**Reality Need Not Apply**

by Sleepingamongfae

**Reality Need Not Apply Ch. 08**

*Daphne is initiated.*

I awake to an empty bed. Dylan left early for work even though it was Saturday. Club Thrall was doing absolutely over the top business and Mr.Erickson had ordered all of the guys to look into more potential properties in other cities. Security for any kind of sex club was a challenge so Johnny had his hands full too.

Before Dylan left, he told me he would make time for our cake tasting and to just come get him at the office. The cake tasting wasn't for several hours, but I was heading to Erickson Industries right after a shower. I wasn't used to starting my morning without a cock or three and I intended to fix that problem.

Hopping in the shower, I am sure to shave everywhere. I'm feeling extra slutty this morning and didn't care who fucked me or which holes they used. I just really wanted cock, preferably more than one.

Drying off, I dress up just a bit. My skirt is still short, but more formal. It's black and has a zipper up the side to provide easy access to any of the guys. Instead of my standard thin t-shirt, I put on a new style of top. This top still shows off my midriff, but gives more varied access to my breasts. It's a white top with deep V-shape cuts in both the front and back. The sides of the top are attached together by a thin stretchy material that can easily be unsnapped. Except for those two pieces of stretchy fabric, both my sides are completely bare and reveal a little side breast. Any guy could part my top, or slip their hands through the sides for a more subtle grope. I skip wearing my usual thong. It would just get in the way. Wanting to be as revealing as possible, I unzip my dress all the way to the button holding it together around my waist. In the mirror, I marvel at how the top of my inner thigh framing the side of my mons is visible. I throw on high heels and a bit of makeup to complete my fuckable look.

Walking out to the kitchen, I see Daphne leaning against the kitchen counter top, drinking coffee and scrolling through her new phone. Sabina and I had helped Daphne move out of her home. Her mom freaked, but Daphne was insistent on going. I don't think she and her mom spoke for at least four weeks after Daphne moved out. Daphne finally broke the silence by calling her mom to tell her that Daphne was applying for computer science programs. It turns out Daphne is really good with computers. I really try to understand the things she tells me about computers, but most went over my head.

"Hey there, Daphne."

"Morning, Amanda. You look slutty nice today. What are you up to?"

"Hoping to get a few cocks. Dylan and all the guys left so early this morning, I missed out on morning cock. I'm heading to the office to see which are available for use."

Daphne laughs, and then says, "Both Jeremy and Derek left before I could hop on for a ride. My guess is all the men are looking for some action. Mind if I come too?"

"The more pussy the merrier."

"Give me a minute to get dressed. I am going without panties too. Jeremy loves it and Derek never minds."

Jeremy was certainly Daphne's primary partner, but it wasn't uncommon for her to spend a night with Derek. Daphne is the most vocal in the household so everyone knew the minute she got freaky with either guy. She still hadn't had sex with Dylan, Philip, or Johnny, but nobody pushed the matter. Our non-monogamy ways were a lot to take in for anyone new.

Daphne emerges from Jeremy's and her bedroom wearing a cute, short, all white sundress. A zipper runs the entire length of the front of her dress. The sundress is made of a thin material and when she walks by the light of the window, I can see the outline of her naked body. She has the zipper pulled down enough to reveal a significant amount of her ample cleavage. Daphne started working out with Sabina and me, and she was beginning to tighten up everywhere. I hoped she'd be up for a roll in the sack with Sabina and me sometime soon.

"You definitely look fuckable. I don't think Jeremy will be able to keep his cock out of you," I smile.

Picking up my phone, I text Sabina. She's still sleeping. I was thankful Daphne was more of a morning person.

Me: Bitch - Daphne and I went to guys' work to ride their cocks.

"Before we go, has anyone told you about Mr. Erickson and his tendencies?"

"Tendencies? I just know he's the owner of Erickson Industries."

"Jeremy is likely going to ask Mr. Erickson to give you to him."

"What the fuck? Why?"

"Remember, I told you this whole setup is a lot about submission?"

Daphne nods, her eyes narrowing.

"Well, any woman the guys intend to keep around becomes 'property' of Erickson Industries. All of the men work for Mr. Erickson and it's a way of showing him respect by asking him to give them a woman."

"I'm not Erickson's property so he can fuck right the fuck off."

"That's fair, but talk with Jeremy about it. My initiation involved being restrained and fucked by Mr.Erickson. I was also fucked by every one of the guys except Johnny that night. That memory still turns me on. But your initiation could be your participation in the show at Club Thrall."

"Sometimes I have to question my own sanity and think I should be running back to Texas."

"I think you're just more into the exhibition than the submission."

"No, I'm into both. I'm figuring things out."

"If you come to the office, Jeremy or Derek may offer you to one of their clients. Mr. Erickson may want to fuck you. I just want you to know before you come with me."

"That's happened to you?"

"Yeah, one time Sabina and I made all the men late for work because we had this fuck fest first thing in the morning. As punishment, we had to act as office sluts. Philip arranged a gang bang for Sabina, and Dylan had me tied to a sex bench and every guy at his meeting fucked me silly. Sabina and I actually competed to see how many different cocks we could get off that day. It was hot."

"Not going to lie, that does sound hot."

"So you're okay with getting passed around and fucked by multiple men - including Mr.Erickson?"

"Shit, that's such a turn on. I'm not sure about the whole being Erickson's property thing, but damn, I love all the fucking."

"Well let's go, slut."

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Once at Erickson Industries, we are quickly allowed up to the top floor. The top floor is unusual because it has a bar in the middle of the main atrium area. No one was making use of it, but it was still eye-catching. I also notice multiple desks have been added outside the offices and most were occupied with female secretaries. They were of varying ages, but all attractive. I almost wanted to laugh at how much the guys set everything up to look like an office porn scene waiting to happen.

Daphne and I must have been thinking along the same lines. Quietly, she says, "Hundred bucks says one of these secretaries is currently being fucked behind one of the closed doors."

"I'll keep my hundred bucks, thanks," I laugh. "Come on, let's get you to Jeremy's office. Maybe you can join him with his secretary."

Daphne laughs. I watch her face closely to see if the idea of walking in on Jeremy fucking his secretary bothers her. Her face remains neutral to a little excited at the prospect of seeing Jeremy.

Daphne follows me to Jeremy's office. His secretary sits at her desk outside Jeremy's office. She looks up at us briefly, but doesn't say anything. Jeremy's door is open and he's in his office all by himself, typing away on his laptop.

"Damn, that's just anti-climatic," Daphne says under her breath.

I stifle a laugh and say, "Hey, Jeremy. I brought you something fun."

Jeremy looks up, sees Daphne, and smiles. "Come here, baby. I definitely need to use all of your holes." As if to make a point, he pulls a tube of lube out from his top desk drawer.

"All right you two. Have fun and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Daphne gives me the "Really?" look followed by shaking her head. She half runs to Jeremy. He removes her dress quickly and begins groping her body while making out with her.

"Door open or closed you two sex fiends?"

"Open, definitely open," responds Jeremy as he reaches between Daphne's legs. I can hear her moaning as I turn away from Jeremy's office. Jeremy's secretary shakes her head, slips in a pair of earbuds, and keeps working.

Making my way to Dylan's office, I am stopped by a secretary in front of Philip's office door.

"I wouldn't go in there, if I were you," she warns.

"Why not?"

"Mr. Henshaw is...busy."

"So he's fucking?"

"Um..." The secretary does not know how to take my bluntness and doesn't have a response.

"That's a yes," I say as I open the door.

Good thing I didn't take Daphne's bet. Dylan would have cost me a hundred bucks. He has his secretary, an older attractive brunette with huge breasts, bent over his desk, her skirt hiked up around her waist, and he is driving his cock into her. Her eyes are closed and she's mewling.

Dylan looks up and sees me. "Hi, babe," he greets me.

"Hey hun."

The woman bent over the desk lets out a shriek and stands up. Dylan backs off giving her space.

"This is so embarrassing. I'm sorry. Just let me get out of the way," babbles the woman.

"Cary, relax," soothes Dylan.

I walk forward, looking at Cary, and say, "Don't stop on my account. You were clearly making my fiance happy and I could tell you were liking it too."

Cary looks at me, her face a knot of confusion. "Aren't you mad at me? Please say I didn't just break you two up."

"No, not even close," I assure Cary. "Dylan gets to fuck whomever he likes."

The secretary's mouth opens, but no words come out.

"Dylan, I feel like having my pussy licked as a warm up. Is Derek busy?"

"I know he's seeing Jack Barteau in just a bit, but he should be free right now."

"Oh that's even better. Mr. Barteau promised to give me a screaming orgasm and I intend to collect." Turning my attention to Cary, I say, "Don't quit fucking my fiance. Let him get you off while he fills that pussy of yours with his load."

Cary's eyes become hooded and she doesn't move from behind Dylan's desk.

I step around the desk, see Cary's black lace panties around her ankle, and smile. Leaning forward I kiss Dylan deeply and whisper, "Have fun."

Circling back around the desk, I look at Cary and say, "Seriously, bend right back over. Don't leave my fiance with blue balls. That just wouldn't be nice."

I watch Cary expectantly. She slowly bends over and Dylan slides her skirt back up. He enters her while looking at me. Gripping her hips, he pounds into her hard, and Cary is lost to the pleasure of being drilled from behind.

I mouth, "Love you," to Dylan and he responds in kind.

I definitely needed to get off. Seeing Dylan fucking his secretary only got me hotter. Stepping outside of Dylan's office, I quietly shut the door.

I look at Philip's secretary and say, "Please make sure they aren't disturbed. I want Cary to take good care of my fiance." The secretary can only nod at me, mouth open.

I walk past Philip's secretary and Mr. Erickson's office until I make it to Derek's office. His door is open enough for me to see he is alone. His secretary's desk is empty so I assume she's off doing something. Derek is looking at his phone, probably checking the social media accounts for the various clubs. I open the door a bit further and slide into the office. The click of the office door closing alerts Derek to my presence.

"Babydoll," Derek's radio voice calls out, "what can I help you with?"

I remove my top, unsnap my skirt, and let both articles of clothing fall to the ground. "I have a really wet pussy that needs a tongue to satisfy it. Think you can help with that?"

Derek grins and moves some papers and his laptop over to one side of his desk. "Come on over, girl, and spread those legs for me."

I hop up on his desk, but don't immediately spread my legs. Derek raises his eyebrows at me.

"When did you hire all the new secretaries?"

"About a month ago. Things are busy here and it was just easier for all of us to keep our own secretaries."

"Great, let's hope Erickson Industries doesn't face a massive sexual harassment lawsuit."

"What do you mean?"

"I went to see Dylan first. Scared the shit out of his secretary. Apparently, she thought I'd be pissed seeing him buried deep in her. It took a lot of convincing to get her to bend back over again."

"Hate to break it to you, babydoll, your fiance is the only manwhore here. None of the rest of us is fucking our secretaries. Philip's secretary keeps making passes at him, but he finds her annoying. Good at her job, but with an annoying personality. Jeremy's secretary is a former stripper, but left that job after she got married. Jeremy hired her because she said she didn't care what sexual activities went on in the office as long as she wasn't expected to participate. My secretary is 60 and treats me like her grandson. That particular fantasy just isn't in my wheelhouse."

"Well, if that's the case, let's hope my manwhore of a fiance doesn't lose his fuck buddy," I say with a laugh.

"Uh huh," says Derek as he pushes me back on his desk and lifts my legs to rest them on his shoulders. He moves in close to my pussy and licks my slit with one long swipe of his tongue.

"Fuck, yes! I need this," I groan.

Derek's tongue slides up and down my folds, bumping and teasing my clit. Each of my piercings moves under his tongue, occasionally making a clicking noise against Derek's teeth. I writhe in anticipation, forcing Derek to grip my legs harder. His tongue circles around my clit.

"Yes, please, need to cum," I beg.

Derek moves his hand between my legs and uses his thumb to rub my clit. I bite back a scream. Derek inserts one finger and pumps lightly into me. He flicks his tongue over my clit.

"More," I plead.

Granting my wish, Derek inserts two fingers into me, and pumps hard while latching his lips around my clit. My legs shake and squeeze Derek's head while my back arches. I clench my teeth, dampening my moan. This is exactly what I need.

I unwrap my legs from Derek's head and set my feet on the floor. Leaning forward, I kiss Derek, tasting myself on him. I lick his lower lip and kiss him some more.

"On your knees, babydoll, return the favor."

I didn't need to be told twice. In no time I have Derek's cock out and am licking it and sucking on the tip. Derek's office door opens.

"Hey there, Derek," greets Jack Barteau without bothering to knock on the door. "Hello, who do we have here? You didn't tell me you'd be providing entertainment."

"Didn't know, Jack. She just showed up and stripped. Figured I should put her mouth to work."

I pop my head up from behind Derek's desk and say, "Hello, Mr. Barteau."

"Don't stop on my account, slut. I never mind a good blow job show."

I sink back down and take Derek's cock back into my mouth. There is a knock on Derek's office door and I suddenly feel Derek pushing my head further down under his desk as he leans forward to rest his elbows on his desk.

"Mr. Voster, I am about to go take a break. Is there anything you need before I go?"

"No, it's fine, Carla. Jack and I are just going to have a meeting."

"I'll see you later then. Oh...um...are those women's clothes on your floor?"

Jack speaks up then. "That's my fault. I was bringing in potential waitress uniform options to show Derek. You know, for our new clubs. I didn't even realize they slid out of my arm. Here, let me just pick those up for you. Just go ahead and enjoy your break."

In a very grandmotherly tone, I hear Carla say, "Uh huh," with every bit of skepticism intended. The door clicks shut.

I start laughing from under the desk. "You two are funny. Get a grandmotherly woman in here and you both turn into polite gentlemen who would never keep a naked woman under a desk and demand she perform sexual acts."

"Babydoll, put my cock back in your mouth before it droops from a lack of attention."

I swallow Derek's cock and bob my head up and down quickly. I use my hand to rub the bottom of his shaft as I swirl my tongue around his tip.

It doesn't take much time for Derek to shoot down my throat. I swallow every last drop and then lick his cock clean.

"A good show as always, slut," Mr. Barteau commends.

I stand up and walk around the desk. Mr. Barteau takes a seat and pulls me into his lap.

"You know, slut, I really like you. That show you and your two other slut friends put on with Mistress Lealah has kept everyone coming back and drew in a ton of new customers. I didn't even know there was a third slut, but I really like that there is." Mr.Barteau rubs his hands up and down my body, tweaking my nipples as he speaks to me.

I laugh and respond, "We didn't know there would be a third one of us until Mistress Lealah came to get us."

"What do you mean?"

"Daphne, the new girl, we just met her that night."

"Fuck, and she got up on stage and did all that?"

"Yup, and then moved in with us."

"Slut, I definitely intend to fuck you, but I'd love to fuck the new slut too."

"Good luck with that," I chuckle. "She's either fucking Jeremy or Derek. She's here in the office right now, but good luck pulling Jeremy's cock out of her."

"I do like a good challenge," Mr. Barteau smirks.

"If you want a good challenge, I recall you saying you would give me a screaming orgasm. You better hurry up and get to it before Carla gets back and turns you into a gentleman again."

Mr. Barteau stands up, hoisting me up with him. He bends me forward so I am forced to brace myself with my hands on Derek's desk. Using his knee, he pushes my legs further apart. His fingers slide past my ass and right into my pussy. He pumps hard into me causing my wet pussy to make squishy noises. Despite my efforts to hold back, I let out a moan.

"That's a good slut," Mr. Barteau murmurs in my ear.

I hear his zipper unzip. His other hand leaves my pussy and I hear the rustling of belt and clothing. Mr. Barteau begins rubbing his hard cock against my ass crack.

Derek, who is closely watching the whole performance occurring on his desk, opens his front desk drawer and pulls out a tube of lube. Really? Is lube just issued right along with office supplies at Erickson Industries? What must Carla think about that? I clench my jaw and purse my lips in an effort to keep from laughing at my own joke.

I quickly forget about my joke as Mr. Barteau pushes into my pussy. He rubs my clit as he fucks me hard. My nub is already sensitive from my first orgasm, causing me to writhe and moan.

"Yes," I moan out. "Harder, fuck me harder."

Mr. Barteau picks up the pace and soon I am moaning with a powerful orgasm. I expect my orgasm to pull Mr. Barteau over with me, but he has some staying power.

"Bend over completely and rest those tits on the desk. Then spread your ass cheeks for me."

I do as I am told. The cold surface of the desk bites at my nipples, causing me to shiver. Mr. Barteau's hand shoots forward and grabs the lube. In short order, I feel the cold lube on my backdoor entrance.

"You know, slut, I really liked watching this tight ass hole of yours being filled with that dildo. I was almost disappointed when I didn't get to fuck you right after your performance at Club Thrall," Mr. Barteau tells me as he fingers my ass, spreading the lube.

I take deep breaths, anticipating the pain that will be followed by pleasure.

"Keep your ass spread for me, slut. Show me how much you like a cock up your ass," directs Mr. Barteau as he lines the tip of his cock up with my tight hole. Slowly, he pushes himself in. I keep breathing deeply, feeling the intrusion turn into a welcomed guest.

"You like taking a cock up your ass, don't you slut?"

"Yes," I whimper.

"You like being fucked hard in that tight little hole."

"Yes, fuck me hard." I look down and see Derek's cock is getting hard again. He makes no effort to pull it out of his pants. He seems to be just enjoying the show.

"You like being a good ass slut, don't you?"

"Yes, please fuck me hard in my ass." This is all the encouragement Mr. Barteau needs. He drives his cock in to the hilt. I let out a wail as both pain and pleasure mix together.

Mr. Barteau does a few slow pumps into my ass and then picks up the pace. My nipples rub hard against the surface of the desk, making occasional clicking noises as my piercings hit the surface. I feel the edge of the desk biting into my hips. Mostly, I feel the complete pleasure of taking a cock up my ass.

I begin moaning, all words leaving me. I want desperately to rub my fingers over my clit, but both my hands are occupied keeping my ass cheeks spread. Mr. Barteau is grunting and breathing hard.

"You want this tight hole of yours filled cum, don't you?"

"Yes," is the only word I can get out.

Mr. Barteau groans, grips my arms hard, and I feel his load fill me. He doesn't move right away, forcing me to maintain my position over Derek's desk. Finally, after several deep breaths, Mr. Barteau stands up. He puts his hand on the center of my back, holding me down.

"Don't move, slut. Keep spreading your ass for me. I want a few pictures of your tight little hole all stretched out by my cock." I hear more rustling of clothing as Mr. Barteau pulls his boxers and pants up and retrieves his phone.

"That's it slut, keep those cheeks spread," Mr. Barteau orders. I hear the clicking noise his phone makes every time he takes a picture. "Hey, Derek, do you mind if your desk gets a bit messy?"

"Go for it, Jack," Derek agrees as he moves the stack of papers and laptop on his desk to the floor. He shoves his desk phone to one corner of his desk and desk lamp to the other corner.

"Hop on Derek's desk, slut. Don't let any of my cum fall out until you're squatting on his desk."

I climb up on Derek's desk, presenting my ass to Mr. Barteau, while getting into a squatting position.

"I'm going to record my cum falling out of your ass, slut. Spread those cheeks and show me," demands Mr. Barteau.

I do as I am told. My legs are spread in a way that I know Derek can see my spread pussy while Mr. Barteau can see my spread ass. My wetness clings to my inner thigh in long, sticky strings. It doesn't take long before the cum is spilling out of my ass and pooling on the desk.

"That's it, you little ass slut, let all the cum out. Show me how much I shot up your ass."

I feel a few more globs leave my ass, and look down to see a large pool of cum under me. Mr. Barteau unexpectedly pushes me forward, causing Derek to shoot out both of his hands to keep me from tumbling forward.

Mr. Barteau seems unaware or unphased by this. I hear him say, "Slut, I am going to enjoy this video later. That's it, keep those ass cheeks spread nice and wide. Show me how stretched that tight hole of yours is."

"Pass your phone to me. I want to record her pussy. It's so wet," Derek says as he helps me to a more upright position.

I watch the phone be passed between the two men. "Okay, babydoll, open that pussy of yours wide. Show Jack how wet he made you."

Spreading my legs wide, I watch as Derek moves the phone closer to my pussy.

"Did Jack get you nice and wet, babydoll?" Derek asks as he slides his finger through my slit.

"Yes," I hiss and use my hands to brace myself.

Derek inserts his finger into me and moves it around so my pussy makes squishing noises. Pulling his finger out, he aims the phone on it, showing how wet it is. Mr. Barteau walks around the desk to get a better view.

"Fuck, she is wet. This slut loves to be used in every way," comments Mr. Barteau.

"Lick it," commands Derek as he pushes his finger between my lips. I take his finger all the way in and suck it like I had just sucked his cock.

I hear the door open and wonder if I am about to be tossed under the desk by Derek.

"Where was my invitation?" I hear Philip laugh. "I didn't even know you had a slut in your office. Shit, the slut's made a real mess on your desk."

"Shut the door, Philip. I don't need Carla seeing this."

Philip laughs and I hear the click of the door.

Mr. Barteau looks at his smartwatch and says, "Derek, this was fun. An excellent meeting really, but I have a flight to catch. We'll catch up on other details later."

Derek ends the recording and hands the phone back to Mr. Barteau.

"Thank you, Mr. Barteau," I say dutifully.

Mr. Barteau only smiles at me while placing his phone back in his pocket. He buttons his pants and redoes his belt. On his way out, I hear a murmur of acknowledgement to Philip, and then a click of the door shutting.

"Come on, babydoll, let's get you down from there," Derek says as he grips my arms to help me step down.

Philip makes his way around the desk and grabs my other arm to help stabilize me while my legs adjust.

"So this is what happens when all of us leave you early in the morning. You show up demanding cock?" laughs Philip.

"Daphne came too," I counter.

"Where's Sabina?" asks Philip.

"What time is it?"

"Almost noon."

"She's probably just getting up now. You should call her and tell her to come here."

Philip escorts me into Derek's private bathroom. It just has a sink and toilet. I use a wet paper towel to clean myself up as well as I can.

"Does Dylan know you're here?" Philip asks while watching me clean up.

"Yup, I went to see him first. But he already had his cock buried deep in his secretary."

"Oh damn. Did you freak Cary out?"

"Yes. I know I am going to read some sex advice column online that starts with 'My boss's fiance caught me having sex with him and she encouraged me to keep going. What do I do?'."

Philip laughs and says, "I think he's only been fucking her for two weeks now. She went through a nasty divorce or something. You've probably ruined his lunchtime fuck now."

"Oh well. There's always your secretary."

"Mindy? She'd bend over in a heartbeat, but that donkey laugh of hers kills any boner."

"Not nice, Philip," I reprimand as I pull a wad of paper towels from the dispenser and get it damp.

"You say that now, but you haven't heard Mindy's laugh. Don't judge me until you hear it."

I smile at Philip and move out of the bathroom with the wad of paper towels in hand. Moving to Derek's desk, I wipe up the now drying cum spot. Derek uses bleach wipes to sanitize his desk.

"I'm surprised you didn't join Mr. Barteau in fucking me."

"I am down for DP any time, but Jack seemed to have a very specific idea in mind. I like happy investors and you and your tight ass was making him really happy."

I lean forward and peck Derek on the cheek. "That's what I'm here for."

"Put your clothes on, babydoll. I don't need Carla coming back seeing a naked woman in my office. She does good work and I don't want to hire someone new."

Sticking out my tongue, I scoop my clothes up from the side of Derek's desk. As I pull my top on, I hear Philip talking to Sabina on the phone.

"Sabina get your ass out of bed and come to Erickson Industries."

I wrap my skirt around my waist, snap, and zip it shut.

"Yes, there is still plenty of cock left for you. Namely mine. Amanda just got fucked by Derek and Jack Barteau."

Philip listens a minute and smiles. He responds, "I assume Jeremy's still got his cock buried in her."

Whatever Sabina says next makes Philip snort. "What can I say, the early birds get the cocks. Now hurry up and get here. I want to go to lunch. All of us will go once you get here."

Philip listens to something else Sabina says. He responds with, "Love you too."

Love? That was new. I don't think I had ever heard Philip and Sabina say that to one another. I give a raised eyebrow look to Derek. He shakes his head warning me to say nothing. He was probably right. Sabina will talk to me when she is ready.

Philip texts everyone to meet in Derek's office so we can go to lunch. Dylan comes sauntering in right away and heads toward me.

"Hey, babe," he says as he kisses me.

"Hi hun. Hope I didn't ruin your arrangement with your secretary."

"Nah. If anything I think you got her wetter."

"You're welcome then."

Johnny comes in next. He works on the floor below. The other guys had made sure to get him an upgraded office. I loved that they spoiled my sensitive and thoughtful boyfriend. He deserved it.

Dylan releases me and gives me a gentle push toward Johnny.

"Hey there, darlin'. Loving your outfit," Johnny greets me with a hug.

Reaching up, I give him a kiss and say, "Hi Johnny."

He pulls open my top, revealing both my breasts. "This top is so much fun," Johnny murmurs as he leans forward and takes a moment to suck on each of my nipples, making sure to tug on each piercing. "Later, I am going to take some fun pictures of you wearing this top."

Dylan comes behind me, placing his hands at my hips, and says, "Why don't we get you those pictures at the restaurant, Johnny. There are so many fun ways to grab her tits in this top," Dylan says as he slides his hands through the sides of my top and grips both my breasts."

"I like that idea," Johnny agrees as he slides the zipper half way up my skirt. "It looks like we could get some fun pictures under her skirt too. I swear, I am going to need a new phone just to take pictures of this woman."

"Charge it to the company. Say it's for security reasons," Dylan responds.

"Sabina just texted. She's waiting down in the parking garage for us. We just need Jeremy and Daphne," announces Philip.

"When I left her with Jeremy, he didn't waste any time getting her naked," I note.

"Those two are worse than rabbits," laughs Philip. "Come on, let's pry them apart so we can eat."

Our group heads towards Jeremy's office. His door is closed. Jeremy's secretary is no longer wearing her earbuds as she quickly types away on her computer.

"Em, are those two still going at it?" inquires Derek.

"Nope, they quit fucking about a half hour ago. I think she's still helping him with some computer shit. That girl is a serious computer nerd. I shut the door because half the stuff she was saying made no sense to me. The fucking I can handle. All that nerd talk gave me a headache."

I liked Em. If I wanted to know anything going on in the office, she was going to be the first person I became friendly with.

Derek opens Jeremy's office door. We all lean in to get a better view. Daphne's dress is on the floor in front of Jeremy's desk. She's sitting in his office chair, her tongue clamped between her lips, as she furiously types away on Jeremy's laptop. Jeremy stands behind her watching the screen, and probably Daphne's boobs shake while she types.

"How do I arrange for naked tech services?" asks Derek.

"Derek!" Daphne hops up from the chair, runs across the office, and jumps into Derek's open arms. "You and Jeremy left too early this morning," she pouts.

"I have plenty of time to make it up to you. Now get dressed. Sabina is waiting for us in the parking garage. We're all going out to eat."

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Johnny signed out one of the company's SUVs and drove us just out of the city to a nicer restaurant.

It was not a quiet ride. Jeremy, Derek, and Daphne all sat in the back row. It didn't take long before Daphne was riding Derek's cock and letting everyone in the confined space know just how much she was enjoying it.

Once we parked at the restaurant, Daphne pokes her head through the head rests, and asks, "Do one of you have some tissues or something?"

"Maybe you'll just have to walk into the restaurant with cum dripping down your legs, slut," Sabina responds in a singsong tone.

"She might have to," agrees Johnny. "I don't have anything for you, Daphne."

"Slut test," smirks Philip.

"You guys are the worst," complains Daphne.

"We all had to listen to you moan your way to an orgasm. Now we get to watch the consequences of your back seat fuck rolling down your legs," Dylan piles on.

"This is all of your guys' fault. Don't leave without fucking your sluts first. That's just uncalled for," retorts Daphne.

I shrug and respond, "I usually just swallow. Way cleaner that way."

Johnny, not wanting Daphne to become too upset, says, "Just wait in the vehicle and I'll bring you out some napkins."

"Johnny is the only nice one out of all of you."

"I know," I agree, "it's why he's my boyfriend."

Johnny shakes his head and hops out of the vehicle. Turning around, he pops his head back in through the open door. "All of you come in with me and get us a table."

Dylan opens the door and gets out, I slide out after him and Sabina follows me. Dylan wraps his arm around my upper back and slides his hand in through the side of my top. We walk forward together, Dylan making no effort to remove his hand from my breast as we walk.

I watch Sabina move around us and sidle up next to Philip. He slides his hand under her short skirt and squeezes her ass cheek. Leaning over, he whispers something into Sabina's ear. She smiles and nods at Philip.

Inside the restaurant, I hear Johnny ask, "Could we have a table for eight? Some of us are still coming. Also, could I have some napkins? I spilled my drink in the car and wanted to get it cleaned up right away."

The hostess is only half looking at Johnny. She is side-eyeing Dylan and me, looking at Dylan's hand inside my top, covering my tit. I look back at the hostess with a smile.

"Certainly, sir. I'll seat the rest of your party and then get you those napkins," the hostess says, not letting the look on her face show in the tone of her voice. The hostess brings us to our table. It's off in a corner and two tables are pushed together to accommodate our group size.

Once the hostess walks away with Johnny following her, Dylan says, "Place all the women so their backs are to everyone in the restaurant. I want a show while I eat."

Philip directs Sabina and me to take seats in the middle portion of the tables. We leave a spot free next to me for Daphne. Dylan sits down across from me and Philip next to Sabina.

In just a few minutes, Daphne, Derek, Jeremy, and Johnny all approach our table. I grab Daphne's hand and pull her down next to me. Jeremy, Johnny, and Derek all sit across from us.

Sabina's hand movement catches the corner of my eye. I turn to watch her unbutton her blouse. She leaves only a few buttons done over her lower stomach. From my vantage point, I can see Sabina's full breast. I reach down and unsnap the buttons on both sides of the straps holding the front and back of my top together. We both turn to look at Daphne. She smiles and unzips her dress almost down to her belly button.

Johnny looks around while rising up in his seat to pull his phone out of his pocket. "Hey, ladies, slide together for a picture. Make sure everything is on display."

Daphne, Sabina, and I all move close together. Sabina parts her top and Daphne does the same to her dress. I push my top up to reveal all of my breasts. The top slides down my back, and I smile at the idea that the patrons behind me might realize what's going on because of how

I am currently wearing my top. We wrap our arms around one another. I am sure to grip both Sabina's and Daphne's breasts. Johnny keeps clicking pictures. Daphne and Sabina lean forward and each take one of my nipples into their mouths.

Johnny quickly sets his phone down and signals for us to cover up. Right as I get my top over my breasts, I hear a waitress ask, "Hi everyone. I'm your waitress. What would you like to drink?"

After our drinks are ordered, Johnny says, "Let's see under those skirts."

I watch as Sabina reaches up her skirt and pulls down her thong and slides them over her feet. Her skirt flips up completely as she does this, revealing her pussy with a neatly shaved patch of hair. Philip slides his finger through her pussy and has Sabina lick the wetness of his finger.

Daphne and I pull up our skirts (dress, in Daphne's case) and spread our legs. I rest one leg on top of Daphne's leg and the other on top of Sabina's. Sabina rests her leg on top of Philip's leg. Johnny sticks the phone under the table and turns it sideways to adjust the view. He clicks several pictures.

"Okay, all of you stand up and move together for a group photo," Johnny directs.

We stand up, each of us subtly pulling out our tits. Daphne and Sabina cross their arms over my shoulder while using their other hand to pull up their skirts. I use both my hands to pull up my skirt. I know each of us has a devious smile on our face as we pose for the picture.

Johnny quickly sets his phone down and signals for us to all sit down.

"Getting some girl shots, huh?" asks the waitress as she sets down our drinks. "Let me know if you need help with a group shot."

"Thanks, we will," smiles Daphne.

"What would you like to order?"

Ha, I didn't even know what was on the menu. Dylan speaks up and orders something for the both of us. Philip does the same for Sabina and Jeremy places an order for Daphne.

Once the waitress leaves again, Dylan turns to Daphne and says, "I'd really like to see your lips around my cock right now. Think you could do that for me, slut."

Daphne looks anxious for a moment and glances at Jeremy. He raises one eyebrow at her as if to say "Well..."

"Don't worry, Daphne. Sabina and I will keep anyone from seeing you."

"Go for it, girl," Sabina coaxes Daphne. "It'll be fun. You'll get all turned on again, and we'll get to listen to you fuck Jeremy on the drive home."

Daphne looks around, seeing if we've drawn any attention from the other patrons. Satisfied that no one has noticed us, yet, she quickly gets under the table. I feel her body brush across my legs as she makes her way to Dylan.

Watching Dylan, I know the exact moment Daphne has taken his cock into her mouth. His head falls back, eyes partially close, and his breathing becomes more pronounced. Johnny is aiming his phone at Dylan's crotch, recording the blow job in progress.

The waitress returns. "Hey there, sorry to bother you. It seems the kitchen is out of arugula. Would you like a different salad?"

Dylan looks up, working to set his face to a neutral expression. His arms are under the table, presumably holding Daphne in place. Clearing his throat, Dylan says, "Whatever salad is easiest for your chef."

Jeremy is leaning back, appearing casual, but I can see his eyes scan under the table. There is a smirk on his face. Johnny is still recording, but making it look like he's reading something on his phone.

The waitress looks at Daphne's empty seat and says, "I think the salad is for the woman who was sitting here. Do you want to check with her?"

I almost felt like the waitress knew exactly what was going on and was having her own fun picking on our group. I bite my bottom lip to keep from laughing out loud.

"She stepped out to take a phone call," Dylan explains, his breath hitching slightly. "I'm not sure when she'll be back. We're good friends so I'm sure she won't mind me ordering for her." Dylan visibly clenches his jaw in an attempt to keep his face neutral.

"All right, if you think it'll be okay, I'll let the chef know."

"Thanks," Dylan says with a smile that looks more like a grimace.

The waitress finally walks away and Dylan tosses his head back and closes his eyes. "Damn this slut has a mouth on her."

"I enjoy it," smirks Derek.

Dylan sucks in his breath and releases a very stifled groan. His head falls back and his eyes close. A few seconds later, I feel Daphne brush by my leg again and see her head pop out from under the table. She had never bothered to zip her dress back up and one of her tits is on full display.

An elderly gentleman walks by then. He isn't moving very quickly to begin with, but slows down even more when he sees Daphne's tit out on display. I quickly expose Daphne's other tit. The old man's eyes widened. Daphne is surprised at first, but when she sees the old man, who has stopped almost directly in front of her to look at her tits, she just smiles at the man. Getting into the spirit of the show, I split my top open, revealing my tits. The man just stares.

"Oh fun," I hear Sabina murmur and know she has opened her top.

"Larry," calls an old woman's voice, "what are you doing over there? Come sit down." Larry walks forward and nearly crashes into the patrons a table away trying to get a last glimpse of all of our tits. We all laugh, turn around, and mostly cover up. Johnny records everything with a smile on his face.

"Larry might need a blue pill later," muses Philip.

The waitress returns with our food. As she sets my plate of food down, she quietly says to me, "Hey, your top isn't snapped on the side. I'd hate for you to have an embarrassing moment."

"I know," I respond, and then take a bite of my food.

Sabina and Daphne's tops are in equal disarray, but the waitress wisely chooses to say nothing.

Jeremy retrieves his phone from his pocket and frowns as he reads a text. He taps Derek on the shoulder with his phone and then passes his phone to Derek. Derek's eyebrows go up as he reads the text.

"What's going on?" Daphne asks.

"Erickson just texted me," explains Jeremy, "and he would very much like to meet you."

I feel Daphne stiffen next to me. I reach down and lightly grab her thigh.

"Jeremy," I interject, "I think what you're saying is you're ordering Daphne to provide certain favors to your boss."

Jeremy cocks his head at me. I raise my eyebrows and give him a pointed look. Jeremy processes for just a second more and then smirks.

"Of course my slut will provide sexual services to my boss. Won't you, slut?" Jeremy turns his attention to Daphne.

Daphne looks down and says, "Yes, of course."

I pull Daphne's leg to the side and reach between her legs to finger her pussy. It's wet, really wet. Pulling my finger out from under the table, I hold it up for everyone to see Daphne's wetness coating it. "I think she's more than ready to fuck anybody you order her to fuck."

Jeremy smiles and says, "Tomorrow, you will serve Mr. Erickson in any way he orders you too."

I suck my finger clean and resume eating my lunch.

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Later that evening, Sabina, Daphne and I sat in the penthouse hot tub in the nude.

"Was that the problem the whole time?" I look at Daphne as I ask.

"What do you mean?"

Sabina, picking up on my line of questioning, "Is the reason you haven't fucked Dylan, Philip, Johnny, or Mr. Erickson because you haven't been ordered to by Jeremy?"

Daphne looks away from us.

"No way, girl," reprimands Sabina, "what did we already tell you about that feeling embarrassed bullshit?"

"Yes, okay, yes. I really love being ordered to fuck men. I didn't even know that until a month ago. One night Jeremy ordered me to fuck Derek and I nearly creamed myself right then and there. It was the hottest thing I've ever been told to do."

"Did you tell Jeremy that?" I inquire.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm still trying to get my brain around this whole non-monogamy thing. The other week, I came out of the bedroom and Philip was just fucking you hard while Sabina watched. It was so wild and so hot. I wanted Philip to fuck me like he was fucking you right then and there."

"Girl," interjects Sabina, "just spread your legs and Philip will be happy to stick it in you. No questions, no jealousy, just a good fuck."

"I dunno, Sabina, I think we need to order her to do it. I think we need to tell the slut to walk down to our condo, kneel so her ass is presented to Philip and order her to fuck him. You'd like that, wouldn't you, slut?"

Sabina moves across the hot tub toward Daphne and grabs her by the jaw. "Do you need my boyfriend's big fat cock fucking that tight pussy of yours? Do you need to be used? Maybe we should force her to take every cock in the condo, Amanda."

I slide closer to Daphne and close to her ear I say, "This slut needs to learn to clean up after herself. I think we should force her to swallow every load. You want to be a good cum slut, don't you?"

"Yes," Daphne half moans.

"Let's get her naked ass down to the condo and make sure her pussy is fucked so hard she won't be able to walk the rest of the night," Sabina says as she stands up, bends down, and grabs Daphne by the arm.

I do the same and soon we're hauling a naked Daphne through the door of the condo. The men, who were watching a basketball game on TV, all looked up. We drag Daphne forward and place her in front of Philip.

Forcing her to kneel, Sabina again grabs Daphne by the jaw and says to Philip, "This slut needs cocks, lots of them. It's going to take all of your cocks to satisfy her pussy."

"That's right slut. You're going to let every cock in this room fuck your tight pussy until you're gaping, aren't you?"

"Yes," Daphne again moans.

"The biggest rule is she needs to swallow every load. That way she learns to clean up after herself, isn't that right, slut?"

"Yes, just please fuck me."

"You hear her, right?" Sabina asks rhetorically. "This slut's pussy needs all the cocks. Now turn around, slut, and show that pussy to Philip."

Daphne does as she's told. Sabina leans forward and spreads Daphne's legs even wider. "Come on, Philip, fuck this tight pussy and get the slut screaming."

I kneel down in front of Philip, pull his cock out, and suck him until he's hard. Philip kneels down on the floor and walks on his knees until he can line his cock up with Daphne's pussy.

"Slut," coos Philip, "we're all going to have so much fun using this pussy of yours. By the end it will be gaping. Who's recording this slut taking all our cocks in one evening?"

Johnny stands up, phone in hand, and moves towards the couple. "Spread her pussy lips so I can record a before and after," Johnny directs Philip.

Philip pushes Daphne's back down so her ass is sticking straight up in the air. Johnny steps around behind Philip to get a clear shot of Philip spreading Daphne's hole. "Look at how wet this pussy is, Johnny. Get in really close and show how it's dripping." Johnny leans forward to get a close up. Philip slides his finger up and down Daphne's folds, spreading her wetness for the camera. Daphne begins moaning, and not quietly.

"You ready for my cock, slut?"

"Yes, fuck me hard," cries out Daphne.

Philip makes no effort to ease his cock into Daphne. In the next second he buries himself in her to the hilt. Daphne screams until her scream trails off into a moan.

"I was wondering when I got to fuck this slut," Philip says almost conversationally.

Sabina, who is kneeling right next to Philip, responds, "This slut wants to be explicitly ordered to fuck cocks. She can't keep her legs closed when you tell her to fuck a cock."

Between heavy breaths, Philip lets out a laugh. "If the slut needs to be ordered, I can do that." He keeps pumping into Daphne. Sabina reaches down and plays with Philip's balls every so often.

Philip pulls out of Daphne. "Turn around slut and take my cock into your mouth."

Daphne complies immediately and begins sucking hard on Philip's shaft.

I move over to Dylan and remove his hard cock from his pants. I stroke it lightly, while watching Philip's face. He lets out a moan and soon his cum is dripping out of Daphne's mouth.

"Open your mouth," directs Johnny.

Daphne does so, showing her tongue and lips coated in cum.

"There's one load down." commentates Johnny, "Only four more loads to go."

I grab Daphne's hand while she is still swallowing the first load. "Alright slut, time to take care of my fiance. Present your pussy to him," I order.

Daphne turns around and sticks her ass in the air. Dylan spreads her wet pussy to show Johnny how her hole is being stretched. He then adjusts her ass downward and thrusts into her. Daphne is a moaning mass of wetness.

I reach under Daphne and pinch her nipples hard. She shrieks and then moans.

"Harder," she yells out.

I had no clue if she was talking to Dylan or me, but both of us decided it was directed at us. Dylan picks up the pace and is slamming into her. I reach under her and pinch her nipples again. Daphne yells and moans. Dylan reaches down and plays with her clit, and that's all it takes for her to have an orgasm.

Dylan pulls out before Daphne's walls can clamp down too hard on his cock. I spin Daphne around until her mouth is cock level with Dylan.

"Suck the cock, slut. Suck it until your mouth is filled with a second load."

Daphne opens her mouth and Dylan shoves his cock in until she gags.

"Don't spit out that cock, slut, keep sucking," I say in Daphne's ear. Her face is streaming tears, but she keeps the cock in her mouth. Dylan grunts and releases his load. He pulls out of her, and I grab Daphne's jaw, forcing her to open her mouth. Johnny is right there to record load number two. "Swallow, slut," I order. Daphne does so.

"Hey Johnny, it's your turn. I'll record for you," I smile at my boyfriend and accept his phone.

Derek approaches Daphne with a bottle of water and helps her drink it. I record this and then record Sabina pulling Johnny's pants and boxers down and lightly stroking his cock. Johnny kneels down on the floor and grasps Daphne's hips. His cock is dripping with pre-cum and looks ready to unload quickly. With one quick thrust, Johnny buries himself in Daphne. Her voice sounds hoarse from all the moaning and screaming, but that doesn't keep her quiet.

I stand behind Johnny and aim the phone down. My breasts bump up against Johnny's face as I record. Johnny turns his head to the side and sucks on my nipple, tugging the piercing as he does. This seems to spur his orgasm on even quicker.

Pulling out, Johnny bites out, "Turn around." Daphne turns around and quickly takes Johnny's cock in her mouth. In just a few moments, Johnny unloads into Daphne's mouth. He reaches down and holds her face up by the jaw. Obediently, Daphne opens her mouth to show the third load of cum on her tongue. She then swallows it.

Jeremy approaches Daphne from behind. He gestures for me to stand next to him. As I do, I aim the camera down to record as Jeremy spreads Daphne's pussy, showing her pussy hole gaping open and dripping with her own wetness. I get a close up shot. Jeremy pulls Daphne up and holds her tightly to his body. I continue to record the affection Jeremy shows Daphne.

"You look so fucking hot right now," Jeremy says to Daphne as he grabs her breasts and pinch her nipples.

Daphne's eyes are glazed over in a sexual haze. She's in that fun place where she says yes to everything. I knew exactly how Daphne felt. It's just as much of a turn on to watch another person in that place. I usually wasn't the person recording the sexual escapades of the household, but I was enjoying being a voyeur for a bit.

More loudly, so the phone picks up what he's saying, Jeremy tells Daphne, "Derek and I are going to fuck your pussy and ass the same time. You want that, right slut?"

"Yes," groans Daphne. "Fuck me hard. Use me."

I wanted to get off watching this scene play out. Daphne is so hot in her hyper-sexual state.

Derek approaches Jeremy and Daphne. He's already naked and hard. Derek pulls Daphne from Jeremy's arms and begins kissing the side of her neck, while sliding his hands up and down Daphne's body. Sabina helps Jeremy strip, while rubbing her hands up and down his olive skin, making a point to stroke his cock.

"Fuck her good," she says into Jeremy's ear.

Johnny approaches Sabina and taps her on the shoulder with a tube of lube. She accepts the lube and proceeds to apply it to Jeremy's cock. He takes the tube from her and looks at Derek. He nods and has Daphne kneel back down on the floor.

"Stick your ass up in the air, babydoll," Derek directs Daphne. Daphne holds her ass up in the air and spreads her cheek. I move in close to record Jeremy lubing Daphne's backdoor and fingering her ass.

"You ready for a cock in this tight little ass of yours?" asks Jeremy.

"Yes, fuck my ass," moans Daphne.

Jeremy holds his hard cock in his hand. I record as he slowly pushes the tip into Daphne's puckered hole. Her legs open up even more, encouraging Jeremy to push in a bit more. Half of his shaft disappears into Daphne's ass. She moans and pushes her ass back, taking in all of Jeremy's cock.

"Fuck, yes!" Daphne yells out.

Jeremy pumps into her ass a few more times, stretching out Daphne's hole. Jeremy pulls out, and Daphne's vocalizations make it known to everyone in the room how much she dislikes this. Jeremy only chuckles as he pulls Daphne to her feet.

Derek grabs Daphne and hoists her up so her knees are slung over his wrists. Lowering her slightly, Derek impales Daphne's pussy and holds both their bodies still. Jeremy approaches Daphne from behind, cock in hand. Slowly he pushes his cock into Daphne's ass. She is a moaning mess again, moving her body up and down in effort to get both men to fuck her hard.

I lay down on the floor on my back and slide myself as much as possible under the writhing mass of bodies to record both cocks entering Daphne. Neither man is gentle. Given Daphne's constant moaning and demands to be fucked harder, neither man has a reason to be gentle. I watch as both cocks fill up Daphne's holes over and over again with a high level of fascination.

An unspoken signal must have passed between Jeremy and Derek. Soon I am scrambling out of the way, as Jeremy and Derek pull out and lower Daphne to the floor.

"Open wide, slut," directs Jeremy.

Daphne does as she's directed. Both men furiously stroke their cocks. It doesn't take long for a stream of cum to jet out of Derek's cock and land on Daphne's nose, tongue, lips and chin. Soon after, a stream of Jeremy's cum paints Daphne's face and tongue. A few more strokes by both men leaves Daphne's face even more cum covered. They crowd in near Daphne's face, vying to fill her mouth with their cocks. Daphne takes in Jeremy first, sucking the last of his cum from his cock. She does the same to Derek. Then Daphne turns to the camera, scoops some of the cum off her face, and licks her fingers clean. Jeremy and Derek bend over, haul Daphne to her feet. Each takes one leg, lifting her up so Daphne is spread eagle, and I can get a clear shot of her well fucked pussy.

"Spread your pussy, babydoll," Derek says quietly to Daphne.

I watch her hand slide between her legs and her fingers part her folds. Moving in close, I record Daphne's gaping pussy. I slipped two fingers in her pussy and spread her wetness around. Daphne hisses and writhes. Her gaping pussy is tender. Jeremy chuckles. The men let Daphne's legs drop to the floor, and then support her as they walk Daphne to Jeremy's bedroom.

I click off the recording and hand the phone back to Johnny. Looking behind me, I find Sabina snuggled with Philip. I walk over to her and pull her up from the couch.

"Come on, bitch. I need to get off and Daphne used up all the cocks."

I lay down on the floor and Sabina quickly lays on top of me with her pussy aimed at my face. Reaching around the backside of her thighs, I spread her pussy and lick the full length of her slit, enjoying the feel of her labia piercing on my tongue and her handcuff charm tapping me on the chin.

I have no interest in going slowly and quickly insert two fingers into Sabina. Wrapping my lips around her clit, I pump into her pussy hard. Sabina, not one to be shown up, goes after my pussy just as aggressively. If Sabina's mouth wasn't working my pussy over, I know she'd say something like "Bring it, bitch."

Sabina's juices coat my chin and drip down my neck. I feel her squirming on top of me, but I hold her firmly. My orgasm hits me and I let out a moan while my lips are still latched on to Sabina's clit. The vibrations of my moan send her over the edge, drowning me with her wetness.

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"Yes, of course Mr. Erickson. It won't be a problem," Jeremy assured his boss over the phone.

"Yes, I am well aware of how important this deal is. The sluts will be at your disposal, obedient to your every whim."

"You mean Daphne. Yes, she'll be there too. I assure you, she's quite obedient."

I sat on the couch listening to Jeremy soothe Mr. Erickson. It didn't normally take this long for his boss to get his fill of a new pussy. Whatever was about to happen was going to be a lot of fun.

"Derek and I both want her."

I long suspected this was the case, but had never heard any of the three say it out loud. I was still processing that Sabina and Phillip now told each other they loved one another.

"Thank you, sir. She'll be ready to serve you this evening. Yes, of course we will get her pierced."

I stood up and ran into Sabina's bedroom. She was swallowing all of Philip's cock with impressive skill.

"Bitch, dislodge the cock from your throat. We need to get ready."

Sabina holds up her middle finger and keeps on sucking.

"Mr. Erickson is using us this evening to seal a deal. So hurry up."

Sabina again holds up her middle finger, moving her hand up and down to emphasize her feelings on being told to stop. Philip grabs the back of Sabina's head and pulls her mouth down further, making his thoughts clear.

I threw my hands up and exited the bedroom. I made my way to Daphne's bedroom. She was on all fours, Derek's cock buried deep in her ass. Lucky bitch was getting her ass hole stretched out.

Not bothering to knock, I wander into the bedroom and fling myself down on the bed. I wore a black thong and matching bra. Derek looks down at me, but makes no effort to stop plowing into Daphne's ass.

"Babydoll, quit wearing so many damn clothes. Strip and spread that pussy for Daphne."

"Can't, we all need to get ready. Mr. Erickson is gonna make sure Daphne is well fucked tonight and I so don't want to miss that."

"Babydoll, stop being difficult and get the hell out of your clothing."

Dylan walks into the bedroom in time to hear Derek's order.

"Slut, why aren't you naked? I don't care where the fuck we are. If one of us tells you to spread your pussy, then that's what you do."

I jump up from the bed quickly and all but rip off my bra and panties. Laying back down, I spread my pussy in front of Daphne. Derek pushed Daphne's face forward and soon her tongue was going wild on my pussy.

I watch as Dylan drops his pants and boxers. His stiff cock bounces upward in a proud display. He gets on the bed so his knees are on either side of my body. Reaching behind my head, he hoists it forward and shoves his cock into my mouth. I gag and adjust.

"Listen to me well, slut. Tonight, you will not know the meaning of the word no. Do you understand me?"

I choke out a garbled response.

"We have 20 business men from Korea ready to make a huge investment. They've been assured they have free access to do what they want to three sluts. Because you are such a good slut, I expect that you will take so many cocks, your pussy and ass will be gaping. Am I being clear?"

I nod, unable to give a verbal response.

Dylan picks up the pace, gagging me until his whole body stiffens. His massive load shoots down my throat.

Daphne had been licking my pussy, but stopped as she listened to Dylan's instructions to me. Behind me, I hear Derek give a grunt as he unleashes his load into Daphne's ass. Dylan carefully lifts his leg up and over me. He stands, his knees quiver a moment, and then he retrieves his jeans and quickly gets dressed.

I stand up too, feeling a little wobbly. Dylan extends his hand and grips my forearm to stabilize me. Daphne moves to get up too just as Jeremy walks in the room.

"Stay on the bed, slut. Your pussy and ass are going to be used and abused this evening, but before that happens, I intend to use your pussy."

Huh, guess Jeremy does sometimes know how to fuck a pussy, I muse to myself.

Daphne lays down on the bed and spreads her legs. Derek moves to the side of the bed, giving Jeremy space to fuck Daphne. Jeremy is hard and makes no effort to slowly push his cock in. He shoves in hard causing Daphne to cry out.

"After tonight," Jeremy says through heavy breaths, "you'll be mine and Derek's. Do you understand, slut? We'll own your pussy and tell you just how we want you to use it."

Daphne lets out a keening yes. Derek bends forward, resting one knee on the bed, and takes her ample breast into his mouth. "That's right, hun, you'll be all ours. You like that, don't you?"

"Yes! Fuck yes," mewls Daphne.

Dylan wraps his arm around me, lightly kisses the side of my neck, while pulling me close to his body. We watch as Derek and Jeremy work together to bring Daphne pleasure. Her loud cries echo through our home.

I didn't even see Johnny walk in until I felt Dylan thrust me into his arms. Pulling my eyes away from the trio on the bed, I look up to see Johnny's smiling ones.

"Darlin', Dylan tells me you'll be used to exhaustion this evening."

I nod and shiver at the excitement of it.

"I intend to feel your pussy once around my cock before you're passed around as a play thing."

Johnny leans down and kisses me deeply. I feel his hands slide down between our bodies and then his cock is hitting my stomach. Johnny hoists me up and I wrap my legs around his waist. With little preamble, he shoves his cock into me while walking our entwined bodies until my back hits a wall. He kisses me up and down the side of my neck, swirls his tongue with mine, and sucks my earlobes. All the while his cock is thrusting deep inside me.

In my ear, Johnny quietly says, "You'll be so beautiful tonight with your legs spread for strangers' cocks and your mouth filled with strangers' cocks. I'll be there at the end of the night to take care of you. Cum for me, rub your clit, and cum for me."

I slide my hand between our bodies and rub my clit. Between Johnny's words and his deep thrusts, I am over the edge in no time.

Sabina walks into the room, followed closely by Philip.

"You all decide to have a fuck fest and don't invite us?" Sabina says to no one in particular.

Johnny is still thrusting in me, leaving me only capable of moans and whimpers.

Dylan responds, "Don't worry slut, we have an even bigger fuck fest planned for you and the other sluts."

Johnny releases into me. He leans his full weight against me, flattening my back against the wall, while he catches his breath. Johnny pulls his weight back slightly and looks in both directions. A hand holding a tissue is suddenly thrust between us. I turn the direction the hand is coming from and see Dylan holding the tissue.

With a smirk, Dylan explains, "Your boyfriend seemed busy."

I laugh and accept the tissue. Johnny lowers me to the ground and I wobble slightly while trying to catch the cum falling out of me. Both Dylan and Johnny reach out and grab my arms to stabilize me.

"Oh and slut," Dylan says, "be sure to clean your boyfriend's cock."

I slide down the wall and take Johnny's softening cock into my mouth, I lick and suck him clean. Johnny hisses at the sensitivity overload of my mouth over his cock.

Once I'm finished, Johnny helps me stand up. Dylan grabs me by my arm and pulls me tight to him. He kisses the side of my neck and in my ear asks, "Who owns your pussy?

I shiver with a thrill of pleasure running from my pussy upward and respond, "You do."

"And what is your pussy good for?"

"Fucking cocks."

"You're a good little slut who will open her legs for any cock this evening. Is that clear?"

"Yes, my pussy is open to all cocks." My pussy was dripping and I felt the beginnings of a sexual haze encroaching on my brain. "I want to be used."

Dylan kisses up the side of my neck, sucks my earlobe, and then responds,"Be careful what you wish for, slut, because I am going to be sure you get it. Now take the other two sluts and go get ready. Johnny will bring you your outfits."

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Our entire group stands outside a Michelin Star French restaurant. Daphne, Sabina, and I wore far more conservative outfits than we'd normally wear. We each wore black, sleeveless halter tops with a zipper that ran up the center. Our midriff was showing, and a polite amount of cleavage. Our black skirts came to mid-thigh and had zippers running up the side. We wore no bra or panties and had black high heels on. The outfits made for easy access, but didn't really scream slut.

Dylan kept his arm around me and pulled me close to his body. He spoke with Ken Park, a Korean American who was acting as a translator.

"Mr. Jin and his three sons are inside along with many other business associates. Mr. Erickson and his wife are also present. Mr. Jin speaks English, but prefers a translator. His sons were educated in the United States and speak excellent English."

"Good to know," nods Dylan.

"Yes, quite so," agreed Mr. Park. "But first, a few rules of etiquette so as not to offend Mr. Jin. Do not start eating until he has taken the first bite. Eat at the same pace as everyone else. Do not eat faster or slower than everyone else because this is seen as very rude in Korean culture. Most importantly, do not offer to pay the bill. This is the elder's job in Korean culture."

"We understand," nods Dylan. "My fiance and the rest of the sluts will keep everyone happy."

"Your fiance? I was told you would be providing women for a particular type of entertainment."

Dylan turns to me and says, "Slut, unzip your top."

I immediately comply, revealing my bare breasts to Mr. Park and anyone else who happens to be walking by.

"That's a good slut. Now tell Mr. Park what your pussy is good for."

"Fucking cocks," I respond.

Philip moves Sabina next to me. "Be a good slut like your friend, and unzip your top." Sabina pulls her zipper down, causing her breasts to bounce slightly.

Jeremy brings Daphne forward to my other side. He turns her around and bends her over. Hiking up her dress, he says to Daphne, "Slut, spread your legs for the man." Daphne does so without question.

Derek steps forward and inserts his finger into Daphne's pussy. He pumps several times, causing Daphne to moan. "As you can see, Mr. Ken, our sluts are very obedient. They don't say no and their only job is to be filled with cocks."

Mr. Ken steps forward and inserts his fingers into Daphne's pussy. "She's very wet and ready, isn't she?"

"Slide your cock in her, and you will feel just how wet and ready she is."

"A tempting offer, but it would be an affront to Mr. Jin. We must go inside now."

We quickly cover ourselves again and turn to move forward. Johnny, who had been standing off to the side, moves forward to open the door for everyone. As I pass by him, I briefly grab his cock, enjoying that it is partially erect. To Johnny's credit, he does not react other than to look down at me with a small smirk.

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Inside, we are directed to a private eating area where none of the other restaurant's patrons can see us. The room is filled with the low hum of men's voices. Mr. Park immediately brings Dylan, Philip, Jeremy, and Derek forward to greet Mr. Jin who is sitting next to Mr. Erickson. Jia stands behind him, her hand on her husband's shoulder. Mr. Jin is an eldery man with a steely gaze that doesn't appear to miss much.

Daphne, Sabina, and I remain a couple feet behind the men. I look quickly around the room and see Johnny standing on one side of the door, scanning the room. Next to him is a giant Korean man who appears to be doing the same as Johnny. Glancing at the rest of the room, I see there are at least twenty men. Many are looking in my direction. Not wanting to appear like I am staring, I quickly avert my eyes back to Dylan and the other men exchanging greetings and small talk with Mr. Jin and Mr. Erickson.

I feel a pair of arms wrap around me and turn my head to see a Korean man standing behind me. "Sorry to startle you, beautiful. I was told you were part of my evening entertainment. I'm Duri. My dad's the guy everyone is trying to impress."

"Hello," I nod, "I'm Amanda. I'm happy to be your entertainment for the evening."

"I love an agreeable woman," Duri coos as he turns me around to face him. As I turn, I see both Daphne and Sabina are each talking to a man.

"Those are my brothers. Eun is with your blond friend and Dal is with your voluptuous friend. Now, strip for me. I like any woman who's serving me to be naked and accessible."

Without question or argument, I unzip my top and let it drop to the ground. Duri watches intently, his eyes growing hooded. Slowly, I unzip the side zipper on my skirt and let the material fall to the floor. Stepping over the material, I approach Duri. He wraps his arms around me and slides them down to grip my ass.

"I can already tell you're going to be a fun fuck. How many times can you handle being fucked in one evening, huh, beautiful?"

"My pussy is not my own. It's good for fucking cocks and I am required to let any cock use it."

"You are well trained," smiles Duri.

Glancing to my right and left, I see both Sabina and Daphne are also naked. Eun has his fingers buried in Sabina's pussy. Dal is sucking Daphne's nipple.

Mr. Jin speaks loudly in Korean and Duri responds in kind.

"Come, my father wishes to see you," Duri says as he grabs my arm and brings me towards his father. Sabina and Daphne are brought forward too.

Mr. Jin speaks in Korean and Dal quickly places Daphne in front of Mr. Erickson. Mr. Park stands close, watching and listening to everything. Mr. Jin turns and says something to Mr. Park.

Mr. Park turns to Daphne, and says, "Mr. Jin wishes to see you give a blow job to his friend." Mr. Park nods towards Mr. Erickson as he gives the direction.

Daphne kneels down in front of Mr. Erickson and undoes his suit pants. She removes Mr. Erickson's quickly stiffening cock and takes it into her mouth. An almost cruel smile spreads across Mr. Erickson's face. He grabs the back of her head, and thrusts his cock deep down her throat. "Jeremy and Derek keep telling me you're an obedient little bitch, but yet you haven't come to see me." Thrusting hard as if to punctuate his point, Mr. Erickson is sure to cause Daphne to gag.

"Mr. Jin wants to know if the slut can handle two more cocks," inquires Mr. Park.

"She doesn't get a choice. I own her pussy and her ass," responds Mr. Erickson.

Eun and Dal approach, each with their hard cocks in hand. Johnny steps forward and offers lube. Dal accepts the lube and applies it to his cock. Jia whispers something into Mr. Erickson's ear and he pulls Daphne's mouth off his dick so he can stand up.

"Dal, perhaps you'd like to take my seat so you and your brother can more easily fuck this slut."

I look closely at Daphne's face, and am relieved to see her eyes are glazed over in a sexual haze and there's a small smile playing on her lips. She's enjoying herself.

Sabina moves closer to me and turns me to her body. She kisses me hard and then whispers into my ear, "Mr. Erickson won't be kind to her. She should have submitted to him sooner."

Groping Sabina's breasts, I whisper back, "She'll be fine. Look at her face, she's enjoying this."

"Slut, you're just lucky two of my men want you. Had any other bitch not submitted to me immediately, I would have kicked her out. So you little whore, I own all your holes tonight and I am going to make sure they are well used."

Daphne, not missing a beat, responds, "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

This seems to appease Mr. Erickson just a bit. Jia helps him step aside so Dal can have the seat. Dal quickly sits down and pulls Daphne's toward him. Slowly, he eases her down until her pussy swallows his cock. Eun moves up, his lubed cock glistening. With less care than his brother, he shoved his cock quickly into Daphne's ass, causing her to gasp. Dal holds still for just a few seconds, before he starts pumping into her.

Daphne's moans begin to fill the room. The other businessmen had grown quiet, their attention was captured by the sexual spectacle in the front of the room. Daphne's moanings are muffled once Mr. Erickson shoves his cock down her throat, grabs the back of her head and begins pumping.

Sabina and I hold each other as we watch our other friend being filled with cocks. Duri approaches us and grabs hold of me, pulling me to his body, his hard cock pushing against my ass. To Sabina, he says, "Slut, go and take care of my father. He requires a blow job."

Sabina quickly walks to Mr. Jin and kneels down in front of him. Mr. Jin points to his crotch and Sabina gets to work freeing his cock. She licks up and down his shaft until she takes the member completely into her mouth and begins bobbing her head up and down.

"Slut, go lean over that table, facing your slut friend taking three cocks. Make sure your legs are spread so your pussy can be fucked."

I look in the direction Duri is pointing and see four other men are seated there. Walking over to the table, I bend over so my forearms are resting on the table, my breasts hang down, and spread my legs. The two men sitting closest to me immediately reach out and tug on my nipple piercings. Duri walks up behind me, hard cock in hand, and quickly shoves it in my pussy. There is nothing gentle or careful about the way he fucks me. I am clearly there as a wet hole to take care of his cock.

Leaning forward, Duri says into my ear, "You like your pussy filled with a cock, don't you? You're a dirty slut who can't get enough cocks."

"Yes," I moan. "I'm a dirty slut who loves her pussy stuffed with cock." I could feel the sexual haze, the complete lack of ability to say no descending on my body. I was told to let any man fuck my pussy and I desperately wanted to be used. "Yes, fuck me. I need to be used," I moan.

This sends Duri right over the edge and he fills my pussy with his load. I quickly turn around, feeling his cum slide down my inner thighs as I squat down to lick and suck his cock clean. Once I finish this task, a man at the table stands up, moves to my side, grabs me, and twists me around until I am bent over the table again.

In a thick accent, I hear him say, "You're a dirty slut. Say it."

"I'm a dirty slut."

Just like Duri, the man shoves his cock into me and fucks me hard. My hip bones rub against the edge of the table, but I barely notice as my sexual euphoria has well and truly consumed me.

"Yes," I cry, "I'm a dirty slut. Fuck my pussy."

The man reaches both hands forward and grabs my breasts hard. He pinches my nipples with bruising strength. The pain only feels like intense pleasure in my current state. With a grunt, the man releases into me. He slaps my ass hard and then spreads my pussy lips, releasing his cum and allowing it to fall to the floor.

I don't even get a chance to clean the man's cock. Another stranger is already pushing into me. I cry out and then moan.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard. Yes, fill my pussy," I encourage the stranger.

The man empties into my pussy in no time. His cock is quickly replaced by another cock. Cum coats my inner thighs and pools on the floor below me. I desperately want to orgasm, but I know there will be no relief for me any time soon.

Turning my head slightly, my hazy vision catches sight of Johnny watching me. His hands are folded in front of his crotch. I think he is attempting to hide his hard on.

I don't know how many men have emptied their loads in me before Mr. Jin orders the orgy to pause. I only hoped Johnny had kept track of how many different cocks fucked me. The room has gone silent. Sabina stands naked, close to Philip. Daphne lays on the floor, her legs lewdly spread open, and cum leaking from both her holes. The night had only started and all three of us were a mess.

Mr. Jin says something to the large security guard standing near Johnny. The security guard moves forward and Johnny is quick to follow. The Korean security guard approaches me and gestures for me to follow him. He does the same to Daphne and Sabina. We follow behind him with Johnny bringing up the rear. The security guard points to a door labeled "Staff Facilities" and walks away.

Johnny ushers all three of us inside. We enter a small bathroom area with a tiny shower. The room is completely tiled so there is no stall around the shower, just a shower head and faucet protruding from the wall. On the floor, in a caddy in the corner, are basic shower supplies.

"I'm glad Derek and Jeremy insist on having nice bathroom facilities in their clubs," grumbles Johnny. "Let's get you three cleaned up. Go stand under the shower head and wash the cum off."

All three of us get under at the same time. After getting the worst of the cum off of us, we hold each other for a minute or two, allowing us to come back to ourselves a bit.

"Alright, let's go," orders Johnny.

After a quick toweling off, we step back out into the main room and are again greeted by the din of men talking.

"Daphne," Johnny says, "go stand by Mr. Erickson's side."

"Remember," warns Sabina, "say no to nothing. Erickson owns you tonight. Girl, you'll have to be carried out of here after he's done ordering you around."

I smile at Daphne and tilt my head toward Mr. Erickson, indicating she should get going now. Daphne's heels click on the floor, her round ass swaying, as she makes her way over to Mr. Erickson. I watch Jia bend over and whisper into her husband's ear. He points to the floor and barks an order I can't quite hear. Daphne instantly kneels at Mr. Erickson's feet, head down. I turn my head slightly and see Derek and Jeremy smile as Daphne does as she is told.

I continue watching as a Korean man approaches Mr. Erickson. I can't hear what they are saying, but the conversation is in English because Mr. Erickson doesn't need a translator. Mr. Erickson nods his head and points down at Daphne. She quickly sits up on her knees and opens the man's zipper. In short order, his cock is shoved down her throat. After a bit of deep throating, the man issues a command to Daphne. She promptly stands up, turns around, braces her hands on the table, and spreads her legs. The man enters her and I watch as Daphne's face flushes with pleasure.

Duri approaches me from behind, his hands grabbing my breasts, fingers pinching my nipples and tugging on my piercings.

I smile at him and then look down, showing my submission.

"Follow me," directs Duri.

Eun and Dal grab hold of Sabina and follow behind us. We approach the table where Mr. Jin and Mr. Erickson are seated. I notice a different man is moving up to fuck Daphne. A cloth napkin has been shoved in her mouth to muffle her moaning. Her expression is one of pure ecstasy.

Duri grabs my chin and twists it toward him. "Be a good slut and lay back on the table. Rests your heels on the table and keep your legs spread."

I turn to see where Duri is pointing and watch as two waiters, who keep their eyes down, clear a portion of the table for me to lie on. Without question, I lay back on the table, grip the edge with my hands, and spread open my legs. The air hits my wetness causing a slight shiver to ripple through my body.

Sabina is sitting on Eun's lap a short distance from me. Her legs are splayed open and Eun is casually fingering her and tugging on her nipples. Dal sits next to them, his attention split between Sabina and my open legs.

Duri says something in Korean and a man approaches me. They hold a brief conversation in Korean, causing the man to smile lasciviously. He turns to face me, his hands tugging his hardening cock out of his slacks. Giving his cock a few strokes, he shoves his cock in me. There's no checking if I am ready, just a complete demand that my pussy will accept any and all cocks. The thought alone causes me to gush even more. My pussy tightens around the man's cock and in no time he is releasing into me. The man quickly shoves his cock in his pants and moves to the side.

Eun hoists Sabina upward as he stands. "Come on slut, your whore friend needs her pussy cleaned. Go over and lick it clean."

Sabina approaches me, kneels down, leans forward, and sticks her tongue out.

"No, no," interjects Dal. "Stand so you are bending at the waist, your legs spread wide. Never block off access to your pussy." Sabina quickly complies and I hear the crack of Dal's hand across Sabina's ass. She gasps and then moans.

"Hurry up, slut. Lick that pussy clean," orders Eun.

Sabina wastes no time thrusting her tongue into my opening. I gasp, loving the feeling of her tongue roving through my folds. She circles around my clit, causing my hips to raise up and then quickly slides her tongue down again to catch even more cum falling from my opening.

Dal leans forward, coming in for a closer view. "This slut can't get enough pussy."

Eun comes to Sabina's other side and hums his agreement. "Fuck, she's making me hard." His hands go to his pants and he pulls his cock out.

"You gonna fuck the slut?" asks Dal.

Eun walks arounds Sabina and slams his cock into her in response. I feel Sabina's mouth push into my pussy with the force of Eun's initial thrust. Sabina latches onto my clit and sucks for all she's worth.

I didn't think I would get to orgasm at all while servicing these men, but Sabina being the good friend she is, makes sure I feel the ripples of pleasure through my body. My orgasm is massive, locking my body so tightly, my muscles and jaw hurt. A groan rips from my throat as my pleasure washes through my body.

I am given less than a minute to catch my breath before I feel Sabina pulled off me by Dal.

"Okay, slut," lust coloring Dal's voice, "time to repay the favor to your pussy licking friend here. I hope your pussy licking skills are just as good."

Sliding off the table, I smile at Dal and nod my agreement. Sabina moves beside me and leans over to whisper, "Return the favor, bitch." That wasn't going to be a problem. I watch as Sabina takes my spot on the table and spreads her legs. Eun's cum is sliding out of her. I move forward quickly to lick it up before it hits the floor.

I slide my tongue up and down Sabina's folds, enjoying how swollen her labia are and the feel of her piercings over my tongue. Her wetness coats my tongue, mixing with the salty taste of Eun's seed. Placing my hands on her inner thighs, I slide my tongue into her opening and lick away the last of the cum. Just as I pull my tongue out, hands grip my hips and a cock slides into me. I have no idea who owns the cock and I really don't care. Latching onto Sabina's clit, I suck and lick it. Sabina's back begins to arch her back and her legs close towards my head. I push them open, keeping our oral escapades on full display. It doesn't take much longer until I feel a surge of wetness cover my chin and Sabina let out a groan of pleasure. The man behind me releases his load only moments later, pulls out, and walks away.

Lining my body up until my breasts press into Sabina's, I lower my lips down onto hers and kiss Sabina deeply. Sabina returns the kiss with the same enthusiasm, wrapping her arms around me, and pulling me a little tighter to her body. Our kiss is interrupted by a shadow. I pull up to look and find Daphne is standing next to us.

Rising upward, I pull Sabina up with me. We both pull Daphne in for a hug, nuzzling and kissing the side of her neck. Cum drips down my legs and I've lost count of the number of cocks that used my pussy, but I feel absolutely amazing.