Dani's New Life

By LauriesHusband

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A successful, married lawyer changes her life when she encounters a powerful man

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Dani Evans sat, rather uncomfortably, at one of those small, tall tables in the lobby bar of the Beacon Marriot in downtown Boston. Surrounded by half a dozen coworkers from around the country gathered at their Quarterly Sales Conference, she felt alone. And when she drank, feeling a little lonely, as always she started to reminisce. She sipped at her dirty martini and nodded appropriately to those around her, while trying to understand what was happening to her.

The years had been more than kind to the girl who'd left home for boarding school. She achieved top grades all along the way, her goal was to attend Law School (she'd always wanted to be a lawyer) after graduating from college. Now she was the in-house attorney for a major software house and making more money than she'd ever dreamed about. Certainly more than her husband had brought home in the last five years. "*Oh, Jesus! Where did that come from?*" she thought to herself as she took another sip and drained her glass. One of the guys at her table snagged a waitress and another glass was in her hand before she knew it. A mumbled thanks and another sip and she drifted off again.

Dani's life as a student had been pretty conservative. An all-girl boarding school led to a small, Catholic college for women only. There was that one vacation to Mexico, of course, during Spring Break of her senior year. She went with three of her closest friends – girls her parents had known and trusted since her boarding school days. Once they were in Cabo, though, they weren't the best influence on the twenty-one year-old virgin. After checking in to their hotel, the first thing they did was take Dani shopping.

She smiled as she remembered that afternoon. At first, she had refused to even try on the tiny bikinis her friends had picked out for her. Only when the girls agreed to model the suits they picked for themselves did Dani try one on and walk out of the dressing room into the store. She was flushed from head to toe, almost too embarrassed to breathe. The suit (a rather standard string bikini) was smaller than the tiniest bra and panties she owned! When she looked around, however, she realized that her suit covered a whole lot more than the other girls' did. In a strange way, that made her feel grateful towards her girlfriends and she wound up buying that suit and another just like it in a different

color. Then the girls stopped for frozen margaritas before trying another store – that was probably the reason Dani let herself be talked into several more outfits that she would have *never* chosen for herself.

Dani chuckled to herself, bringing some questioning looks from the group surrounding her. She just smiled and looked at her glass, already less than half full, avoiding the unasked questions. The image that had come back to her was one of just a few episodes that occurred during that trip that wound up changing her life.

After returning to the hotel, her friends wanted to show off their tiny new suits at the communal hot tub. Pleading a slight headache, Dani declined and took her new clothes back to her room. It was pleasantly dark and cool – thank God for air conditioning - and she felt better almost immediately. What she needed most, she thought, was a nice long bath.

She removed her shorts and T-shirt gingerly – damp from sweat they clung to her skin. The slightly buzzed young woman tossed them on the floor and stood in front of the full length mirror near her bed. Slowly, keeping her balance, Dani reached behind her back and unfastened the catch holding her bra closed. It stuck to her as well and she had to peel it off her full, round and firm 36C breasts. She studied herself in the mirror – at first irritated by the lines her clothes left in her otherwise beautifully smooth skin – but then she felt some small amount of pride. She turned from side to side, admiring herself as her fingers moved slowly over her upper body.

Another sip of the dirty martini brought Dani back to that hotel room in Cabo. After playing with her small pink nipples, turned up slightly at the center of her beautiful, pale-skinned breasts, they grew harder and longer. Then the heavily-breathing girl slid her moist cotton panties down her long, shapely legs and kicked them towards the other discarded items on the floor.

Standing with her hands on her hips, Dani was extremely happy with what she saw. The constant hours she'd always managed to find time for, first in the gym and later in the health clubs, had really paid off. Her long, smooth legs tapered from thigh to calf like a lingerie model. Turning half-way around, her toned backside was perfection – she knew the bikini would be *killer*! Turning back, the beautiful girl looked at her reflection and admired the shape of her breasts and the definition of her trim tummy muscles. She loved the way her hips were starting to flare – changing her from girl to woman.

But as her beautiful green eyes drifted lower, Dani frowned a little. She fluffed her fingertips through the sparse blond curls that barely covered the top of her plump mound and knew they would have to be sacrificed for style. Just a few had peeked out of the swimsuit bottom in the store, and they were so light it was hard to see…but Dani knew and she had to take care of the problem.

A few minutes later, as the hot bath water softened her pubic curls, she spread shaving cream over herself, letting her fingers play with her swollen pussy lips, *accidentally* brushing against her hidden clit until she was covered with the foam. She stretched and pulled at herself while she shaved, carefully removing every hair. Finally, she rinsed herself off, feeling her naked mound and the silky-smooth luscious sides of her pussy as bare as the day she was born. "*Oh my God! That feels so right…God, so hot!!"* She slid a finger between her engorged lips, letting her moisture coat her digit. Her head thrown back, Dani rubbed that slick finger over her clit, circling it faster and faster. She remembered, out of nowhere, that her father had an old rock album with a funny name…"*Oh yeah",* she thought*, "Eat a Peach by the Allman Brothers."* She moistened another finger and slid it into her virgin cunt, only to her first knuckle and careful not to pinch her hymen. "*Mmmmh…maybe somebody will want to eat this peach,"* she thought wickedly. That brought her over the edge, giving her the release she needed since first trying on the skimpy bathing suit earlier in the afternoon.

Now, sitting on the somewhat uncomfortable bar stool, Dani was acutely aware of the moisture that was starting to seep from her suddenly throbbing pussy. It had been a while since Jimmy, her husband, had given her any *real* pleasure in that department and solo sessions with her trusty Silver Surfer were getting old. (Sure, once or twice a week he threw his leg across her, licked her nipples for a minute or two and then stuck his penis into her and humped her until he came. – she almost never did.) She looked around the table, smiling shyly. She knew her co-workers saw the image that she wanted to display. They would be shocked if they ever got a real look at the woman behind the professional façade. They saw her blond hair pulled back against her head, a 'pretty' face that could be stunning - if she applied just a little makeup, and a figure that was always hidden as Dani always tended to wear long skirts or pants at the office. But even now, at the age of twenty-eight, Dani had the same measurements that she remembered from the mirror in Cabo, only now the curves were much more appealing. The only other difference, she thought with a blush, was that she no longer needed to shave…laser removal made her forever smooth.

Still finding herself quite alone amongst the small group, Dani took another sip and let her mind wander back again to her adventure in Mexico. The next image that came back to her was from that very same day.

After her bath, Dani applied a thin coat of glistening oil to her pale flesh before dressing for an early dinner and clubbing with her friends. She brushed her long, blond curls until they glimmered in the light, falling softly over her smooth, bare shoulders. When she was done with the little makeup she needed, she looked much older and definitely more experienced than her 'real-life' self. She took her new clothes out of the bags and started to dress.

She gasped and then laughed softly to herself as she drew her new thong panties up her long,

smooth legs. "*God, I must have been really buzzed,"* she thought to herself. But then, looking at the way the tiny white lace triangle cupped her naked pussy in the mirror, Dani stopped laughing. She thought she could hear her heart beating outside of her chest. She knew she was a good looking girl…but this…the woman in the mirror looking back at her…she was fucking hot!

Dani pulled her new jeans up as far as she could – it didn't really seem far enough. With the crotch snug against her lace-covered pussy, she zipped up about three inches before she ran out of zipper. She was so glad she was in shape! The jeans circled her hips so low that if they weren't so tight, they would have slipped down her long shapely legs. She turned her back to the mirror and gasped again when she saw the way she looked from behind. "*Holy Mother of God! I can't do this..."* The jeans crossed her firm cheeks about three inches below the T-junction of her white lace thong, exposing the most enticing inch of ass-cleavage. Dani turned back slowly towards the mirror, staring at the way her panties were exposed above the jeans. "*Oh fuck,"* she thought, *"I look like a total whore!"* Instantly, her nipples extended and her pussy started to throb - she knew she would go out that night, feeling more exposed than dressed in her new things.

She reached for the green halter to complete her outfit, the soft jersey material the same color as her eyes. It molded itself to her perfectly shaped breasts; the material was so thin it displayed the crinkly bumps of her dark pink areola as well as her stiff excited nipples.

Dani sat up suddenly, her eyes blinking and her hand over her beating chest. She glanced furtively around the table, wondering if she'd said or done anything that might have been noticed by her co-workers. Satisfied that her little orgasm was only in her head, she finished her drink and let herself think one more time about that evening.

It was only a brief memory, almost a snapshot in time. Dani was at one of the trendy bars with her girlfriends later that night. Once again, her friends' outfits were even more outrageous than hers. But she noticed, especially when that tall, older Mexican man introduced himself and bought them all a drink, that it was *her* ass that the men (and some of the women) were staring at…not her friends. Her ass looked sweet and she knew it. It was the first time she recognized and acknowledged her maturing sexuality in public. When that man put his large, strong hand on her backside and massaged her bare ass-flesh, she'd never felt so helpless and so excited, so threatened and so empowered all at the same time.

"Your glass seems to be empty. Allow me, please." The voice from behind her startled the beautiful young attorney. Thinking at first it was one of the young salesmen from the conference, she was about to decline…firmly but politely…without even turning around; she was married and a company officer, after all. But something about the voice made her hesitate and she decided to turn around and decline the offer face to face.

She wasn't expecting what she saw. The man behind her was breathtaking – literally. Dani could only nod as she couldn't catch her breath, let alone speak. He drew his lips up with just the faintest hint of a smile. Acknowledging her condition and allowing her time to compose herself, he found a waitress and ordered her a refill. He stood patiently, his expressive eyes slightly amused, as he waited for her to speak.

Her face was flushed and her mouth was as dry as the desert. She understood, gratefully, that he was giving her some time to pull it together. As she slowed her breathing and felt her heart-beat get closer to normal, Dani looked closely at the gentlemanly intruder. She smiled demurely as she cataloged her mental snap-shot of the man who had so instantly captivated her.

He seemed taller at first but with a second glance she put him at about 5'10" tall and trim…maybe 180 lbs. Slightly thinning silver hair, cut short and straight, it looked so perfect against the dark, almost Mediterranean tanned flesh of his head and face. "*Oh my,*" she thought suddenly, "*that face has broken its share of hearts!*" Ice-blue eyes smiled back at her unguarded appraisal. His generous lips creased into a warming smile as he let her gaze upon him. He wore a dark charcoal gray Italian silk suit with a black dress shirt and tie over glossy black glove-leather loafers. His jacket was unbuttoned and he seemed totally at ease as he stood under her inspection.

Finally, the somewhat flustered (and somewhat buzzed) young attorney met his eyes with a falsely confidant (she hoped) gaze of her own. The waitress appeared with another martini and a straight shot of scotch for her new acquaintance. "Thank you," she said softly as she lifted her glass towards this enigmatic man, standing only inches away as he moved closer to take his drink off the table. "I'm Dani Ev…"

"Ms. Evans, of course." He put his glass back on the table and gently but firmly, he took Dani's unoccupied hand in his and brought it to his lips, brushing it ever so lightly. Dani felt his lips as a burning heat that raced its way immediately to her already wet cunt. He felt the slight tremors through her hand as he continued to speak, his voice deep and melodious. "You are our brilliant in-house counsel." He let go of her hand and she instantly missed the warmth of his touch – and she silently wondered why. Picking up his scotch again, he lifted the glass in salute. "Let me, first of all, apologize for not being able to meet with you before now." He saw the momentary confusion in her face. "Ah, of course, Ms. Evans. You don't know who I am, do you?" Taking a sip of his drink, his eyes seemed to crinkle in the subdued lighting of the bar. "I'm Alan Jacobs." He held out his hand again, this time to shake hers. "I was just brought on recently…"

A light seemed to go on in Dani's head as she remembered the talk about the new Director of Sales. He'd been hired about a month earlier at the home office in Chicago. Normally, she would have met

him during the interview process, but business schedules and other commitments had kept them apart until now. He was talked about with awe by the other senior executives for what he had done with another product for a different house…they had paid dearly to get him, but now he was theirs.

"Of course, Mr. Jacobs," Dani took his hand and found his grip stronger than expected. Again, with no idea why, her pussy started to contract as he held her. "I'm so sorry we kept missing each other," she smiled at him, her professional face returning slowly.

He was older than she'd expected – her colleagues painted a much younger picture when they described him, as though he was the latest kid wizard to claim his fifteen minutes of fame. "*Boy were they wrong!"* she thought to herself, secretly pleased with the reality in front of her.

"Please, call me Alan," he said, his voice making it sound like more of a command than a request. Dani thought she saw the tiniest spark in his eyes as he spoke. Like his gentle kiss a moment earlier, that spark traveled directly from his eyes to her clit. "I insist," he said as he gripped her hand with both of his.

Dani was trying very hard to keep her actions as normal as possible. Certainly she had drunk too much before dinner, but still, that couldn't be the whole reason she felt so… so…*not in control.* As a highly trained and extremely successful attorney, she expected herself to always be the one in control of just about any situation. But now, facing this dark, exceedingly handsome man, the thought of losing control didn't seem all that bad.

Still, she had to try and maintain some kind of public decorum. Smiling up at him she said, "Only if you call me Dani. Deal?"

He smiled a little more crookedly this time and shook her hand in agreement. "Deal," he said. "Is it really Dani?" he asked, cocking his head while he stared at her face. "Maybe Daniella? You are Italian, yes?" He put one hand gently on her chin and moved her face to the side and then back.

The small and innocent action managed to draw the attention of the lower level co-workers that surrounded the table. They were salespeople so of course, they all knew about their new boss. His deal was known by everyone who worked for him before the first day he walked into his new office. Hired as the new Director, his first mission was to plan and execute a successful introduction of their newest product. His second was to find a replacement for himself at the same time. As soon as he could find a new Director, he would become the VP of Sales and, like the beautiful young lawyer sitting in front of him, an officer of the company. Financially, he was extremely well-off before he started with Dani's company. Now, having used his signing bonus to pay off his ex-wife in one lump sum, all his monetary worries were a thing of the past.

Dani was trembling under his touch, hoping desperately that the people around her wouldn't notice, but she was helpless to stop him and still she couldn't figure out why. "Um, yes…I mean I am …um, Italian-American, actually." She drew her head back slightly and tilted it herself. "How could you tell, Mr. Jacobs?" "*Jesus Christ! I can't believe I'm flirting with him!"* The thought flashed unbidden in her mind. "*Fuck…in front of all of his sales people, too! What kind of fool am I?"* Yet she still couldn't seem to make herself stop.

"Please, Dani, I asked you to call me Alan." This time the tiny spark was in his eyes but there was no smile in them. It made her catch her breath. She placed her palm flat against her chest as she looked at him; her breathing changed again as she felt the hard nub of her nipple pushing back into her hand. Slowly, she took her hand away. She wanted to look down…to see if her excitement was visible through the crème-colored blouse that was drawn tight against her…but she couldn't be that obvious.

The new Sales boss looked around the table and then at the rest of the bar noting all the attendees from the conference. He decided that for the time being, discretion was the better road to follow. "Come on, Dani," he said rather firmly, "I think it's time for some dinner – don't you?" He stepped away while still holding her hand, forcing Dani off the stool and on to her feet. "There's an excellent Grill Room here…or for something lighter, there is a very good sushi bar here as well. Your choice, Ms. Attorney."

He led her away from the tongues that had already started to wag. Dani rarely drank that much when she *wasn't* on company business and she was known to stop after one glass of wine at most company dinner functions and parties. But as much as the sales group liked to speculate, in truth there had never been any rumors of any kind about their counsel – personal or professional. Still, the way she was looking at him as they walked out of the bar…
He held her gently by the elbow and she appreciated the stability it gave her. She was glad for his suggestion – she had to get something in her stomach fast! "Japanese, I think," she said tentatively, "something light, if you don't mind, Alan."

"Perfect," he said and the smile came back to his eyes. He guided them to the elevator and minutes later they were seated in a corner booth of the nearly empty restaurant.

"I know it's a little early," he said, glancing around at the empty tables, "but you looked like you really needed something to eat. Besides, my young sales staff already have enough on their minds…they don't need to concern themselves with our beautiful attorney." Dani felt the warm blood flushing her throat and her face as this strange man complimented her. Their waitress brought a pitcher of hot sake and poured two cups for them. Alan picked one up and handed it to the blushing young woman.

"I must apologize again, Dani. I'm afraid I have been, well, let's just say a little unprofessional and I'm very sorry." He picked up his cup and tipped it towards her. "Anyway, just sip a little bit along with the rice rolls – you'll be feeling better in no time."

Smartly avoiding any potential digestive problems, Alan had ordered California Rolls and it was absolutely the perfect choice. Thirty minutes later, feeling so much better, Dani sipped a little more of her warm rice wine. "Alan, you were going to tell me why you thought I was Italian…will you? Please?" Shocked by her own behavior, Dani realized that she was flirting again. Strangely, she couldn't seem to stop. She had never met anyone like him before…so sure of himself…and while he was a long way from being beautiful, he didn't seem to care at all…God, was that hot!

He surprised her by moving next to her on her side of the booth. She watched closely as his eyes moved back and forth across her face and then drop down deliberately to look at the fullness of her breasts. He took her face in his hand, tilting it again, but certainly more aggressively than he had earlier. With his other hand, he gently traced the regal arch of her fine, blond eyebrows. "Here, Dani," he said softly, "this is where I see your background… first in your classically beautiful face." She heard nothing but admiration in his voice and she was spellbound as he continued. "The high, imperial arch over your deep eyes." He drew a finger slowly down her straight, thin nose. "Ummm, the classical Roman nose…high sculptured cheek bones…"

Dani was trembling again under his touch and the walls of her recently neglected cunt were starting to moisten again. She thought, just for a moment, that she should really stop him. So far there had been no irreversible damage done by either of them. She honestly didn't know if that would be true when morning rolled around. "*Oh God! What am I thinking?"*

His breath, sweet and warm from the sake, was overwhelming her. His fingertip traced the outline of her lips. "Full and firm…the promise of the sweetest taste…"

He was so close, maybe two inches separated his mouth from hers. Dani thought she could hear her heart beating…she was terrified as she sat there…afraid he would close the distance and press his lips to hers…and just as frightened that he wouldn't.

"…of wine." He finally continued after moving back just slightly, pretending not to her Dani's groan. "I've only seen the perfect combination of these elements in three places. First was in the statuary surrounding the old ruins in Tuscany…the angels had that face."

Dani wanted…needed to excuse herself. She could smell her own scent escaping as Alan continued his seduction. Yes, she finally admitted it to herself even as his words increased her growing excitement. She was being seduced and she had no desire to stop him at all.

"The second place was in the Italian cinema of the 1940's. I don't expect you would know them, but several stars…Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida…they had that face."

Dani's heart beat faster still. She did know those names…those beautiful actresses were in the films her parents watched sometimes late at night on their seldom-used television. Her father always said they were, after his daughter and his wife, the two most beautiful women he had ever seen. At this point, Dani felt her pussy start to tremble…her panties were a lost cause.

Alan leaned close, resting his hand on Dani's shoulder. His lips were only an inch away from her ear. "The third place," he whispered, "was at the lobby bar…earlier this very evening." He felt her tremble under his hand. "I'm going back to my room now, Daniella. You are coming with me, aren't you?" Again, Dani heard a command instead of a request and this time it didn't bother her at all. She nodded and followed Alan out of the restaurant.

Five minutes later they were in his room on the third floor. He poured another scotch for himself after filling the coffee maker with fresh water to make a cup of tea for Dani. She looked around the small suite as her tea steeped in the cup. "Of course, I had to review your package, Alan. Are you really worth all of that?" Dani sat on the low, black leather couch admiring the shiny chrome and glass fixtures and the onyx-inlaid furniture. It reflected everything about Alan perfectly.

He didn't answer her and she began to feel just a little uneasy. After he set their drinks down on the glass-topped cocktail table, he took off his suit coat and removed his tie. "Please make yourself comfortable, Daniella," he said as he sat in one of the leather chairs opposite the couch. She took of her suit coat as well and then sat back against the thick, soft cushion.

Alan reached for his drink and took a small sip, never taking his eyes from hers. "Did you enjoy the food, Daniella? Are you still feeling a little drunk?" Dani looked at the older man. She saw something in his face…the indirect lighting causing shadows…his sky blue eyes shining at her. She shook her head in reply. "Good," he continued, "have some tea when it cools a little…very good for the digestion they say…and it will help clear your head now."

His eyes seemed to narrow as they swept slowly and deliberately first across her face and then her breasts, staring at them until she could feel her nipples pushing against her blouse, and finally up and down her long, sleek legs before his gaze returned to her beautiful face. She felt his eyes on her skin and the vibrations started again deep in her core.

She was almost lost in the sound of his voice, but she knew he wanted her to understand what was happening; she took a sip of the tea and then another before setting the cup back down. She looked

up and he was smiling again – and she started trembling.

"Daniella, I suppose I should apologize again for behaving unprofessionally at dinner." He paused while sipping some more scotch. "But this time," he said, this time with a slight distance in his voice, "I think I will leave it in your most capable hands. Tell me to apologize and I will do so immediately – with the greatest respect and professional consideration I could offer. We could sit here…" he waived his arm around the room, "and have the nice business conversation we should have had a month ago." He sipped again and put his glass back on the table. When he raised his eyes to her again, all Dani could see were fiery blue slits as his voice dropped even lower.

"Or, my beautiful Italian classic…" Dani could swear her heart was louder than his voice. "…you can tell me that an apology like that is not…*necessary*…because you realize now that our relationship…" Her cunt started to flood as he continued to speak. "…as grandly successful as it will be on the professional level…is really about so much more."

Dani started to speak but Alan wouldn't let her. "No…please, Daniella. Wait until I finish. You need to understand something before you make a decision like this. Please…" he motioned to her tea cup, "drink it before it gets cold." Dani finished the tea and was surprised to find her head clear and her mind alert; she was anxious to hear what this impossibly strange man was going to say next. She didn't have to wait long.

"I sense a need in you, Daniella…a very dark and deeply hidden desire. I can tell, just by looking in your eyes…or touching your shoulder…" She trembled at the very recent memory of his touch. "…that you've got an itch that no one has ever been able to scratch before." He held out his hand, stopping her comments. "You don't really need to say anything…we both know that it's true – that's not the issue here."

"*God! How can he know these things about me?"* she thought as she felt the beginning of a climax start to build deep in her belly. "*No one knows me like that!"*

"The only issue that concerns us now," his voice dropped lower still, forcing Dani to concentrate on every single word, "is whether you want that itch to be well and truly… *scratched*. And if you do, do you want it scratched…by me." He held up his hand once again to stop her from speaking.

"Let's be perfectly clear about this, Counselor," he said. "I'm not talking about the *naughty thrill* of the occasional fuck on a business trip – that's for amateurs. If you tell me no apologies are necessary now, then none will *ever* be necessary…whatever you are…*required* by me to do." Dani's pussy was quivering and her engorged clit was throbbing in anticipation. "Finally, and you must understand this, Daniella, the very first time that you refuse to do something I think is necessary…for any reason…will

be the last time. We will go back to having our successful professional relationship – only." Alan sank back comfortably in the deep chair. He looked so relaxed as he picked up his drink, smiling so warmly at her. It was making Dani crazy and she had to close her eyes.

Too many thoughts and images flew through her head as the beautiful attorney tried to process everything she had just heard. The way he first appeared…the feel of his breath against her neck… *his hand on her shoulder*. A second later, when she realized that she hadn't been thinking about Jimmy…or about her marriage…or even her career, she let the impending orgasm wash through her very essence, visualizing the change it was bringing to every single thing about her. "*Oh, Jesus Fucking Christ!"* she screamed to herself, "*God, maybe …finally!*"

When Dani had finally returned to herself after her incredible climax, she opened her eyes to see Alan still relaxed and looking slightly amused. Dani reached across the low glass table for his glass. "Do you mind, Alan?" she asked with a smile. "My throat is so dry."

He didn't say a word as he handed her his glass. He sat there silently as she took a drink of the scotch and then handed the glass back to him.

Dani sat up straight on the couch, no longer resting against the back cushion as she met Alan's staring eyes. She knew what she wanted to say – but it was so hard to form the words. She took a deep breath and then shook her hands to dissipate any nervous energy. The precocious child turned beautiful, sophisticated, *married* lawyer knew what she wanted was hidden very deeply…Alan was most likely her one and only chance to discover both who and what she was at her very core. She opened her mouth to speak.

Waiting until the last possible second, knowing how much she wanted to finally let it out, Alan held up his hand one last time. Once again, Dani saw the smile fade from his ice-blue eyes - leaving them lit only by his lust for her. When he spoke, his voice was unlike anything she had ever heard before…low with almost a feral quality…soft as a whisper… as powerful as a sledgehammer.

"Be very clear, Daniella. This is unconditional – you must trust me…implicitly. If you agree…it will be for anything…any time…any place…any where." He paused for just a moment to give his ominous warning the weight it deserved. "Understand?"

She listened carefully as he spoke. Not, as he expected, to his words; Dani was well aware of what her commitment would mean. She listened instead to the way Alan's voice resonated within her. He touched her in places and in ways that she had never before dared to hope were real. When he stopped speaking, Dani stood up slowly and then made her way to his chair. Standing directly in front of the chair, she held out her hands and helped him to his feet, pulling his arms around her back until

his fingers locked together and he pulled her close enough to graze her swollen nipples with the front of his shirt.

Her mouth was so dry – her palms were so wet. Dani looked directly into his eyes. She lost her nervousness when she realized he already knew her answer; and she could finally speak…she could change her life.

"Alan," she whispered directly into his ear, "an apology from you…" she felt her cunt start to flood, "…will never *ever* be necessary." Dani's pulse jumped and her breathing was suddenly very fast and shallow. Alan turned her around and gently sat the overwhelmed attorney in the empty chair. He handed her his scotch and urged her to take a small sip. Her eyes never left his while she took the drink; she felt herself calming down a little more with each passing second. When she could speak again, she asked him directly. "Please, Alan, tell me – how did you know?"

He walked over to the bar and poured himself another drink. "If you stay with me long enough, Daniella, you will develop many skills. That is only one of them." He put his drink on the bar and sat on one of the stools in front of it. He rolled up his sleeves, picked up his glass and leaned back. She was surprised when he smiled at her; it wasn't what she expected and that made her wary.

"But let's talk about me for a minute, shall we?" He laughed and took a long sip. "You'll find it's one of my favorite topics." Alan gestured towards her with his free hand. "You are feeling alright now, aren't you?" Dani nodded. "Good…stand up then, Daniella." Her pulse started to race as she stood gracefully between the chair and the bar.

"You weren't around when I was hired so I'm not sure what you've heard." Dani started to say something but he cut her off immediately. "I'm speaking now, Counselor. When I ask a question, I do appreciate a succinct answer…otherwise, when we are alone, unless I say something to the contrary, there is no need for you to speak. If you wish to ask me something, please be polite enough to let me finish first."

Dani felt the flush spread through her heated flesh…no one had spoken to her like that since she had been a very young girl…and it took her breath away. She looked up again and saw his smile had returned and that in his mind the moment was already forgotten. "Anyway, as there will be no secrets between us, I will tell you about it." Alan took another sip and put the glass down. He looked at her for a moment. "I think you need a stylist, Dani. Your clothes really don't suit the real you. Take of your blouse, please."

The blood rushed down and engorged her sex. She seemed to have no control over her fingers as they floated from button to button, gradually exposing more and more of herself to his seemingly

disinterested gaze.

"Essentially," he continued while the married, blond twenty-eight year old started undressing before him, "I was hired to manage the new product launch. I will assume for a moment that just like with all the other corporate officers, stock options are very important to you." Another sip of scotch and another request. "Just remove the rest…wait, come here please."

Dani walked the few steps over to him silently. He reached across and rubbed the silky lace of her bra between his fingers. "La Perla, right? Very nice." He drew his hand back and she knew she should move back so he could see all of her. "Take your hair out of that French braid – show me what you really look like, Daniella." Lifting her arms up and back, Dani pushed her chest forward towards the increasingly attractive man. She quickly released her long, naturally wavy, blond locks. Stroking through it with her fingers left it full, creating a perfect frame for her beautiful face and resting gently at her shoulders.

"Leave your underwear on…for now." She stepped back slowly until she could feel the arm of the chair; she used it to support herself while she continued to remove her skirt and her pantyhose. She was trembling as her excitement built.

"A successful launch before the IPO…" Dani gasped when he mentioned the plan to take their company public – it was information for corporate officers only. His grin widened. "Not to worry, Counselor…I will be an officer by the next board meeting. I expect our boss will fill you in after we return from this little gathering." She unzipped her skirt and pushed it slowly over her round, firm ass and down her legs. "A successful launch will create at least twelve new millionaires, Daniella. I know you will be one of them – congratulations." When her skirt hit the floor, Dani stepped out of it and moved closer to the chair to support herself. Her knees were shaking so hard she could barely stand. Since her marriage five years before, only her husband and her doctor had seen her as exposed as she was now. Her mind hardly registered his comment about her imminent wealth.

Alan reached into his front pocket and extracted something that he tossed over to Dani. "There's a sharp little blade folded up in there. Just cut them off – there's no graceful way to remove pantyhose. That's why you won't wear them any longer." She found the blade and started to cut as her pulse rate continued to climb.

"The product is actually quite good," he continued in a conversational tone, "better than first expected. When your people realized what they had, they hired me. They don't want to be rich, Daniella, they want to be wealthy…and they know I can make that happen." Alan watched keenly as she used the sharp little knife to shred the offensive garment. When she was left in only bra and matching panties, the silver-haired man left his seat and walked over to her. "I do need help, though, so I re-organized

the Sales Department. The formal introduction of my five new managers will be at the closing of the conference tomorrow." He took the small knife out of her hand and turned her around so he was behind her. She felt him before he touched her.

Dani was starting to feel light-headed as the blood drained from her head, heating her skin wherever his hands moved over her trembling body. Alan dipped his fingers under the lace cup of her bra and rolled her swollen rubbery nipple between his fingertips. His other hand skimmed across her firm, flat tummy and dipped below the lace trim at the top of her matching bikini panties. She gasped and her knees buckled when he palmed her bare mound and slid his thick middle finger into her sopping cunt.

"Lovely, Daniella. Waxed?" he asked her as though he was discussing a piece of fruit. She shook her head in reply. "Ahh," he said with a grin, "lasered, huh? Smart lady." He was plunging his finger into her deeper and deeper with each thrust; Dani was on the brink of another orgasm and he wasn't even acknowledging it!

Alan kept talking – Dani tried to keep up with him. He took his hand out of her bra and gestured around the suite. "I like this room…get it every time I've been here. Some nice features. But, I'm sorry, I was telling you about the re-organization, wasn't I?"
Alan slipped another finger into her lathered pussy and started drilling her hot, tight hole harder and faster than ever. Dani was right on the edge, willing her climax to overtake her when without warning, he stopped and removed his hand. She tried so hard not to whimper at the emptiness in her hungry cunt. Alan put his arm around her waist and they started to walk towards a curtain-covered sliding glass door that opened on to a small balcony.

"These people, the five new managers, have all worked closely with me and each other before." Alan slowly pulled the cord that drew the curtains back, exposing the L-shaped balcony along with the rest of the hotel rooms that looked out over the indoor pool/atrium area. The more glass he exposed, the more Dani's skin began to vibrate. "*Oh my God…"* she thought to herself, "*I can't believe he's testing me already!"*

"That's why I knew I could trust them not to fuck this up – for all of us. Of course," Alan continued as he finished with the curtain and reached for the door handle, "people like them…they work hard," he started to slide the door open and the sounds from the pool two floors below drifted into the suite, "and they play hard. And sometimes, special circumstances… like the amount of money this will generate, entitles them to *special* compensation."

Alan smiled when he heard the beautiful blond moan. He'd known all about her long before he had ever joined the company. Daughter of a ruthless and well-known lawyer, she had been in and out of the papers for years. The last major deal she'd done for the company had been praised in the WSJ

only weeks before. He was thrilled that she was smart, brilliant even. It would ultimately enhance her arousal as he dominated her and, thankfully, also cut down the time he would need to explain things to her – like now, he could tell…she already *knew* that she would be part of their *special* compensation.

With the door opened, Alan put his strong hand firmly on the small of her back and guided the bra-and-panty clad young wife to the longer side of the balcony, to the right side as they walked out. Her skin was flushed…she kept telling herself that her skimpy underwear looked like a swimsuit as she tried to maintain her breathing. "Isn't this lovely, Daniella? Quite a view." He turned her slightly, making sure she saw several older men smoking on a balcony just one floor up and one room over. They were staring at her – she could feel the heat of their eyes on her flesh. The closest one was less than twenty feet away and she knew the sheer lace cups of her tiny bra did nothing to hide her dark pink nipples and she was trembling even harder under their intense scrutiny.

After a very long moment, Alan turned her back to them and slowly moved behind her, blocking the view of the smokers after just a glimpse of her panty-clad ass, and slowly moved her back towards the left side of the balcony. As they reached the area in front of the open glass door, he stopped and reached his arms around her. His fingers settled on the small clasp in the front of her bra. She felt a little faint as he unfastened the tiny bit of lace and metal and peeled the cups away from her full, firm breasts. The cool air shocked her nipples as they were uncovered. Hot blood filled them and they grew longer than ever before.

He tossed the bra into the room as he continued to speak. "The interesting thing about this particular balcony…" he moved her further to the left "…is it has a much more restricted view." They were almost at the end of the short area – Dani would swear her heart was beating outside of her chest – another step and her breasts would be on public display. "*Christ, Cabo was nothing compared to this!"* she thought as she neared the railing. "Look," he said as he moved directly behind her, "these tall planters (he turned her slightly to the right) keep this part hidden." She could feel the heat of his cock through his tailored pants as he pressed tightly against her back and forced her to the railing on the left. "Only people sitting in the hot tub can see this side." His hands covered hers on the thin metal rail, keeping her in place.

Dani forced herself to look down. Only fifty or sixty feet away and in clear sight were five very attractive people, athletic-looking thirty-somethings, sitting either in or on the edge of the bubbling sunken tub. Two light-haired men sat next to each other on the deck above the steaming, bubbling water. They were, in fact, brothers - though not the twins they first appeared to be. Next to them, seated in the tub was a strong looking military type with short black hair in a severe brush cut.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh!" The usually conservative lawyer gasped as her eyes shifted further right. On the

deck next to the ex-Marine, stood a stunning young woman in a strikingly high-cut white tank suit. Her short, dark hair was feathered around her exotic face and her tanned, trim, athletic body was perfectly displayed in the skin-tight suit. Although Dani had felt no strong attraction in the past (once out of school anyway) for other members of her sex, she did recognize desire in the dark girl's eyes.

The fifth manager was a tall, lean Asian man. His hairless body looked like the result of countless hours in the gym – he was sculpted to perfection Each one was staring directly at her and it made her nipples so stiff it was like torture to the young, married suburban lawyer. Dani held their gaze as she moaned and felt her pussy juice start to leak down her inner thigh. Alan lifted his right hand off of hers – she had made no effort to pull away at all – and took the small knife from his pocket. He unfolded the shiny silver blade and put it into her hand. She noticed how the balcony lights reflected off the polished metal and shone on the bare, warm flesh of her exposed breasts.

"Those five, Daniella, the ones looking at you," he said softly in her ear, "are my new managers. But of course you've already figured that out, haven't you?" Dani felt another moan starting deep inside her. "You've probably figured out many things already, my dear, and yet you're still here, aren't you?" The moan grew louder and her pussy leaked even more. Alan wound his hand in her long, blond hair and pulled back; Dani was forced into an upright position, her breasts pointing straight out. "Use the knife, Daniella…show them their *special* compensation."

It wasn't that she didn't want to do it – her climax had started, physically unaided, and she just couldn't move. She knew where she was and exactly what her situation was, but all she could see were fireworks exploding on the back of her eyelids. A firm tug on her long, lustrous hair brought her back and she mumbled, "Yes, Alan." She looked down past her extended nipples and over her flat tummy. She realized that the tiny, soaking wet piece of very expensive lace covering her bare mound was fully exposed over the top of the low railing to the piercing eyes of her new co-workers below.

Nothing before in her life had ever felt more intense or more compelling to the young corporate counsel. Only one incident, more than five years earlier, even began to compare to what Dani was feeling as she slid the shiny blade under the thin string on her right hip. Incredibly, unbelievably to her, her orgasm continued to roll through her the entire time. She closed her eyes and a 'sensory' memory took over for just a moment – the actual event lasted a bit longer…
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Shortly before their wedding, Dani and Jimmy had been out dancing at one of the hot new clubs on the north side of the city. Dani had dressed appropriately, but it was really pushing her almost prudish fiancé's envelope. By the end of the night, Jimmy was hot *and* bothered thinking Dani was exposing way too much of herself (she wasn't really); and for sure, he really didn't appreciate the way the

fellows around her had reacted to her dancing. Driving back to her apartment, he let her know exactly what he thought. Dani could tell he was getting angrier and she wanted to calm him down. She'd kept apologizing and she even started crying – she knew he couldn't stand that. She told him to pull into the entrance of a Forest Preserve parking lot near her place where they had 'parked' several times before. She said she would make it special for him if he forgave her.

Even though the first parking lot was deserted, she had him drive through to the next empty set of spaces and park at the far end near a picnic table, away from the tall lamp poles at the other end. Dani turned towards him and slipped the straps of her halter top over her shoulders, baring her breasts to him. He was entranced by the firm, white globes and light pink nipples. They were both still virgins and strangely (she'd thought), he had never pressed to go further than making out and touching her breasts for a long time. For his birthday a few months earlier, Dani let him put his hard cock in her mouth for a quick minute and then jerked him off – that was as far as they had gone. But that night he told her it was going to take more than her tits to lessen his anger. She looked at the table and told him to go sit down on it. He got out of the car and sat on the table top, his feet on the bench seat.

After looking all around and seeing no one, Dani removed her halter and got out of the car; she knelt on the bench between his feet and slowly pulled his zipper down. Jimmy groaned as she wrapped her small hand around him and took his stiff prick out of his pants. "I can't fuckin' believe how slutty you were tonight, Dani." He was totally turned on – her perfect tits were plainly visible in the combination of pale moonlight and the soft glow of the pole lamps. He was also extremely nervous and a little afraid of being exposed outside. "I don't know if I can spend the rest of my life worrying about what a tramp you can be."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing – the wedding was coming up soon and everything was already planned, arranged and paid for. She thought she loved him – she probably did on some level – and she really wanted to get married as scheduled. The determined young woman took his hands and put them on her breasts. "I promise, Jimmy, I'll only be *your* slut…whatever you want, honey…you know I love you so much." She put her hands over his and made him squeeze her tit-flesh hard as she bent down and dropped her open mouth over his erection.

Before she met her future husband, Dani had been a popular girl – she dated a lot in college and law school prior to knowing Jimmy. She'd kept her virginity, but it was at the expense of her talented tongue and lips. She had never let anyone finish in her mouth, but once, after some young man unloaded prematurely, making her gag terribly, she'd always insisted she be warned by her dates in time to pull off and finish them by hand. On his birthday, when she finally let Jimmy put his dick between her lips, he was very aware that cumming in her mouth was not an option – not then…not ever.

But that night Dani was afraid and she wanted some reassurance. Keeping her soft pink lips tight against him, she drew back up his meager stalk until his head popped out of her mouth. She gave him her nastiest, dirty little girl look and said, "Tell me you're gonna marry me, Jimmy…" she curled her long tongue around the sensitive ridge of his cockhead, "…and I'll suck your dick 'til you cum in

my mouth. Don't you love me, baby?" Dani dropped down again and swallowed his dick whole. She was sucking him and listening to his moans and groans and declarations of his love when a sudden burst of light almost blinded her.

"Please don't move…put your hands over your heads…slowly." The loud, flat and very serious voice belonged to a Park Ranger who was now standing about ten feet away, his service revolver in his right hand aimed at the semi-naked couple in front of him, suddenly illuminated by the powerful flashlight in his left. Dani and Jimmy started to speak at the same time creating noise instead of words and the policeman quickly shut them up. He had them stand up facing him; Dani covered her exposed, bare breasts with her hands while he told her fiancé to 'put his little toy away.' He let them explain who they were and that they were engaged to be married. He moved closer to examine the contents of Jimmy's wallet and Dani found herself trembling with the kind of excitement she hadn't felt since her trip to Mexico. No longer frightened by the intruder, Dani felt her pussy start to vibrate. She was almost *naked* in front of a strange man – her fiancé was there, but powerless to interfere.

This was the closest Dani's real life had ever come to one of her many masturbation fantasy scenarios and she was tingling all over – but mostly deep in her virgin cunt. From only a few feet away, he told her to move her hands off of her chest – he needed to make sure she was unhurt and uninjured. She protested, saying that aside from her top being off, they were still dressed. He insisted and she slowly took her hands away, exposing her firm round breasts. He lit them up with the flashlight and moved closer to inspect her perfect tits for any signs of injury.

Dani's virgin pussy was creaming and her skin felt like it was on fire – he was so close she could feel his breath on her burning flesh. After what seemed like a lifetime, he backed up a little and moved his light downward. He told her to pull up her skirt – let him see that she was really still dressed. Dani's heart had never beat faster. Jimmy finally started to protest and the cop shined the light directly into his frightened eyes. He asked Jimmy if he would like to be cuffed and put inside the car – the boy didn't say another word as the bright light moved back to Dani.

She closed her eyes as her fingers moved to the bottom of her miniskirt. She was wearing a tiny white lace thong and she just knew that by now, her pussy juice would have made it nearly transparent. When she felt her hem raised up to her waist, she opened her eyes to see the Ranger staring directly at her well-lit pussy. She looked down and saw she was right; her breathing stopped completely. Between the moisture and the bright light, the stranger could see her smooth, bare mound and even the dark pink hood at the top of her wet, shiny slit. Dani gasped as she realized how naked she was and then, somehow, her eyes locked directly on the stranger's. As she got closer and closer to a monster climax, more than anything she wanted to slip her fingers beneath her sexy little panties and get herself off in front of him…but she knew that would never happen. And then, only a moment later, he told her to get dressed and gave them both the mandatory lecture before he let them leave.

The net results of that incident were: 1) Jimmy's insistence that Dani finish what she'd started. So she sucked his cock when they got to her apartment for about 2 minutes before he unloaded in her mouth. She found his taste bitter and vowed to herself that he would never do that to her again. 2)

Instead of loosening up, Jimmy became even more staid and conservative in almost every facet of his life, especially where Dani was concerned. And 3), their wedding took place as scheduled.
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Dani opened her deep green eyes and immediately locked on to the stare of one of the people below. She moaned as Alan pulled back on her hair – not enough to hurt her, just enough to remind her who was in control. She groaned out loud when he reached around and pulled her extended nipple out, stretching her swollen breast. Finally, her eyes still locked on the man sixty feet away, she flicked the blade through the satin string lying against her right hip. Her pussy was so wet, the tiny lace patch stuck to her. The waves of her orgasm were rocking her as she moved the blade to her left hip. She saw her admirer smile as she sliced through the final barrier to her willing submission.

Her mouth was bone dry again but she had to speak. "Alan?" she whispered, suddenly aware of his thick, hard maleness pressed against her ass. "Please…kiss me? Please?" He twisted her hair, pulling her face around and with a hunger she was not familiar with, his lips found hers and his tongue devoured her. As quickly as that happened, he broke their embrace and twisted her back. She found her admirer's eyes once more and held them with hers as her fingers slowly peeled her soaked panties away from her moist flesh. "*Oh God! I don't believe this,*" she thought to herself, "*I'm fucking showing them my cunt!"*

Dani was so consumed by the electric buzz that was shocking every nerve in her body that she didn't hear Alan unzip his pants and withdraw his erect cock. She barely noticed when he spread her feet farther apart with his, her climax was so close to peaking completely. Then she felt his hot hand burning against her breast and when he pinched her swollen nipple between his fingers, she was transported to the penultimate peak of her blossoming sexuality.

"Oh! Ahhh!" She thought she felt something rubbing against her lust-swollen pussy lips just before Alan brutally fucked his thick, rock-hard cock all the way up inside her tight, wet cunt. "UhhHHH!!!" Her pretty little pussy had never been stretched like this before. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh…." The man Dani was staring at exploded in a brilliant rainbow of neon colors as every cell in her body reacted to the most powerful and overwhelming orgasm of her life. She heard the low, keening moan long before she realized it was coming from her. She took her hand off the railing and moved it to her convulsing cunt – when she felt him…her fingers sliding along his crème-covered shaft…she knew it was real. And then the neon rainbow and the sounds of her moaning all faded away.

Alan felt her body go limp and he held her tightly in his strong arms as he extracted his hard, slick cock from her spasming cunt. He lifted her effortlessly, carried her inside the suite, and laid her gently down in the middle of his bed. He walked over to the bar and poured himself a fresh drink. After a long swallow, he picked up his cell phone, walked back out to the balcony and punched a single key.

He smiled at his staff as one of them picked up his phone. He thanked them for being there – he said he would introduce them to Dani after they wrapped up the conference the next day. He closed his phone and went back inside the suite. Quietly, as he moved around the room, he put a latin jazz cd in the hotel player, stripped down to his black silk boxers and dragged a chair close to the bed.

When Dani opened her eyes a few minutes later, Alan's tanned, handsome face was the first thing she saw. He was sitting in a straight-back chair about five feet from the side of the bed. The pleased look he had on his face and the smile in his sky blue eyes caused a deep and reassuring warmth to spread through her. As she sat up slowly, bringing herself back to her newly altered reality, scenes of what had just occurred began to flash through her mind's eye and she started to tremble all over again. As soon as he saw her mouth move, Alan cut her off with a quick hand gesture, knowing she would have forgotten his rules.

"I know, Daniella…you don't need to tell me. It had to be spectacular if it made you pass out." He finished his scotch and put the empty glass on the floor. "Come here, Counselor. I have a little something for you." Dani looked at him again, aware of the powerfully physical appeal of the man. The low lighting in the room showed her he was deeply tanned all over his trim, almost hairless athletic body. She slid off the side of his bed and took the step between them. He stood up directly in front of her, dragging his right hand roughly up her left side until it covered her swollen breast. Once again he pinched her already abused nipple and although she had no idea why, Dani felt pleasure in the sudden, sharp pain. When she felt his other hand pressing down on her shoulder, she knew immediately what he would make her do.
Take them off, Daniella…slowly." She was on her knees before him, sitting back slightly on her heels, her fingers hooked into the snug waistband over his hips. His tanned flat belly gave way to paler flesh as she drew the black silk down the powerful thighs that were moving, ever so slightly, to the sexy rhythms of the soft music. Dani couldn't help but let the sounds take her as well. The samba beat had her starting to sway when she realized that the sparse, fine hair that lay over his dark skin stopped where his tan line started. She pulled his boxers lower, revealing the thick base of his smooth-skinned, lightly veined cock.

Dani's cunt started to moisten again as she pulled the black silk further down, exposing the rest of the first cock since her husband's, and only the second in all to have ever been inside her pussy. Then she shuddered violently, recalling her brazen actions and her obvious pleasure in submitting on the balcony – there was no way it could have been interpreted as anything but an invitation to the group below. But that would be later, another time. Now, she found herself a virtual captive of the man standing over her, unable and unwilling to refuse him anything. Her breathing grew shallow and fast as she brought his boxers past his knees and over his slim, muscular calves to his feet. She lifted each leg in turn, clearing the black silk away when she recognized, in a lightning flash, that one of her most favorite scenarios, based on the naively erotic sci-fi / fantasy books that were a *secret pleasure*

during her teenage years, was being recreated right here. She sat back on her heels as Alan re-occupied the chair, his legs spread wide in front of her.

He tilted his silver-covered head slightly as he looked down at her in silence; the music and her quick, shallow breathing providing the only sounds in the room. There was a slight change in the way she was sitting…posing, really…and there was something vaguely familiar to him in her pose. Still silent, he reached down for his glass and handed it to her. "Two inches, please…the open bottle on the bar." Dani's athletic form was on full display as she rose to her feet and turned to the bar. She moved with exquisite grace, her hips rolling to the samba beat, her heart-shaped ass begging for all the attention it deserved.

She poured his drink with a renewed sense of confidence as she played out her chosen role. Her passive acceptance of everything that had happened so far let Dani concentrate on the energy and the desires that drove her a full 180 degrees away from the rest of her life since early that evening. She looked at his dark trim body as the scotch splashed in his glass. Having succumbed completely to his mental seduction, the unfulfilled and still unsatisfied wife was thrilled that, after everything else, he was a beautiful, testosterone-filled man.

She walked back to him, moving with the rhythm of the music, feeling her desire swell her nipples and engorge her nether lips as she stopped, once again between his spread feet. She handed him the glass and sank back down to her knees on the plush carpet.

Alan couldn't believe his most excellent fortune – to have found her at all, let alone at this pivotal point in her life, was more than amazing. That she had both the intelligence a change like this required and the courage to play it out was against all odds…and yet, there she was. He knew he could not…would not…disappoint her.

He put the glass down on the floor untouched. She felt his ice blue eyes scanning her as she knelt before him. The highly successful, very observant man noticed several things about her. Instead of her toes pointed behind her, now they were curled forward with her soles perpendicular to the floor. Sitting on her heels this way caused her calf and thigh muscles to tighten, shaping her slim, athletic legs perfectly. Her hands had moved to her back, each one clasping the opposite elbow. This straightened her torso while thrusting her proud breasts and swollen nipples slightly upward. And finally, he noticed that her knees were now spread almost shoulder width. And then, suddenly, he remembered it as well and the memories started the blood flow to thicken his cock.

Dani was amazed that it had all come back to her so clearly. She was waiting, her face tilted slightly downward but her eyes looking up. "How old were you, Daniella? The first time you read it?" His voice was thick with his desire for the beautiful blond woman, so willingly on her knees in front of him.

"Excuse me, Alan…what? Read what?" Her voice was so soft, he could hardly hear her over the jazz in the background.

"*Slaves of Gor*," he said impatiently. "What were you? Fourteen? Fifteen?" He heard the change in her breathing when he told her the title – he knew he was right. "Maybe the first time was with a flashlight under your sleeping bag at summer camp – was that it, Daniella?" His voice got rougher as the tell-tale flush spread across her throat and covered the moist flesh of her quivering tits. " Rubbing your little virgin pussy…weren't you afraid the other girls would hear you cum?"

Dani was almost beside herself as the first truly erotic memories and emotions of her youth mixed with the energy that surrounded her in the hotel room. "*How could he know that? It's not possible!*" she thought to herself as her internal vibrations climbed to a higher level. She was sure there would be a puddle beneath her if she looked and her nipples ached worse than before.

"Answer me, Counselor Evans. How many times did you wait until late at night to take it out of your special hiding place and re-read those dog-eared pages while you played with yourself?" He waited for her answer. After what he judged a sufficient amount of time, he leaned forward, his lips to her ear and his fingers back to her sore nipple. As he spoke, he rolled the swollen nub gently back and forth. "I'm waiting, Daniella."

The implied threat of his fingers was enough to send Dani back to the burgeoning sexuality of her teens. "Yes…yes…yes…" she tried to scream at him but only a whisper came out of her mouth. "How did you know, Alan? How could you tell?" Her skin was vibrating with raw electric power and the crème filling her cunt began to leak.

Alan reached behind her, cradling the back of her long, slender neck in his open hand. He drew her closer until he could feel her hot, shallow breath on his cock, making it grow with every heartbeat. "Sometime in the future, my dear," he took his right hand off her tender breast and used it to rub the swelling head of his stiffening cock over her lipstick-covered mouth, "you will have to make several decisions regarding the two of us." Dani was groaning, her insatiable lust on the rise. She felt his left hand, firmer now, holding her immobile as her deep green eyes feasted on his thickening erection. "*Perfect,*" she thought, "*just like the rest of him.*" He cupped his full sac in his palm, his cut cock standing proudly. Her inexperienced eye guessed him to be perhaps just over six inches long and at least four inches around at the base. His soft skin stretched upwards, narrowing just slightly as it curved gently back towards him before his dark, mushroom-shaped cockhead swelled above the pronounced ridge. His cock was beautiful to the lust-driven young woman. She watched a clear, shiny drop of pre-cum escape the slit. He tilted her face upwards so she could see his clearly into his eyes, then…

"Whack!"

He slapped his stiff prick against her cheek. "But right now, you only have to decide…"

"Whack!"

Alan gave her other cheek the same treatment. "…how quickly you relax your long, elegant throat." Dani gasped each time his cock hit her face. There was no physical pain, but she felt so debased by his actions. Even so, she knew he was only increasing her excitement. When she gasped the second time, Alan brought her open mouth over his rock-hard cock. "Make it wet, Daniella. It will be easier for you."

Dani couldn't wait another second. If she didn't taste him soon, she would lose it… naked, hot and exposed before a virtual stranger, she had never been as *totally fucking horny* as she was that night. She was certainly no stranger to a cock in her mouth. Before dating Jimmy, she had sucked the dick of nearly every boy – from 18 to 25 - that she'd gone out with more than twice. Some of them, especially when she was younger, were truly fortunate, providing her the chance to hone her skills. One lad was lucky enough to be the first to pass through her mouth and lodge his young, virgin cockhead in her throat. He had almost no pubic hair at all – it was an experience she greatly enjoyed. In fact, years later, on the second night of their honeymoon, Dani let her new husband know, in no uncertain terms, that the last time she let him put his dick in her mouth the night before, was the *last time* his unshaved crotch would ever come close to her face again.

She finally slid her lips over Alan's maleness and when her tongue flicked at him and she tasted his sweet pre-cum, her cunt spasmed in a brief mini-climax. Her long blond hair covered him as she let the first few inches of his delicious prick slide over her tongue. "That feels so good, my dear. I think you've had some previous experience. Let's see, shall we?" His left hand closed firmly on the back of her neck, pushing her…forcing her…until her lips were stretched as wide as they could go and the tip of her sculptured nose was pressed hard against his pubic bone. Dani gagged as his cockhead hit the back of her throat.

Still holding her face tightly against him, Alan stood up and then he pulled his cock back across her tongue until only the thick spongy head was between her lips. He tugged her hair until she was looking up into the ice-blue slits of his burning eyes. "That's very good, Daniella, gagging like that." Alan laughed softly. "I know most men would try to apologize after hearing that, but don't believe it for a minute." Alan thrust his hips forward, making the hot blond on her knees gag again. "We love that sound…maybe more than anything." He withdrew once more to the sound of Dani moaning and then she was sucking his cockhead between her luscious lips. "Now, Daniella, let's see if you can make

that beautiful music…but this time, let my cock slide down your throat, not hit the back of it."

Dani felt his hand in her hair, but there was no pressure. Her cunt was on fire and her nipples were like bullets exploding out of her full, firm tits as she realized that this was her moment to shine. She knew he was cutting her a little slack, letting her try to accommodate him this first time, but she wanted none of that. She put her hands on his tight, muscular ass and pulled his perfectly shaped, rock-hard man-meat through her glossy lips and over her wet tongue. She looked into his eyes as he passed through her mouth; she gagged, just a little…just for him, before she opened her throat to him. "*Sweet Jesus…it's been a long fucking time,*" she thought. She remembered how she had loved the power it gave her and then she started to swallow him…the smooth walls of her throat rippling softly and sensuously over him.

Alan laughed softly to himself as the hot, blond lawyer tried to impress. He was loving the feeling, the way she was swallowing him was exquisite – but clearly it was her feeble attempt to wrest control back from the man in her mouth. He would have none of it! He felt Dani was letting her sensual memories start to intrude and she was enjoying this new experience way too much…for all the wrong reasons.

When he spoke again, after letting her give him a few more indescribable swallows, the highly-regarded, classically beautiful professional on her knees before him was shocked. She had never heard his voice…anyone's voice…sound quite like it did at that moment. Just above a whisper, it carried more power than she ever knew was possible. "Did I tell you to put your hands on my ass, Daniella?" She froze in sudden fear and confusion; he saw the panic in her wild green eyes as he drew his thick, rigid organ out of her hungry mouth. He reached behind himself and grabbed her wrist. He brought her hand to her face. With the same compelling voice, he said, "Make your finger wet…now." She was distraught; this was not going according to *her* plan. Alan pushed her middle digit into her mouth, making Dani gag for real. He took it away and brought it back behind him. "You like my ass, Daniella? You like touching it?" He slid her wet finger, almost in slow motion (or so it felt to Dani) through the groove between his cheeks. When she felt the pucker of his tight muscular ring, she almost stopped breathing; her skin was on fire and her cunt was awash in her liquid love.

She felt the slightest push back against her fingertip and she heard him say, "Then touch it properly." He pushed her stiff finger past his clenching sphincter and as far as it would go into his ass. Dani trembled as another climax rippled through her hyper-sensitive skin. Powerful, clenching muscles held her finger captive and he moved his empty hand back to her face. "Daniella, darling, were you trying to seduce me? Sucking my cock like a hot little wife who just crashed the family car and doesn't want hubby to kill her." He pulled back on her shining, lustrous blond hair, forcing her eyes up to his again. "I think that's a little too close to your comfort zone, don't you?"

Just as quickly as he'd stuck it in, the dark, powerful man pulled her finger out of his bowels and pushed it right back into the shocked woman's mouth. "This is not a cozy little fling here, Daniella." He pulled her finger out and rammed his thick hard cock past her lips and into her throat. He held her face so tightly against his flesh she could hardly breath. Now his voice was more ragged, dripping with his pent-up lust. "You know the position, little slave girl…arms behind your back…hold yourself tight…*don't let go, Ms Evans*…" She complied immediately, her centerfold-quality tits capped with dark pink bullets pushing out of her chest like a cover model on a lurid paperback. Dani's flesh was electric – charged by the power of his voice. He kept his hands in her long blond hair as he pulled his hips back and then plunged his heavy, throbbing cock through her mouth and into her tender throat…making her gag on his masterful, erect organ…over and over, again and again and again.

Alan's commands had started the waves that spread from her throbbing clit along every nerve in her body. No one had ever – not even in her dreams – spoken to her that way. She could smell her own arousal flooding the hotel room as he kept pounding his thick shaft through her tender lips. He was relentless in the way he used her; and she couldn't believe the way her body was reacting to him. In her previous life (there was no question now, no doubt in Dani's mind that she had begun a *new* life that night) the beautiful blond licked and sucked the cocks she allowed between her soft lips – not that night, however. That night, kneeling before this overpowering man, naked and exposed, hot and wet and vulnerable, riding the waves of a massive and shattering orgasm…she was *skull-fucked* into oblivion and beyond.

When she thought she could take no more of the insane pleasure he was forcing her to endure, every cell in her body screaming for the burning ecstasy of total release, she felt his burning cock-head lodge in her throat; her lips were stretched even more as his thick shaft began expand and throb against her tongue in her suddenly hungry mouth. She knew there would be no warning before or apology after. Her face pressed tightly against his sweat-slick flesh, she couldn't help but inhale the pure pheromones he exuded along with the scent of his musk as she was forced to breathe through her nose. She had never wanted anything more than this when

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!"

The deep, guttural groan, accompanied by a surge of hot, thick, pearl white crème that rushed through his cock and exploded into her throat, transported her into a spectacular new universe of feeling and sensation and endless pleasure of the mind and body. If her mouth had been empty, she would have screamed in harmony with his constant groan.

And then, amazingly…unbelievably…he took her even higher as first, he pulled back enough to let the next two spurts painted her mouth and tongue; the taste of his pure essence lifted her up, as if she was weightless in this new place. And then he withdrew completely, shooting rope after rope of

his hot, sticky cum across her face and her breasts until finally, after he squeezed the length of his shaft forcing any semen left to bubble out, he wiped his softening prick clean against her scalding flesh.

Dani's mind was reeling under the power and intensity of all these suddenly-exposed deep, dark desires. The electric hum moving through her kept her floating, barely aware of his harshly whispered command: "Don't move, Counselor…close your eyes."

Frustration, along with her excitement, grew exponentially as she waited naked on her knees. Her empty, convulsing cunt was screaming to be filled…no, not filled but SPLIT APART by his thick, powerful maleness. Her arms burned with an incredibly erotic discomfort, still held tightly behind her back, and her eyes were closed as she rolled her tongue over every ridge in her mouth, savoring every drop of his cum. She felt his warm breath as he bent to her ear. "Open your eyes, Daniella…see what you are capable of."

"OOOOHHHHH!!!!" She opened her eyes, confused momentarily by image in the tall mirror he'd placed directly in front of her. She looked quickly at his handsome, tanned face and then back to her reflection.

"Uuuunnnnnggggghhhhhhhhh!!! Oh! OOHH!!!" When she truly realized that the cum-covered trembling slut in the mirror was her, she felt her body being launched through the ether…rocketing her essence and her energy…shooting her liquid sex into the brilliance of the sun.

Alan picked her up in his strong arms – he felt the vibrations of her cosmic climax flowing under her rippling flesh as he carried her to the large, multi-head luxury shower in his suite. He held her up as the hot steaming water flowed over her gleaming pale skin, washing away the remains of the beautiful suburban lawyer's debasement.

Dani's awareness started coming back as Alan gently soaped her back with the softest washcloth she'd ever felt. He turned her half-way around and once again thrilled her with his gentle loving touch, cleaning her incomparable face and then moving lower to the perfection of her heaving breasts and swollen nipples. The dark, powerfully built man dropped to one knee before her, lathering her flat stomach and her mons before washing her long, smooth legs.

He turned her in a slow circle, letting the water carry the suds away and when her clean, naked pussy was in front of his face, he slid his long tongue through her slit. Her knees buckled when he flicked her clit, the orgasmic waves starting to pound on her again. He turned her again until she was facing the dark gray slate wall. Still on one knee, loud enough to be heard over the splashing water, he directed her to spread her legs and put her hands flat against the wall in front of her. Dani whimpered

in anticipation as he kicked her heels further apart. When he was satisfied with her position, the way her lower back arched gracefully into the sublime curves of her firm, seductive ass, he stood up slowly behind her.
She felt the head of his stiffening cock drag along the back of her slick, wet thigh as he raised himself up behind her. The buzzing in her ears was deafening and the steam clouds in the shower obscured her vision. Alan took a bottle of baby oil from the shower caddy and spilled some in his hand. Dani gasped when his oil-coated fingers slid between her spread cheeks. "Uhhhhhhhhhh….please, Alan," she moaned in desperation, "I've never…OH GOD!!!" She tried to hold her scream in as his finger found her puckered hole.

"Push back, darling, push back and relax…that's the secret." His ragged whispering penetrated her overloaded senses.

"Unnnggghhh," she moaned deeply while complying and his finger slid smoothly past the rubbery ring and into her ass. "Please, don't hurt me, Alan…" Unbelievably, he felt her asshole relax and loosen the death grip around his finger. He slipped a second finger into her, gently working her sphincter, and he felt the tremors in her burning cunt. The woman was insatiable.

He wasn't surprised by her deep moan when he removed his fingers and held them to her lips. Without a word, she put them in her mouth and sucked them clean. He took his hand back and grabbed the base of his rock-hard cock. He rubbed the large, mushroom-shaped head between her swollen labia, searching for the entrance to her exquisite cunt when he dipped his head down and chuckled in her ear. "Not my thing, Daniella." She relaxed for a moment and then felt her world explode as he found her golden gate and plunged his full length into her pulsating quim.

He remained still, giving her time to adjust to him…letting her pussy lubricate the thick intruder as he spoke again. "That would be Paul, Counselor…one of the two brothers you saw earlier." He started fucking her with deep, long strokes…pounding her cunt in a steady rhythm. His left hand slid up her wet flesh until her breast was covered, her still tender nipple caught between his long fingers and he started to pull on it again. "He'll have you begging for it - after just one time, dear. I've seen it happen before."

Dani felt herself pulled in a hundred different directions as Alan overloaded all her sensory receptors. His right hand was exploring the erotic shape and feel of her smooth mound, just occasionally letting a fingertip slide close to her throbbing clit. The steady rhythm of his long, thick cock increased slightly in speed as he changed his approach angle for deeper penetration. His constant attention to her hyper-sensitive nipple was causing a delicious burn that was directly connected to her cunt. And she couldn't get the image of the blond Sales Manager…*his cock buried deep in her ass*… out of her mind.

Alan let his fingertip drift over her little pink hood more and more as he slowed his stroke down until each single thrust, starting outside her gaping pussy and ending up pressed against her cervical ring, seemed like a complete fuck by itself. When he pushed himself through the last barrier to her liquid core, he held himself tight against her back. His left hand was squeezing her abused tit and his right was playing a symphony on her lips and her clit when he said, "Sasha, the pretty little brunette…you remember, yes?" She nodded her head, unable to speak. "She told me once…" He pulled out again, this time using his cock-head to spank her pussy before fucking it back into her again. "…she said nothing was better than Paul in her ass while his brother, James, fucked her pussy."

Dani was lost in the sensual images that Alan was painting with his words, his fingers and his hard, thrusting fuck-pole. The steam from the shower heads swirled around them as he took her higher, faster and with more intensity than she'd ever felt before; the waves were crashing around her, one after another as his thick cock kept pounding her pussy relentlessly…never stopping…never slowing down. She had been waiting for this…for him…for someone to discover her deepest desires…someone with the strength to bring her over to this scary, highly erotic and extremely seductive new world.

The gorgeous blond lawyer, pressed against the flat slate as the steaming water beat against her hot, flushed skin, arched her back and threw her perfect ass back into him… her new lover…no, not lover…her mentor and guide through her newly chosen world. She squeezed her pussy around his thickness, making him feel her…making him know… her cunt was his.

When he felt her sex close around him, squeeze him and hold him deep inside, he knew she would take the journey with him. Her understanding and acceptance of what he was going to do to her…with her…for her…lit a fire deep inside him that started boiling his cum and building pressure in his balls; nothing could stop the cataclysm that rose up through his cock and exploded in the liquid, molten core over her overloaded cunt.

"Unnnggghhh…oh GOD DAMN!" Her reaction was as intense as his touch as the thumbs and fingers of both hands worked in concert. With each jet of hot semen, the fingers on his left hand pinched her burning nipple while the fingers on his right squeezed her clit.

"OOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!!!!!!" Once again she heard the scream long before she realized it was coming from her. Dani's climax overpowered her as she felt his hot cum splashing her womb. She felt her body and soul rocket into space, towards the brilliant center of the sun, and it was all she could do to hug the slick gray slate as she felt herself cumming over and over on the hard, hot cock buried deep within her.

Daniella Evans, the beautiful blond, married corporate lawyer, was only barely aware as Alan took her out of the shower, wrapped her in soft, warms towels and put her into his bed. "Sleep now, Daniella," he whispered in her ear, "tomorrow we'll start for real."