Dani's New Life - Chap 2

By LauriesHusband

Published on Lush Stories on 02 Feb 2009

Dani's degradation and humiliation continue

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/danis-new-life-chap-2.aspx

It was the rich aroma of fresh coffee that brought Dani Evans back to consciousness early in the morning after her life-altering experience. The twenty-eight year-old corporate attorney stretched like one of her kittens, her muscles responding and her body waking to the smell of breakfast and the sound of soft conversation in the background. Opening her eyes, she saw Alan Jacobs, the new Director of Sales for the same company that employed Dani as their VP of Legal Affairs and in-house counsel, speaking softly in to his cell phone as he stood by the bar in his hotel suite.

Dani's breathe caught in her throat as the images of the previous night came flooding back. The beautiful, conservative, married blonde lawyer put her life, her marriage and her career in jeopardy shortly after meeting the enigmatic Mr. Jacobs at the bar in this same hotel after their company's sales conference ended the day before. She had made a commitment to him – more to herself, really – and now, waking up naked on his bed, she knew that it was what she truly wanted.

He noticed she was awake and watching him. After beckoning to her she rose from the bed, and after saying something into his phone he looked at her directly in her eyes and he snapped his fingers at her. "Bring me a cup of coffee, Daniella." She flushed a deep scarlet – no one had spoken to her like that in years. It was then that she turned to look for the coffee and saw the handsome, older black waiter pouring a cup and smiling at her. Her mouth dropped and she would swear her heart was beating outside of her chest.

"Morning, Mrs. Evans," the balding gentleman spoke softly as he held the cup and saucer out to her. "Mr. Jacobs asked me to get some of your things from your room for you. If I missed anything, you tell me now and I'll go get it for you."

Dani stood there, frozen with embarrassment and shame. "Oh God! I know him! He knows me... he knows Jimmy," she thought to herself in a split second. Then she saw him looking at her – hard. She looked down slowly, her nipples were swollen and hard and then, she remembered him saying when he'd brought something to her room earlier in the week, that he'd had the pleasure of serving her father whenever he stayed in Boston...she remembered that he would be in that very hotel the following week and the thought of possible exposure sent a small climax rolling through her. She had to stop shaking before she could take the cup and saucer from him.

She turned back to Alan who was looking rather impatient as he waited for his coffee. Dani seemed to snap back together and smiled at the room service waiter as she took the coffee out of his hands. As

demurely as she could, she said "Thank you for bringing my things. I'm sure if I need anything, Mr. Jacobs will take care of it for me." She turned gracefully, her high, round ass moving delightfully as she walked over to her new lover and mentor and put the coffee on the bar.
It was her smile, he decided, as he watched her turn away from the older African-American gentleman and stroll so proudly, so sexily towards him...as though they were a couple or something equally as absurd. He smiled back at her, drawing her close, as he continued his conversation until he put his left arm over her shoulder and handed her the small phone. "The woman on the phone is a friend of mine, Daniella. She's a stylist...answer her questions and she'll be here at ten o'clock with the start of a new wardrobe for you."
Dani's voice was a soft buzz in the background as Alan drank his coffee and walked back to the serving cart for another cup. "You can stay a few minutes, can't you, James?" The older man smiled and nodded his head. "Good," the charismatic executive continued, "I think you might enjoy Mrs. Evans...it's been a while since I've had someone quite like her."
The waiter chuckled easily along with the younger man. "Last time I enjoyed a classy, beautiful, married white lady," James replied, "I believe it was the last Mrs. Jacobs. Did I ever say thank you for that, Mr. Jacobs?"
"No need, my friend," Alan held his cup out for a refill, "my obligations to her have been met. She is a beautiful woman who happened to need what I knew you could provide. Putting you two together is what my people call a mitzvah, a blessing." The dark, handsome man laughed. "It's a way of building up credit to go to heaven." Then he looked over at Dani. "I don't know if I'll ever get there, James. Not as long as I keep finding women like Mrs. Evans." He took the filled cup and smiled darkly. "C'mon, James...let's go play."
The older man took his time walking across the room. Alan, on the other hand, seemed to race back to the bar. He took the phone out of Dani's hand, quickly confirmed what he wanted, and snapped the phone closed. He looked at his newest...protégé...maybe, he thought to himself, if things work out. Right now she was an incredibly hot and provocative amusement – and he felt like being entertained. Still looking at the beautiful blonde lawyer, curiously at ease being naked and exposed in front of the room service waiter, he spoke to his friend. "James, did you know that Mrs. Evans and I read some of the same books as youngsters?" Having played these games with Mr. Jacobs before, the waiter knew no answer was required. "Daniella," his voice turned flat, soft but with tremendous force behind it, "show my friend how I found out."
Dani felt her heart stop! It was...well, not exactly easy, but possible for the young married woman to play the role of a wife having an affair in front of the man who knows the rest of her family. But what he was asking of her now...then she felt her cunt start to moisten; without saying a word, the twenty-eight year-old with the centerfold body dropped gracefully to her knees and drew her feet up behind her. Slowly, deliberately, she spread her knees to just shoulder width – far enough that her nether lips started to spread open before her admirers' eyes.
She felt the moisture in her naked pussy start to collect in her little slit. Her breathing was getting shallower and faster and she knew her pulse rate was climbing.

Dani then put her arms behind her back – each hand holding the opposite elbow – thrusting her firm, perky breasts and painfully swollen nipples up and out. Finally, she tilted her head down and only then lifted her beautiful green eyes. Tiny electrical charges attacked random nerves all over her as she knelt in her slave position before the two men. She knew any hope of deception was long gone. Alan was going to expose her for what she really was...and the realization brought the most intense mixture of shame, humiliation and sexual pleasure that she had ever experienced.

Dani was climaxing as they talked about her from three feet away. She couldn't move – she couldn't speak and the light show in her head prevented her from hearing what they were saying until that flat, powerful voice cut through the orgasmic confusion and gave her something to focus on. "Daniella, tell James what the book was."

"Slaves of Gor," she replied softly. Her arms were burning with the strain of holding them still and the pain was beginning to get to her.

The soft, commanding voice found her again. "Tell him what it was about."

They could see the muscles rippling as another climax rolled through her. She heard one of them sniff, and when the waiter said he could "smell her little pussy" the fireworks started all over again.

"It's about..." it was difficult to speak above a whisper, her breathing was still ragged, "a girl... she's kidnapped...taken to a strange place...made a slave."

James interrupts with a great deal of disdain in his voice. "That sounds like a familiar story."

On her knees before the tall African-American man, the turned-on lawyer finally saw the irony of her situation. Flushed completely with total embarrassment, Dani tried to explain. "Oh no, please," she started to beg for understanding, "this was just a fantasy...it was sex and adventure ...please...not racial, not politi..."

"Quiet now, girl!" Dani looked up and was frightened by the look in James' eyes. A glance at Alan showed him looking almost disinterested...he certainly wasn't going to interfere. "Do you think slavery was a fantasy?" He stepped closer to her and she could feel the heat coming from him. "Do you think...it was just a sexy adventure for those poor souls?"

Dani hung her head in shame. "No...of course not," her voice cracked as she held back her tears. "Please, how can I say I'm sorry?" She sat there, her body stiff and aching, appalled that she found herself flirting with the man she had (she thought) so deeply offended. She looked up into his dark eyes and thought she saw a little sparkle.

"Well..." he drew it out a good long time, his deep voice rumbling, "maybe you should...show me...what a sexy adventure slavery can be."

Dani looked immediately to Alan who nodded almost imperceptibly at the incredibly hot young attorney. When she turned back, the waiter was standing right in front of her and she could see the throbbing through his black pants. Without a word, Dani reached her hands (God, the relief to her arms was amazing) to the older man's belt. Quickly and efficiently, she unbuckled, unbuttoned and unzipped him. She let his trousers fall around his ankles as she leaned closer and slipped a thumb under the waistband of his boxers on each hip. A little slower, she slid the silky shorts down his muscled legs. As she started to uncover his thick tool, the aroma of his musk was overwhelming and

her heart started to pound so hard and so fast it seemed like it was outside her beautiful, heaving chest.
Finally getting his boxers down along with his trousers, the first thing the hot suburban wife noticed was that the ebony pole just inches from her soft, puffy lips, all thick and meaty, was uncircumcised. Her immediate reaction was lusty surprise – it had been years since she'd played with someone's foreskin. She flushed as she remembered a little trick from that last time. But first, she wanted to show him how sexy a slave could be.
Taking his thick stalk in her left hand, she held it up against his flat stomach while she licked along the thick vein from the bottom of his cock until her tongue reached his foreskin. She left him slick with her saliva as she tongued her way back down until she reached the soft, wrinkled skin of his large sac. Moving closer, still holding his lengthening cock against him, she sucked each of his nuts into her warm mouth, massaging them with her lips. When she heard the older man groan, she felt so proud of herself. As she moved her face further between his legs, she inhaled the musky aroma of his ass. His soft balls dropped on her chin as she licked the sensitive flesh between his scrotum and his anus. "Damn, girl." Words came in a deep bass moan, "Now you doing slave work..." His legs shivered as she moved instinctively, further up the dark crease. His moan acknowledged her skills and again, she felt an inordinate pride in her abilities to play this role so well.
It was at that exact moment when Dani realized how far she had drifted in only twelve hours. The Harvard-educated lawyer, darling of the Wall Street bloggers was more proud of being a good slut/slave for a room service waiter than any scholastic or professional award she had ever won. That realization, along with the soft exclamation from the black waiter of, "Fuck, Mr. Jacobs...Mrs. Evans has her little tongue...right up my asshole...just like Mrs. Jacobs used to do," caused Dani's pussy to flood as another electric light show played on her eyelids.
Always the most competitive, Dani felt it was more important than anything to be more sexy, more brazen...more pleasing than the Mrs. Jacobs he had referred to earlier. Licking her way back towards the erect phallus still cradled in her left hand, she pulled him down to her soft, pillowy lips, his thickened foreskin still hiding the ebony crown of his proud cock. Laving him with the flat of her tongue, he was slick and sticky and totally unsuspecting as she slipped the curved tip of her tiny pink tongue between his foreskin and the sensitive flesh around the ridge of his cock-head, making quick half-circles around the bottom of the crown.. As he groaned, the old, black room service waiter grabbed the back of the young lawyers pretty blonde head.
Wrapping his long fingers in her fine hair with one hand, he skinned his hood back with his other, leaving the large plum-shaped head on her tongue.
"Now be a slave, bitch!" he growled at her as he pumped his hips forward sending his swollen meat deep into her hungry mouth. His grip on her hair forced her lips to his dark flesh. Relaxing her throat, breathing through her nose as she had been taught the night before, the fast-learning suburban wife gagged, just a little, as his cock slid into her throat. She thought she heard her mentor laugh softly in the background.
He held her there, both hands on her head now as he drew all but his thick, soft head out of her

mouth and then rammed his length back into her, gagging her repeatedly as he crashed into her throat. The ache that it caused was not nearly as bad as the pain from the shame and humiliation of being so totally used. And that pain turned quickly to extraordinary pleasure radiating from deep within her drenched cunt.

When that thought crystallized for her, the electric flashes starting deep in her sex rolled over her completely and she came again, riding her cosmic wave. But this time it was different somehow. Instead of letting the wave take her, Dani rode the erotic energy moving through her body and her mind. She was overwhelmed by the sensuous feelings, maintaining total control as her body was being used as nothing more than a cum-dump.

She was desperate to share her new understanding with Alan and so she did something she never would have done before. Dani slipped her finger into her crème-filled pussy, lubricating it with her slick juices. Then she put both hands on James' ass, pulling his cheeks apart and exposing his anus. As he ground his pubic bone against her lips, assaulting her tender throat, the beautiful corporate lawyer slid her finger past his sphincter and started to massage his prostate. Within seconds, the tall, older man was moaning and groaning, pulling Dani's face so close she couldn't breathe as he unloaded rope after rope of his thick, pearl-colored semen down her throat.

But as much as she wanted him to finish, she found a deep desire to taste him...to make this all real. She pulled back far enough to bring his cock-head to her lips, letting his next volley shoot across her tongue and coat the roof of her mouth. She moaned back at him, letting him know how wonderful he tasted as she swallowed yet another thick rope. Dani jacked his cock with her small white fingers, loving the way the color of her flesh contrasted with his, sucking every last drop from him – draining his balls as best she could. When she felt nothing more coming from his piss-hole, she backed away and resumed her slave position.

Looking up at both men, Dani slowly opened her mouth to show them the puddle of cum on her tongue. As they acknowledged her, she tilted her head back and let them watch the thick, white pool slide down her throat.

"Goddamn, Mr. Jacobs," the tall, balding African-American was trembling as he pulled his boxers and his trousers back up his long legs, "she one hot fuckin bitch." He shivered as he tucked his shirt into his pants, zipped, and buckled himself back together. "You better watch out young man," he warned, his voice resonating with the experience of his years. "This one have you on your knees before too long." His words sent Dani to a higher level...and as her mind recognized the strength of her new calling, her centerfold body responded as well. And again, as she sat on her heels, her arms burning from the strain of being held behind her back and her nipples hard, swollen, and yearning for anyone...anything...to touch them, she felt herself take control of the erotic energy riding along every channel of her being, climaxing silently, without any visible movement, so totally excited knowing that she was entirely exposed and on display in front of these two men. It was totally overwhelming.

Before she realized what was happening, Alan was holding her in his strong arms, carrying her gently to the bed.

Dani woke once more to the smell of coffee. This time, Alan was holding a cup for her as he sat on

the edge of the bed. Her smile, the way she moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue and the way she stretched like a cat as she sat up spoke volumes to her new mentor. Trying to keep the proud, knowing smile off his face, he handed her the steaming cup. "You don't have to say anything, Daniella," his voice was soft but firm. "I saw it in your eyes, dear. I watched you, Mrs. Evans...I watched you ride your climax like you were surfing the perfect wave."

Dani flushed with a combination of embarrassment and pride. His voice dropped to just over a whisper. "I saw you do it again...when he told me to be careful." The words sent a chill through her that defeated the warmth of the hot coffee – she could feel the tightness of her dark pink nipples, wishing he would touch her...any way he wanted...even to hurt her like he did the night before.

The doorbell sounded and Alan left her, naked and still trembling on the bed, to answer the door. He returned to the bedroom a moment later, his arms full of clothing bags. A step behind him, a beautiful woman in her late thirties followed, her arms and hands full of shopping bags. Dani hadn't moved except to put her coffee cup down. She waited as Alan lay the long dress bags across the bed. The curvy brunette set her bags down at the same time, revealing a perfect figure displayed under a silky wrap-around dress.

"Cheryl," Alan's voice was light and conversational, "this is Mrs. Evans. You spoke on the phone earlier." He didn't bother to introduce Dani back to his stylist friend, knowing she would feel the slight. "Have some coffee while I clean her up for you." His eyes were sparkling as he reached for her across the bed. He brought her to her feet beside the bed, standing in front of him. The stylist moved a few feet away to the breakfast cart and the steaming coffee, watching the gorgeous blonde very closely as she stood naked and on display.

Dani was on fire and her flesh was sizzling with lust. She knew her connection with Alan was more powerful than either of them realized at the start. When he so rudely neglected to introduce her, instead just posing her, naked and exposed, she understood he was teaching her about sexual politics. As she absorbed the lesson, seeing it from both sides, her humiliation became as powerful a sexual stimulant as she had ever experienced

"Take my pants off." He was that brief and unemotional as he kicked off his soft loafers and stood barefoot unbuttoning his shirt. She knelt in front of him and lowered his trousers. "Now these." His elbows pointed to his black silk boxers as he took his shirt off. As she pulled them down his muscular thighs, the musky scent of his sex assaulted the young wife and she was overcome with desire for him. He felt the heat emanating from her burning flesh as he stepped out of his clothes and pulled her to her feet.

Turning back to his friend, he smiled as she gazed familiarly at his thickening penis. "Be right back, dear...enjoy the show." He took Dani by the elbow and led her to the shower. It was a luxury affair – two walls of dark slate tiles held multiple showerheads and the whole area was visible through glass panels from the bedroom.

Alan guided the lawyer into the steam, turning her around in the hot water under the multiple spraying heads until her skin flushed pink. He lathered her with shower gel, her body glistening against the slate walls. When the tanned and athletic Director of Sales turned to look at his stylist friend, he saw

her hand sliding over her full breasts as she stared at Dani. He grinned, pleased with himself that he still remembered Cheryl's taste for beautiful blondes. Directing Dani to the clear glass partition facing the bed, Alan pressed her hard from behind – her dark nipples and pale breasts expanding against the wet and slightly steamy transparent wall.

Feeling Alan's breath in her ear the hot lawyer directed her gaze back at the stylist. "How many women have you fucked, Daniella?" He made it sound so deliciously dirty. "I don't mean fumbling with the girls at school..."

Surprised she could speak at all, Dani moaned her reply. "None, Alan. Not since school – boarding school, not college." Her moan became a deep guttural groan as she felt the large, mushroom-shaped head of his thick cock slip into the wet heat of her hungry, clutching cunt.

"Tease her, Daniella," he hissed into her burning ear as he jammed his hard, curved cock deep into her liquid heat. "Show her what you're going to do to her after your shower." He pressed further into her, his cockhead spreading her cervical ring. "Show me what you're going to do with Sasha after the conference, Counselor."

Dani felt faint from the combination of the hot, steamy spray, the erotic images Alan kept painting for her, and the incredible feeling of his wonderful cock filling her pussy so completely. For just a moment, between his deep plunging thrusts, Dani remembered the last time she'd been intimate with another woman and suddenly she realized just how much she missed the sweet and tangy flavor of a clean pussy along with the softness that only another woman could provide.

"Oh, God!" she thought to herself, "There's nothing about me he doesn't know...or can't figure out."

Dani moaned as he fucked his thick, smooth prick into her again and again. She turned her head back and kissed him with a passion she hadn't felt for years. "Let me do something for you, Alan. For her, too...please?"

Without waiting for an answer, the hot young lawyer slid off of her mentor's engorged penis and quickly turned around as she dropped to her knees in front of him – pulling him around so they presented a profile to the dark-haired stylist. Glancing quickly towards the bed, Dani saw the woman caressing herself, her coffee forgotten.

Looking up at the dark, trim and incredibly attractive and charismatic man, Dani kept her eyes open as the shower sprayed all around her. "Please, Alan," she whispered, "fuck my face...hard. Let her think you are brutalizing me."

Alan stared at her as she waited on her knees, her breasts thrust up and out, nipples hard as diamonds. Finally he smiled at his bright young protégé. "Go ahead, Daniella," his voice expressed his amusement, "show me what you've got...let me see you play her." While he spoke to her, he looked through the watery glass, catching Cheryl's eye. When he was sure he had her full attention, he gripped his erect organ in his right hand and a handful of Dani's long, wet hair in his left. With enough force to make Dani's gagging as real and painful as it sounded, Alan plunged the full length of his flesh-pole past her lips and into her throat. Every third or fourth stroke, he held her face tight against him, making Dani work her throat around him as he turned his hips to display their union to the excited stylist.

Cheryl dropped back on the bed soon after Alan had led his beautiful new pet to the shower. He hadn't exaggerated on the phone when he described her – she was beautiful...hot, too, the brunette thought as her hands moved mindlessly to her breast and her moistening pussy. She found herself licking her lips when Alan had pushed the creamy blonde into the glass, spreading her nipples and her firm, round breasts against the wet barrier. Cheryl's hands had now slipped inside her wrap-around dress, stroking her nipples and teasing her rather prominent clit, all three dark pink nubs growing along with her mounting excitement.

"UNNNGGHH...ARGHHH.....OMMMFFF" Dani's gagging groans were heard easily over the sound of the showerheads releasing their steamy hot spray over Alan and the blonde corporate lawyer kneeling before him. She couldn't believe the burning feeling in her hot, tight pussy as he held her face against the firm muscles of his lower torso, her lips jammed against his pubic arch and his big mushroom cock-head sliding into her open throat. If she let herself, she could climax right now, loving every exquisite moment with him...her mentor...her sexual Svengali.

But the excited young woman wanted more. Vaguely aware of the thick fleshy intruder moving in and out of her mouth, Dani decided again that she really wanted more...certainly more of Alan and everything he would expose her to...more of her own life as well. In the passing of seconds, she knew she had to make some hard decisions regarding her husband and their life.

But not now, she thought, in control once more. She looked through the wet glass to see that the woman on the bed had opened her wrap-around dress as she lay back against some pillows. It was hard to see clearly, but Dani could see her hands playing with her breasts and her crotch, both areas covered in some kind of white lingerie. She could see the pretty brunette react to the scene in front of her...to the sounds of Alan's thick, hard organ raping her willing mouth.

When she heard the stylist start to get close, Dani gently spread his taut ass cheeks and found his anus with her fingertip. She circled it lightly, signaling her intentions as she grew more aware of the burning pain where he was pulling her hair...the burning pain instantly becoming hot, wet pleasure in her hungry cunt. "Do it," he hissed at her under the sound of the spray. And as he skull-fucked the lithe, athletic, twenty-eight year old, she slid her finger deep enough into his rectum to massage his prostrate, bringing ever so close to the edge.

Feeling her finger wriggling up his backside was all Alan needed to make himself forget about the scene they were playing and concentrate solely on his own pleasure. He was brutal as he plunged his cock into her mouth and down her throat. He felt his cum boiling and starting to rise up his stiff tube. Once, twice, and then a third hard thrust of his prick through her swollen lips before he lodged himself in her throat, holding her face so tight against him she couldn't breathe.

Cheryl couldn't believe the action taking place in front of her. In all the years that she'd known Alan, in all the sexual situations they'd been in together (just the two of them and sometimes with one of his pets), she had never seen him so seemingly out-of-control...so violent. "God," she thought to herself, "they're both so hot!" She couldn't tell if the girl was enjoying it or not. Regardless, her cunt was streaming into her delicate panties as her fingers kept teasing her hard clit.

Dani felt the first jet of his thick, pearly cum hit the back of her throat as his sphincter closed hard

against her intruding finger. Still wriggling it around, Dani pushed herself off of Alan's hard, thick, and beautifully curved penis, holding it just inches in front of her face. Each time he felt her finger move inside him, he released another thick rope of semen across her beautiful, wanton face until at last, he stopped shooting. As he tried to gather himself – control his breathing and stop tensing all his muscles – he felt Dani take his spent prick back in her mouth to clean him off. When she released him again, he moved back to the slate wall and turned the shower off.

Grabbing a large, thick towel, Dani quickly dried her mentor's tan, trim torso before gently taking care of his more sensitive parts. With quick swipes down his legs and around his shoulders and arms, Alan was already moving back towards the bed. Dani then dried herself, making sure to leave most of Alan's crème still on her face, and walked slowly towards the bed. With half-closed eyes, she watched the sexy stylist play with herself as her eyes jumped between Dani's breasts and her smooth, bare pussy.

By the time the young lawyer reached the bed, Alan was sitting behind Cheryl, leaning back against the headboard. Cheryl was still resting on her back, but instead of against pillows, she was now resting against Alan, her right arm across his hips, her hand absently brushing against his flaccid cock, and her legs parted in invitation.

"Don't be shy, Daniella," Alan smirked as she got close enough to climb on to the bed. "I've already told Cheryl she can do as she pleases with you." His laugh was cold and she knew that he'd understood her perfectly.

Dani looked hurt and frightened as she slithered on to the smooth satin comforter. She raised one knee on to the covers and posed there, just for a moment; long enough to track Cheryl's gaze move to her innocent looking, bare pussy. Dani moved her fingers to her perfectly shaped breasts. Her nipples were dark pink, hard and swollen, pointing like a Playboy centerfold right at Cheryl's face. As she moved closer, it sounded like she was whimpering very softly.

The hot brunette was sure her heart was beating outside her chest – that everyone could hear her excitement – as the sexy young blonde got closer and closer. The heat rolling off her flesh was warming the room and making everyone sweat just a little more. She couldn't believe how beautiful the young woman was...she looked so vulnerable, so used. Watching Alan rape her mouth in the shower was about the hottest thing she'd ever seen. Now she was so hot and so close...Cheryl thought the girl had read her mind when Dani's fingers moved to the front clasp of her tiny white lace bra. Mewling like a hurt kitten, Dani pulled the lace away and start to suck on Cheryl's swollen and sensitive nipple.

Gradually, Dani's whimpering turned to soft moans as Cheryl pressed her head firmly against her breast. "Did he...hurt you?" she whispered softly into Dani's ear. The blonde lawyer almost climaxed – she knew she had her now.

Dani let her head be drawn up and she murmured "uh huh" as she felt Cheryl's lips press against her own. Dani let the other woman's tongue pry her lips apart and swirl around inside Dani's sweet, cum-covered mouth. Breaking the kiss, rolling Cheryl's hard nipple in her fingers, Dani whimpered again into the soft, fluid curve of Cheryl's shoulder, "He's so rough...can you...be... gentle with me?"

Alan couldn't believe what he was hearing. Before he could react, Cheryl had raised herself off of him and laid Dani on her back across the top of the mattress. With one hand, the stylist was lovingly smoothing Dani's long hair away from her still sticky face. Her other hand was moving lightly over Dani's perfect physique, delighting in the smooth silkiness of her youthful curves and hollows. Cheryl's voice, when she could finally speak, was low and husky. "Let me love you, baby...I'll make you feel better..."

Dani closed her eyes as the two women kissed deeply and passionately, as if they had been lovers for years. Breaking their lips apart, Cheryl started to lick the remains of Alan's climax from Dani's beautiful face. Her face red, almost embarrassed at her need, Cheryl whispered again in Dani's ear. "Your pussy...looks so...young...so fresh." Her heart was pounding again. "Can I taste you, baby?" Dani pulled the older girl's face back to hers for another soulful kiss. This time, Dani bit her lip before she let her go, pushing her shoulders down. Cheryl gasped in confused delight as she let herself be guided down Dani's sleek and sweaty body.

She pulled Dani's legs apart, driven by the musky scent of her just-fucked pussy. As she lowered her head between Dani's thighs, her tongue started licking up and down the sleek, hairless pussy lips that spread so invitingly for her. Finding the taste intoxicating, the brunette began exploring the insides of Dani's pretty pussy with her long tongue, lapping the drenched slit from back to front and finding the hood over Dani's budding clit.

As Cheryl feasted on the blonde's secretions, Dani caught Alan's eyes and drilled him with a look of total victory. Alan smiled, magnanimous in recognition, proud of his newest protégé. Then he heard Dani again, speaking softly to Cheryl. "Do you want to try, honey?" her voice was so soft and seductively sweet. "Do you want him...to hurt you...just a little?" They both heard Cheryl groan as she stuck her tongue into Dani's buttery cunt. "If you do," Dani continued softly, "I can make it feel all better...okay?" Without taking her tongue out of that sweet slit, Cheryl looked at the hot blonde and nodded her head, just a little.

Watching the two women making out before had started the blood pooling in Alan's prick. Now listening to Dani seduce his casual friend and sometime fuck-buddy into a more violent scene, his fully engorged penis was as hard and as stiff as he could ever remember it. He moved on to his knees behind Cheryl's outstretched legs. Quite roughly, he grabbed her around her hips and pulled her up to her knees, her face still buried in Dani's succulent snatch. Shoving her legs apart, he pressed down on the small of her back until she arched up for him, her wet, excited cunt gaping open for him from behind.

Her eyes wide open, Dani thrilled at the sight in front of her. She had been the one to set this in motion...she was directing the action now. "Fuck her hard, Alan," her voice was rough and edgy as she looked at him. "She wants you to hurt her...so I can make her feel all better."

Alan groaned and Cheryl moaned into Dani's slit as he filled her with one powerful thrust from behind. Even wet with excitement, she was nowhere near open enough for his thick stalk and it felt like he was ripping her in two. Giving her no time at all to adjust to his size, Alan withdrew all but his giant, mushroom-shaped head and then plunged fully into her again. This time, the stylist screamed into

Dani's cunt.
"OH FUCK!!! IT BURNS!!!" Cheryl was trying to stop his ramrod hip thrusts from tearing her tiny pussy apart. Tears were starting to streak down her face as he used her, unmindful of her pain and discomfort. Her universe was only the raw sensation of his cock pounding her, splitting her over and over again. Finally she heard him grunt and she felt his hot crème filling her sore, abused cunt, soothing the burning feeling inside her.
As soon as he finished, Alan pulled out of his friend's cunt, a little embarrassed that he had gotten so carried away and hopeful that he hadn't really hurt her. Leaning back against the headboard again, he watched silently as Dani finished what she had so wickedly started.
Keeping Cheryl on all fours, Dani slid down the bed until her face was under the pretty brunette's. Gently, she pulled the stylist's face down to hers, kissing and licking the tears off her smooth skin. "Did he hurt you, honey?" Dani whispered to her as she kept kissing her softly and licking her lips and her chin. "Can I make it all better?" Cheryl moaned her consent – anxious for the relief Dani promised.
Dani, still on her back, continued sliding down between Cheryl's spread legs until her face was directly under her red, sore pussy. Dani put her hands on Cheryl's hips and guided her down until her labia were resting just above Dani's open mouth. Dani directed the other woman to sit up and then lean backwards, supporting herself on her hands behind her and on her knees straddling Dani's face. This opened her pussy up for Dani's oral ministrations and for the stylist, it was like nothing she'd ever felt before.
Dani grabbed a pillow and put it under her head, lifting her mouth to Cheryl's sore and tender lips. The first thing she did was to soothe the roughly-treated insides of her lover's cum-filled hole. As gently and lovingly as she could, Dani used her long tongue to lick Alan's cum from Cheryl's vagina, sucking the delicious crème into her own mouth and swallowing it down. Dani knew the swallowing motions would transfer to Cheryl's sensitive sex, adding to her arousal.
She lost herself in her hunger, thoroughly enjoying the taste and the texture of Cheryl's brutally fucked cunt. She couldn't help but compare the brunette's dripping pussy to those delicious, young pussies she'd sampled in school and decided, happily, that she loved both tastes. Dani remembered through it all, to be as gentle as possible – to bring Cheryl to the best kind of pain and pleasure combination. Lovingly, she sucked and licked and used her tongue to soothe away the burning discomfort from the dark red labia and the tender, abused clit.
Dani slid her hands up the other girl's body, barely touching her flesh as she softly outlined the seductive curves of her heavy breasts and the sexy flair of her hips just below her trim waist. She brought Cheryl closer and closer to climax, her tongue moving excruciatingly slowly over and around the hard nub standing at the top of her wet, sticky slit.
The brilliant attorney felt more power, more control than she ever had in a courtroom or a boardroom as she continued her delicate assault on Cheryl's sex. She just knew that every tiny circle her tongue inscribed around Cheryl's throbbing nub brought her closer to an unexplored edge, waiting just beyond her grasp.

Cheryl simply didn't understand what was happening to her any longer. She couldn't believe the sensations that this enigmatic young woman was causing her to feel and experience. Letting herself be used and hurt like that...What was she thinking? But trusting the hot, sexy blonde has proven to be the right thing to do, it seems, as she built steadily to a climax that would dwarf anything she had experienced before.

Wetting her fingers in Cheryl's slick pussy, Dani used one to gently peel back the dark pink hood that still partially obscured the brunette's clit. The other finger slid back into Cheryl's fuck-hole and, as slowly as she moved her tongue, Dani massaged the rough interior flesh covering Cheryl's G-spot. The combined sensations, coupled with the mind-altering slow motion Dani was using, was sending Cheryl hurtling towards a cataclysmic sexual explosion.

"Unnnghh!!! God, Alan...what...what is she doing?" Cheryl's voice burst in a tremolo that matched the vibrations centered in her heated pussy. Electric shocks covered her slick, flushed skin, traveling along every neural pathway of her being, igniting her senses. She felt the insanity of the tortured and the damned as Dani slowed her magical tongue and enchanted fingers even more, savoring each and every touch and taste.

As the time it took for Dani's tongue to circle her throbbing clit stretched into infinity, Cheryl's physical reaction started with a sudden clamp around the finger in her cunt. As soon as Dani felt the first muscular contraction, she pushed her thumb past Cheryl's tight sphincter, knuckle-deep in her backside. This triggered the next reaction – a scream of release that might have awakened the ghosts of previously like-satisfied guests. This was followed up with an expulsion of girl-juice that coated Dani's face and throat – so much that Cheryl thought for a moment that she'd lost control and was pissing on the young blonde lawyer.

When the enraptured brunette finally came back down, her breathing and her muscles somewhat under control, she lay prone – face to face – atop her beautiful seductress. Shaking her head in wonder, the dark-haired stylist kissed Dani as deeply and passionately as she had ever kissed any of her lovers. She tried to thank the sexy blonde, but the words just wouldn't come so she kissed her again. Dani rolled her over and took the upper hand. Softly she whispered that there was no need to thank her – it was her great pleasure and she just knew that they would see each other again. A final kiss and Dani slid away, moving back to the shower to wash away the last traces of their sex.

Back on the bed, Cheryl turned back to Alan, giving him a long and loving kiss. "She's very special, Alan," she nodded towards the shower as she spoke. "Are you going to keep her? You know she won't stay a pet for long."

"I know," he said as he stroked Cheryl's tight body. "Maybe...don't say anything, my dear friend...if she decides to stay with me...maybe I'll work with a partner again."

The brunette shivered as his thumbs caressed her still sensitive nipples, but it was more from the image of the two of them together...very powerful, she thought. But now it was time to get professional again and when Dani stepped out of the shower, Cheryl disengaged herself from Alan and stepped under the hot spray herself.

Minutes later, she was showing Dani all of the new wardrobe she had purchased earlier that morning

on the lawyer's behalf. And Dani was very pleased with Cheryl's taste and sense of style. The lingerie was extremely sexy – she smiled at Alan as all the La Perla labels fell around the beautifully flimsy garments. Dresses, suits and blouses were all very professionally styled and beautifully accessorized, yet they made Dani look more feminine and decidedly sexier than she did in her own things. Finally, there were two outfits that Dani knew should would be wearing later. One was appropriate for any of the hottest clubs in New York, South Beach or LA. The other was more suited to the public display windows of the whorehouses in Amsterdam. She couldn't wait to wear them both.

Cheryl apologized to Alan for only finding a few outfits in the short time he'd given her, but both Alan and Dani were pleased and impressed with her selections and Dani told Cheryl she would be in touch soon for more shopping help. The satisfied stylist left shortly afterward.

Left alone for what seemed like the first time that morning, Alan and Dani regarded each other warily, each feeling a subtle change in their new and developing relationship. Alan had dressed while the women explored and experimented with Dani's new wardrobe and now, as he stood before his naked pet, he was pleased to see the brilliant young lawyer, eyes cast downward, sink gracefully to her knees and assume her slave position. As he moved closer to her, she looked up at the man who so completely overwhelmed her and changed her life in less than one day. This time, he noticed a small but triumphant smile behind her stunning green eyes.

The experienced mentor knew what she needed to hear – what surprised him was how easily it rolled off his tongue. "Very nicely done, Daniella," he said with true admiration. "I think Sasha will be pleased if you show her that same effort and energy level." Dani smiled back at him, blushing slightly at the unexpected praise and surprised to find her rose-colored nipples were getting excited at the thought of what was to come later. "Mmmmm," Alan moaned deeply and appreciatively as his fingers found her lengthening buds, "I think your getting as anxious as I am, darling, but it's getting late and we need to meet my staff for lunch before the closing session of the conference. Why don't we get you dressed, Daniella...something that says you are a Corporate Officer to the sales force," Alan started to grin, "and at the same time, lets my five lucky managers..." Dani moaned as she remembered her nude appearance on the balcony for them the night before, "know that you are their special compensation...you will be their fuck-toy until I decide otherwise."

Dani's moan turned into a deep, guttural groan as his fingers squeezed her tender nipples and his words inflamed her libido. At that moment, there was nothing that the brilliant, beautiful, and married corporate attorney wanted more than to be used and abused by the four handsome, well-built men and the exotic and beautiful Sasha. Alan released her sore, tender pink buds and the sudden sensation of the blood rushing back into the tortured flesh produced a quick burning feeling that caused a small climax to burst unexpectedly through her.

Keeping her eyes locked on to her mentor's, Dani rose gracefully to her feet. She saw his eyes track to her hand, to the finger she used to slide across her wet and vibrating pussy lips. Gathering what she could of her own liquid sex, the exquisite young blond brought her hand slowly upwards, opened her mouth and slid the juicy finger between her lips. She moaned at the taste of herself, surprised that she no longer felt any inhibitions at all.

"Thank you, Master," she whispered with downcast eyes.
Alan watched quietly as his newest protégé chose her outfit with care to his direction. (He knew already he would keep her as long as she wanted to stay.) He could feel the warmth coming from his groin as she sat on the edge of the bed and rolled a pair of black thigh-highs up her firm and beautifully trim legs. She stood and turned her back to him, leaning over the bed to choose again. He sighed with total appreciation as Dani thrust her perfect ass up, her legs spread just enough to let her naked pussy be seen from behind.
She made her choices and dressed quickly. A transparent black lace thong and matching demi-bra were covered by a strikingly tailored grey pinstripe suit. The jacket fit snugly against her chest; the skirt was cut below the knee, but there was a slit up the side that went almost to her hip. Black, open-toe heels completed her outfit.
He stood next to the bar as she modeled her outfit for his approval. Along with the perfection of the clothes that covered her, Alan noticed a smile in her eyes – a sense of pride that was not part of what a slave should be feeling. He knew she was expecting a compliment – he chose to give her a lesson in humility instead.
"On your knees, slut," his voice was harsh and cold. Dani dropped to the ground and assumed the proper position immediately in front of the handsome dark man. "Yes, Daniella, you are quite lovely. Everyone will see the beautiful, blond, successful lawyer. But we see more, don't we?"
Alan thrust his hand inside Dani's suit jacket and pulled fiercely on her nipple. "What do we see, Daniella?"
The pain was immediate. The burning started at her breast and was instantly flooding her cunt as well. "A slut, Master. I am your slave." She whimpered her answer back, riding the electric fire as he pulled and twisted even harder.
"Remember that, Daniella...always." He released his fingers and the momentary ease was replaced by another long burn as the blood refilled the tortured tip once again. "Now, just to make sure you are clear about everything...unzip my pants and put me in your mouth."
With tears from the pain in her tit running down her face, Dani did as she was told. Incredibly, through all of it, she remained completely excited by him and overwhelmed by the sensations of her new situation. Her excitement rose with each centimeter of cock that she took between her lips. She felt her pussy start to tremble in anticipation...seemingly overnight she has become a cum junkie and can't get enough of his delicious crème. She is thrilled at the thought that she could climax just by sucking a cock and her mind is bringing her to that special place as she starts sucking on him. Through her climbing euphoria, Dani notices that while his hands are on her head, holding her in place, he has not pushed himself through to her throat...he was not fucking her mouth. She was momentarily puzzled until she heard him groan and felt a hot splash fill her mouth. Her cunt exploded as she heard his voice from so far away. "Swallow it, slut. Drink my piss, Daniella... remember who and what you are."
Overcome by everything that had happened in the last sixteen hours, Dani felt her body explode in a sublime ecstasy as she let his bitter urine slide down her throat.

Moments later, dressed and refreshed, Alan led Dani to the lunch meeting with his staff.