

12
STORIES

**LEXI
STOKES**



Humiliated and
Shared
Begging for More

Humiliated and Shared: Begging for More: 12 Stories

Lexi Stokes

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Shared by my Boss: Passed Around the
Parking Lot

Chapter 1

There's really no reason for there to be a small microphone clipped to the lapel of my tight-fitting blazer. Sure, I'm on stage at the annual shareholders' meeting, but it isn't like I'm supposed to say anything.

I know the reason I'm up here: there aren't many women at the company, and my manager thought it would look good to showcase "new talent." That's what he told me before the business trip, anyway.

But the *real* reason is much different. I look good, and they want to show me off.

I stand next to Valerie, and she gives me a look as the CEO finishes his remarks. Valerie and I are both wearing black blazers, black pencil skirts, stilettos, and white button-down shirts.

We could basically be twins with our matching blonde hair and matching high cheekbones too.

"What do you think?" Val mouths to me as the CEO receives a thundering round of applause. She always does this—Val likes to hear what I think about the hottest guys in the office, and she wants me to say that I'd give it up to the CEO.

I roll my eyes, but my answer slips out just as the applause dies down. "I would definitely get on my knees for Mr. Bush," I say.

Val's jaw drops open, and she gestures wildly for me to stop talking. It takes me a second, but then I hear my voice echoing around the huge conference room.

I have a microphone on. And I just told all the shareholders and all my bosses that I would happily suck Mr. Bush's cock.

My hands instantly clench into fists as my heart starts hammering. I can feel my cheeks turning bright red.

What was I thinking?

This is the most humiliating moment of my life, and I wish that the floor would open up and swallow me. I scurry off the stage and burst through the double doors, out into the hotel lobby.

I don't stop there. I run until I'm at the far end of the parking lot. Burying my face in my hands, I try to compose myself.

But it's impossible. How can I recover from something so shameful, so totally embarrassing?

The sound of someone clearing their throat makes me peek through my fingers. What I see makes me go completely rigid.

Mr. Bush has followed me out to the parking lot. He's gazing at me expectantly and tapping his foot.

I think I know what he's about to say—that I'm fired, and I'll never get another job in the industry ever again—so it takes a minute for what he actually says to register.

"I knew it," he says in his deep, gravelly voice. The CEO rakes his hand through his dark hair, and I can't help it: Being this close to him makes me shiver.

"Knew what?" I squeak.

Mr. Bush just looks me up and down like he's inspecting me. His eyes narrow, and I stay rigid, bracing myself.

"I knew from your first day at the office," Mr. Bush muses, "that between your long legs you have a desperate, slutty pussy."

I gasp, and Mr. Bush's lips quirk up into a smile. "Has no one ever told you that before?"

Shaking my head, I stare at the blacktop of the parking lot.

“And you like it, being talked to this way,” Mr. Bush says. It’s a statement, not a question.

And he’s right. The way he’s talking to me is making me take short, panting breaths. My knees are locked as I bite my lip.

Dragging my eyes up to meet his, I can tell he knows how turned on I am. The CEO is totally in control of the situation. He’s enjoying watching me squirm.

Mr. Bush tilts his head. “What are you waiting for?”

My brows knit together, and Mr. Bush chuckles darkly.

“You told everyone you would get on your knees for me,” he starts, and I blush all over once again. “So do it. Now.”

I start to move behind a car, but Mr. Bush wags a finger at me. “You already told everyone, which means anyone walking by should be able to see you making good on your promise.”

My eyes widen, but Mr. Bush’s tone brooks no argument, and it’s like my body is moving on its own. Slowly, carefully, I lower my body into the middle of an empty parking space.

Everyone is still at the conference, I tell myself. And plus, we’re about as far as you can get from the entrance to the hotel.

It’s just naughty enough to be exciting, but there’s no way we’ll get caught.

All my inhibitions disappear. Leaning forward, I reach for Mr. Bush’s belt buckle and deftly unfasten it.

“Looks like you have a lot of experience doing this, Lizzy,” Mr. Bush growls.

“No, not at all,” I tell him, shaking my head so hard that my blonde hair tousles. “I don’t have much experience.”

Mr. Bush grabs my chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilts my head up, and my hands drop from his belt buckle. “Be specific,” he snaps.

“I...umm,” I stutter. “I’ve only ever given a hand job.”

The look on Mr. Bush’s face completely transforms. “For someone with such a dirty mouth, I didn’t expect this, Lizzy.”

I cut my eyes to the side. “I got used to talking a big game around Val. But it’s the truth. I have a hot body, the kind that makes people assume...” I trail off.

“This is very good,” Mr. Bush tells me, punctuating his words with a mean laugh. “Oh, I’m going to enjoy this. I’m going to teach you exactly how to please a man. Is that what you want, Lizzy? To please me?”

I nod up and down, making my breasts bounce, and Mr. Bush looks on approvingly. My pussy is starting to pulse, and I’ve never been this excited before.

My first time is going to be with the CEO.

Chapter 2

“The first rule of pleasing me is that you must do whatever I want. No matter what it is. I’m going to ask a lot of you; can you handle it?” Mr. Bush asks.

“Yes, sir,” I tell him. And I mean it. It’s like there’s electricity crackling between us, and my body aches with need.

Mr. Bush takes off my blazer and unbuttons my white blouse. Roughly, he pulls down my lacy bra, exposing my round, full breasts.

“Are these real?” Mr. Bush says, staring at my puckered nipples. I nod, and he gives me an appreciative look. “They’re huge on your slim body,” he says before grabbing my breast hard.

“Now suck me off,” he tells me as I moan under his rough touch.

I unzip his pants and reach into his slacks. My eyes go huge when I touch him for the first time.

He’s so big that my hand can barely close around him. Mr. Bush sees my reaction and smirks.

I pull him all the way out and open my mouth as wide as I can. Mr. Bush tangles his hand in my hair while thrusting forward.

My lips stretch obscenely around him, but it’s no use. I’m gagging, and tears form in my eyes. No matter what I do, I can’t take him. He’s just too big.

Mr. Bush taps his foot loudly against the blacktop. “Keep trying,” he says impatiently.

Relaxing my jaw, I choke on him and try harder. Finally, I manage to get him most of the way in. The manly smell of his huge, pulsing member overwhelms me, and I get even wetter.

He starts to thrust, slow at first and then faster, but it's too much. With a sigh, he pulls out.

"By the time I'm done with you, you'll be able to milk out my cum with your pretty little mouth," he promises, closing his hand around my arm and lifting me to my feet.

I understand that I'm supposed to follow him, and I do. There's only one problem: I'm topless now, and he's leading me back towards the hotel.

*

Mr. Bush positions me on my hands and knees so that my swinging tits are visible from the hotel. If I thought I was embarrassed before, I was wrong.

I'm totally on display here. But I promised Mr. Bush I would do anything to please him, and I want to obey. I want to show him I have what it takes.

It isn't long before a couple of the conference attendees come out to smoke a cigarette. "Hey, isn't that the girl who bragged about wanting to blow her boss? She's topless now," one of the men says to his buddy, elbowing him.

They both gawk at me and laugh, making me stare at the pavement. Mr. Bush leans down to whisper in my ear. "Hold your position," he commands. "This is what you really want. And I'm going to give it to you."

Mr. Bush snaps his fingers to get the men's attention. Then he gestures them over. They practically run to get a better look.

"I'm trying to stretch her out so she can take me," he tells them. "Will you help me?"

The two men make incredulous noises. But even though I'm staring at the pavement, I can tell they've agreed.

The next thing I know, one of them is coming up behind me. He tears my skirt away and pushes my panties to the side, not even bothering to take them off.

“She’s soaking wet,” the stranger says, running his fingers the length of my slit.

“I bet,” the other says, approaching my mouth. When he pulls out his cock, I look at Mr. Bush, the question in my eyes.

“Yes,” the CEO snaps. “This is what I want. Do whatever it takes to please them.”

Chapter 3

My boss stops talking to me and addresses the man whose rock-hard cock is pressing against my virgin hole. “She’s never done this before,” Mr. Bush snickers. “But be as rough as you want.”

It doesn’t take any more encouragement. The guy behind me presses forward, spreading open my tight hole.

Biting my lip, I try to relax and take him. But it’s such a tight fit.

At the same time, the man in front of me squeezes the sides of my face, urging me to open my mouth, which I do submissively.

He’s smaller than Mr. Bush, so it isn’t too hard for me to swallow him down. The man in my mouth groans with pleasure. “Has she ever done this before?” he asks Mr. Bush.

“She practiced a little on me,” the CEO laughs. “But I want her to be an expert at it.”

The man in my mouth starts to move faster just as the man in my pussy slaps his hips against my ass. “Nice, tiny, virgin hole,” he says, grunting.

“Well, not anymore,” Mr. Bush reminds him, chuckling.

I feel myself blushing again. But the sensations are amazing. My whole body craves more, and every thrust in my mouth and pussy make me more frantic with need.

At the same time, I can’t believe I’m doing this out in the open where anyone could walk by. Why do I want this? Why is it making me so hot to be filled up like this in public while my boss watches?

“Give it to her harder,” Mr. Bush tells the men, and they do. I’m pushed back and forth as they take turns thrusting, bouncing me between them.

“Fuck,” the guy inside me says after a couple minutes. “She’s gripping me so hard I’m going to have to unload.”

I can feel him flaring inside of me; his member is twitching. Then all of a sudden, there are spurts of wetness.

He’s coming deep inside me, and I arch back instinctively to draw it all out of him. “You’re a natural slut,” Mr. Bush says appreciatively.

At the same time, the guy in my mouth stops moving, only to speed up. He’s fucking my face hard.

Then with a final grunt, he comes. My mouth fills with warm, salty cum, and I gulp it down, knowing that’s what Mr. Bush wants.

When the two men walk away, Mr. Bush looms over me. “Such a sexy little whore,” he says, pinching one nipple and then the next.

“You have an audience,” he tells me, and I look up, horrified.

There’s a crowd of five men—and they watched everything.

Chapter 4

“It looks like you’re going to get some more practice,” the CEO tells me, motioning the group of men over.

I don’t even think about it. I forget how forbidden all of this is. The only thing I can think about is pleasing Mr. Bush. And also how good it feels to be used roughly.

That’s why I stay still as the men approach. I let them do whatever they want with me as Mr. Bush coaches me.

They take turns fucking my mouth and puffy, red slit. It isn’t long at all before I know exactly how they want me to move.

Some of them don’t want me to move at all—they hold me in place and have their way with me while my eyes roll back in my head. The entire time, Mr. Bush watches everything I do.

Every once in a while, I look up at him, and he has such a commanding look on his face that I pick up the pace, thrusting back against every cock the way I know he wants me to.

Once I please the group of five men, more people have gathered. I know what Mr. Bush expects, and I hold my position.

I have no idea how many men use my body. But the more men that have me, the crazier I go for it.

Finally, I notice that there’s a chill in the air, and the sky is getting darker. This time, when I look up at Mr. Bush, I see that it’s only the two of us out in the parking lot.

His jaw ticks. He’s looking me up and down, and I can imagine what he sees. There is cum on my cheek and leaking out of my used hole.

My blonde hair is tangled and messy, and my eyes are slightly glazed over.

“I like you like this,” Mr. Bush says finally, to my relief. With a clink, he unfastens his belt buckle and comes up behind me.

Immediately, his hands dig into my skin as he arranges me the way he wants me. “Stay perfectly still,” he commands.

I obey as his cock approaches my greedy cunt. But it’s easier said than done.

Even though I’ve been passed around, he’s huge, and it’s still hard to take him. Mr. Bush keeps pressing forward, though.

Biting my cheek, I hold still like he wants me to. The fit is incredible. He is so enormous that I feel him stretching me out.

I want more than anything to spear myself on him over and over. Instead, I remind myself that he’s in charge, and I don’t move at all.

Mr. Bush teases me at first by staying still too. Finally, he starts to thrust, pulling out just to slam all the way back in. I try my best to stay upright.

Mr. Bush starts to rut me, and I moan. “You like that, don’t you?” Mr. Bush says. “You’re meant to be stretched to the brink like this around my cock.”

My body grips him tightly, and I want to throw my head from side to side. All my muscles are quivering, which makes Mr. Bush laugh condescendingly.

“Is it this easy to make a slut come?” he says. “Hold it off,” he barks.

I do everything I can to try to push the pleasure away. I want to show Mr. Bush how obedient I am. But it just feels too good.

He starts giving it to me even harder, and I know I’m too far gone. I’m going to come around his cock without permission.

I try to swallow my screams of pleasure, but they echo around us. Mr. Bush doesn't slow down. If anything, he goes faster and harder.

My toes start to curl under, and I give in. I can't help myself; I can't even try.

I slam back on his dick over and over, disobeying the CEO. My arms and legs are shaking, and I'm so close.

Mr. Bush reaches forward and slaps my clit, and that's it.

I go over the edge. Screaming again, I'm in a frenzy.

Collapsing forward, pleasure explodes deep in my core. My used pussy spasms over and over, squeezing the life out of Mr. Bush, who groans.

All my muscles contract and relax, then contract and relax again. My eyes roll back in my head, and the pure bliss makes my whole body feel tingly.

I've come touching myself before, but never like this. My orgasm totally wrecks me. When I'm done, I go limp, and Mr. Bush props me up and has his way with me.

He doesn't let up until he is totally satisfied—which means he pumps me full of his seed, and then walks around for me to lick him clean.

I can feel his hot gaze as my tongue swirls around his shaft. He doesn't speak, but I know he's rigid with anger.

"You didn't follow orders," he says when I'm finished with the cleanup. "What did you do wrong?"

I can't meet his eyes. "I came without permission, sir," I say meekly.

"And do you know that there is a punishment for disobeying?" he asks.

I nod, bracing myself for what he's about to say.

“Well, let’s get started then. I’m going to bring you back into the conference room as your punishment. Make sure that you pleasure each and every one of our shareholders just the way I taught you to out here,” Mr. Bush commands.

Shared by my Boss: Passed Around the
Truck Stop

Chapter 1

“Do you remember everything you agreed to yesterday?” Mr. Randall asks, and I close his office door behind me and cross the room to kneel by his desk.

I stare at the carpet, thinking it’s good he doesn’t want me to make eye contact. I’m not sure I could take seeing his piercing blue eyes right now.

“Yes, sir,” I answer clearly, despite the lump in my throat. “I remember.”

“Very good,” Mr. Randall tells me.

My heart is beating so loud that I’m half-convinced the CEO can hear it. But I stay perfectly still in the submissive position he showed me yesterday.

I still can’t believe that I’m here with Mr. Randall. I’ve had a crush on him since I started my job two weeks ago, but I never dreamed it could lead to this.

Where will he have me first? I imagine myself under him on the sleek gray sofa in the corner. Or maybe he’ll sweep all the papers off his desk and lay me down there.

Whatever he wants. He’s in charge—totally. That’s what I’ve agreed to. That’s what I want.

The idea of letting one of the world’s most powerful CEOs do whatever he wants to me makes me shiver. Biting my lip, I remind myself to stay perfectly still.

Mr. Randall leaves me where I am on my knees for a long time. He paces around in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows of his office for a while. I know because I can hear his loud footfalls, even on the soft carpet.

If I close my eyes, I can picture him moving around his office. His salt-and-pepper hair must gleam in the sunlight, and his gray pinstripe suit is

perfectly tailored to show off his strong, fit body.

I think Mr. Randall is testing my willingness to obey by ignoring me. Yesterday, when I told him I really wanted to submit, he wasn't sure I was ready. "You're too innocent," he said.

It's true that I have no experience with men. But at the same time, that makes this even more exciting for me.

My first time is going to be with the commanding CEO. My cheeks turn pink just thinking about it.

I have no idea how much time goes by before Mr. Randall finally breaks the silence. "Stand up," he demands, and I rise to my feet immediately.

Mr. Randall looks me over from head to toe. I'm wearing the exact outfit he told me to: a tight, low-cut blouse that shows off my round, straining breasts, and a pencil skirt and stilettos.

"Are you wearing panties?" Mr. Randall asks, tilting my face up so that I'm staring into his piercing eyes.

I shake my head, before looking off to the side. I'm embarrassed to admit it, even though Mr. Randall instructed me not to wear anything under my skirt today.

Mr. Randall's grip on my chin tightens. "Look at me when you answer a question I've asked," he growls.

I cut my eyes back toward him. "I—I'm sorry, sir," I stutter. "I followed all your instructions about what to wear."

Mr. Randall gives me a devilish grin. He's so close that I can feel the heat of his body.

Is this it? Am I about to lose my innocence to the CEO?

"Time to go," Mr. Randall tells me, jerking his head toward the door.

He must see the confusion all over my face, and he chuckles. “I never said that all of your training would happen here,” he says, and my mind races.

I have no idea what he has planned for me. Swallowing hard, I nod and follow him out of the penthouse office.

In the hallway, Mr. Randall places his hand on the small of my back and guides me to the elevators. We ride down to the parking garage, and the next thing I know, Mr. Randall is steering me to his black sports car.

I don’t know anything about cars, but I’ve never seen one like it. It has the kind of doors that open up instead of out, and I try to maintain my composure as I slide into the passenger seat.

Mr. Randall starts the car, and it roars to life. But he doesn’t start driving. Instead, he unfastens his belt buckle and unzips his pants.

The CEO roughly pulls out his cock, and my eyes go huge. Mr. Randall is rock-hard, so hard that the head of his member looks reddish purple.

And he’s huge. Mr. Randall’s cock must be as big around as my wrist.

Snapping his fingers, he jolts me out of my thoughts. “Well?” he says, his voice annoyed. “When your master presents you with his hard cock, what do you think you should be doing?”

Chapter 2

Mr. Randall's asked me a question, so I look into his narrowed eyes.

"I should...pleasure you," I squeak.

Mr. Randall chuckles meanly. "How is that? What should you do, Mallory?"

"I should use my mouth, sir," I say quietly.

Instead of responding, Mr. Randall tangles his hand in my blonde hair and urges me forward.

Parting my lips, I open as wide as I can and lean over. I swirl my tongue around the head of Mr. Randall's cock, and he presses me down on top of him so that I start to swallow him.

But he's just too big to fit in my mouth. I gag around him, even though he's only in partway. "Take me deep," the CEO commands, and I redouble my efforts.

I lick and suck and hope it will be enough to please him without deepthroating my boss. Mr. Randall's cock twitches, and I think he's enjoying it.

The idea of getting him off makes me more excited. Sitting on the leather seat of his sports car, bent over his lap without any panties on, I realize this is the wildest thing I've ever done.

Anyone could walk by and see us. Somehow, that makes this better, and I bob up and down, trying my best to work him over.

That's why I'm surprised when Mr. Randall grabs hold of the back of my neck and pulls me off of him.

My boss sighs loudly. "I was afraid of this," he says to himself.

“Afraid of what?” I say without thinking.

Mr. Randall glares at me for speaking out of turn. I’m supposed to be silent unless he asks me a direct question.

I cast my eyes down to the sports car’s floormats and swallow hard. Mr. Randall has already told me that I’ll be punished if I break his strict rules.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Randall lets go of the back of my head. “You know what? It’s good that you made such a big mistake,” he says. “Actually, it helped me think of a perfect solution to train you.”

With that, Mr. Randall goes silent and starts the car. It purrs to life, and he drives fast, taking the hairpin turns of the parking garage like they’re nothing.

Out in the city, Mr. Randall stares straight ahead. He doesn’t tell me anything about where we’re headed.

After a while, I see that we’re leaving the city. The skyscrapers disappear behind us, and now we’re in a seedy part of town.

Mr. Randall gets on the highway, steering with one hand and placing his other hand up my skirt, on my bare thigh. I steal a glance at him, and his lips are quirked up in a smile.

Something about the look on his face makes my stomach knot. It’s hard to not know what he has planned for me.

But this is what I agreed to, and what Mr. Randall wants. And my anxiety is mixed with excitement.

I’m still so turned on that it’s practically painful. Mr. Randall promised that he’ll be doing all kinds of pleasurable things to my body, so I bet whatever training he wants to give me will scratch my itch.

Mr. Randall pulls the wheel smoothly to the right, and I see a big, freestanding sign. There are rows of diesel pumps and a greasy spoon.

In extra-long parking spots, there are probably ten or more big-rig trucks. Mr. Randall glides his sports car up behind the diner and slams it into park.

He turns to face me, stroking my cheek and tucking my hair behind my ear. Then, with one smooth motion, he pulls open my blouse with such force that all the little buttons pop off.

Underneath, I'm wearing the see-through lace bra he told me to, which means I'm basically topless. "You're going to be an obedient slut, aren't you?" he asks me firmly.

"Ye-yes, sir," I stutter.

"You will do whatever I want," he says. It's not a question, but I can tell from the way he's leaning forward that he wants me to answer.

"Yes, sir," I say again.

Mr. Randall gives me a wide smile and runs his hand over my sheer bra. A moan escapes my lips, and I flush with embarrassment.

"Don't be shy," Mr. Randall says. "I know this is what you really want."

Then he steps out of the car and comes around the other side to pull me out too. Immediately, my hands fly to my breasts to cover them up, but Mr. Randall grabs my wrists and pulls them away.

Is this the punishment? I have to walk around topless at a truck stop?

I feel so ashamed that I wish I could run and hide. But there's another part of me that keeps replaying what Mr. Randall said. It's like he does know what I really want.

Because as humiliating as this is, I'm also totally worked up.

Mr. Randall tilts his head and looks at me intently. "You're loving this," he says, chuckling. "This is going to be so good. Stand up against the wall," he instructs me, pointing to the brick wall behind the restaurant.

I hurry to obey, even though everyone in a parked truck will be able to see me there. Mr. Randall watches as I stand up straight against the wall.

I know how mad he'll be if I try to cover myself up, so I don't. I wonder how long he'll make me stand here as punishment. It's exciting, but I can't wait to scurry back to the car.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Mr. Randall walking toward one of the big rigs. He pulls himself up and knocks on the window of the truck's cab.

A guy emerges, and I see the two of them talking. Mr. Randall gestures over to me, and that's when I understand.

Just standing here isn't my punishment. No, Mr. Randall is going to share me.

Chapter 3

Mr. Randall goes from truck to truck, and soon, there's a crowd of men milling around. Mr. Randall leads them toward me, and then everything happens so fast.

"What will you do now, pet?" Mr. Randall says to me.

I'm barely used to answering his probing questions when we're alone, and now I have an audience.

I look at the trash-strewn parking lot. "I'll do whatever will please you, sir," I say in a low voice.

"What's that?" Mr. Randall says, cupping his ear. He gives me a knowing look. The look says that he knows he's testing my limits.

It makes me want to make him proud.

"I'll do whatever will please you, sir," I repeat, loudly this time.

The men all around me start laughing. "It's just like you said," one of the men calls out. "You have a trained whore who's desperate for it."

"Look at her tits," someone else says. "Nice and big. I bet they'd feel great bouncing up and down on top of me."

"Go find out," Mr. Randall urges. "But remember; she's a virgin," he adds. "So she might need some guidance in how to take you the way you want her to. Don't be afraid to use a firm hand."

One of the truckers saunters up, and I stare at his big, rough hands. He rips my skirt off, and I'm left standing there in nothing but a see-through bra.

The crowd of guys is cheering and talking about me and my body. "Look how wet she is already. I can't wait to feel that dripping cunt squeezing my

cock.”

I look at Mr. Randall, forgetting that I’m supposed to avert my eyes. But he doesn’t seem mad about it. He just gives me a dark look, and he mouths: “Go on.”

One of the men grabs my shoulders and pushes me down toward the pavement. I can’t believe I’m going to lose my virginity like this, but it’s what Mr. Randall wants.

Soon, I’m on my hands and knees on the ground at the truck stop. There’s a trucker in front of me, and his cock is in his hands.

He thrusts forward, and I instinctively lick him. I’m really doing this. It’s surreal, but my whole body has come alive.

Every inch of me tingles as I open wide. He’s not as big as Mr. Randall, but I still gag as he plunges to the back of my throat.

Breathing through my nose, I bob back and forth, making sure to please him. Otherwise, Mr. Randall will be upset with me.

Blowing the trucker while everyone else watches is humiliating, but my pussy is quivering. And that’s what I focus on.

In no time at all, someone else comes up behind me. He runs his fingers up the length of my slit and then puts three fingers in.

I arch back, riding his hand, and everyone laughs at me again. I know how I must look: my carefully styled sleek, blonde hair is matted around my face already, and I look possessed.

But I don’t care. It’s like Mr. Randall has unlocked a new side of me, one I didn’t know was there.

All of a sudden, the stranger behind me pulls his fingers out. Instead, he presses the head of his cock against my entrance.

“Look at me,” Mr. Randall calls out.

I obey, and the CEO maintains eye contact as the trucker presses forward. I stretch around his big cock, and he feeds himself in an inch at a time.

Mr. Randall stares into my eyes as the stranger takes my virginity. Biting my lip, I feel stretched to the brink. But as I get used to the trucker's size, I start to go crazy—I push back and meet every thrust.

The two men bounce me back and forth, and I feel so full with a cock in my mouth and one in my pussy. They both speed up, using me roughly.

All of me feels incredible. I buck and thrust and chase the orgasm that's just out of reach.

But before I can come, the two men start to flare inside me. Their rhythm changes. I've never done this, and what happens next takes me by surprise.

The man behind me grunts, and my pussy feels warm and wet. Instinctively, I arch up to milk out his load, but it takes a minute for me to understand that he's just come deep inside me.

I learn my lesson, though, and I'm more prepared when the man in my mouth explodes. Drinking down his salty load, I hope that Mr. Randall is pleased with me.

Afterwards, I expect him to come scoop me up off the pavement and bring me back to his sports car. But he doesn't.

Two more men come up and take the place of the men I just pleased. These two are rougher than the last truckers, and I have to work hard to take their deep strokes.

When they're done, two more men take their place. I never have a break, and it seems like there are more trucks at the truck stop than when I started.

The atmosphere is charged, and I feel turned on and dirty at the same time. I don't recognize the way I'm acting.

The more they give it to me, the more desperate I am for it. All my thoughts about how shameful and humiliating this is fly from my hand as I reach forward to stroke a new cock hovering in front of my face.

The man inside me finishes and gives my ass a hard slap. I wiggle it in the air, desperate to be filled again. But when I look over my shoulder, I see that I'm alone with Mr. Randall and the trucker in my mouth.

He watches my face fall and chuckles. "You haven't gotten what you need yet, have you," he says.

It's true. What I need is to be stretched by him. But I know that I have to earn it by finishing off the trucker thrusting in and out of my lips.

I make sure to pay attention to what he likes, and I'm not surprised when he bucks and his cum dribbles out of my mouth faster than I can drink it.

Mr. Randall hauls me up and bends me over the hood of his sports car. "Let me get a look at you," he tells me.

I know what he sees: my red, used slit and the cum that's dripping down my slim thighs. "You certainly took it rough," the CEO says, laughing again. "But not as rough as I'm about to give it to you."

Mr. Randall saunters up to my bent-over body, and I hear him dropping his pants. I lick my lips thinking about his thick cock.

With one firm thrust, he slams it all the way inside me, and I mewl over the car hood. Even stretched out, he's hard to take.

But Mr. Randall doesn't care. He has his way with me, using me just the way he likes.

The CEO grunts as he thrusts over and over. And I love it. I'm totally limp, taking him deep—deeper than anyone else I've had today.

He hits a spot inside me, and I know I can't hold back. It's embarrassing that he just started fucking me, and I'm going to come already, but that doesn't stop me.

My toes curl under, and I grip the cold steel of the car. Biting my lip, I start to scream, which makes Mr. Randall rut me harder.

“I—I’m coming!” I yell, and Mr. Randall slaps my ass and pounds me.

Each thrust presses my clit against the car, and my pleasure builds deep in my core. My pussy grips Mr. Randall’s huge cock, making him groan.

“Squeeze me,” he orders, and I grip him tighter while my eager cunt quivers.

All of a sudden, I see stars. The pleasure overflows, and my entire body tenses. Whipping my head from side to side, I ride the waves of pleasure, making sure to keep squeezing Mr. Randall.

When I’m done coming, my whole body relaxes, and I lie across the car. Mr. Randall keeps using me until he’s satisfied. As his cock head flares, I tilt up to take his load.

One final ass slap, and he pulls out.

“That was a good start,” he says, looming over my limp body. “Now we’ll go into the restaurant, and you can get some more practice.”

Humiliated and Shared at Work: Total Submission

Chapter 1

I perch on the corner of my boyfriend's desk, smoothing out my short skirt. I don't think anything of it when he minimizes the tab on his computer screen as fast as he can.

I tease him anyway. "Are you looking at something you shouldn't be?" I giggle, wagging a manicured finger at him.

Daniel runs a hand through his sandy blonde hair, totally relaxed now. "That's for me to know and you to find out, Cassie," he says coolly.

He obviously doesn't want to talk about it, so I change the subject. "I still can't believe we work together!" I say. Then I lean close so that no one in the cubicles around us can hear. "Think of all the trouble we can get into."

Daniel studies me as I bite my lip. "I already have some ideas," he tells me. "Meet me in conference room five during your lunch break," he says in a gravelly voice.

I arch an eyebrow at him and try to ignore the surge of excitement his proposition triggers. Hopping down from his desk, I nod vigorously. "Of course," I say obediently.

Daniel looks at me expectantly. "I mean, of course, *sir*," I add, dropping my voice to a whisper. My cheeks flush at the reminder that Daniel is in charge.

It's not like I could forget: not when Daniel decides when and where I'm allowed to come. And lately, he's been denying me.

For weeks now, he's gotten me right to the brink and then told me no. I would never question him—I know better than that—but the last time, he must've seen the question all over my face. "I'm preparing you for something special," he told me. "Don't worry; it'll be worth the wait."

It's clear to me all of that tease and denial was leading to today. During lunch, we'll meet in the dusty conference room that no one ever uses. My mouth goes dry thinking about what Daniel will command me to do.

Usually, it starts with me on my knees worshiping his big, hard cock. I lick my lips just thinking about it.

I practically skip back to my cubicle I'm so excited.

The rest of the morning, I can barely focus on my new job. Not when my whole body is thrumming with need.

The entire time I type up reports, my eyes flick to the clock on the wall. I'm counting down the minutes until lunch.

Daniel doesn't make it easier to wait, though. He enjoys teasing me too much.

My phone buzzes, and a text appears on the screen. "Wait until you find out what I'm going to do to that pussy," Daniel says.

The thought makes me shiver, and I can feel my nipples stiffening under my light blue button-down shirt.

"Who owns that pussy?" He prompts me with the next text message.

"You do, sir," I type back.

Chapter 2

I can't help myself. I leave my desk five minutes before my lunch hour starts and teeter into the conference room on my high heels.

Conference room five is exactly how it appeared on my tour of the office two weeks ago. Boxes are piled in the corner, and the windows are papered over.

Daniel told me that there are plans to remodel the room for a new use, but he didn't say what the CEO intends.

Flicking on the lights, I take a seat in one of the chairs surrounding the oak table in the center of the room. There are a few boxes piled on it too, but they're smaller ones.

Kicking off my heels, I fidget in my chair. Daniel will be here any minute.

Finally.

He doesn't disappoint. Moments later, he bursts in, clicking the door closed behind him.

"Stand up," he instructs in the cold voice he uses when it's time for me to submit.

I spring out of my chair and stand at attention with my shoulders back so that he can get a good look at me.

"Take off your clothes," he barks.

My fingers start unfastening my shirt, and then I unzip my skirt and step out of it. I'm wearing the lingerie Daniel picked out for the day, and he looks at the red, see-through fabric approvingly.

I don't stop undressing until my big, perky breasts bounce out of the bra, and my shaved mound is on full display after I step out of the lacy panties I was wearing.

"I need to check you over carefully today," Daniel says, stroking his chin. His eyes narrow, and he kicks my legs apart and runs his calloused hand between my legs, making me stifle a moan.

Daniel expects me to stand motionless without any reactions, and I don't let him down.

He looks over every inch of me, his mouth a tight line. It's unusual, but I don't question him.

I hold my breath. Daniel takes my chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilts my head up so that I'm looking him in the eyes.

"It's time to deepen your submission to me. This is what I want." He pauses for a moment. "No, it's what I *demand*."

Stiffening, I realize Daniel is going to require more of me than he normally does. I have no idea what that could be, and my stomach churns with a heady mix of excitement and anxiety.

He looks at me and nods, a silent instruction. "Yes, sir," I reply.

Daniel's mouth pulls up into a smile. "Start by getting into position," he growls.

Wordlessly, I sink down to the floor and onto my hands and knees. I keep my head down and my eyes fixed on the geometric pattern of the carpet.

It always feels naughty to display myself like this. But doing it at the office? It's more exciting than ever. That must be what Daniel means about deepening my submission.

Daniel takes hold of my hips, his fingers digging into my soft skin. He turns me around so that I'm facing the back wall.

He crouches down next to me as the door opens once again. “Don’t you dare move,” he hisses.

That’s when I understand. He turned me so that my glistening slit is toward the door. He’s displaying me.

But to who?

Chapter 3

The CEO's voice fills my ears. There's no mistaking it.

"Ready, willing, and *eager*," Mr. Fine says. "Just like you promised, Daniel."

"I know you're going to enjoy her," Daniel replies.

Like a flash, I remember the email Daniel minimized when I walked up to his desk. It was to the CEO—this is what he didn't want me to see. That he was going to share me for the first time.

My whole body goes rigid. It's so much farther than I thought Daniel would go. In fact, it's as humiliating as it is exciting.

My skin turns hot as I blush. I'm glad I'm turned away from the two men, and that I'm staring at the floor. I don't want them to see my shame.

At the same time, the prospect of pleasing the CEO ramps up my arousal. My heart hammers in my ears.

"Mr. Fine is going to come deep in your throat," Daniel tells me. He says it matter-of-factly, and he's trained me well enough that I know he wants me to kneel in front of the CEO.

It's hard to stand when my knees are knocking together, but I hurry to obey. When I'm eye level with Mr. Fine's tented pants, I open my mouth and stick out my tongue.

Mr. Fine laughs. "You weren't kidding about her," he tells Daniel. "She really will do whatever, won't she?"

"Yes, I worked hard on training her," Daniel says.

Mr. Fine stops talking and unzips his pants, roughly pulling out his cock, which stands straight out from his body.

The handsome CEO is *huge*. He's nearly as wide as Daniel, but his member is longer than my master's cock.

"Do you want her to work you over, or do you want to fuck her face?" Daniel asks the CEO.

Daniel has trained me to do either. I keep my eyes on the ground, still so ashamed.

Mr. Fine doesn't answer with words. Instead, he grabs the back of my head and moves me back and forth. Relaxing my throat, I gag around his throbbing, musky dick.

The manly smell of it fills my nostrils as he uses me for his pleasure. It's even hotter than if he had wanted me to work him over.

My wet pussy throbs. My master is watching me get yanked around while I choke on a cock.

Tears sting in my eyes. Mr. Fine is picking up the pace. His groans echo around the room.

It isn't long before the head of his cock flares. He holds my head tight, pressing my face against his crotch while he unloads.

I swallow every drop. When he pulls out, I lick him completely clean, swirling my tongue around his satisfied member and cleaning up my mess.

Then I stay still, holding my position with my eyes cast down.

"That was incredible, Daniel," I hear the CEO say as he claps Daniel on the back. "What a horny little slut you have."

The color rises in my cheeks again. He's right. I've just blown a man I barely know. And I loved every second of it.

"How far will she go?" Mr. Fine asks my master.

“She’ll do anything I want her to,” Daniel brags. But then I can’t hear anything they say. They’ve moved into the corner, whispering.

Finally, the door opens and shuts.

“Lie on your back on the table,” Daniel commands.

It’s a relief to be alone with him. And I’m hopeful I made him proud.

This is it; once I get him off, he’s going to let me come.

I climb up onto the table, the cold wood caressing my skin. I put my arms up over my head and spread my legs, the position that Daniel expects.

But he doesn’t approach. I fight the urge to fidget.

I need to come; I’m so turned on.

All of a sudden, I hear voices. Loud ones. Right outside the door.

Even without raising my head to look, I know it must be ten men or more. And they’re coming in.

Chapter 4

I have been trained to stay still, and so I do. My pulse quickens, and my mouth goes dry.

The small conference room is full now. “What the fuck?” someone says gleefully. “This is the surprise Mr. Fine promised?” the man adds.

“It is,” Mr. Fine says, cutting through the noise. “Daniel has generously offered to let us share the tight little cunt he owns.”

I can hardly believe my ears. I really thought all I had to do was blow Mr. Fine. But my master expects me to please everyone in the room?

All around me, everyone laughs, cheers, and talks about me like I’m not there. “I’ve been waiting for this,” one of the guys says, and it sounds like my manager.

“I knew I was going to get a turn to stretch that pussy open,” he continues.

Daniel must have been planning this for a long time. And now the smirks of the men in upper management when I interviewed make total sense to me.

It takes everything in me to stay still, but I don’t move a muscle. I need to obey.

Someone strides up next to the table and roughly grabs my breast. His daring inspires everyone. Before I know it, I’m mobbed.

There are hands all over me. They touch me all over, and three fingers enter my desperate pussy. I’m so wet that they glide right in.

As much as I want to buck against them, I stay flat. But fingers aren’t enough for these men.

One man jumps up onto the table, and I see it's the guy from the cubicle next to mine as he looms over me. "I'm going to give it to you hard," he tells me, snickering.

The next thing I know, he's dropping his pants and lowering himself onto me. He plunges into me with a single stroke. He's so big, and it feels amazing to be spread open by him.

"Arch up and take him deep," my master instructs from beside me.

I can't help but moan as I follow Daniel's command. The guy inside me thrusts in and out as hard and fast as he can, sliding me across the table.

Everyone watches. I can feel their eyes all over me. Then someone else scrambles up onto the table waving their cock in my face until I open wide.

I've never been filled up like this. I can't believe how satisfying it is to please two men at once while Daniel watches and commands me.

The only problem is I don't have permission to come, and these men are getting me so close. I love how rough they are with me. And it isn't long before my pleasure threatens to overtake me.

I try to push my orgasm away. I focus on thrusting just enough to please my master but not make me go over the edge.

For a while, it works.

The two men who are sharing me come at the same time. The man in my pussy paints the walls of my tight channel with his load, but the man in my mouth pulls out at the last minute, and his cum sprays hot and thick on my straining breasts.

Two new men immediately take their places. For the entire afternoon, I lie flat on my back, letting all the men in the office do whatever they want to me while Daniel and the CEO watch.

Every time I think I'm finished, another set of guys is all over me. My shame flares when I realize that I have no idea how many men have come

inside me today.

But at the same time, it's like the more they humiliate and use me, the more worked up I get. And that's becoming a problem now.

It's impossible for me to hold off much longer. The only thing that's helped me get this far is how excited the men are. The guys sharing my cunt have been coming pretty fast.

Biting my cheek, I try to stay flat. "Meet his strokes, slut," Daniel commands, his voice cracking like a whip.

Luckily, my small thrusts finish off the guy inside me. "Oh my God," he groans. "For such a sloppy pussy, she feels amazing," he says as his movements turn jerky and he fills me up.

"Sit up," Daniel growls a moment later.

Shakily, I prop myself up and look around. Everyone is gone except for Daniel and Mr. Fine. Blinking, I don't understand. I fucked everyone?

Daniel smirks, like he's reading my mind. "You were so naughty today," he tells me. "I loved every minute as much as you did. And so I think it's time for me to show you how much I liked it."

Daniel wraps his hand around the back of my neck, steering me off of the table. As soon as my feet hit the carpet, he turns me around and bends me over.

"You can go around the other side," my master tells the CEO. "She can look you in the eyes the whole time."

Daniel is the only person who sees me come, and I'm ashamed to have to make eye contact with Mr. Fine. It makes me shiver.

But Daniel pays no attention. He's too busy spreading my ass cheeks. I gulp, understanding what he's going to do.

I've never been fucked in the ass before, and Daniel is huge. I don't even know if he will fit.

That doesn't keep him from pressing insistently against my tight ring of muscle. Mr. Fine smirks at me, never breaking eye contact while I press my palms against the conference room table and try to hold myself up on shaking legs.

Daniel's member is rock hard, and he doesn't let up. Not until my rosebud finally gives way.

Then he presses forward, feeding himself in an inch at a time. I bite my lip harder and groan.

It takes a long time for Daniel to stretch me open, but eventually, his hips meet my ass with a slap. I feel stretched to the brink.

Daniel starts moving back and forth, and I know Mr. Fine can see the shame in my eyes. Because once I get used to the strange feeling of fullness, my body starts to feel amazing.

"Do I have permission to come, sir?" I asked, needing to confirm with my master.

"Oh, are you going to come with a cock in your ass?" he says mockingly. He pauses and then starts to rut me. "Yes, you have permission. You've been so good today, taking it in every hole."

The pleasure starts to build. Daniel reminding me that he passed me around the office puts me over the edge. Tingling starts between my legs, and my body feels warm and heavy.

My nipples pucker painfully, and I shake my head from side to side while still keeping my eyes trained on Mr. Fine. A whine escapes my lips, and both men laugh.

"I can't believe she's coming like that," Mr. Fine says.

But I don't care about the shame of it anymore. Because my pleasure is like a dam breaking.

My muscles contract, and my eyes roll back in my head. I collapse against the table as I ride out my orgasm, and Daniel props me up.

My rosebud spasms around his hard cock, gripping him tightly. And even though my pussy is empty, it spasms too, clamping down around nothing.

I buck and scream as the orgasm that I was denied for so long wrecks me. It lasts so much longer than any orgasm I've had before.

When it's done, I can't hold myself up. My cheek presses against the conference room table, and I go limp.

Daniel gives it to me slow and hard until his hands grip my hips hard enough to leave marks. He explodes inside me, and I muster enough energy to arch back and milk out his load.

When he finishes, he lifts me and puts me back on the table. He waits until I look up at him and the CEO.

"Mr. Fine is remodeling this conference room," he tells me, and I nod because he already mentioned that. "He's going to make it a special place—just for you—so that there's a bed for you to lie in when you please everyone," he continues, smirking. "Isn't that nice of him?"

Humiliated and Shared: Passed Around the Alley

Chapter 1

I take a sip of my diet soda, and my eyes dart to the clock in the corner of my cubicle. My lunch break is almost up.

With a big sigh, I double-click to open my calendar. I don't get it: I had tons of things planned for the weekend, but there's nothing on the screen in front of me.

Usually, I go out with a few guys each Friday and Saturday. Like, one will take me to dinner on Friday and another to lunch on Saturday and someone completely different takes me out Saturday night.

I guess it's not surprising, considering how I look. Guys have always loved my long, straight red hair and my perfect hourglass shape. It doesn't hurt that it's hard for me to find shirts that fit my slim body and big, round breasts, either.

But I was wrong about the weekend. I'm totally free. Now it's going to be hard for me to concentrate for the rest of the day. I was really looking forward to finally picking someone.

You see, for as often as I go out, I'm not easy. Actually, I'm, well... totally innocent.

I just have really high standards. But now that I've graduated from college and started my new job, I've been thinking that it's time.

So I was going to do something I never do: go on a second date with someone. I must have gotten the dates wrong.

My eyes flit back to the clock. Two more minutes, and then I'll have to switch my desk phone back on. To cheer myself up, I create a new calendar event for Saturday.

I type it in all caps: "LOSE MY VIRGINITY." I can call that guy later and ask him to come over, I think, smirking.

Then I close out of my calendar and turn on my desk phone. In seconds, it's lighting up and ringing. I spend the next thirty minutes routing calls non-stop.

It's a typical Friday afternoon, and I just count down the minutes until I can go home. But I hear a gravelly voice when I pick up the phone after its millionth ring.

"Claire," the voice growls. Normally, I tell callers to hold, but this time I stop dead in my tracks.

Pressing the receiver close to my ear, I squeak out a hesitant, "yes?"

"Come to my office. Now!" the man says. I look down at the phone, and I can't believe what I see on the caller ID. The call is coming from Mr. Wellsen's office.

Why would the CEO of a billion-dollar company be calling me? Why would he know my name?

All I know is that from the sound of his voice and the way he hangs up on me, he's not pleased.

On wobbly legs, I stand up from my desk and smooth out my skirt. My stilettos click down the tile floor as I head to the elevator. I've never ridden to the top floor of the office before.

When I step out, I'm blown away. Mr. Wellsen's office is like four times the size of my apartment. All around me, there are built-in bookshelves made from dark wood.

His desk looks like it was handmade, and the CEO stands up from behind it when I take a few cautious steps toward him.

My heart starts to beat fast when I see him. I've only looked at photos of Mr. Wellsen on the company website, and he's even more handsome in person. He's got that whole salt-and-pepper hair thing going, and he's so muscular that I can see his muscles bulging through his suit.

“What were you thinking?” the CEO barks at me.

Gulping, I try to understand what’s happening. All I do is answer phones for the marketing department. I haven’t screwed anything up. This must be a mistake.

“I’m sorry, but have you confused me with someone else?” I say cautiously.

Mr. Wellsen narrows his eyes and presses his palms on his wood desk as he leans forward menacingly. “No, I have not.”

Blinking at him, I say nothing. I seriously have no clue what’s happening. “Umm, I really don’t know what this is about,” I explain after an uncomfortable silence, twirling a piece of my red hair around my finger.

“This is about what you added to your work calendar,” he tells me darkly.

All of a sudden, I feel like the air has gone out of the room. My knees wobble again and then buckle, and the color drains from my face.

I didn’t have any dates on my calendar because I was looking at my shared work calendar. Mr. Wellsen smirks at me as the realization hits me.

Chapter 2

“I’m so sorry,” I say quickly. “I thought I was looking at my private calendar. I was on my lunch break. I don’t know how I could have done this,” I add, wringing my hands.

The CEO looks me up and down and then sits back down in his chair. “It better never happen again,” he tells me. “Some of our clients access the calendar. In fact, it was a very important client who brought this to my attention. He was checking the marketing schedule for his account.”

I feel like I’m going to be sick. “I promise it will never happen again,” I say quickly. “I mean it. I’ll be much more careful going forward.”

Mr. Wellsen nods, and even though he still looks furious, I think I’ll have a chance to prove to everyone that this was a huge, one-time mistake.

I start to leave, but Mr. Wellsen clears his throat. “Have a seat,” he tells me.

Every time he talks, I feel a little pulse of desire. So I hurry to the chair on the other side of the desk and glide into it.

“How long have you worked for my company?” the CEO asks, leaning back and steepling the fingers of his rough, strong hands.

“Almost two months, sir,” I answer. It’s hard to talk when my mouth is so dry, and I cross my legs, trying to ignore the desire that’s still building.

We make small talk for a few minutes, and I don’t know why, but I’m overcome with an urge to show off.

I think it’s the way he’s eyeing me. I know that I look great—because I always do. And I’m glad I didn’t think of buttoning my shirt all the way up before reporting to the CEO’s office.

Right now, he's looking at my cleavage, so I lean forward to let him get a better look.

Then I get this feeling like we both know where this is going. Mr. Wellsen stands up and shuts the door to his office, even though it's not like anyone would dare to come up to his floor uninvited.

He sits on the edge of his desk, close to me, and I shiver. "Is it true?" he says in his deep, sexy growl.

"Is what true?" I say, smiling.

"Are you really a virgin?"

Biting my lip, I don't hold back. "Yes," I tell the powerful CEO. "Because I've never met the right man."

"Until now," he says, reaching forward to cup my breast.

I cannot believe the CEO is touching me. It feels so good that I practically purr. "So where do you wanna do this?" I say suggestively, arching under his hand.

But Mr. Wellsen doesn't answer, not right away. He touches me for a moment longer and then takes a step back.

"We're not going to do anything here," he says, sweeping his hand around the office. "That's not the way I like it. And you want to please me, don't you?" he asks.

"Yes, Mr. Wellsen," I say in my sexiest voice.

"Good. And you'll do anything to please me?" the CEO says, rubbing the stubble on his chin.

"Of course," I squeal. So what if he doesn't want to do it in the office? I've been waiting a long time to lose my innocence, and I can wait a little longer. It seems like Mr. Wellsen wants to make it special.

“I’ll pick you up tonight then,” he tells me, and the way he waves his hand lets me know I’m dismissed.

I leave his office with a smug smile. I’m going to lose my virginity to the CEO!

*

That night, Mr. Wellsen doesn’t touch me in the limo, and it makes me feel confused. I’ve worn exactly the outfit he instructed me to put on and everything.

Does he not like the strapless black dress and the bright pink heels? Or will he be more excited when he sees for himself that I don’t have any panties on, just like he told me to?

The limo driver passes right by the city center, and my mind races. Mr. Wellsen didn’t tell me where we’re going, and I fantasize about him pinning me down in a luxurious bed in a swanky hotel room.

But through the windows, I can see we’re far past the ritzy part of town. I look out the window and then turn back to my boss.

My mouth is a tight line, and my heart is racing again. Mr. Wellsen can tell I’m confused, and he clears his throat.

“Remember when you said you would do anything to please me?” he says.

I nod.

“I’m going to put that to the test,” Mr. Wellsen says, his mouth quirking up at the corner.

All of a sudden, the limo stops. The driver comes around to my side and opens the door. Slightly dazed, I get out and look around.

It makes no sense, though. We’re in the industrial part of the city. There’s nothing around, just two brick walls on either side of me. There are no

windows or doors. It's an alley.

At the end of the alley, a group of men walk up. They don't look like they belong here—all of them are in suits.

I hear the limo doors slam shut, and the driver pulls away. He's left us here, but Mr. Wellsen doesn't seem surprised.

Looking back and forth between the pack of men and Mr. Wellsen, I feel overwhelmed. What is going on?

But I don't have to wait long for my answer.

"Claire, these are some of our most important clients," Mr. Wellsen says. "I thought you could apologize to them for...discussing your sex life on their shared calendar." Mr. Wellsen gives a mean chuckle.

My cheeks get so hot I feel like I'm on fire. This is super humiliating. The men are closing in around me, completely circling me, and they saw what I said about losing my virginity.

This is way worse than when Mr. Wellsen called me into his office. It's the most embarrassing moment of my life.

"I'm...sorry," I say weakly.

All the men laugh.

"No," Mr. Wellsen says. "You're going to apologize to them with your body."

Chapter 3

My eyes widen and Mr. Wellsen stares at me, silently reminding me that I told him I'd do anything to please him.

Of course, I didn't know that was going to involve a group of strangers in an alley.

"Stand up against the wall," Mr. Wellsen instructs. My legs bring me over to the brick wall on their own.

I feel so many things right now—I'm embarrassed and surprised. But mainly, I'm aroused. All the men are staring at me and licking their lips.

I'm the center of attention, and my little pussy clenches as the warm summer breeze travels up my dress. I turn around and put my hands on the brick wall, just the way Mr. Wellsen is miming, and someone steps right up to me.

In seconds, he's yanked my snug dress up over my hips.

"It's just like you said," the stranger marvels behind me. "No panties. She's desperate for it. Look at her dripping slit."

The men laugh, and I feel ashamed. It's true. My body has totally responded to the feel of the stranger's rough hands on my hips.

Looking over my shoulder, though, I search for the CEO's eyes. I catch sight of him, and he stares at me in a way that answers all my unasked questions.

I get it now. He's demanding this of me. He wants to watch.

And knowing that I'm performing just for him in this dark alleyway turns me on. More than I've ever been turned on before, actually.

My pussy quivers, and I turn back toward the brick wall. My hands practically scratch at it as the stranger unbuckles his belt and drops his pants behind me.

“She’s never done this before?” someone asks, and my boss must have nodded because I don’t hear anything. Or maybe I can’t hear anything over the blood pounding in my ears.

I want it so bad. And I don’t have to wait much longer—the stranger runs his throbbing cock up and down the length of my wet slit and then he plunges all the way in.

I moan as he hits a spot deep inside of me.

“She’s not a virgin anymore!” someone laughs as the stranger starts to pull out just to plunge back in.

He ruts me, and my body stretches around him, letting him in deep. Arching back, I meet his strokes, and everyone laughs.

“Look at her! She’ll do anything,” someone shouts.

Everyone is watching me take a stranger’s cock deep inside me, but I barely register that. Instead, I’m finding my rhythm as the stranger fucks me up against the wall. He bends me over farther and picks up the pace.

I’ve never done this before, so I have no idea what’s happening when he slows down and starts to give me jerky strokes. Inside me, the head of his cock flares.

Mewling, I press back on him harder. And then he explodes inside me, filling me up with his hot, sticky load.

When he pulls out, I think the limo will show up, but instead, someone else takes the stranger’s place. I hesitate until I hear Mr. Wellsen’s voice: “Keep taking cock,” he commands. “You’re already so good at it.”

I hear the smirk in his voice, and shame fills me. But I’m still so turned on that I submit to him.

In the end, I have no idea how many strangers have me. They never turn me around, so I don't even see their faces.

I lose track of how many times the men come inside me, and there's cum dribbling down my thighs. My normally perfect hair is tangled and stuck to my face from the effort of taking so many huge men and pleasing them.

Then, for the first time in hours, I'm empty. By now, I've gone wild and I'm desperate for it. I turn around, searching, and all I see is Mr. Wellsen leaning up against the brick wall that faces the one I've been pressed up against.

He's studying me, grinning. "You need it, don't you?" He can tell that none of the other men lasted long enough to get me off.

I nod pathetically, and he sighs. "I'm going to give it to you hard," he instructs me.

Then he arranges me so that I'm on all fours in the alley. My hands and knees are pressed firmly into the concrete.

Unlike the other men, the CEO takes his time entering me. All of a sudden, I understand why.

He's huge. All the men have been big, but Mr. Wellsen must be as big around as my wrist. Biting my lip, I try to relax as he works himself in an inch at a time.

It feels so good, but it's also such a tight fit—even after I've been stretched open by so many men. "I was getting you ready for me," the CEO whispers in my ear.

Then his hips slap my ass. I've done it. I've taken him.

Mr. Wellsen reaches forward and pulls down the top of my strapless dress. My breasts swing free, and he pinches and rolls my nipples, making me moan.

“You did a good job taking so many men,” he tells me in a growl. “Now come on my cock. I want to feel that tight pussy clamp down around me.”

I buck harder against the CEO, spearing myself on him over and over again. I still can’t believe that I’m doing this, but there’s no holding back now.

I’ve made myself come before alone at home, but I can tell that this orgasm is going to be totally different from that.

My screams echo around the alley as I get closer to going over the edge. The pleasure builds deep in my core, and I go wild.

Tossing my head from side to side, I scrunch my eyes shut. Mr. Wellsen reaches forward again, and this time, he pinches my clit.

That’s all it takes. The pleasure explodes inside me, and I whine and claw at the rough ground.

I start to fall forward, but the CEO holds me in place, continuing to use my body. My muscles relax, and I feel euphoric.

My pussy tightens around Mr. Wellsen, pulsing with my pleasure. When I’m finished, I go totally limp.

But Mr. Wellsen keeps using me until he finally pulls out and comes all over my lower back, like he’s marking his territory. The cum is all over me now, and it sinks in that I let so many men have their way with me.

Blinking up at Mr. Wellsen, I see that he’s smirking more than ever.

“That was a good first time,” he says, and I think he’s talking about me losing my virginity. But when he speaks again, I understand that I got it all wrong.

“Next time, I’ll have to pass you around the office,” he explains. “It’s not fair that only the clients got a turn. And I have so much more to teach you about submitting,” Mr. Wellsen says.

XXX with the Boss: Shared at the
Stadium

Chapter 1

I have big plans for my first Friday night after starting my new job. And of course, my manager ruins those plans first thing Friday morning.

“Mackenzie,” Mr. Molsin says when I come in late carrying a cup of iced coffee, “there will be important clients in town tonight, and I want you to go to the big game with them.”

Rolling my eyes, I pretend I can’t see that Mr. Molsin is watching me bend over as I tuck my handbag under my desk.

I straighten up slow, letting him get the full view. What’s the point of staying so fit if I don’t show off sometimes?

Plus, it’s not like Mr. Molsin is bad looking. Sure, he is the most annoying person to work for—I’m never forgiving him for wrecking my plans—but there’s no denying he’s hot.

I have a thing for the way his brown hair is graying at the temples, and I’ve noticed how he wears a nice, stylish suit to the office every day. It’s enough to give a girl some naughty fantasies.

“And Mackenzie?” Mr. Molsin says when I sit down. “Be on time from now on. Especially tonight.”

I huff and swivel away from him in my desk chair. Then I switch on my computer and start typing as loud as I can.

My boss needs to understand he shouldn’t talk to me that way. And I do see his eyes widen as I click my tongue and keep pounding my keyboard.

He shakes his head and walks away. As soon as he’s gone, I lean back in my chair and twirl a lock of my blonde hair around my finger.

Mr. Molsin’s office is just out of sight from my cubicle, so I spend most days only trying to look busy when I hear him walking down the hall. I

doubt I'll even pretend to work today.

I'm going to be going to some stupid basketball game tonight, I figure. I don't owe my job any attention today during the day, that means.

So instead, I spend a long time during my two-hour lunch break in my car, fixing my makeup in my rearview mirror. I pick out bright pink lipstick, and I blend my eyeshadow until it's perfect and smoky.

Once I get bored, I walk back into the office. Things get interesting when I check my email.

"Mr. Rhett will be attending the game with you," Mr. Molsin writes.

My mouth goes dry. Tonight, I'll be in a sky box with our most important clients—and the CEO of our billion-dollar company.

This is it. It's my chance for Mr. Rhett to notice me.

I've obviously looked at tons of photos of him online, and he's even hotter than Mr. Molsin. Maybe today isn't so bad after all.

*

For the first time in my life, I'm early. I don't care about the clients—at all, but I figure I might get a chance to be alone with the CEO.

Walking into the stadium, I straighten my miniskirt. It's black and scandalously short. I'm going to turn every head in the place.

To make my black stilettos and skirt more professional, I'm wearing a light gray button-down shirt. But I had to leave the top three buttons unbuttoned; I don't want to look old and stuffy.

My heels click across the floor of the stadium, and I walk quickly toward the elevators that will take me up to the private box. The whole stadium is decked out in the team colors, but I barely notice.

I'm not going to be watching the game. I'm going to be flirting with Mr. Rhett.

The idea distracts me, and I step into the elevator without realizing that someone is already inside. At first, it doesn't register.

But I've been looking at pictures of him all day, so there's no denying that Mr. Rhett is standing just next to me. He looks me up and down, and my heart beats fast.

With a ding, the doors close, and we're alone. The corner of Mr. Rhett's mouth pulls up into a smile, which makes me shiver.

I'm used to getting what I want, but I thought this was going to be a challenge. Will it really be this easy?

"Hi, Mr. Rhett," I say in my most flirtatious voice. "I'm Mackenzie. I work under Mr. Molsin."

Mr. Rhett chuckles.

It takes me a minute, but then I understand what he's laughing at: me working "under" my boss. And usually, I would use that as a way to start flirting, but this time, I don't.

Because there's something about Mr. Rhett that's totally unapproachable. He looks like he just stepped off the pages of a magazine.

Seriously, he's perfect in every way. Strong and fit and dressed in a designer suit.

Being alone with him in the elevator is making my knees weak, and it's sapped me of my usual confidence. "No, I mean, he's my boss," I say, starting to talk nervously.

Mr. Rhett just looks at his watch.

The doors slide open at the top level of the stadium, and Mr. Rhett walks toward his company's luxury box.

He acts like I don't even exist. And that pisses me off.

Stomping after him, I tap him on the shoulder. "Hey!" I say, putting my hands on my hips. "You haven't even told me what I'm supposed to be doing here."

Mr. Rhett turns and puts his hands in his pockets. "You'll be handing out nametags."

"That's it? I'm just here to sit behind some table? No way. You ruined my Friday night for this?" I say, totally annoyed and not bothering to hide it at all.

The CEO looks amused again, but this time, there's fire in his eyes. Leaning close, he whispers to me, "I can think of something else you can do..."

Chapter 2

After that suggestive comment, everything happens fast. I feel like my old self again, and I turn heel and throw open the door to a supply closet.

Mr. Rhett smirks and follows me inside, and his big, strong hands travel up my skirt. I'm already moaning under his touch.

Then he takes my chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilts my face up so that I'm staring him in the eyes.

"I have rules," the CEO says. "And you'll have to agree to them."

"What?" I ask, totally confused.

"If you want this, you're going to have to submit. Completely and totally," he says in his gravelly voice.

Shrugging, I nod. Whatever. If that's what he's into, I think it'll be fun.

Once I agree, Mr. Rhett's smirk deepens. He grabs hold of my button-down shirt and tears it open. My mouth forms an O of surprise, but I get distracted from my shock by the way he unclasps my bra and then pinches my nipples.

He takes handfuls of my tits, and I arch up against him. This is the hottest experience of my life. Mr. Rhett touches me firmly, and it's amazing.

Usually, I'm the one in charge when I'm with a guy.

My hands travel down to his pinstripe suit pants, but he grabs my wrists and pulls my hands away. "No, you're not understanding. I'm in charge, not you," he tells me.

Mr. Rhett continues to undress me. My skirt hits the floor of the supply closet before he yanks my thong panties down, revealing my bare mound.

Now I'm standing in front of the CEO in only my heels while he's totally dressed. He pins me up against the wall and pushes three fingers into me all at once.

I'm so full, and I start to ride his hand, but he shakes his head at me. "Stay still," he commands.

I'm seriously not used to this, and it takes all my self-control to follow his directions. The way he's touching my tight little cunt is driving me wild.

I can't wait to ride his dick.

Mr. Rhett hits a spot deep inside me, and my eyes roll back in my head. He's going to make me come, and I bite my lip and moan loudly.

All of sudden, Mr. Rhett pulls his hand out. He looks at me and shakes his head. "You're really desperate for it, aren't you?" he tells me.

I don't understand why, but he seems like he isn't happy with me.

"I want you," I purr, hoping he'll finish me off or take things to the next level.

Cocking his head, Mr. Rhett stares at me, blinking. "Did you think you'd just pull me into a closet, and I'd give it to you?" he asks incredulously. "You don't get it. I'm in charge."

I stare at the tile floor, totally confused and a little ashamed. He seems mad, but he's right. I thought this would be a quickie in the closet and a big conquest to brag to my girlfriends about over cocktails.

Mr. Rhett is a billionaire, after all.

"I'm going to ask one more time: Can you submit? Are you capable of it?" he says.

This time, I nod vigorously, forgetting to hide how desperate I'm starting to feel. Oh well, it's not like anyone else can see me or is going to know.

Mr. Rhett's mouth is a tight line. "Prove it," he says, pushing open the closet door. "Go to the sky box and get on all fours."

My jaw drops. He cannot be serious. Every VIP client is coming tonight, and with our closet hook-up dragging on, they must all be here already.

But Mr. Rhett is obviously serious. He's staring daggers at me, and he said this was my last chance.

I don't know what comes over me, but I walk timidly behind Mr. Rhett. He looks over his shoulder and gives me a knowing look.

When we enter the sky box, every head turns. "You won't be paying attention to the game, gentlemen," he booms. "I brought you her instead."

My face turns bright red when I feel them all looking at me. There must be ten men in the sky box, and they leer and make comments about me.

"Now," Mr. Rhett says, displeased again, and I realize that I'm standing behind him, trying to cover myself up instead of doing what I was told.

Slowly, I sink to my knees and then I place my palms on the cold ground. I'm totally offering myself up to Mr. Rhett while all these strangers watch.

My face burns again, and my heart is pounding. But I can't deny how turned on I am. There's already wetness dripping down the inside of my slim thigh.

If Mr. Rhett wants to fuck me while these men watch, it'll be pretty hot. And I'll still have bragging rights that I had the CEO.

That's what I tell myself anyway.

But what Mr. Rhett says next changes everything. "Who wants the first turn?" he booms.

What?

Mr. Rhett is going to share me?

Chapter 3

Sitting back on my heels, I look up at Mr. Rhett as a group of men circles me. His jaw ticks, but I need to look at him.

“This is how I’m going to teach you to submit,” he says finally. There’s something about his raspy voice, and the mood in the room.

I get back on all fours.

I want to show the CEO I can submit. I don’t have to wait long for my chance to prove it to him.

Immediately, someone slaps my ass while someone else walks up to my face. The man in front of me unzips his pants and thrusts forward.

Instinctively, I part my lips to take him. I can’t believe I’m doing this, but I’m totally lost in the moment.

The stranger’s cock is thick and musky. He’s so big that I struggle to fit him, but he keeps thrusting, tangling his hand in my long, blonde hair.

At the same time, I feel pressure behind me. Soon, whoever slapped my ass enters my dripping pussy in one quick stroke.

The two men take turns thrusting, pushing me back and forth. Every time the guy behind me thrusts, I gag around the cock in my mouth.

And each time the guy fucking my mouth thrusts, the man behind me goes deeper, splitting me open.

“Look at her take them!” someone shouts. “She’s loving it. She’ll let anyone use her.”

I try to ignore them, but shame fills me. It’s true at this point. I’m just so turned on and so eager to please Mr. Rhett.

I prove them right too. Because the man in my mouth starts to buck, and the head of his cock flares in my throat. Once his cum starts pumping into my mouth, I lap it up eagerly.

And as soon as he walks away, another man takes his place, and I swirl my tongue around his shaft. “I want to see your pretty mouth tight around the base of my cock,” he barks, and I comply quickly.

He’s even bigger than the last guy, but I know I have to do my best to please him. Inch by inch, I swallow him down.

The sight of me swallowing such a big cock is too much for the man in my pussy. He groans, and his hands dig into my hips. With a couple more strokes, he lets his load spill inside me, and it paints the walls of my cunt.

The whole evening, I’m passed around to man after man. There’s never a time when there isn’t a cock in my mouth and a cock in my pussy.

The more the VIPs fuck me, the more I want it. I forget how shameful it is and let the pleasure of it take over.

I’m stretched to my limit over and over again without a break, and Mr. Rhett watches and evaluates me the entire time. Every once in a while, he gives me an order.

“Harder,” he’ll say if I fail to tilt up to meet the strokes I’m being given.

I show him that I am capable of submitting, and I hope that he’ll reward me by having his way with me. But for hours, he just watches.

The men mill around, watching the game and doing whatever they want with me. I have no idea how long it lasts, but finally, I realize that I haven’t heard the buzzer or any of the men cheering in a while.

When I look up, I see that the game must be over. It’s just me, Mr. Rhett, and one other guy in the sky box.

The guy turns, and my stomach drops. Mr. Molsin walks over smugly.

He towers over me, and I wonder how I must look. My blonde hair is matted, and I'm covered in the loads of so many men.

"I always knew I'd see you on your knees," my boss says. "But I had no clue you were such a slut that you'd let every single guy here take a turn."

Mr. Molsin chuckles, and I blush.

My boss watched the entire time. He's seen me give my best blow jobs and lick every cock clean. He knows how I moan when my little pussy is stretched.

I'm humiliated. But when he walks over and flips me onto my back, I'm only turned on. I look up at him as he straddles my mouth.

Meanwhile, the CEO approaches too. I mewl when I hear him unzip his pants. And now I'm shaking my head from side to side in anticipation.

These two powerful men are going to have me. My nose fills with the manly smell of Mr. Molsin as I gag around him.

Mr. Rhett enters me to the hilt with one rough thrust, and I buck against him until he holds my hips down onto the ground. Lying there flat, I give myself over to them.

The three of us are all tangled together for what seems like hours. I feel warm and tingly, like every nerve has come to life.

It felt good before with all the rest of the men. But this is something totally different.

I understand now. I've submitted to Mr. Rhett, and I feel like I belong to him. It excites me, and I've never wanted to please him more.

He slows down his pace, ramming into me over and over again. And Mr. Molsin is a stud, who lasts and lasts.

They use me thoroughly, like they're seeing how much I can take. But after a while, I can't hold back. My swollen, red pussy is clamping down

around the CEO.

“Can I come for you?” I beg Mr. Rhett, but my words are garbled because I have a mouth full of Mr. Molsin.

Mr. Rhett ignores me, and my stomach clenches. It’s too late to ask for permission. I’m coming.

My eyes roll back in my head and all my muscles contract and relax. I squeeze around Mr. Rhett’s huge cock and scream around Mr. Molsin’s.

The orgasm crashes over me, and my body has never, ever felt better. The pleasure totally consumes me, and I ride the high of it.

Afterwards, my aftershocks keep clamping down around Mr. Rhett. I hear the two men talking about me, as I lie there, limp and satisfied.

“She knew she needed your permission,” Mr. Molsin says.

“But I did not grant it,” Mr. Rhett responds. “She’ll be punished for that.”

The CEO grunts and gives it to me harder than ever, before pulling out and spurting hot cum all over my flat belly. Mr. Molsin decides to come on me too, and his load sprays out onto my tits.

“There are more sky boxes,” Mr. Molsin muses.

“No, I’m not going to share her with more VIPs. I think her punishment will take place in the stadium,” Mr. Rhett says, laughing darkly. “I’ll bet there are tons of eager fans who want a turn.”

XXX with the Boss: First Time Shared

Chapter 1

“Can you hold on for a second?” I say, rolling my eyes. “I think my boss is calling.” I’m not supposed to be talking to my best friend on the phone at work, but Mr. Lende barely uses my services as an executive assistant.

What else can I do to kill time?

“Hello, sir,” I say, switching lines. It’s hard to keep my voice steady. I’m still not used to talking to someone so intimidating.

“Dana, stay on the call and write down what I’m saying,” Mr. Lende barks.

Blowing the hair out of my face, I say, “Of course, sir. Let me just tell the...client on the other line that I’ll call them back.

I switch back to Hannah and start talking fast. “I’m gonna have to go,” I apologize. “My boss finally remembered he has a secretary, and now I need to, like, write down some dumb dictation. At least he’s hot,” I add. “Seriously, I have dreams about him some nights. You should see his big hands. I always wonder what they’d feel like all over my body.”

Pausing, I wait for Hannah to giggle and gossip with me. But there’s nothing but silence. After a long moment, I hear the sound of throat clearing. It’s deep and doesn’t sound like Hannah at all.

My eyes dart down to the phone on my desk. The light labeled line 1 is blinking.

Hannah is still on hold—I’m talking to my boss.

I just told the CEO and founder of a billion-dollar company that I think my job is stupid but that I think he’s sexy.

My stomach drops, and my mouth goes dry.

“Sir, I...” I start. But Mr. Lende cuts me off.

“Report to my office,” he commands, and then I hear a dial tone.

Slamming the phone down, I lay my cheek on my desk. I’m so screwed. Well, at least I can try to look my best when I get in trouble, I think, heading off to fix my hair in the ladies’ room mirror.

Combing my fingers through my shiny blonde hair, I tug at my skirt to straighten it. I probably should have worn a longer skirt today, but usually, I’m alone in the lobby of the executive suite.

Everyone else works on the floors below, and Mr. Lende basically never comes out of his office.

The black stilettos I’m wearing show off my slim legs, and I adjust the collar of my button-down shirt, which emphasizes my big, round breasts.

If I’m getting fired, I’m going to look great doing it.

Still, walking into Mr. Lende’s office makes my legs feel wobbly. Any trace of confidence I had disappears. My mouth pulls down into a frown, and my heart beats so loud that I bet Mr. Lende can hear it.

I try not to look at the CEO, but I see him sneering at me out of the corner of my eye. His fingers are steepled, and he’s leaning back in his desk chair.

“What was that filthy talk?” he says. He sounds disgusted with me, and I feel my cheeks starting to flush.

This is so humiliating. How can I possibly explain away what happened?

“I’m really sorry, sir,” I squeak. “I shouldn’t have said any of that.”

Mr. Lende rakes his hand through his dark hair and leans forward. “Who were you talking to?”

This keeps getting worse and worse. “Well, my friend called, and I was telling her that I couldn’t talk at work,” I lie.

“I see,” my boss says. “So you tie up my phone line chattering away, and your conversations are deeply inappropriate.”

The fake smile slips off my face. What can I say to defend myself? It’s true. I stay silent and stare at the floor.

“Come over here,” Mr. Lende says in a gravelly voice. Shivering, I walk over to his desk and stand beside him.

“There’s a way you can make this up to me,” my boss says, and I perk up immediately. “Otherwise, I’ll pretend this didn’t happen—just this once.”

“What can I do?” I say breathlessly. “I’ll do anything.”

“That’s what I’m counting on,” Mr. Lende says, smirking. The mood in the room changes, and the tension shifts, becoming sexual.

Standing this close to the CEO makes me lick my lips. He’s so good-looking and so manly. And I’ve always had a thing for older guys.

Feeling braver, I perch myself on the edge of his desk and watch his gaze travel my body. My heart starts beating fast again, but it’s not because I’m worried. This time, it’s because I’m turned on.

“Tell me about these dreams you have,” Mr. Lende tells me firmly.

Chapter 2

It's so embarrassing, but I start talking. "I dream that I come into your office and you peel off my clothes and lay me down on this desk," I whisper.

Mr. Lende's eyebrows raise, but he doesn't look mad. "Interesting," he says. "Keep going."

"You take your time, and you have me slow." I really can't believe this is happening. Telling Mr. Lende about my fantasies feels surreal. But there's no way I'm going to let this moment pass.

This is my chance to make my fantasies a reality. Coyly, I bite my lip and stare into Mr. Lende's eyes.

"It wouldn't happen like that," Mr. Lende says suddenly, shattering the moment.

"Oh," I say, deflated.

Mr. Lende holds up a hand. "I would have you, but not slow and gentle."

The smile returns to my face. "I've never done it rough, but like I said, I'm down for anything," I tell him.

"You have to mean that," he says in a warning tone. "If you want this, you have to follow my rules. You have to obey."

Everything happens so fast.

I nod, and Mr. Lende stands up and pushes me so that I'm lying flat on my back. He holds me down with one hand and flips my skirt up with the other.

He has me pinned down forcefully, and it gets me so hot. I can feel my pussy quivering as he presses his palm to the front of my panties.

I arch up to meet his touch, and he leans down, glaring. “Stay completely still. And follow all my instructions.”

Nodding, I bring my hips back down onto the desk. I lie motionless, and he presses his hand against me over and over, making me stifle a moan.

Soon, he nudges my thong to the side. More than anything, I want to spread my legs and arch up again to coax him inside me. But I understand that that would be breaking the rules.

It takes all of my self-control to stay still. Mr. Lende is teasing me, running his fingers up the length of my glistening slit with the lightest pressure.

Biting the inside of my cheek, I’m not sure I can take anymore. I need him inside me.

My nipples pucker, and I wonder absently if Mr. Lende can see them through my thin bra and white shirt. A moment later, I have my answer when he tears open my blouse, making the buttons fly off onto the desk.

He undresses me completely and then grabs hold of my ankles, spreading my legs open wide. My arousal is making me wild. I’m so turned on it’s almost painful, but I don’t dare move or touch him like I crave.

Mr. Lende pinches one of my hard nipples and then the other. Finally, he trails his hand down my flat belly, back down toward my dripping core.

He’s rougher this time, and when he slaps my clit, I’m surprised, and I fight the urge to sit bolt upright. Then he plunges three fingers inside me, and I can’t help it: I squeal loudly.

“I’m sorry, sir,” I say, clamping a hand over my own mouth.

Mr. Lende doesn’t say anything. Instead, he works his fingers in and out of me.

It's such a tight fit, and it feels incredible. I fantasize about riding his hand, knowing that it's forbidden. I scrunch my eyes shut and let the pleasure overtake me.

This is the hottest thing that's ever happened to me. I can't believe that I'm naked and spread on the CEO's desk.

He picks up the pace, hitting a spot deep inside of me with his fingers, and my eyes pop open. I'm seconds from coming, and it's going to be the biggest orgasm of my life.

I breathe in short, panting breaths, and my pussy clamps down on his hand. Mr. Lende looks down over me, and he touches me just the way I like it.

He was right: I need it rough.

The pleasure starts to crescendo, and we lock eyes. And then—

Mr. Lende pulls his fingers out of me and takes a step back. "I'm in charge," he says in a firm, commanding voice. "You come when I say you can come. And you don't come when I don't want you to," he adds, chuckling meanly.

My whole body is desperate. I was so close, and now I've been denied. I feel like crying or screaming, but I can tell from the look on the CEO's face that acting out is a bad idea.

So I lie there motionless instead, feeling totally frustrated and let down. Mr. Lende stares down at me for a long time, showing his dominance, and then he snaps his fingers. "Get up and get dressed," he barks.

Sliding off his desk, I scurry to pick my clothes up off the floor. I have to hold my shirt closed once I put it back on because it doesn't have buttons anymore.

Mr. Lende paces around the office, and I wait for my next instruction. "Do you think you need more training?" he asks me, smirking.

I shake my head vigorously, and he laughs.

“We disagree about that,” he tells me. “I want to make sure you understand who’s really in charge. From now on, you don’t wear anything under your clothes. No panties, no bra. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir,” I tell him, my cheeks blushing again.

“Well?” he barks.

Startled, I realize that was a command, and I hook my thumbs around my thong and ease it down. Mr. Lende holds out a hand, and I place my panties into his palm.

“Good. Come in early tomorrow. You’re dismissed,” the CEO says. “Oh, and Dana?” he calls after me. “All of your orgasms belong to me. You better not touch *my* pussy while you’re at home.”

Chapter 3

The rest of the workday is a blur. I staple my shirt together and pray that no one comes to the executive suite. I don't think I could take it if they did.

I don't have to check my reflection to know that my skin is flushed, and my hair is messed up too.

That night, I'm so turned on that I can barely sleep at all. I toss and turn, and when I do finally manage to drift off, I dream that Mr. Lende refuses to let me come for weeks.

It's weird sitting down at my desk the next day without any panties on under my tight pencil skirt. For some reason, I feel like everyone I pass on my way up to the executive suite can tell how naughty I'm being.

By the time I switch on my computer, there's a mix of arousal and total shame that's overtaken me. And I don't understand why Mr. Lende had me come in early.

It's noon before the phone on my desk lights up. "Get into the conference room two floors down," Mr. Lende commands. "And show me that you understand that I'm in charge."

I hurry to obey, but when I walk into the conference room, I'm surprised to see that Mr. Lende is already at the head of the table. He must have called from the phone at his elbow.

Around him, there are six men, who squint up at me as I skitter into the room.

I start to sit at a chair at the far end of the room, but Mr. Lende stops me. "Like yesterday," he says, patting the table.

The color drains out of my face. Like yesterday? He's going to have me on the table in front of all these strangers?

“Now,” the CEO barks, and I sit on the edge of the table as all the men eye Mr. Lende curiously.

“Lie back,” he tells me.

Once I’m lying down on the cold table, they can see up my short skirt. They can see I’m not wearing panties.

The men go wild, whooping and cheering until Mr. Lende silences them by knocking once on the table. “Here’s how this is going to go,” he instructs. “You can do whatever you want with her, but she is forbidden from coming.”

My heart hammers again. I thought Mr. Lende was going to have his way with me. But he’s passing me around?

The handsome, dominant CEO comes around the table and whispers in my ear: “Obey, and I’ll give you what you want. But you have to earn it.”

Gulping, I nod. I’m in too deep. There’s no way I could say no—I don’t want to put a stop to this. I want to please Mr. Lende.

In an instant, all six men are tearing at my clothes, and soon, I’m naked on the table as they prowl around me.

One beats the rest of them to it. He jumps up onto the table and unbuckles his pants. I squint my eyes shut.

I can’t believe I’m doing this. It’s so shameful how bad I want it. Mr. Lende must sense that I’m totally humiliated because he leans down and whispers, “I’m going to enjoy watching Neil split that pussy open. And the more I enjoy this, the closer you get to what your body needs.”

I take a deep breath and tamp down my shame, just in time to see Neil lining himself up with my entrance. He thrusts forward, and all at once, he’s in to the hilt.

Neil’s grunts and groans echo around the room. He ruts me, and I start to slide across the table. That is, until someone else straddles my face, holding

me in place.

The guy at my mouth pushes his cock in between my lips, and I swallow him down. I feel so full with someone in my pussy and someone in my mouth.

The musky scent of the cock I'm licking and sucking is intoxicating, though, and I lose myself in the moment. It's like all my nerve endings have come alive.

The problem is that it feels too good. I'm so close, even though I'm trying to stop my orgasm from coming. The more the man in my cunt ruts me, the more my heart races.

I can't disobey Mr. Lende.

Lucky for me, Neil grunts and bucks and then unloads inside me. I breathe a sigh of relief as he pulls out, but another man takes his place.

The entire afternoon, the men take turns in my pussy and in my mouth. And I have a bunch of close calls. I bite my lip so hard and try to lie perfectly still so that I don't come.

But it's what I need. I'm desperate to orgasm.

I do whatever the men ask me to, and I don't know how many times they have me. All I know is that I can't possibly last much longer.

Finally, my boss jumps onto the conference room table. The rest of the men stare from their chairs. They're going to watch, I think absently. They're going to see me finally come.

I look at Mr. Lende, my eyes pleading. It's too embarrassing.

But he ignores me. "Don't move at all," he commands, and I stay still.

He plunges into me, and I already want to explode. His cock is huge, and it's such a snug, satisfying fit.

Mr. Lende toys with me, taking me slow and then fast. He pinches my clit just to test if I'll move, but I don't dare.

When he gets into a faster rhythm, my eyes snap open, and I beg him wordlessly. There's no way I can push this orgasm off, not with a stud like Mr. Lende.

But he ignores me completely, grabbing my breasts and ramming into me over and over.

The pleasure flares in my core, and if he doesn't give me permission soon...

"Please," I say weakly. "Please let me come, sir."

Mr. Lende acts like he can't hear me and fucks me harder. And that's it. I can't stop what's coming.

My cunt grips him hard, clamping down again and again. Pure pleasure explodes inside me, and I scream loudly, tossing my head from side to side.

Stars explode behind my eyes, and my entire body goes rigid. The orgasm totally wrecks me. It's the biggest one I've ever had. I didn't think it was possible to come so hard.

I writhe and arch up to meet Mr. Lende's strokes. I'm already in trouble for moving and coming, so there's nothing to lose.

When I finish, I collapse back and lie still. Mr. Lende says nothing but keeps fucking me until he comes deep inside me.

Only when he stands up does he glare at me.

"I knew you needed more training," he booms. "You came without permission. I specifically commanded you to lie still. You should have seen yourself."

He clears his throat and leans closer to me. "The way you thrashed around while a room full of men watched."

“I’m sorry, sir,” I whisper. “I couldn’t help it. I couldn’t hold it off.”

Mr. Lende’s mouth is a tight line. “I have a lot more to teach you about pleasing me,” he says, his voice cracking like a whip. Then he rubs his hands together. “I’m going to have fun thinking of a punishment for you. And I think I’ll start by sharing you with the rest of the office.”

Shared by My Boss: First Time XXX

Chapter 1

The red corset I'm wearing is tied tight, accentuating my hour-glass shape and making it even more exaggerated. Since it's paired with red heels and a lacy red thong, if anyone comes into Mr. Ashe's office, they'll spot me right away.

After all, I am standing facing the door, bent over with my legs spread.

Mr. Ashe paces around the office with his hands clasped behind his back. Each thudding step makes me jump a little, but I stay in the position he put me in as best I can.

Yesterday, my flirtation with the CEO paid off. When he admitted his attraction to me, I had just smiled coyly.

But then he told me that he didn't just want to hook up—he wanted me to submit. The idea of it still makes my mouth go dry and my pussy quiver.

I've never done anything like this before. I've never been with a rough older man. Especially not at work.

My full breasts are pressed into the glass top of Mr. Ashe's desk. My fingers grip the other edge of the glass and steel desk, and my hips are tilted in the air so that my boss can get a good look at me.

"Don't think about moving," Mr. Ashe says when I wriggle a little. His voice is low and deep. Immediately, I go still.

He's pacing behind me now, and I can feel him getting closer to me. A shiver runs up my spine. Will he finally touch me?

"Spread your legs more," he commands. I obey, and when I'm spread wider, I'm glad my cheek is pressed against the cold glass and he can't see that I'm blushing so hard.

The CEO runs his hand up the curve of my ass, and I swear there's a crackle of electricity between us.

My whole body comes alive at his touch. This is even better than I thought it was going to be.

Mr. Ashe nudges my panties to the side, and I bite my lip. He knows that I'd do anything to get with him, and now he's taking his time and showing me who's in charge.

I resist the urge to press myself against his hand, and I scrunch my eyes shut. My heart is beating so loud in my ears that I barely hear him clicking his tongue at first.

"You're a desperate little slut, aren't you?" he muses. "I haven't touched your little pink cunt, and it's already glistening for me."

The way he says it makes me feel a little ashamed. It's true. I'm soaking wet for him, and I have been ever since he put me in this position across his desk.

Anyone could walk in and find us, and that makes it so much hotter.

Mr. Ashe pushes a finger inside me, like he's moving in slow motion. A moan escapes my lips, and because I've disobeyed him by not being silent, he pulls out of me, leaving me feeling desperate and empty.

"I'm sorry, sir," I say pathetically before I realize that apologizing is also not being silent. It's going to get me in trouble.

"Stand up and walk over to the wall," Mr. Ashe says in a near-whisper.

So far, he's never raised his voice. But when he talks in low tones, it's even more intimidating than if he yelled.

I hurry over to the wall and stand with my shoulders squared and my elbows back so that he has a good view of my cleavage. Some of my blonde hair tumbles down from the messy bun it's in, and I tuck it back behind my ears.

“What did I say about talking out of turn?” my boss asks.

“I’m not supposed to speak unless you ask me a question,” I reply meekly.

Mr. Ashe arches his eyebrows at me. “I mean, no speaking unless you ask me a question, *sir*,” I say quickly.

I’m doing such a bad job at proving that I can follow the CEO’s orders. Cringing, I wait for whatever is coming next.

Yesterday, when Mr. Ashe said that he wanted to teach me to submit, he said I would be punished for disobeying. Now I’ve disobeyed him twice.

Mr. Ashe closes the space between us and reaches behind me. His fingers deftly untie my corset, and soon, my aching, round tits spring free as the red lingerie hits the floor.

I expect Mr. Ashe to touch me. Instead, he just leaves me standing against the wall of his office—topless and in just my panties and heels.

He walks purposefully to the door and shuts it firmly behind him. I have no idea how long he leaves me standing there. Waiting for my punishment makes every second feel like an eternity.

My skin prickles—both from anticipation and pure arousal. I’ve never, ever been this turned on.

Finally, Mr. Ashe throws the door open again. And my jaw drops...

My manager is with him.

Chapter 2

It's clear that Mr. Ashe didn't tell Mr. Perry what was waiting on the other side of his office door. Because Mr. Perry does a double take.

He's sputtering and confused, but Mr. Ashe motions for him to enter the room.

"Imogene has been a very naughty girl," Mr. Ashe says to Mr. Perry. My manager still looks stunned, but it doesn't take long before his mouth quirks up into a seedy smile.

He looks me up and down, and I want to cover myself up because it's so embarrassing. But I know better than to get myself in more trouble.

And the truth is that I love the attention. Mr. Perry is almost as hot as Mr. Ashe, and I can admit that I've had some pretty scandalous thoughts about him.

Still, fantasizing about my manager is totally different than standing in front of him almost naked. It's humiliating to be inspected like this by not one, but two men.

I have to hand it to Mr. Ashe because this is an extreme punishment for disobeying him.

"Imogene," Mr. Ashe says, and I pull my eyes up from the hardwood floor and look at the CEO. "What if I told you that Mr. Perry here needs to be pleased?"

"Then I would work hard to please him, sir," I say automatically. I know this is the answer that Mr. Ashe wants. But more than that, I want it too.

Mr. Ashe still hasn't touched me more than a little, and my arousal has totally overtaken me. Mr. Ashe chuckles, and it's a cruel sound. "Then what are you waiting for?" he barks.

Stepping away from the wall, I let Mr. Perry guide me by the back of my neck over to the velvet sofa that's in the corner of the cavernous corner office.

Mr. Perry sits down and pushes me to my knees in front of him. I gaze up at him, blinking at my manager through my lashes.

Without a word, he unzips his pants and pulls his cock out roughly. He's already rock-hard, and his member is throbbing and standing straight out from his body.

Parting my lips, I lean forward and swirl my tongue around the tip of his cock. Then I open wide and try to deep-throat him.

But I've never blown a guy so big before, and I gag around him, and tears fill my eyes.

"Her mouth feels good, but I want to feel it all the way in," Mr. Perry says to the CEO. Before Mr. Ashe can reprimand me, I take the cock deeper.

My mouth has never been as full as this. Bobbing back and forth, I manage to get him all the way to the back of my throat. I lick and suck and pull back so that I can swirl my tongue around his tip again before swallowing him down a second time.

Kneeling in front of him, all I want to do is press my palm against my pussy. But I know that's not allowed.

That doesn't keep the desire from overtaking me, though. Just when I think I'll risk being punished for touching myself, Mr. Perry starts to buck and groan.

He lifts his hips up off the gray sofa, and I prepare myself to swallow his load. But as the head of his cock flares, he pushes me back, and his load spurts all over my chest.

The two men laugh and talk about me as Mr. Perry tucks himself away.

“I always knew I’d come on her one day,” Mr. Perry says, sighing.

“You did?” Mr. Ashe says, raising his eyebrows.

“I did. She always acted like a good girl, but I could tell she was a needy slut,” my manager tells him.

I’m still kneeling on the floor, and shame overtakes me. I can’t believe that I’m behaving this way. But then again, I agreed to submit to the CEO.

He said he knew my darkest desires. And he was right.

I stay in place, not daring to move.

“How was it?” Mr. Ashe asks.

Mr. Perry shrugs. “Good, but I’ve had better.”

A dark look crosses the CEO’s face. “Sounds like she needs some practice.”

My heart is in my throat as Mr. Ashe picks up his phone. He has his back to me, so I can’t hear what he’s saying, but he makes call after call.

It gives me plenty of time to wonder what’s coming next. I’m still painfully turned on, but I’m so nervous too.

I should have done a better job pleasing my manager. I know I’ll be punished for not doing better.

Quivering, I kneel for a long time. And the next thing I know, a crowd of men burst into the office.

*

“Welcome, gentlemen,” Mr. Ashe booms. “Here are the rules: There are no rules. Do whatever you want to Imogene; she needs the practice.”

I look at the wave of men entering the room and gulp. They cheer and rush toward me, and I try to count them, but I lose track after the twentieth guy.

Some of them I recognize, like the members of the sales team. But most of them I've never seen before. And now they're going to have their way with me.

In no time at all, the crowd has carried me away from the sofa and to the center of the office. They lay me down on a plush throw rug and put me on my back.

One of the guys from the sales team is stronger than the rest and he muscled the other guys away from me, pulls down my panties, and spreads my ankles.

Now I'm only wearing my high heels and nothing else. I'm completely humiliated that Mr. Ashe is going to pass me around.

I think he must see my apprehension because he looms over me. "This will deepen your submission to me," he says firmly. "Please them the way you would please me."

It's a command that I have to follow. But it's also a command that I crave.

I need someone inside me. I have for hours now. Mr. Ashe has been teasing me for that long.

The guy from the sales team unbuckles his belt and drops his pants. The intensity of his gaze is like nothing I've experienced before.

For a second, I forget there's a crowd of men who are about to watch me get fucked.

But then someone shouts, "Plow her already," and the sales rep grins and plunges in. In one swift motion, he's in to the hilt.

I writhe under him, arching up to meet his rough strokes. He's relentless.

I'm seeing stars from how hard he's taking me. In fact, I almost don't notice that there's another guy approaching until he starts straddling my face.

Instinctively, I open my mouth wide and take him. I've never been with two guys at once, and I can't believe how stretched I feel.

All of me feels so alive as I suck and slurp while taking the rough strokes from the man in my pussy. Everyone around me goes wild, whooping and cheering.

It hits me like a ton of bricks that I'm totally on display for them. I can't believe that I'm doing this.

But it's what Mr. Ashe wants. And it's what I want deep down too.

Chapter 3

“Her pussy is so tight that I’m already coming,” the sales rep groans. He starts to move in sloppy, jerky strokes, and I can feel the head of his cock flaring inside me.

My pussy grips him tighter, and he sputters and groans again. His hands dig into my hips, and with one final cry, he unloads.

I guess the sight of it is too much for the guy in my mouth. He slows down and tangles a hand in my blonde hair. Then, all of a sudden, my mouth floods with his salty load.

I drink it down and then lick him clean. Not a drop of cum remains, and I look over at Mr. Ashe, and he gives me a nod of approval.

The next thing I know, someone else walks up and puts me on all fours. The ground feels hard and cold on the palms of my hands and my knees.

Soon, there’s a guy at my mouth again too. The two of them take turns thrusting into me, and my heavy tits swing with each movement.

All day, I’m stretched and shared. There’s always a cock in my mouth and one in my pussy. I take load after load, cleaning up the guys who have come each time.

I’m exhausted, but I don’t stop. And every time someone plunges into me, it’s exhilarating. I don’t care that I never have a break or that there’s so much cum dribbling down my slim thighs.

My hair is matted and stuck to my face, but the more they give it to me, the more I want it. They have me all over Mr. Ashe’s office.

They fuck me in every position, moving me just how they want me and using my willing body.

Absently, I think how good it feels to submit to Mr. Ashe. This was what he desired, but it's what I couldn't admit I desired too.

The entire time, my manager and Mr. Ashe stand close by. They never stop watching me.

It makes me feel like Mr. Ashe owns me completely, and I realize he was right: This has made me submit to him deeply.

A new man plunges into my swollen, red pussy but no one comes to use my mouth. I look around the office, and I realize that I must have pleased everyone else.

The guy comes almost instantly. He's been waiting a long time and watching me take all the other guys, so he must have been really ready to go.

When he tucks himself away and leaves the office, I'm alone with Mr. Ashe and Mr. Perry.

"How do you think she did?" Mr. Perry asks the CEO.

Mr. Ashe rubs the stubble on his chin. "Well, I think she got some good practice," he says quietly. "But she's not done yet."

Mr. Perry gives me a seedy grin and he picks me up and puts me back in the position Mr. Ashe had me in before: bent over with my arms gripping the outer edge of the desk.

But this time, my knees are wobbly. I'm still so turned on, and it's making it hard to stand.

Mr. Ashe chuckles. He slaps my ass a couple of times, making me jump a little.

Then he spreads my ass cheeks. "You've never done this before, have you?" he asks as he presses the tip of his cock against my rosebud.

"N-no, sir," I stutter. I swallow hard.

“That makes this even better,” Mr. Ashe says in a growl. “Stay and watch me take her anal virginity,” he says to Mr. Perry.

My face turns bright red. This is so humiliating. But it’s what Mr. Ashe wants.

At first, I doubt my body can fit his huge cock. It doesn’t feel like he’s making any progress as he pushes firmly against me.

My backdoor is stretching, but I don’t think there’s any way it can stretch *that* much. Gripping the desk harder, I bite my lip.

Mr. Ashe pushes harder, and my knees feel like they’re buckling more. But then, just when I think it’s no use, he enters me.

“That’s just the head,” he tells me. “Keep taking me.”

With a groan, he feeds himself in, inch by inch. The pressure is unlike anything I’ve felt before. I’m just so full.

Finally, his hips slap my ass, which rocks the desk. I hold my grip, and soon, the pressure turns to pleasure. My whole body tingles as he uses me.

Mr. Perry kneels down so that he’s right in my face. “You look good like this,” he tells me. “I loved watching you get passed around, and now, I get to see you take it up the ass.” He grins, and I blush again.

But as the pleasure builds in me, I ignore my total humiliation. Mr. Ashe is hitting a spot deep inside, and it feels incredible.

My toes curl in my high heels, and I scrunch my eyes shut and claw at the glass desk top, making both men laugh.

The pleasure builds and builds, and Mr. Ashe ruts me. My moans of pleasure turn to screams as the bliss floods me.

Mr. Ashe flicks my clit, and that’s all it takes to send me over the edge. My rosebud spasms along with my pussy, and I throw my head back.

I'm going completely wild; my body is warm and euphoric. The orgasm tears through me, and when I'm done, I collapse against the desk.

Mr. Ashe keeps using my body for his pleasure until he goes over the edge too. And when he does, he fills my backdoor with his seed, claiming it as his.

The CEO pulls out with one final grunt and walks around to stand next to Mr. Perry. "You're right," he tells my manager, clapping him on the back. "She looks good like that. So we'll be doing this every day from now on."

Humiliated and Shared: Passed Around the Showroom

Chapter 1

My coworkers are running around, and it's pathetic. Has the owner of the car dealership really never come by for a visit?

I've only been a receptionist here for like two weeks, but it doesn't seem like that big of a deal. So while everyone around me makes sure that the newest cars are looking spotless in the showroom and wiping down the floor-to-ceiling glass windows, I sit at my desk.

Totally bored, of course. My manager acted like this job was going to be hard.

And even though we're busy a lot of the time, I sit around and answer a phone or tell people which car salesman out of our staff of twelve is available. There's nothing hard about that.

I won't be working here long, I tell myself for the hundredth time. Once my modeling career takes off, this will be a distant dream.

Closing my eyes, I imagine myself on an island with clear blue water and hot, white sand under my feet. I'll be in a string bikini, posing in the waves. It's only a matter of time.

When I open my eyes, Mr. Irving is standing in front of my desk. "Paige, do you think you could pitch in?" he asks with a hint of desperation in his voice. "We all need to work together today so that Mr. Ralley is impressed."

After I click my tongue and don't answer, his eyebrows knit together. "Please?" he tries.

"Fine," I huff, standing up on my sky-high stilettos and smoothing my strapless dress. Stepping out from behind the desk, I wait for Mr. Irving's reaction—and he doesn't disappoint.

My manager looks me up and down and practically wrings his hands. "Umm," he starts, and I put a hand on my hip and give him a withering

look. “Never mind, Paige. I don’t think you’re going to be able to help us clean up, umm, dressed like that.”

His gaze is fixed on my chest, and I roll my eyes and sit back down. I’m a receptionist, not a maid. So of course I’m not dressed to help scrub the windows or whatever.

My black dress shows a good amount of cleavage and it fits me like a second skin, hugging my curves and showing them off. The customers love me dressed like this, and Mr. Irving should be grateful.

I think some of the guys come in just to see me, and some of them drive away in a new car.

“He’ll be here in ten minutes,” one of the salesmen says, and everyone starts to panic. I watch them all run around, and I close my eyes again.

This time, I imagine I’m in a big city, out to dinner with my agent, who tells me I landed a magazine cover over a glass of champagne. Fantasizing is really the only thing that makes this awful job bearable.

The phone rings, and I ignore it. Whoever it is can leave a message. Right now, I’m far away...in Paris, actually. Oh, and my agent is a hot guy, who is asking me up to his hotel room.

Stomping footsteps pull me out of my imagination. I expect to see Mr. Irving simpering in front of me, but that’s not the view that greets me.

This time, when I get pulled out of my fantasy world, I’m greeted by a man who is as furious as he is hot. And that’s saying a lot.

The guy at my desk is tall, like 6’4” or 6’5.” His light gray suit is clearly a designer brand. I would know; I stay up on stuff like that.

His strong jawline and piercing blue eyes make my heart skip a beat. But it’s his hands—currently balled into fists—that make me feel most off-balance. They’re big and strong, and I immediately wonder what they would feel like all over me.

“Can I help you?” I purr.

“Yes,” the sexy stranger barks. “You can do your job. That’s what I pay for.”

I sit up straighter. He’s not a customer, then. Which makes him...Mr. Ralley. And he seems pretty mad.

But no one is immune to my charms. “Of course, Mr. Ralley,” I say, not letting him see that I’m flustered. “What is it that I can help you with?”

I guess that was the wrong thing to say because his jaw ticks and he stomps over to Mr. Irving, who is standing by a little red sports car.

Mr. Ralley has a stern conversation with my manager, and he jabs a finger in my direction a bunch of times. His other hand stays balled in a fist.

Mr. Irving shrugs and then shoots me a pitying look, which makes me square my shoulders and stare daggers at Mr. Ralley. Whatever. I don’t need this job.

“Come to the back office,” Mr. Ralley barks at me. By now, the salesmen have gathered, and everyone stares as I walk back, past all the shiny new cars arranged in a circle on the showroom floor.

But I don’t give anyone the satisfaction of looking nervous. No, I strut back to the office, looking back over my shoulder to see that all the guys are staring at my ass.

That’s what I thought. I’m not going to let Mr. Ralley intimidate me. So when he slams the office door shut behind us, I slide in the chair he’s pointing to and bat my eyelashes up at him.

It’s actually a little hard to stay focused, though. I seriously don’t think I’ve ever met a guy this hot ever before. I love older men, and he’s really doing it for me.

Mr. Ralley glares at me, and I take the opportunity to break the silence.

“So how many car dealerships do you own?” I ask eagerly.

A dark look crosses the millionaire’s face. “Enough to have had employees like you,” he answers.

“Oh? And what is an employee like me?” I say, leaning back in my chair.

“Useless,” he barks.

I sit bolt upright and scowl. “No one talks to me like that,” I tell him.

Mr. Ralley tilts his head, like he thought he had the upper hand and now he’s reconsidering. I smile triumphantly.

“I can’t believe I thought you were hot,” I huff, standing up.

At that, Mr. Ralley holds up a hand, and I don’t know why, but I stop dead in my tracks. “You think you have what it takes to get with me?” His eyes glitter, and he runs a hand through his short-cropped sandy blonde hair.

Chapter 2

“Look at me,” I retort. I do a little spin just so he gets the full picture. It’s like I can feel him inspecting every inch of my body, and it makes me shiver.

God, it feels good to command the attention of someone so rich and successful. But Mr. Ralley surprises me—his eyes snap away from my body, and his mouth forms a tight line.

“No,” he says coldly. “You definitely don’t have what I like.”

“What?” I shriek. My mouth hangs open, and I don’t bother to close it. Guys don’t turn me down. Ever.

Mr. Ralley smirks. “Was I not clear? I’m not interested.”

He waits to see my reaction, and I can tell he’s getting more and more amused as I stammer. What is happening here?

“I only like girls who can listen—and obey,” he says firmly, his voice dropping to an almost-whisper. “And from what I’ve seen, you can do neither.”

I don’t know what comes over me, but my instinct is to deny it. “That’s not true,” I snap. “I can listen. I can also obey.”

The word “obey” feels weird to say. It feels so dirty, and my heart starts to beat faster. I lick my lips.

I’m in too deep now, but I don’t care. I’m ready to do whatever I have to to get with Mr. Ralley.

“Is that so?” Mr. Ralley says, smirking even more than before. “I’ll give you a chance then.”

This entire time, Mr. Ralley has been nothing but cool and collected. That doesn't change as he gestures for me to come closer.

The millionaire wraps an arm around my waist and pulls me down onto his lap. Squealing, I grind against him, feeling his already hard member.

He must be huge.

Mr. Ralley sees the shock on my face and then chuckles. "You won't be able to take it all at once," he says. "But that's okay. I know just how to teach you."

Smiling, I slide down to the ground and unbuckle his belt. My hands reach for him, but he grabs me by the wrists and pulls my hands away.

He glowers down at me.

"I don't think you're understanding," he tells me. "I didn't give you instructions to get down and kneel in front of me, did I?"

My mouth goes dry, and I feel flustered. He tightens his grip on my wrists, and I can't believe it, but the sensation makes my little pussy start quivering.

I'm usually the one calling the shots. This is the first time ever that the guy I'm with is taking control.

I thought I'd hate it. But with the rough, dominant Mr. Ralley it feels... incredible.

"Get up," the millionaire commands me. I stand up right away. I want to see what's going to happen next.

"I can do whatever you're into," I say lamely, totally thrown off. I'm surprised to hear myself say it. It's like the promise of getting with Mr. Ralley is making me into a different person.

And Mr. Ralley has totally noticed. His lip is quirking up into a smug smile.

He stands up and tugs on the top of my strapless dress, and my big, aching tits bounce out. My eyebrows arch in surprise, but I give him a seductive smile.

“Like what you see?” I ask, purring again. But Mr. Ralley talks over me.

“I need you to prove that you can do as I say,” he tells me firmly. He grabs the back of my neck as I nod yes. “You’ll do whatever I want?” he asks, and I nod again.

I’m getting really into this. I expect Mr. Ralley to keep undressing me or maybe just hike up my dress and have me on the desk in the office.

Instead, he steers me forward and throws open the office door. He’s marching me out into the showroom.

Chapter 3

“That’s what I thought,” Mr. Ralley sighs as I hesitate. “I knew you couldn’t submit.”

“Yy-yes,” I stutter, “I can. Keep going,” I urge him.

Mr. Ralley chuckles from behind me and walks me out into the showroom. We’re still in the back, and I think with relief that I passed his test without anyone seeing me like this.

But then Mr. Ralley keeps walking. Step by step, we get nearer to the floor-to-ceiling windows. If he takes me out there, I’ll be on display for all of the salesmen—and anyone walking by the dealership.

Gulping, I walk with him, letting him steer me. With each step, I’m convinced he’s going to turn around.

But he never does.

When we reach the rest of the staff, it takes a minute for anyone to notice me. All the guys are still hurrying around, trying to prove to Mr. Ralley that they work hard.

Then Ben looks up and does a double-take. He stares at my tits, and he goes slack jawed. “Look at her! Look at her!” he starts to yell.

Soon, every head whips in my direction. Mr. Ralley grips the back of my neck tightly and turns me so that everyone can get a better look.

“What’s going on here?” Mr. Irving asks after clearing his throat. His eyes never leave my dusky nipples.

“What’s going on here is that this little slut needs a lesson in who’s in charge,” Mr. Ralley growls. “I need your help teaching her.”

None of the salesmen make a move. They are too busy shooting each other incredulous looks. For my part, my face is beet red.

I've never been more embarrassed in my life. The problem is I've never been more turned on, either. I'm so aroused at this point that it's almost painful.

I wheel around and look at Mr. Ralley. "Okay, you made your point," I say meekly. "Can we go back to the office now?"

He looks at me with a dark grin. "No, we can't," he replies. "Because you haven't pleased anyone yet."

*

Mr. Ralley bends me over the hood of a red sports car and starts to hike up my dress. The way he's running his hands all over me is irresistible, and I mewl under his touch.

For a while, I forget that we have an audience. But then someone new walks up and slaps me on the ass.

I'm so lost in the moment that I go with it all—I want it so bad.

That's why I stay still as the salesman behind me nudges my thong to the side and runs three fingers up and down my wet slit before putting them inside me. I can't even see who it is, but it feels amazing, and I ride his fingers as all the salesmen laugh.

"You love that, huh?" he says to me, and I straighten up a little. I'd recognize that voice anywhere: It's Mr. Irving.

I don't answer, but I keep spearing myself on his fingers as he chuckles. "I always knew I'd have you," he tells me in a raspy voice, filled with need.

But fingers aren't enough for him—or for me. The next thing I know, he pulls his hand away, and I feel his rock-hard cock pressing against my tight hole.

“Give it to me,” I whine, which makes all the men watching lose it.

“She’s such a fucking whore,” someone says. “She’s begging him and letting us all watch!”

Humiliation sweeps through me, but I’m in too deep. My empty pussy is quivering, and my mouth is totally dry. I’m completely out of control.

But I don’t care. I need to be stretched and filled by a hard cock.

Mr. Irving, eager to show off for everyone, plunges in with a single thrust. He hits a spot deep inside me, and I start bucking against him.

I’m slamming into the hood of the car over and over and arching my hips to take him deeper. My cheek is pressed against the cold metal, so I can’t see if customers are walking by.

I put that thought out of my head, and I give myself over to the pleasure. This is what Mr. Ralley was talking about. He wants me to obey.

Mr. Irving starts to make strangled sounds behind me. From the way he’s picked up his pace, I know he’s about to unload.

Still, it somehow takes me by surprise when his hot cum pumps inside me. “Who’s next?” he says, as my knees go weak against the car.

Next? I didn’t realize that Mr. Ralley wanted me to please *everyone*. But in an instant, another salesman takes Mr. Irving’s place.

All afternoon, I stay bent across the hood of the car in the showroom, totally on display. Man after man comes on me or in me. It’s not long before the cum is dribbling down my thighs, and my dress is ripped off and discarded on the floor.

I have no idea how many times they have me, but it seems like some of them take more than one turn. And it’s like the more I submit, the more I want it.

I stop even thinking about how humiliating this is.

Finally, there's a break between guys, and I stand up and look around. The sky is dark outside, and Mr. Ralley and I are the only ones in the dealership.

"You've been at it for hours," he tells me, rubbing his jaw. "You love taking the cock," he muses.

He approaches me and lays me across the hood facing him. Grabbing my ankles, he spreads me wide.

"I noticed you haven't come yet," he says. It's clear he's displeased, and I look at the floor. "Well, you're going to come all over my cock."

It's a command, but it's not one that will be hard to obey. Because Mr. Ralley is such a tight fit. In fact, it takes some time before he works his way inside me.

My moans echo all around the dealership. I scream with pleasure as he pulls out just to ram back in. The entire time, he maintains steely eye contact.

It's so hot, and it feels so good to be stretched out by him, that I don't last long. Before I know it, the pleasure is building in my core.

My pussy starts to clamp down around Mr. Ralley's enormous cock, and I shake my head from side to side.

Biting my lip, I try to stifle my screams. But I can't. It feels too good.

Then, like an explosion, my orgasm starts. I scrunch my eyes shut and see stars. My cunt tightens more around the millionaire, making him grunt.

I thrust over and over, and my entire body feels euphoric. When I open my eyes, Mr. Ralley is still staring at me, and I look at him he follows me over the edge.

He comes with a final grunt, filling me up completely. With his cum pooling inside me, I feel totally submissive to him.

“That was fine for a first time,” he says matter-of-factly. He starts to walk away from the car. “Maybe next time we’ll have a bigger audience,” he tells me over his shoulder.

I turn my head to where he’s pointing and see a crowd of people outside the dealership looking in.

“Next time?” I squeak.

“Yes, I’ll be back tomorrow,” he tells me with a piercing gaze. “And you won’t believe all the things I have planned for you.”

Passed Around by My Boss: XXX
Business Trip

Chapter 1

The sand is hot under my bare feet as I shield my eyes from the sun. This is way better than being at the office, even if I have to go to a stupid conference this evening.

Apparently, the CEO of my company is big into team building or something. Whatever.

When I started my job three months ago, I had no idea I'd end up on a tropical vacation. And that's how I think of this conference: my personal vacation.

I have it all planned out: I'll sit at the back of the conference room, and once my boss sees me, I'll duck out and come back out here. I want to see the beach in the moonlight.

Even if Mr. Welkin notices me leaving early, he's such a pushover that I doubt he'll say anything.

Two hot guys are playing frisbee just down the beach from me, so I take the opportunity to slather myself with tanning oil. Out of the corner of my eye, I notice them staring, and I'm not surprised.

I'm fresh out of college and toned and tan. And my red string bikini leaves almost nothing to the imagination.

Inhaling the coconut scent of the lotion, I sigh contentedly. The waves lap at the shore, and sail boats bob in the distance.

Grabbing my towel, I lay it out with a flick of my wrists and then lie down, eager for some much-needed relaxation.

My eyes are closed for a long time, but when the sun is blotted out, I open them and prop myself up on my elbows.

There's a man standing over me, glaring as his jaw ticks. "Don't you have somewhere you need to be?" he says in a gravelly voice.

I twirl a lock of my blonde hair around my finger. "Are you asking me out?" I say with a giggle.

But the hot, older man keeps glaring. "No," he says in a clipped voice. "I'm telling you it's time to go. The presentation has already begun." He looks down at his designer watch, and it glints in the setting sun.

Who is this guy? I pull out my phone, and my face gets hot when I see the home screen. I'm *very* late for the conference.

I wasn't going to get into trouble for ducking out early, but I'll be in huge trouble for not going at all. Standing up, I throw everything into my tote bag and pull on my dress over my bikini.

The stranger watches me closely as I run around; I can tell he's watching my breasts bounce up and down as I scramble.

Somehow, the combination of the firm way he's been talking to me and the way he's looking at me makes me feel tingly—you know, between my legs.

He follows me back up to the resort, and I turn to look over my shoulder. "Who are you? Did Mr. Welkin send you to find me?"

The man gives me a steely look, which makes me regret saying anything. "I don't work for Mr. Welkin," he tells me. "Mr. Welkin works for *me*."

Shrugging, I run through the lobby and slip into the conference room. The stranger comes in behind me, and every head turns as he clears his throat.

"I-I didn't know you were attending today's session," the speaker stammers. "Thank you for joining us, Mr. Pike. Ladies and gentlemen, let's give the founder and CEO of our company a round of applause."

My mouth goes totally dry as everyone claps. I wasn't just caught blowing off the mandatory conference. I was caught by the CEO.

Chapter 2

Mr. Pike waves off the applause and takes a seat alongside a row of people sitting on the stage. The entire session, his eyes never leave me.

It's totally unnerving, so I grab a notebook and pen and pretend to write down everything I'm "learning." My heart is beating so loud that I'm sure everyone around me can hear it.

And even though I'm never embarrassed, I feel self-conscious to be wearing a beach dress and flip flops in a room full of people in suits. I must have fallen asleep out on the beach.

It's a total disaster.

The crowd breaks into applause again, and I realize that the session is finally done. Mr. Pike doesn't stand up and shuffle out like everyone else. Instead, he waits until I'm looking at him and gestures for me to stay where I am.

Fuck.

Watching the intimidating CEO approach is like waiting for my own execution. My only hope is that he yells but doesn't ask my name or tell my boss.

"What did you think of the speaker?" Mr. Pike says, totally throwing me off.

"Ummm, it was interesting," I lie.

"Oh?" he says, arching his eyebrows. "Which part fascinated you the most?"

We both know he's toying with me, but that doesn't make me feel any better. I didn't listen to a word the speaker said; my notebook is just full of doodles.

“All of it, really,” I tell him, and he narrows his eyes at me.

“I see. I ought to have left you on the beach. Somehow, I think you actually would have learned more about new client accounts out there than in here. It’s a pity,” he says.

“What’s a pity?” I ask, my knees buckling slightly.

“That you have no idea how to listen,” Mr. Pike retorts.

“I do!” I squeal. This is ridiculous. I made one mistake. Anyone could have fallen asleep on the beach and arrived late. I’m not going to lose my job over it. “Seriously. I’m good at listening.”

Mr. Pike’s surprise is obvious. He didn’t think I’d dare talk back to him—I can tell by the way he’s starting to smile slightly.

The CEO clasps his hands behind his back and paces around. “Do you want a chance to prove it?” he asks, giving me a devilish grin.

The mood in the room has totally changed. I don’t think I’m in trouble anymore. The sexual tension between us practically crackles through the air.

“I can prove it,” I say in my sexiest voice before biting my lip.

Mr. Pike loops his hands around my waist and lifts me up onto the table I was sitting at during the conference session. His hands are rough and searching.

In seconds, he’s pulling down my string bikini bottoms. I moan and wrap my legs around him. He kisses me, his tongue darting into my mouth and making me moan a second time.

Mr. Pike’s fingers rub my clit, and I arch up, my hips lifting from the table. This is so naughty. We’re alone in the room right now, but anyone could walk in.

That's what makes it so deliciously forbidden, though. Mr. Pike plunges his fingers into me, and I grip him with my tight channel.

Just as I'm about to come, he pulls away, leaving me with my legs spread, staring at him.

"Why did you stop?" I whine.

"You haven't proven anything to me," he says darkly. "You really want to follow my every order?" he says, tilting his head like he doesn't believe me.

"Yes," I snap. "I told you. I'll do anything." He's starting to make me frustrated, and he can tell from my reaction.

"Good," he replies. "Then go up to the stage and lie on your back under the spotlight," the CEO says, gesturing up the aisle. "Naked."

He smirks at me, but I shrug, like this is no big deal. Squaring my shoulders, I sashay up to the stage. I kick off my flip flops and take my dress off slow.

He watches me untie my bikini bottoms, revealing my glistening, hairless mound. Then I take off my bikini top, and my round, full breasts bounce out.

My nipples are puckered because of the air conditioning, and Mr. Pike looks at them and licks his lips. "I'll be back. Do as your told," he instructs me.

Lying down, I wonder why he's leaving, but it doesn't matter. I'm going to get with the CEO.

But when he returns, he's not alone.

"Look who I brought," the CEO crows, clapping my boss on the back. And there are four other guys too. I've never seen them before. My pussy quivers, and I get totally swept up in the moment.

Chapter 3

I sit up fast. Mr. Welkin's face turns bright red, and he wheels around to Mr. Pike for an explanation.

"What?" Mr. Pike says nonchalantly. "She needs to learn a lesson about listening and following orders. So I'm going to give her orders—about pleasuring all of you."

I smile coyly, and all the men with Mr. Pike go wild. Everyone except Mr. Welkin, that is. While the rest of the men whoop and cheer, his jaw ticks.

He's looking at me with an intensity that rivals the intensity of Mr. Pike. "I get the first turn," he says in a quiet but firm voice.

"Be my guest," Mr. Pike says, nudging him forward.

Mr. Welkin stomps up to the stage and straddles me as he unbuckles his belt. I love the way he's looking at me.

I've always had a secret fantasy about getting with my hot, older boss, but I never wanted to act on it before because he was always so meek around me. But this is a whole new dominant side of him, and it's really turning me on.

So much so that I forget that we have an audience. When I remember that all of the men, including the CEO, are watching, I blush and cast my eyes to the ground.

But I don't stop. I don't want to stop.

Mr. Welkin lines himself up with my entrance and pushes forward, slowly but firmly. It's like he's teasing me by taking it so slow.

My eyes cross as he starts to stretch me open. I've never, ever seen him like this before.

He's totally in control.

As soon as he's all the way in, he starts thrusting faster. He's so rough that I start to slide across the floor until he pins me in place.

"You're so wet for me, Racquel," he says with a grunt.

It's true. I'm dripping for him. This feels incredible.

He pinches my nipples and then grabs handfuls of my breasts. And just as I start to think I'm going to come, he changes his rhythm.

Looking up at him, I see that he's giving me jerky strokes, and his whole body is going rigid. With one final grunt, he unloads inside me.

Then he pulls out and tucks himself away. Jumping off the stage, he whistles and taps another guy.

I can't believe it. Mr. Welkin is leaving. He unloaded deep inside me and left.

But I don't have any time to think about how he used to be wrapped around my manicured finger. Another guy from my office is striding up to me.

He flips me over and spreads my legs wide. As soon as he's inside me, he closes my legs, so that it's an extra tight fit around his member.

I'm staring down at the stage as he plows into me over and over again. It feels so good that I'm in my own little world until I hear the men talking about me.

"She wants this so bad," I hear someone say. "She doesn't even care who's fucking her."

Everyone laughs, and a wave of shame hits me. I should care, but I don't. Not when my entire body feels electric.

It's never felt this good, and I think it's because I have a crowd watching.
And also because this is what Mr. Pike wants.

Will I do *anything* to please him?

Chapter 4

I answer my own question when the man inside me finishes, and two guys come up onto the stage. They arrange me just how they want me: on all fours.

One stomps around behind me, and the other comes around to my mouth.

The guy at my mouth is so hard that his cock is standing straight out from his body. "Open wide," he tells me, before thrusting forward and parting my eager lips.

I gag as he works his way down my throat. This is my first time deep-throating, and it's so much harder than I thought it would be, especially with the guy behind me thrusting so that I swallow deeper.

I love the challenge, though. I'm getting off on the musky, manly scent of the guy, and I lift one hand up off the ground to touch his balls, making him groan and buck.

Meanwhile, the guy behind me is plowing me harder.

Between my mouth and my red, used pussy I'm so full. I lose myself in the overwhelming sensations.

And I'm disappointed when the man in my mouth and the man in my pussy come at exactly the same time.

By my count, I've almost gotten all the guys off. But when the last guy tangles his hand in my hair and fucks my mouth until he spills his seed down my throat, I feel someone behind me.

They're taking a second turn.

I have no idea how long I'm on the stage under the spotlight. I don't even think about how much time has passed or how many different men I've been with tonight.

Instead, I give myself over to them, knowing that Mr. Pike is watching my every move.

Finally, I hear him clear his throat. I look up, and he's staring at his watch.

"I hope you've all had fun," the CEO says in his booming voice. "But the sun's just about to come up, and I'll take my turn now."

A shiver of need goes up my spine. This is it. I'm finally going to feel the CEO inside me.

"Anyone who wants to watch should come along," he says. "I'm going to have her on the beach."

*

I might have missed the sunset, but it seems like I'm going to get to watch the sunrise. Mr. Pike pulls me up from the ground and leads me to the door of the conference room.

With a gulp, I realize that he's going to parade me through the hotel out onto a public beach. I think he can sense my apprehension because he strokes my clit, making me moan.

Then he pushes open the door and steers me by the back of my neck. It's so early in the morning that there aren't any guests around, but the staff we run into look at me with shock and lust.

It seems like only men work here. At least, we only run into male staff, who trail their eyes up and down my naked, used body.

Some of them follow us out onto the white sand. The sun is just starting to come up, so it's dark enough that I'm not too self-conscious.

Mr. Pike puts me on my knees and slaps my ass, making me jump. "Head down, ass up," he instructs.

I obey immediately. “See, I knew I could teach you to listen,” he says. Everyone around us laughs.

Soon, all I can see are the grains of sand underneath me. Mr. Pike enters me to the hilt with a single thrust, and I push myself back against him.

It feels so good—even better than the rest of the guys. Mr. Pike’s strong hands dig into my hips as he drives into me over and over.

The sand under me turns firm. I guess his forceful thrusts have been packing it down.

“You like taking me that deep, don’t you?” he calls out to me.

“Ye-yes,” I stutter, barely able to form words at this point. I’m like jelly with him inside me.

Mr. Pike reaches forward and pinches my clit and then both my nipples, and I writhe under him. “She’s good at taking me,” he tells everyone.

I’m so turned on now that my wetness is completely coating my thighs. My cunt is gripping Mr. Pike hard, and I can tell he likes it from the way his cock is jerking inside me.

But just when I think he’s going to come, he pulls out. Then he spreads my ass cheeks, and I understand what he’s about to do.

“Show me you will do anything I command,” he reminds me. And I don’t say a word as he presses his enormous cock against my backdoor.

With a grunt, he presses harder, and my body yields. I’ve never done this before, so it surprises me when he enters me with a *pop*.

I try to hold myself up on the sand as he works his shaft into me. It’s a strange feeling, like I’m even more full than before.

But as his hips slap my ass, I start to enjoy it—especially when his fingers work their way into my dripping slit.

He fingers me as he fucks my tender rosebud, and I know that I can't last any longer. My backdoor spasms around him as I start to scream and shake my head from side to side.

There's nothing to grab onto in the sand, so I collapse forward, and Mr. Pike loops an arm around me to hold me up.

He isn't done with me yet.

The CEO keeps rutting me as my screams of pleasure ring out. Every muscle in my body relaxes, and a wave of euphoria overtakes me.

It's the hardest I've ever come. I'm warm and tingly from my head to my toes. And the orgasm wrecks me and seems to last and last, like I'm trying to milk the cum out of the CEO.

I go limp afterward, enjoying my aftershocks, and the sensation of me spasming around him takes Mr. Pike over the edge too. Soon, he pumps my backdoor full of hot, sticky cum.

When he pulls out and I roll over onto my back in the sand, the sun is up, and we're surrounded by people on the beach.

Mr. Pike looks totally satisfied and smirks down at me. "Who else wants a turn?" he calls out to the crowd.

Passed Around by My Boss: XXX at the
Pool

Chapter 1

The water glitters a perfect shade of blue in the sunlight, and I sigh happily. It's the middle of the workday, so I have the pool all to myself.

I know I shouldn't have called in sick just to swim and sunbathe, but here I am. And it's hard to feel too bad about it. Not when my boss is such a jerk.

Mr. Metting is handsome, sure. Actually, he's one of the hottest people I've ever seen. But that doesn't excuse the way he always barks orders at me.

All day it's "Kalli, get my dry cleaning!" or "Where are the reports I asked for?"

My job sucks. But all of that seems like a bad dream here.

Stretching out my long, toned legs, I soak up the sun. Then I pull down my wide-brimmed hat and relax fully on the lounge chair.

I'm sure it won't be long before I'm too hot and sticky to tan anymore, and I can't wait to cool off in the water. This is the life.

I must have dozed off, though. Because I wake up to a buzzing sound.

It takes me a second to remember where I am, and I sit up with a start. Rooting through my flower-print bag, I dig out my cell phone.

Fifteen missed calls.

My heart is in my throat as I listen to the first of many messages. Of course, it's Mr. Metting's gravelly voice on the other end of the line.

He sounds so mad that I can barely make sense of what he's saying. Something about an email account password?

As I try to take deep breaths, I look around. Since I fell asleep, the pool has filled up. It looks like all the frat guys who live around me are out of class for the day.

Chewing my lip, I try to decide how to handle Mr. Metting. It's my day off, and I'm supposed to be sick.

So I send him a text, telling him I'm too sick to talk on the phone. It's perfect. I'll never get caught.

My hammering heart settles down, and I notice the guys all looking at me. I'm not surprised.

I am wearing a string bikini, after all.

Scanning their faces, I try to decide who's the cutest to flirt with. I look from left to right, and I stop when I see someone come through the entrance to the pool deck.

Our eyes lock, and I'm so screwed. It's my boss. Mr. Metting is here.

Immediately, I leap up, kicking myself that I didn't bring a cover up. I'm going to have to talk to my boss while I'm in the tiniest bikini I own.

Mr. Metting stomps over to me, and my eyes go wide as saucers.

"What's going on?" he growls. "No one could get a hold of you. I knocked on your apartment door, and imagine my surprise when your neighbor came out and said you were at the pool. And here I thought you were sick."

Gulping, I try to put together a good story. But my mind is totally blank.

I sit down heavily onto the lounge chair. Mr. Metting stands over me, glaring.

"I—I don't know what to say," I squeak.

“I bet you don’t,” Mr. Metting says in a low voice. “You are in so much trouble.”

My mouth goes completely dry, and I try to understand how this happened. “I’m sorry, sir,” I tell him.

Mr. Metting cocks his head at me, like he was expecting me to flip out at him or something. “That’s more like it, Kalli,” he tells me. “This is a side of you I haven’t seen before. Normally, you aren’t so...compliant.”

When I look up, he’s studying me. His eyes travel all over my body, and I shiver. Not because it’s cold, but because suddenly, there’s electricity crackling between us.

“Is that what you like?” I ask in a flirty voice. “Compliance?”

The CEO looks at me like he’s never seen me before. “This is a whole new you,” he admits. He doesn’t even look mad anymore.

“What was it you needed?” I ask, stretching back out on the lounge chair so that he can get a better look at my curves.

Mr. Metting stares at my full, round breasts. “I need someone who can be very compliant. Totally and completely submissive. Is that you?”

Biting my lip, I nod.

Chapter 2

“Hey, is this guy bothering you?” a voice calls out, and I turn my gaze from Mr. Metting to find a few of the frat guys circling me and my boss.

Mr. Metting sneers at the college guys. “I’m not bothering her,” he says firmly.

“We’re not talking to you, man,” the blonde frat bro in front says, squaring his shoulders.

“It’s fine,” I say. “This is my boss,” I explain, “and I’ve been very bad about neglecting my duties.”

“Yes, she’s definitely been very bad,” Mr. Metting says, punctuating the statement with a mean chuckle.

The frat guys look back and forth between us, trying to work out what’s going on. I don’t blame them; just a minute ago Mr. Metting had balled fists and was yelling at me.

But now, we’re looking at each other like we’re sharing a secret. I give him a sly smile.

This time, though, he doesn’t return it. Instead, he rubs his stubbled jaw, and I can tell he’s got something planned.

Mr. Metting turns on his heel to face all the frat guys. I watch as he gestures them all to follow him out of my earshot.

They all huddle together, and it’s a strange sight: a group of hulking college guys in swim trunks next to my handsome boss in a dark pinstripe suit.

Mr. Metting points to me, and every head swivels in my direction. Many of the guys are staring at me, open-mouthed.

I have no idea what the CEO is saying, but all this attention starts to get me even more excited. I cross my ankles together, suddenly worried that they will notice the growing wet spot on my bikini bottoms.

I started to get aroused when Mr. Metting was talking about compliance, and now that arousal grows and grows. Finally, almost all the men walk back toward me. All of them, that is, except the blonde guy.

He strides over to the gate at the entrance to the pool and swings it shut and locks it.

Next, he joins up with everyone else, and they all form a tight circle around me. I can't even describe the feeling of so many strong, handsome men surrounding me.

"What's going on?" I say, arching an eyebrow.

"You're going to prove how compliant you are," Mr. Metting says matter-of-factly. "These men said they'd be willing to help."

All of the frat guys jostle to get to me, but one is stronger than the rest, and makes his way to me first.

The next thing I know the blonde guy reaches for my hand and pulls me out of the lounge chair. He guides me to the secluded pool house, where no one can see and pulls open the door.

Between the blasting air conditioning and my excitement, my nipples harden and threaten to poke through my tiny swimsuit.

Hooking his thumbs in his swim trunks, he eases them down. His member springs out, already fully erect. It's throbbing, and the head is red, like he's super excited.

"You know what to do," he says, narrowing his eyes at me. "Mr. Metting said it was first-come, first-served, and I got to you first."

I don't know what comes over me, but the idea that my boss offered me up to one of these guys—and the hottest one, no less—makes me sink to my

knees on the cold tile floor.

This is the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me. I part my glossy lips just as the frat guy thrusts forward.

Chapter 3

As soon as my tongue hits the tip of his cock, he groans loudly, egging me on to bob back and forth, taking him deeper.

He tangles his hand in my hair, knocking off my hat. I don't even care. I'm so lost in the moment: the smell of his warm, throbbing cock, the feeling of the air conditioning after being out in the heat for so long, and mostly, how forbidden this is.

I don't even know this man's name, and now I'm deep-throating him like it's the most natural thing in the world.

With his free hand, the frat guy reaches behind me and unties my bikini. I look up to see his face when my big tits bounce free, and I'm not disappointed.

His eyes are half-closed, and an appreciative smile spreads across his face.

He holds my head still and thrusts, making me scrunch my eyes shut and focus on relaxing my throat as I gag around him. It isn't long before he starts to moan again, and soon, his hot load is spilling into my mouth almost faster than I can swallow it.

Once he's done, I lick him clean, and he sighs happily as he pulls his swim trunks back up. It's such a crazy, spontaneous encounter that I can't believe I did it, I think, picking my bikini top off of the ground and re-tying it.

Still, it was really satisfying to sneak away with him and hook up. But I'm not prepared for how humiliating it feels when we walk back out to the pool.

All the frat guy's friends smirk at us, and he gets a ton of high-fives and fist bumps. They all know that I pleasured him, which makes me feel like a slut.

“Were you compliant?” Mr. Metting says loudly, jarring me from my thoughts. I nod just as they guy says, “She sucked me off, all right. Her pretty mouth felt amazing around the base of my cock.”

His boast makes everyone whoop and cheer while my face turns bright red. I’m not used to being talked about this way.

But as embarrassing as it is, I also love the way the rest of the guys are looking at me, like they’re jealous they missed out. It makes me pull my shoulders back and show off my body more.

Mr. Metting watches me with an expression on his face that I can’t quite identify.

“I was very obedient,” I say, making myself pretend that we’re alone together, not in front of a rowdy audience who knows exactly what I mean.

“You better have been,” Mr. Metting says with a growl. “Because now it’s time to really get started.” He rubs his big hands together, making me shiver again.

I have no idea what he means at first. Maybe he wants to go back to my apartment?

“Is it time to go back to my place?” I ask, testing my guess.

All the men laugh like I’ve said the funniest thing in the whole world. I laugh too, wanting to be in on the joke.

“No,” Mr. Metting says. “It’s time to please more than one of these guys at a time.”

Chapter 4

Two of the frat bros walk up to me and put me on my hands and knees on the pool deck. Their strong hands gripping me turns me on, and I do exactly what they want.

I still can't believe this is happening, but by now, I'm too worked up to put a stop to it. I don't want to stop.

I need to know how it would feel to have a threesome out here by the pool. It's the most public place I've ever hooked up, and the fact that all eyes are on me makes me ignore all of my shame and focus on how hot this is going to be.

Why do I want this so bad? Why is the idea of having a threesome in front of an audience, including my *boss*, so appealing to me?

There's a sound like mewling, and I realize with horror that it's coming from me as I arch back and offer myself to the guy standing behind me.

Everyone laughs and cheers, all except for the guy I throw myself at. He unties my bikini bottoms and bends over me to whisper in my ear: "I'm going to give it to you so hard," he says, and I bite my lip in anticipation.

Mr. Metting stands in front of me, and it's clear how much pleasure he's taking in watching me. His eyes are dark and cloudy, so intense that I have to look away.

Instead, I stare at the pool deck as the guy behind me slips three fingers into my eager pussy. The next thing I know, he pulls his hand away and enters me with one rough thrust.

The force of it makes me collapse forwards, but the guy in front of me grabs hold of my shoulders and puts me back in place. At the same time, he pulls his cock out of his swim trunks and positions himself in front of my mouth.

I open wide and swallow him down as best I can. He's huge, and I gag around him.

Each time the guy behind me thrusts, the frat bro in my mouth goes deeper down my throat. Soon, the two guys find a rhythm and take turns thrusting hard.

I go back and forth, getting stretched wider as the guy behind me ruts me. I'm making so much noise, and I can't help it.

This feels amazing.

"I told you she wanted this," Mr. Metting says to all the guys. "She's always been a little slut. She's just never had a chance to fully express it."

I block everything out except for the tingling all over my body. I'm so full, taking it from two guys at once. My body feels like electricity is coursing through it, like I can feel every nerve ending.

The guys get really into it, and they pick up their pace, both using me harder and faster. So it shouldn't surprise me when they start to groan and their strokes turn lazy.

But somehow, them both coming at the same time totally surprises me. And all of a sudden, there's cum leaking out of my used hole and pouring down my throat.

When they pull out, I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand and notice that the pool deck is leaving marks on my hands and knees. Mr. Metting notices too and whispers something to the guy next to him, a man with broad shoulders and icy blue eyes.

He comes forward and flips me over onto my back and then straddles me. He enters me so fast it takes my breath away.

All afternoon, the frat guys have me while Mr. Metting watches. They put me in all kinds of positions and use every hole. Most of them come

back for a second turn, and I lose track of how many guys have come inside me.

Hours later, Mr. Metting peels off his clothes, his suit crumpling on the ground. My jaw drops open when I see his huge member for the first time. Suddenly, he hauls me up over his shoulder and carries me down the steps into the pool. Grabbing behind me to hold onto the lip of the pool, I face my boss.

My legs wrap around him in the cool water. He never breaks eye contact as he enters me slowly. So slowly that it makes me go wild.

“Please,” I beg. “Please have me.”

But my begging just makes Mr. Metting go slower. I buck and try to thrust, but he pins me to the wall.

It feels like we’re the only two people in the world, and when I look around, I realize hazily that the rest of the guys have left. Mr. Metting has me all to himself.

After what seems like an eternity, he’s in me deep, and he starts to thrust, making my generous tits jiggle and the water around me splash. Mr. Metting grits his teeth and plows into me over and over.

Even though so many men have had me today, this feels different. Mr. Metting isn’t a college guy; he’s a full-grown, experienced man. The way he has me is so much more disciplined.

And unlike the other guys, it’s clear he’s not going to come any time soon. Mr. Metting is a total stud, and I lose complete track of time.

All I focus on is how good it feels to submit to him. But even though Mr. Metting shows no signs of coming, I know that I’m about to go over the edge.

It just feels too good to hold back. Tossing my head from side to side, I scrunch my eyes shut. Under the water, my toes curl under, and I grip the

pool wall for dear life.

My little cunt squeezes around my boss as it starts to spasm wildly. Mr. Metting presses his palm to my clit, and I moan and scream.

The orgasm sets my whole body on fire with pleasure. All my muscles contract, relax, and then contract again.

I see stars behind my eyes, and I feel warm and tingly and so satisfied. My screams echo around the pool, and I forget to hold onto the wall.

Mr. Metting props me up and pins me, continuing to use my body for his pleasure until he comes too. I'm limp in his arms, and when I finally look up, I'm shocked.

I'm totally surrounded by men. Mr. Metting smiles at me and pulls me out of the water.

"You're not done yet. I had the guys call the rest of their fraternity brothers," my boss says. "You better please them all. I'll be watching you closely, and you won't stop until everyone has had their fill."

Humiliated and Shared at the Beach Resort

Chapter 1

“I want to try something new,” I say to my husband in my sexiest voice. Joel raises his eyebrows and sets down his cup of coffee.

“What do you mean, Lila?” he says, even though he knows exactly what I mean. He just wants to hear me say it, and I like to give him what he wants.

“What if we shake things up,” I start, twirling a lock of my brown hair around my finger, “in the bedroom.”

Joel’s eyes flash dark, and he stares at me across our huge kitchen table. The intensity of his gaze makes me wrap my silk robe tighter around my slim frame.

The way he’s looking at me makes me feel all tingly, and my pussy starts to get wet. Joel ducks his head down under the table, and I spread my legs so he can see my glistening, bare mound.

When he sits back up, he’s licking his lips. “How far do you want to go?” he asks me in a husky voice.

I tap a painted nail against my chin, thinking. “That’s up to you,” I say finally. “I want you to be in charge.”

Joel rewards me with a wide smile. “That’ll be fun,” he says in his gravelly voice. “But I have rules.”

“Like what?” I say, surprised that he’s already making demands like he’s thought about this before.

“You have to do *everything* I say,” he tells me, taking another sip of coffee and leaning back in his chair. “No matter what. Do you agree? Think hard about it; don’t just answer right away. What I have planned for you is very intense.”

Standing up, I open my robe and give my handsome, strong husband a peek at my huge, round breasts before covering up and giggling. I wrap my arms around his shoulder and kiss his neck. “I agree,” I say breathily.

I might seem cool and collected on the outside—at least I hope so—but there are a million butterflies in my stomach, and my heart is pounding. Even just talking like this has gotten me so worked up.

Joel rubs his hands together. “Good,” he tells me. “I have to go to work. But I’ll text you instructions today. Always have your phone on you,” he says sternly. “If you don’t respond, you’ll be punished.”

The word “punished” makes me shiver, and I turn away so he won’t see the excitement on my face.

An hour later, my phone beeps, and I look at the screen excitedly. “Pack a bag for a weekend away,” Joel’s message says.

I can’t help but feel disappointed. Did my husband not understand what I wanted when I told him to be in charge?

A romantic trip sounds nice, but I’m not looking for *nice*. Sighing, I pull a bag out of the closet and start to throw a few things inside when the phone beeps again.

A smile spreads across my face when I see what Joel has said. This is more like it: “Pack your see-through bra and matching thong and nothing else. We leave for the resort tonight.”

Chapter 2

Yawning, I wake up and forget where I am for a second. Sunlight streams into our suite, and Joel sleeps silently beside me.

We got to the beach resort so late last night, so I let my husband sleep and pull on thigh-high seamed stockings, a garter belt, and a black push-up bra but no panties. When Joel stirs, I strut over to the bed.

“I’m ready to serve you, sir,” I tell him, looking at the ground. But I can’t help but drag my eyes up to see his expression.

Joel pulls the covers off of himself and snaps his fingers. Looking over, I see he’s harder than ever, and I know what I’m supposed to do, even without him giving me directions.

Climbing back into bed, I kneel between his legs, and he tangles his hands in my hair, pulling me forward. He’s being so much rougher than usual, and I love it.

Parting my lips, I swirl my tongue around the head of his cock. Joel’s huge, and I’ve never been able to take him all the way to the back of my throat, but now’s my chance to try again.

Joel grabs me tighter, and soon, tears are stinging in my eyes. Gagging, I try to relax my throat, enjoying the musky, manly smell of him in spite of what a tight fit it is in my mouth.

Joel moves my head back and forth with one hand and slaps my ass with the other, surprising me and making me jump. “You’re my little slut,” Joel says. “But you’re doing a bad job taking me deep.”

His voice cracks like a whip, and I feel a flare of shame. He’s right; I’m gagging around him and not giving him what he wants.

When Joel lets go of my hair, I lean back on my heels. “Are you going to punish me?” I ask, staring at the hotel floor. Deep inside, I’m hoping he

says yes.

“I don’t think you understand how this works,” Joel tells me. “You don’t ask me questions; all you do is take my orders.”

Joel hauls me up from the floor and bends me over the bed. I’m so wet for him that I ache for him to fuck me.

Instead, he spanks me. The first one stings and makes me yelp. Then Joel spanks my other ass cheek and keeps going. He alternates between them until my backside is red and stinging.

I don’t understand it, but it feels so good. Even though my body is sore, I feel like every nerve ending has come alive.

Joel has never spanked me before, and it makes me feel naughty and sexy. I’m getting even wetter for him, and I know he can see that.

“Look how bad you want this,” my husband says, like he’s reading my mind. My face turns red, and I bury it in the sheets.

This roughness isn’t a new side of Joel, but he’s doing what I hoped—he’s taking things farther than we ever have before. I feel bad for ever doubting him when he suggested this vacation.

“Please fuck me,” I whine, pulling my head up from the bed and looking over my shoulder. “I want you so bad. I *need* it,” I tell him, smiling a sexy smile.

But Joel’s face turns cold. “You’re not in charge here,” he reminds me. “I don’t know how to get that through your head.”

Then he brightens. Steepling his fingers, he paces behind me, deep in thought. “Actually, I do know how to teach you...”

Chapter 3

Joel rifles through the bag I packed for the dress I wore on the plane. He pulls it over my head, covering my lingerie. All except for the seamed stockings, that is.

He dresses hastily too and then grabs my waist hard before I can put on shoes. “Do exactly as I command you,” he whispers in my ear.

I have no idea what’s going to happen next, and the excitement and curiosity consumes me. Joel walks me down the corridor, through the lobby, and out to the beach behind the resort.

Palm trees line the wide strip of beach. Pure white sand crunches under my stockinged feet. I must look ridiculous wearing tights in this weather, I think absently as the sun beats down on us.

Joel steers me toward the water, and I get my first glimpse of it in the daylight. It’s stunning and practically clear.

But between us and the water, there are a ton of guests. Sweeping my head from left to right, I notice something odd: There are no women on the beach.

I’m the only one.

No, everyone lying on beach towels in the sun or swimming in the water is a man. And they’re all huge and hulking and tan.

Joel sees my confusion and smirks at me.

“There’s a bodybuilding competition here tomorrow,” he explains. “They rented out the whole resort—except for one lone room.”

It’s the weirdest sensation to be the only woman here, and the men have started to notice me. What’s even weirder is being around all these massive guys when I’m so painfully turned on.

Seriously, I feel like I need to squeeze my legs together as a reminder not to start touching myself. Joel doesn't usually tease me for this long.

Most of the time, he'd be pumping in and out of me by now. My green eyes blink at him.

I'm silent because I know I'm not supposed to ask questions. Joel just watches as I stick out my lower lip. I can beg him without words, I figure.

Can he really resist me when I'm so ready for him? How must he feel? He was the one doing the spanking, after all.

My husband must also be really turned on. And our little walk must be punishment enough.

"You're not just going to get what you want," he tells me in a steely voice. "I'm going to make you earn it. And I know just how to do it. You're going to have to prove you understand I'm in control."

"I don't get it," I say, batting my eyelashes flirtatiously. "Once you bring me back to the room, I'll show you that you're in charge," I promise.

"We're not going to the room," my husband growls, turning me on even more. "I'm going to teach you a lesson right here."

Chapter 4

I have visions of Joel sneaking me behind a palm tree and bending me over. The thought of it makes my mouth go dry. “Whatever you want,” I say breathily.

Joel grins at me so wide that I can see all his teeth. “I’m glad to hear that.”

Then he guides me forward, closer to the water. He waits until all eyes are on me before leaning down to whisper in my ear: “Get on your hands and knees and hike up your dress. Let all these men get a good look at you.”

My jaw drops open. What? I can’t do that. I’ve never done anything like it before. Joel is the only man I’ve been naked in front of. I was totally innocent when I met him.

He’s narrowing his eyes at me, though, daring me to do it. “This is the only way I’ll give you what you’re desperate for,” he says matter-of-factly.

I can’t tell if he’s serious or if he’s testing me to see if I’ll back out of the game we’re playing. And I don’t know what comes over me, but I want to know what’s going to happen next.

Slowly, never breaking eye contact with Joel, I sink down to my knees in the warm sand. I only tear my gaze away when I lean forward and put my palms in the sand too.

I wonder if all the men are watching me; I can only see the waves lapping the shore in front of me.

I try not to think about it. Reaching back and grabbing the hem of my dress, I pull it up over my hips.

“Bro, look at her!” I hear a booming voice say. “Look at her dripping cunt!”

It's true. I'm not wearing any panties, and my honey is coating my thighs. The sand seems to shake under me as the muscle-bound body builders swarm around me.

I stare at the waves, and I try my best not to feel totally ashamed. I'm letting a crowd of strange men look up my dress.

It's the most humiliating thing I've ever done. Joel walks around in front of me and crouches down with his bare feet in the water.

He takes my chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilts my head up so that I have to look at him. My cheeks are burning bright red.

"There's a man walking up behind you. Any second now, he's going to plunge into you and have you right here in the sand. You better please him," my husband commands.

*

At first, I'm stunned. But what Joel said would happen does happen.

I feel rough, calloused hands grip my hips. And the next thing I know, there's a huge hard cock pressing against my entrance.

I'm so wild with need that I don't care I'm about to have sex with a stranger while a crowd watches us. Voices echo all around me. They men are talking about what a slut I am, but I ignore them.

Looking over my shoulder, I catch a glimpse of the bodybuilder feeding his enormous cock into me an inch at a time. He's like a rippling giant, and I want him to have me.

But at the same time, it's such a tight fit that he has trouble thrusting into me. He grunts and grits his teeth, and I try to stay upright.

It feels like an eternity before he's all the way in. Once he is, he doesn't let me get used to his size. He just starts slamming into me as hard as he can.

I'm so full and my knees are shaking, but it feels incredible. Soon, another guy walks around in front of me and stands next to Joel.

They talk for a minute and then the stranger pulls down his swim trunks, revealing himself. His cock is so hard that it stands straight out from his body.

He walks up to my mouth, and I open wide for his veiny member. I understand now what Joel wants me to do.

I gag around the cock in my mouth and taste its musky tang. Both men thrust into me at the same time until they find a rhythm and bounce me back and forth.

When the man in my mouth starts to come, I drink down his load and then lick him clean. The man in my pussy comes at the same time, and I arch back to milk out every drop.

My body knows exactly what to do, even though it's so shameful.

I feel spent, and I collapse on the sand. That is, until my husband crouches down and looks at me again with his severe gaze. "Two more men want their turn," he barks.

Dutifully, I get back on my hands and knees and take the two new strangers. These two fuck me harder than the last guys. One tangles his hands in my hair while the other digs his hands into my hips.

They rut me, and I moan and beg for them to keep going. It's like the more I get passed around, the more I want it.

All afternoon, Joel lets the men take turns with me. I'm in a haze, and I lose track of how many men I please.

When I finally look up, the sun is setting over the clear water. I have rug burn from the sand, and I'm so tired.

But my husband is still watching me, and from the glint in his eye, I know I'm not done yet. "I submitted to you!" I say, and he nods.

“You did. But I haven’t had you yet, and I know exactly what I want to do to you,” Joel tells me.

There are still some of the bodybuilders on the beach, and I know they’re watching as my husband picks me up and rearranges me. He puts me back on my hands and knees, but this time, I’m facing the crowd.

Then he starts to press his hard cock against my backdoor. He knows I’ve never done this before, and now I’m going to lose my anal virginity in front of a crowd.

It’s so embarrassing that I look down at the sand. Most embarrassing is that I don’t want him to stop. I haven’t come yet, and I want to earn it.

Joel pushes so hard that my tender rosebud starts to give way to him. It’s like he wants me to know that all of me will yield to him.

He grunts and pushes deeper, and soon he’s totally inside. The sensation of being stretched out back there is a strange one.

“You feel nice and tight here,” he tells me. “Not like your gaping, used pussy.”

Scrunching my eyes shut, I ignore the laughter of the crowd. Instead, I let the fullness turn to pleasure. My poor pussy is spasming around nothing.

I want to grip something so bad, and my husband knows my body so well that he reaches forward and fingers me hard.

My cunt squeezes his fingers right away, and he groans with pleasure. His fast breathing and hard strokes are going to be too much for me.

“Can I come for you?” I wail. Everyone laughs again. They haven’t seen me come yet, and I know it’ll be humiliating.

“Come for me. Come with a cock in your ass,” Joel says loudly.

I scratch at the sand underneath me and throw my head back to scream. The pleasure is building and building.

After a particularly hard stroke, that's it. I'm falling over the edge. I've never felt euphoria like this before.

All my muscles contract and then relax. My aftershocks—in my ass and pussy—tighten around Joel's fingers and cock. My whole body feels alive and tingly. I'm coming so much harder than I ever have, and my face is a mask of pleasure for the whole audience to see.

The orgasm wrecks me, lasting for minutes.

From his breathing and the way his cock spasms, I can tell Joel is about to pump my rosebud full of cum. Just as I exhale, enjoying the warm pleasure of my afterglow, he unloads into me.

When he's done, he leaves me limp in the sand. He doesn't talk to me at all, choosing to address the men instead.

"I'll get her all cleaned up," he promises the bodybuilders. "And then I'll bring her to the competition so that everyone can have a turn."

XXX at My Boss's Mansion

Chapter 1

“That’s not for you,” my boss growls, snatching the invitation out of my hands.

Jutting out my lower lip, I bat my lashes at him, hoping he’ll cave and invite me to the CEO’s party. When else will I ever get the chance to go to Mr. Danver’s mansion?

He’s one of the richest men in the world, and there’s a rumor that Mr. Danver has only ever invited ten people to his sprawling villa. It’s not fair that only upper management is invited to this party.

My boss blinks at me slowly. Mr. Fuller has broad shoulders, salt-and-pepper hair, and a chiseled jaw, but even a man so handsome will give me my way if I pout enough.

When my boss looks me up and down, I jut out my hip and keep batting my lashes. I’m glad I’m wearing my shortest skirt and tightest button-down today. Twirling my long blonde hair around a manicured nail, I wait impatiently for him to agree to bring me along.

“You don’t want to go to this party,” Mr. Fuller says in a low voice.

“Yes, I do!” I say, practically stomping away in my stilettos.

Mr. Fuller follows me back to my desk. Leaning over the half-wall that forms my cubicle, he peers down at me as I slump in my office chair and cross my arms, glaring.

Who is he to tell me what I want?

“I’m being serious, Kate,” Mr. Fuller says, rubbing the stubble along his jaw. “It’s a sausage fest,” he adds, his lip quirking up into a smile.

Mr. Fuller is always serious and never says stuff like that. It’s enough to make me giggle and uncross my arms.

“Maybe I like that,” I say coyly. My cheeks turn a little red, but I keep going. “I don’t mind being the center of attention.”

Holding my breath as Mr. Fuller chews his lip, I imagine walking into the villa and every head turning my way. It makes me shiver with anticipation.

My boss draws out the suspense, drumming his fingers on the half-wall. “Well...” he starts.

“Please? Please please please?” I interrupt, and he grins.

“Fine,” he tells me, exhaling loudly. “But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

I clap my hands and beam at Mr. Fuller. Tonight, I’m going to a super-exclusive party at the mansion of a billionaire. And it sounds like I’ll be the only woman there.

Not bad for a recent college grad a few months into her first job, I think smugly. Wait until all my friends hear about this.

I spend the rest of the afternoon online shopping. Yeah, I should be answering the phones and filing reports for Mr. Fuller, but who could expect me to concentrate when I have such an important event tonight?

And I feel so lucky too. Because my favorite store has the perfect dress in stock. As soon as I leave for the day, I’ll pick it up and start to get ready.

This is going to be the best night of my life.

*

Four hours later, I stare at myself in the rearview mirror of my little sports car. I gave myself the slightest cat eye with my eye liner, and my full lips are glimmering thanks to the clear gloss I applied liberally.

But the best part of my whole look is my brand-new red dress. It’s strapless, form-fitting, and *very* short. Hey, there’s no point trying to fit in at this party when I’m already bound to stand out.

Taking a deep breath, I try to calm my jangling nerves. I'm totally keyed up: Mostly, I'm excited to be here, but I also don't want to mess up this golden opportunity.

I never thought I'd get to meet Mr. Danver, and I really want him to be into me.

Easing my car down the long driveway, my jaw drops open. Mr. Danver's mansion is the size of a castle. And it's up on a bluff overlooking the ocean. It's even better than I could have imagined.

Near the entrance, there's a valet stand, and I tug down my dress as I get out and hand over my car keys to the attendant, who looks at me wide-eyed.

I take that as a good sign, and I sashay toward the door. Mr. Fuller is standing beside it, puffing on a cigar.

He arches his brows at me, and I make myself stifle my giggle at his reaction. I need to play it cool tonight, I tell myself.

"Are you still sure about this?" my boss asks me, taking a final puff. I nod my head fast, and he shrugs.

I follow him into the entranceway, with its sweeping staircases on either side. My heels click over the marble floor.

The mansion is easily the nicest place I've ever been. It's impeccably decorated and so big that I can't wrap my head around it.

Strangely, no one is in the front hall or any of the rooms that Mr. Fuller starts to walk me through. I hardly notice at first, though. All my attention goes to the view from the floor-to-ceiling windows at the back of the house.

The ocean waves crash down below us, and I can smell a hint of the salt air from inside the mansion. "This place..." I say, trailing off.

"I know," Mr. Fuller says. "I've been here over and over, and every time is like the first time." My boss holds up his palms. "Would you expect a

billionaire to live anywhere else?”

He winks at me, and this time, I do let myself giggle. Outside of the office, my boss is really turning up the charm.

Mr. Fuller opens a door, and it's dark down the stairs. Loud music makes the walls shake, and I can hear faint sounds of men yelling and cheering, like they're watching sports.

My boss sees my reaction and clicks his tongue. “You wanted to go down to the man cave,” he reminds me.

It's true. I'm the one who pushed him to bring me. So I stand up straight and gesture him forward. “Let's go,” I say, hoping my voice doesn't squeak.

I'm just so intimidated to finally meet the CEO. And now that I'm here, I feel extremely out of place. I mean, I wasn't even invited to this party. Will Mr. Danver be mad?

But I'm too stubborn to back out now, and honestly, there's nothing to lose, so I walk down the stairs like I own the place and that's how I find myself in a cavernous room with big screen TVs on almost every wall.

At first, no one notices me.

They aren't watching sports; they're cheering and making fun of each other while playing some video game on the big screen. Off to the side, Mr. Danver is sitting by himself, looking bored.

That's why he's the first one who sees me. His jaw ticks, and I think he must be pissed off that I came uninvited. But before I can worry about that, the rest of the men start to notice my presence.

They keep elbowing each other and trying to be subtle as they point at me. A few of them huddle together, shooting me glances.

Mr. Danver rises up and squares his shoulders. From the photos I saw online, I never realized how tall he was.

But he's easily a head taller than me, even in my heels. He beckons me to him, and my legs seem to move on their own as I walk over to where he is, leaving Mr. Fuller behind.

Chapter 2

Flipping my hair over my shoulder, I smile at the CEO. When his lips form a tight line, I start the whole routine of batting my lashes that worked on my boss.

But Mr. Danver isn't like other men. He appraises me coldly. Like everyone else, he looks me up and down, but he doesn't seem pleased by what he sees.

That just makes me want him more.

He's so good looking it's crazy. Seriously, my mouth goes dry looking at him. How can someone so successful also look this hot?

The billionaire is wearing a white button-down shirt with rolled up sleeves, which shows off his muscular forearms. His eyes are a piercing blue, and he rakes a hand through his short blonde hair.

The scent of his woody cologne makes my knees go weak. I want him.

It's too bad that he doesn't look like he wants anything to do with me.

"Who are you?" he says in a gravelly voice. Luckily, I prepared for this.

"I'm Kate," I say confidently. "I work for you! I work with Mr. Fuller. I'm his personal assistant."

Mr. Danver doesn't react to my answer. Instead, there's a stony silence between us.

"Umm, Mr. Fuller said it would be okay if I came along tonight," I say when I can't take the tension anymore. I thought you might want some better party guests than this group," I joke, but Mr. Danver still doesn't smile.

"And that's you?" he says flatly.

“Of course,” I respond immediately. Then I roll my eyes. It’s no question that I’m more fun than a couch full of men shouting at the TV while they listen to music and play video games.

I totally thought this party would be more sophisticated.

“Okay,” Mr. Danver tells me. “Why are you better?”

My mind races. How can I put it politely to the CEO of my company that a hot girl is a better party guest? But instead of carefully choosing my words, I blurt something out: “What’s better than this?” I say, gesturing up and down my fit body.

My heart hammers, and I cringe at what I just said, but to my surprise, Mr. Danver starts to crack a smile for the first time.

“You know, you’re right,” he says softly but firmly. “There’s nothing better. Do you want to go somewhere more private and explain yourself further?” the billionaire asks me, and I beam at him.

He takes me to a room off the main one.

“Why is there another TV in here?” I ask. There were enough in the other room.

“This is the movie screening room. Come sit next to me,” he says, patting the oversized armchair.

I lower myself beside him before he keeps talking. “Now’s your chance,” he says. “Tell me more about what you bring to this party.”

But instead of answering him, I put my hand on his strong leg and start to drag my fingers up toward his crotch. I wait to see if I’ve read the situation wrong, but he just leans back in the chair and unzips his pants.

I get down onto my knees in front of him, wondering what’s gotten into me. But I’m just going with the flow.

My pussy quivers under my short dress. I've never wanted someone more, and I didn't come here to miss my chance to get with a billionaire.

I look up at Mr. Danver just as his eyes snap open, and he zips his pants back up.

"Did I do something wrong?" I ask.

"No," Mr. Danver says. "It's not that. It's that I know what would make this so much better. You see, a man of my stature has had all kinds of experiences. And this—" he says, gesturing between us—"isn't exciting enough for my tastes."

His words sting, and I stand up and smooth down my short dress. "Fine," I snap. As I start to walk away, Mr. Danver's strong hand closes around my wrist, stopping me.

"Be patient," he instructs. "I'm going to have you. First, I want you to do everything I ask of you. That's what satisfies me. Being in full and total control. Can you handle that? Submitting?"

The way he's talking to me gets me even hotter than I was before. I've never had anyone ask me to submit before, and I want to give it a try.

We stare at each other for a long moment, and I twirl my hair around my finger nervously. There's so much heat between us, and I'm starting to feel desperate.

My breath is coming in short rasps, and I feel my nipples turning stiff as my mouth goes dry. It's like time slows to a crawl as he looks at me; the sound of my heart beating drowns out all the men playing video games in the next room.

"Yes," I say. "I want to submit to you." I'm practically whispering, which isn't like me at all.

Chapter 3

Mr. Danver gives me a curt nod before tugging my dress off me. It's so sudden, but now I'm standing in front of him in just a thong and high heels.

He looks me over again and then tugs on my wrist. When he throws open the door, I'm confused at first.

Then I understand as he pulls me out into the main room. He wants to do this in front of everyone.

Mr. Danver grabs a remote and turns off all the TVs. The men protest at first—until they see me.

“She's got her tits out!” someone crows.

I'm so embarrassed by the way they're all looking at me that I stare at the ground. This is totally humiliating.

But here's the thing: It's also really hot. I don't know why, but it is.

I'm the center of attention. I drag my eyes up from the floor, and I see Mr. Fuller licking his lips.

Before I know it, he's crossed the huge room and taken handfuls of my breasts. I lean into his touch, and everyone laughs.

Mr. Fuller presses down on my shoulder, and I understand I'm supposed to kneel.

All at once, his cock is out, and he's so hard that it's standing straight out from his body. He peers down at me. “What are you waiting for? Suck my cock, like you've always wanted to. I know what a little slut you are.”

Everyone laughs again. It should stop me, but it doesn't. Especially because Mr. Danver is watching and waiting. He wants me to do it, and I said I would submit.

So I grab Mr. Fuller's shaft and work it into my mouth. He smells so manly, and his cock immediately twitches and throbs as I lick it.

The room goes silent; I guess because they're all mesmerized.

Bobbing back and forth, I swallow my boss's cock all the way down. At the same time, my hand works its way to my panties, and I play with myself.

I get really into it, bucking against my hand and deep-throating Mr. Fuller's musky cock.

But just as I'm about to come, Mr. Fuller pulls out. He sprays cum so forcefully on my bare tits that I'm taken by surprise. The hot load keeps coming, and it runs down to my belly as I kneel and take it.

My boss barely looks at me. Instead, Mr. Fuller is having a silent conversation with Mr. Denver. When Mr. Denver gives him a nod, my boss arranges me so that I'm on all fours.

The next thing I know, a man who I don't recognize walks around me until he's behind me. I can hear him unzip his pants.

He pulls my panties down and plunges into me with one stroke, and I gasp and pitch forward. He's huge, and it's hard to fit him.

But just as I get used to his size, someone else I don't know comes up to my mouth. I open wide and start to suck him off.

The man behind me pulls out just to ram back into me, and I cry out around the cock in my mouth. I can't imagine how I must look. But I don't care.

Over and over, I meet his thrusts, desperate to come. I love the way I'm stretched around him, gripping him tight. My hair bounces around my shoulders, and I don't bother to try to fix it.

I'm wild for the threesome I'm having. The two men bounce me back and forth, spearing me on their enormous members.

My little pussy trembles and grips harder. I'm so close.

It's too bad that my tight hole is too much for the man inside me, though. Because he digs his hands into my hips and then unloads into me with a strangled cry.

The man in my mouth lasts a little while longer before spilling his salty cum down my throat. I lap it up and lick him clean.

As soon as I've pleased those two men, two new men come up. And for hours, every man at the party uses me. Everyone except Mr. Danver.

*

Mr. Danver watches from a few feet away. Every once in a while, I look over at him. He's either staring at me or having a whispered conversation with Mr. Fuller.

I love the heat of his gaze. Each time I see him staring, I try to put on a better show.

Finally, he strides over to me.

In front of everyone, he says, "Which hole do I want to use?" and everyone chuckles. He walks behind me and makes a big show of staring at my puffy, red pussy.

But when he starts to press against me, it's not my cunt he's pressing against. No, Mr. Danver pushes the head of his huge dick against my backdoor.

I've never done this before, and now I'm going to do it with everyone watching and snickering. "I'll teach you to submit to me completely," Mr. Danver whispers in my ear, and he starts pressing forward harder.

I claw at the carpet trying to take him while staying upright. I wobble slightly from side to side as the pressure increases.

Just when I think he'll never enter me, he groans. "That's the tip," he tells me.

Slowly and firmly, he keeps thrusting until his hips meet my ass. He slaps my ass cheek and then starts riding me harder.

I feel so full. Soon, the pressure changes, and as I get used to his girth, I start to buck and meet his thrusts.

My pussy is clamping down, even though it's empty. Mr. Danver gives it to me hard and fast.

He seems to love having an audience, and it makes him rougher with me. I can barely keep up with him. Soon, my cheek is pressed into the carpet, and my ass is up in the air.

The billionaire uses me just how he likes it—hard and fast. My pleasure starts to mount, and I can't believe I'm going to come like this.

It's so shameful that I'm going to orgasm with a crowd of men watching me lose my anal virginity. But I can't help myself.

When Mr. Danver reaches forward and gives my clit a hard pinch, that's all it takes for me to start to go over the edge.

My pussy spasms over and over, and a low moan escapes my lips. My painted nails scratch at the carpet, and I go completely tense, squeezing Mr. Danver hard.

"That's it; come with a cock in your ass for me," the CEO says in his gravelly voice. My heart pounds, and the pleasure starts to crash over me like a wave.

I hear screaming, and then I realize it's me. I spear myself on Mr. Danver, and he rewards me with another clit pinch.

My total bliss consumes me. Every inch of me tingles, and my skin is warm and flushed. It's total euphoria, and I forget that so many men are watching.

When the orgasm ends, I collapse forward, and Mr. Danver props me up. He uses me until he's ready to fill me up.

The billionaire groans and gives two final strokes and then pours his seed into my rosebud. When he's done, I'm sticky and tired. My usually perfect hair is tangled, and I curl up on the carpet.

Mr. Danver doesn't say anything. He steps over me and clicks the TVs back on. "Take a break, gentlemen," I hear him say. "We'll start round two with her in a little while."

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