in thong and halter top and thigh highs, lower to knees and thrust hips, feeling tits through halter, pole dancing, splits from knees rubbing thighs, crawling away and undulating ass, facing away on knees and swaying during slow portion, unzipping halter top without crowd knowing until turn around, dancing with it dangling over her tits, squeezing arms together to accentuate cleavage, turn away and bending over letting halter fall away at end of song

Spread Your Love - slowly sway and turn around with arms over tits, leaning against pole, turning way from crowd while spinning on pole, falling back upside down to show bare chest, sexy dance while squeezing and licking tits, turning around and looking through legs at crowd, spreading ass cheeks and letting thong sink further in crack of ass, slowly laying on back and lifing legs takes off thong at end of song

The Moneymaker - slowly move through tables dancing, dry humping guys legs while they feel her tits/ass/slit, pulls guy to stage and dances against him, bending down while he feels her ass, turns towards him to dry hump leg only to find his hand between her legs stroking her clit, moves hips back and forth across hand while other hand squeezes tits, guy begins fingering her as she thrusts hip to end of song to her chagrin
15.75 min

Slow 6 - 150.00 - Bondage gear - ball gag, studded collar, latex from neck to feet, strips off to reveal bare breasts and stomach, then strips off to reveal g-string and leggings, nipple clamps, leather cuffs around wrists and ankles, , leather studded thong, thigh-high ballet boots

OMG - slowly enter in bondage gear, undulating body against pole hands clasped together, humping pole at "oh oh oh oh", speeding up pole dance, humping hips towards audience, tearing off first part of outfit exposing breasts with nipple clamps, sexy dance and swaying, turning around pole at fast part of song, turning towards audience and squeezing breasts, dopping to ground and humping floor, taking off second part of outfit at 2/3 slow part revealing g-string, humping floor on stomach at end of song mimicking sex

I'm a Slave 4 U - standing and taking off shoulder covering, dancing in boots g-string and nipple clamps, dancing sexily with pole, moves to tables before refrain during refrain postrates before guy with arms behind back--guy snaps wrist cuffs on as she undulates on knees, stands up to next table with hands behind back, swaying in front of table while guy tugs nipple chain, turns around as he rubs her ass swaying in front of him hands still bound, moves to another table for repeat, then moves to stage pulling off wrist clamps as she humps floor again

Sweet Dreams - in only g-string boots nipple clamps and ball gag dances sexily, pole dance, crawls on floor shaking ass, undulates to feet, pulls off g-string halfway through song dancing like Beyonce, slowly spins around pole at slow portion, then repeats Beyonce dance, pulling ball gag out at end

Rude Boy - undulating on floor, humping towards crowd, slowly rises for pole dance, falling to floor and humping floor at "boom boom boom", rising and dancing sexy slowly unfastening nipple clamps, then humping pole and floor dancing sexily and massaging breasts
15 min

Hard 7 - 200.00 stripper wear, silver metallic bikini top and hot pants, g-string, platform pumps

Next Contestant - pole dance, splits in air, slowly swaying ass, crawling on floor at refrain splitting legs towards audience, moving hips immitating sex, rubbing breasts through outfit, repeating during second refrain grabbing ass and tits, pole spins at end of song

Whisper - more pole spins and splits, slow climb up pole and inverts taking off shorts while inverted showing g-string, splitting towards audience and sliding to floor, rolling on floor with legs split, standing up against pole while sliding hands over breasts undulating hips, climbing pole again, spinning to ground, climbing pole and sticking legs out, speeding up spin down pole landing in splits towards audience, turning towards pole and pulling off top turning to audience while undulating against pole squeezing breasts, slowly sinking down in split as song ends and lights dim laying on stomach on floor with legs spread towards audience

Fuck You! - slowly pumps floor with hips like sex, rising up and moving to pole, pole spins, swaying hips towards audience ripping off g-string and dancing in only pumps at first "Fuck You", pumping hips with hand between legs, swaying around and jiggling ass, spinning to pole, pumping floor at thumping beat, crawling on floor jiggling ass and tits rising up undulating with knees spread, rubbing titsalternatingly, sucking middle finger at next refrain mimicking giving a blowjob, rubbing breast with other hand, slowly pulling out finger during music interlude and moving down to her crotch, thursting her hips mimicking riding cock, at pause and Fuck You she shoves it inside her head

thrown back as her hips move to the song fingering herself, other hand moving back to steady herself as she masterbates to the crowd
13.75 min

Hard 8 - 250.00 daisy dukes with thong, checkered top, pig tails, fringed boots, straw hat

Wicked Game - strutting on stage, dancing with pole, crouching down while rubbing tits through shirt, pole spins and splits, crawling on ground towards audience, undulating on floor, raises hips in air and slowly peels off daisy dukes showing lacey thong

Bad Girlfriend - standing up and strutting into audience, tearing off top baring breasts, dancing in middle of audience hands all over herself, sinking to ground and jiggling ass, crawling through crowd as they feel her ass, pulls somebody to their feet and dances around them sinking low at refrain then turning and pumping ass into crotch at refrain while guy feels tits, moves away to another guy and repeats performance letting him grope her, moves up to stage and does splits as song ends

Shakin' Hands - undulating hips and body to song, twirling around pole, feeling tits, spin around pole, pulls thong up sides as she undulates hips, kicking into air and dancing around pole, turns away from audience during middle of song and pulls on thong ends-slowly bending down as she peels thong out of her crotch and ass down to her ankles stepping out of it, struts around stage naked except boots and hat, climbs pole, doing invert as she slides down, crawling across floor to her knees, undulating her hips as she kneels before crowd feeling tits

Ka-Boom Ka-Boom - strutting into audience, throwing hat in air and twirling hair around, slowly undulating in front of a couple guys sliding onto one's knee undulating her hips while he feels her crotch, standing up at the next Ka-Boom and moving to another table, repeats performance on another guy only facing away watching the other crowd as the guy's hand moves between her legs and she undulates her hips, mothing the words "I like a big cock" with the song, then standing up at the next Ka-Boom and strutting her self to another table, this time climbing on the table, dancing on top of it as the guys stare at her crotch again yelling out "I like a big cock, because I'm a big star" with the song as she slowly sinks to knees, sliding off table and moving to stage at the end of the song
15 min

Dirty 9 - 300.00 - lace robe, high heeled shoes

Crazy Bitch - strutting out and dancing in robe, dancing sexy around pole, sliding down pole spinning around, slowly lowers to splits and crowd realizes she has no panties on, struts to side of stage and gets box, pulling out a dildo rubbing it down her chest, then sucking it, lowers to her knees and crawls towards audience to edge of stage with vibrator

Fuck the Pain Away - undulating hips as she slowly moves vibrator to between her legs, head tilting back as audience applauds, Annie's hand slowly moves back and forth possibly fucking the vibrator, slides one hand into robe, rubbing breast as her hips undulate with hand, Annie closes eyes and tilts head back, slowly moves hand from between her legs without vibrator, doing splits and showing vibrator in her pussy, Annie gets up, swaying with vibrator inside her, slowly turns around, baring shoulders as she slowly lets robe slip off her, still swaying with vibrator in her pussy, turns around to crowd squeezing her breasts, moving towards end of stage, pulling out a large dildo, slowly licking it, moving to the end of the stage with it as the crowd applauds, as song ends, she pulls vibrator out, tossing it into the crowd

Rover Take Over - setting dildo on end, Annie crouches over it, undulating her hips, but not lowering, as she looks expectantly at crowd, they start yelling "Put it in, put it in" and Annie smiles, slowly lowering herself onto the dildo, her mouth opening as she lowers herself on it, motioning one of the guys to the stage Annie whispers to him and he dumbly nods as she get on her hands and knees, the dildo inside her nodding to the guy who reaches between her legs, moving the dildo in and out of her as she undulates to the song lowering to her elbows while the guy pumps the dildo into her

from behind as her hips rock in time to the song, as the song ends, she crawls forward, moving it out of her leaving it in the guys hand as she leaves the stage
12 min

Private Dance - long gown, gloves, corset, garter, thigh highs, thong, high heels, hair up
Cyclone - slow, steady, rubbing tits and crotch, taking off gloves, letting down hair, straddling legs

Pony - slower, rubbing tits and crotch, moving hair around, swaying hips, remove gown, rubbing guy's crotch, unbuttoning his shirt, licking his nipples, taking off his shirt, dancing with him

Candy Shop - squeezing tits, rubbing crotch, straddling guy on bed, moving hips, rubbing him, turn around, let him squeeze tits through corset, stand up and sway and bend, pull down corset, rub tits, lick nipples

Lick - sway, take off corset, rub up on guy's leg, straddle his face on bed and move crotch back and forth, stand up, sway hips, rub tits, bend over, straddle crotch and rub him, turn around, straddle him and let him lick and suck tits, stand up, smear spit over tits, suck fingers, slide down belly to crotch, insert finger and stick in his mouth

Cookie Jar - stand up, dance with him, grind into him, guide him to crotch, let him slide hands into bikini, rub crotch as he fingers her, push to bed, unsna garters and take off, slowly take off panties

Play - masturbate in front of him in chair

Let's Fuck - pull him up, slowly take his pants off, standing up and sliding all over him, rub his cock, lick his nipples, rub ass into cock, turn around and kneel, suck him while swaying

Panties to the Side - lay on bed, smiling at guy, guy kneels over bed, straddles her and enters her, she puts legs around him, thrusting with him as he fucks her, squeezes her breasts as he slowly fucks her, grinding with her

Stripper - guy now pulls legs over shoulders, slamming into her, fucking her hard, tits swaying, her moaning as he relentlessly fucks her

She Rides - guy lays on bed, she straddles him cowgirl, letting him suck tits while she fucks him slowly, leaning back as she grinds her hips, eventually turning around, reverse cowgirl, bending forward fucking him as she is bent

Closer - he pushes her off, has her kneel on bed and moves behind her, entering and fucking her doggie style, eventually pushes her all the way to the bed, fucking her madly as he slams into her, eventually gets up and camera zooms to her pussy, dripping with his cum, he has her roll over, spreadign her legs to the camera

Secretary/Bank Job
Stewardess

Poker Party

Homecumming

Sorority/Frat Party Initiation (Brian and William at same college)

Bachelor Party
Wedding Day/Night

Strip Club/Job Audition/Modeling
Business Trip with father-in-law