# The Party Chapter One

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*Pam is taught more about being a slave when her master allows others to use her.*

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**The Party Chapter One**

I am coming to Atlanta for business meetings and I call you a couple of weeks in advance and tell you that I have been invited to a party one night while I am there and that you are to accompany Me. Your instructions are to arrive at My hotel room at 6:00 PM and we will go to the party from there. You do not need to worry about what to wear as I will provide the clothes I want you to wear.

On the date of the party, you arrive as instructed and meet Me in My room. I greet you at the door with a smile and open the door for you to come inside.

“Good evening, Pam, so good to see you and you are right on time.”

“Good evening Sir very nice to see You, too,” you respond.

I then hand you three boxes and tell you this is what you are to wear tonight. Opening the first box, you lift a short black skirt that should reach about mid-thigh and then a light, almost sheer white blouse and finally a silk scarf to wear around your neck. From the second, smaller box, you remove a black lace thong and black thigh-high stockings. Finally opening the third box, you find a pair of black shoes with four inch heels.

I notice the puzzled look on your face and say, “Is there a problem ,Pam?”

“Well, Sir,” you respond, “I don’t see a bra here.”

“No, you don’t because you are not going to be wearing a bra tonight. I love the way your breasts move when you walk and how your nipples get so hard, and I want them to be evident for My eyes all night.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Now get your ass moving and get your clothes changed or we will be late for the party.”

Picking up the boxes, you move toward the bathroom. “Just where do you think you are going?” I ask.

“To the bathroom to change clothes,” you reply.

“No, you will do it right here in front of Me so I can watch. I love to see you naked and watch you.” I then sit down on the sofa to watch you.

“Yes, Sir.”

Lowering your head, you slowly unbutton your blouse and let it fall from your shoulders. Then you unbutton and unzip your slacks and let then drop around your ankles. Reaching behind you, you unhook your bra and slide it down your arms, your face blushing as you know I am watching your every move and taking in every inch of skin as it is uncovered. Finally, you hook your thumbs in the waistband of your panties and push them down your legs and you stand naked before Me. “Now pick up those clothes and put them on the bed and then come over here to Me”

You pick up the clothes you have just removed and move over to the sofa to stand in front of Me. Your nipples have hardened and your blush has deepened, making you all the more attractive in My eyes.

“Now slowly turn around for Me, but stop when your back is to Me,” I instruct.

You begin to turn slowly and My eyes run over your body. My cock stirring in My pants as I think of what lies ahead later. You continue to slowly turn until your back is to Me and then you stop. My eyes travel up and down your back, and I smile as My eyes come to rest on your firm little ass.

“Spread your legs about shoulder width and bend over for My inspection.” My voice is thick with excitement.

Doing as you are told, you bend forward exposing yourself totally to my gaze, your tightly puckered asshole just above your swollen and damp pussy lips. After looking you over very closely, I tell you to straighten up and continue to turn around. When you are again facing Me, I looking closely at you pussy and decide that you are in need of a little trim.

Taking you by the hand, I lead you to the bathroom and have you sit on the counter next to the sink. I open my travel kit and remove a small pair of scissors, a can of shaving cream and My razor. I slowly and carefully trim away most of your pussy hair with the scissors, then lather you up and finish the job with My razor. I use a wet wash cloth and remove the remaining shaving cream and then tell you to

stand up and look at yourself in the mirror. Standing and turning to face the mirror, you see that I have removed all but a narrow strip of pussy hair just above your pussy lips. “Thank You, Sir,” you whisper.

“Now get back in there and get those clothes on so we won’t be late.”

“Yes, Sir,” you reply as you move back into the room where you have laid out the new clothes on the bed. you dress quickly as I continue to watch and then you ask if you may use the mirror in the bathroom to brush your hair and touch-up your make-up.

With My permission, you quickly check your appearance and upon returning from the bathroom, I stop you, look you over closely, walk slowly around you checking everything out and finally smiling, I say, “Damnnnnnnnnnnnnnn pam, you look hot tonight – I am well pleased with you.

As we take the elevator leaving the hotel, there are several other people that follow us on from our floor. I take your arm and guide you to the back of the elevator next to Me and as the door closes, I slip My hand behind you and raise the back of your skirt. I run My hands over your bare ass cheeks and then let My fingers follow the strip of material from your thong down between your legs. Pressing My fingers into the crotch of your thong, I feel it beginning to get wet and you stifle a low moan as you feel My fingers probing your moist pussy.

Once we get to My car, I open the door for you and as you start to slip into the seat I gather your hands behind your back and slip a pair of hand cuffs over your wrists. you look back at Me. I just smile and tell you not to worry that everything is going to be OK. “Yes, Sir,” is your response as you slip into the passenger seat. As you settle in, I trip the lever to lower the back of the seat so that you are leaning all the way back. I take the silk scarf that you have placed around your neck. I fold it and cover your eyes, knotting it behind your head. “You have no need to see, or know, where we are going,” I remark.

Again, you reply with, “Yes, Sir”. Leaning back in this position, you can feel that the short skirt has crept even higher on your thighs.

After getting into the car and cranking it, I slowly move out of the parking lot. Even as late as it is, you know there is still enough daylight for people to see inside My car. As we move onto the highway, you feel My hand touching your bare leg just below the hem of your skirt and then slowly moving upward pushing the skirt up with it. As My hand reaches your thong covered pussy, you can sense the car slowing slightly and then the honk of the 18 wheeler horn confirms your suspicion. My fingers rub your pussy through your thong – teasing you – then finally slip inside your thong and easily deep into your pussy. you gasp at the intrusion before beginning to push back against My fingers and rolling your hips. Just as your excitement begins to build, I remove my fingers from your pussy and push them into your mouth. you feel the acceleration of the car as I pull away from the truck but not before he honks his horn again in appreciation.

After several more minutes, we arrive at our destination and after parking the car, I come around to

let you out. I remove the scarf from your eyes and return it to its original place around your neck. The hand cuffs are next and once off they are returned to My pocket. I help you out of the car. As you straighten your skirt, I inform you that these are some very close friends of mine; that these parties tend to be quite erotic; and you will be required to perform in whatever way I should desire. That being said, I also assure you that I will always be present, watching everything that is happening and that I would take care of you.

“Yes Master,” you respond.

Patting your head, and smiling I reply, “Good girl.”

Ringing the doorbell, we are greeted by the hostess and ushered inside where we are met by the host and 3 additional couples. I make the introductions around the room. The host and hostess are Tom and Debbie (you judge them to be in their mid-fifties, fit and attractive). Then there is Bill and Mary (early forties, Bill tall and fit, Mary several inches shorter than Bill and kind of pudgy). Moving around the room, the next couple is Bob and Carol (again early to mid-forties, Bob balding and pudgy and Carol slender with large tits). Finally, Joe and Sue (early to mid-twenties, Joe is a large muscular black man and Sue a tall and muscular white girl).

Tom offers us drinks, as all the other guests already have drinks in their hands. Not wanting our senses and/or judgment altered by alcohol, I ask for a coke and tell Tom that I will allow you only two margaritas. When Tom returns with our drinks, he looks you over closely, his eyes drawn to your hard nipples clearly evident through your thin shirt. I tell you to turn around so Tom can get a look at your ass.

“Yes, Master,” you answer as you slowly turn.

Tom grins at me and lightly runs his hand over your tight little ass and remarks, “Damn, Alan – you have a hot little girl here.” My cock stirs at his words of appreciation of your looks, and the thoughts of things to come.

We move into the room and mingle with the other guests, chatting and sipping our drinks. All the other guests, men and women alike, look you over appreciably and the bulging pants of the men in the room affirm that outfit I selected for you is having the desired effect.

After a few minutes, Tom announces that it is time to move to the play room continue with the festivities. He leads the group downstairs into the basement and opens the play room door. Tom’s play room consists of a large room with various benches, tables and racks scattered around the room and “toys” hanging from the walls and in chests lining the walls. A myriad of whips, crops, floggers and leather straps line the walls and the chests are filled with an assortment of dildos, vibrators, butt plugs, nipples clamps and weights, ropes, bondage tapes and gags of every type. At several places along the walls and hanging from the ceiling are steel hooks and rings. In the center of the room is a large raised platform surrounded by sofas and chairs. Your eyes widen and a low moan escapes from your lips as you quickly realize just what kind of play room this is.

You glance over at Me and I smile saying, “Relax, Pam, I am the director of activities tonight and will be in control of everything that goes on. I will be watching closely and I will take good care of you. At any time you may give Me your safe word and I will immediately stop the activities.” Nodding your head, you softly say, “Yes, Master.”

Tom turns to Me and announces to the group that tonight I will be the director of festivities and that he is turning the evening over to Me at this time. Moving to the front of the group and leading you up beside Me, I thank Tom for inviting us and assure everyone that we will have a good time. I go on to remind the group that as the director of activities, it is My responsibility to ensure that no one is hurt or forced to do anything against their will, that I will enforce that policy and that the safety of everyone is a prime consideration. Everyone acknowledges agreement with those ground rules and I announce it is time to get things started.

I step up on the platform and turn to you. “Pam, get up here with Me.” With a nod, you climb the 3 steps up to the platform to stand beside Me. I turn you to face the rest of the guests now comfortably sitting on the sofas and chairs.

“Debbie, as hostess, would you please join us?”

With a giggle Debbie jumps up from her chair and joins us on the platform.

“Now Debbie, I want Pam stripped down to her stocking and shoes. Can you take care of that for us?”

Another giggle and then, “Absolutely – it will be my pleasure.”

Debbie then steps to one side so everyone else can see what she is doing. Our eyes lock for a moment before My attention is drawn to Debbie’s hands. She is slowly caressing your tits – making the nipples grow even harder – your eyes close and a low moan escapes from between your lips. Debbie then moves behind you – lifting your arms straight over your head and telling you to hold them there. She reaches around from behind you and after tugging the blouse out of your skirt, she begins to slowly unbutton your blouse. your eyes are partially closed but you see Me watching – you see the other men watching and each slowly stroking a bulge inside their pants. Debbie has the blouse totally unbuttoned now and it just hangs over your breasts but still keeping them covered. Now one of Debbie’s hands slips under the blouse and begins to tease and twist your nipples. Low moans escape from you, your tongue running around your lips. Now Debbie has both hands around you – working on both nipples – squeezing your breasts – pinching your nipples – tugging on your nipples. your head rolls back, your hips are squirming and then Debbie stops. She tells you to lower your arms, and slowly slides the blouse down, exposing your tits and tortured nipples to the whole group.

Debbie unhooks and unzips the skirt in the back and lets it fall around your feet. Her hands squeeze your tight little ass and she looks over at Tom. Smiling, she says, “Tom, you are just going to love this ass!!” With that, she turns you around so all can take a good look at your ass while she runs her

hands all over it. Then stepping in front of you, she hooks her fingers in your thong and strips it down your legs.

“Damn,” she says, “I see we have a freshly trimmed pussy tonight.”

“Yes Ma’am,” you reply. “Master Alan did that just before we left to come over here.”

Smiling at Me, Debbie says, “You did a nice job”.

Debbie stands up looks at your thong and then holds it to her nose “Oh yeah, Tom, Alan has a hot one. her panties are soaked and she smells soooooooooo sweet I could eat her pussy right now!!”

Laughing, I tell Debbie all she was to do was to strip you and that she has done a great job of that, but now it is time to move on. With a disappointed look, Debbie returns to her chair and everyone looks to Me for what comes next.

“OK guys, time for you to get involved. All four of you up here, standing in line and then drop your pants.”

As the other men move into position and lower their pants and underwear, the other women add their comments and giggles. You just glance at the four cocks being exposed and wonder what is next.

“OK Pam, you are to go to each one of the men here and using only your hands, make sure their cocks are nice and hard and then determine how each is different from the other.”

Blushing deeply, you murmur, “Yes, Master.”

Tom is first. You stop in front of him and slowly run your hands over his hard cock and balls. Feeling the texture of the skin – the difference between the head and the shaft – the ridges were the veins run the length of his cock. You stroke his cock up and down several time to make sure he is at his full arousal, noting that his cock is about six inches long and you can circle the shaft with your thumb and index finger. With one last stroke, you move on to Bill.

You grasp Bill’s cock, squeeze it and stroke it a couple of times, again noticing anything you can about the texture, the ridges and veins. Looking back at Tom’s cock and then down at Bill’s you note that they are very similar in all aspects with Bill’s cock being almost of the same size but maybe just slightly longer. With one last tug on Bill’s cock, bringing a low moan from him, you move on to Bob.

After a couple of strokes on Bob’s cock, one difference is immediately evident. Just as Bob is short and pudgy in stature, so is his cock. There are no perceptible ridges or veins, although the head is large and mushroom shaped. You judge Bob’s length to be about four and a half inches, but you are unable to close your fingers around his cock. One final squeeze and it is on to Joe.

Joe’s black cock is so hard it almost point toward the ceiling. You circle the shaft with your hand and

it jerks in anticipation. A couple of long slow strokes brings a drop of precum to the head and Joe's breathing accelerates. There is no comparison here. Joe's cock is easily the longest, maybe nine to ten inches, and almost as fat as Bob's, although you can just barely touch your fingers to your thumbs when you wrap your hand around. Also like Bob, Joe has a large mushroom shaped head on his cock. Unlike any of the others, you notice that Joe's cock hair has been shaved leaving the skin at the base of his cock soft and smooth. You stroke Joe one more time and, on impulse, wipe the precum off the head with your fingers and stick them in your mouth. Joe sees this and murmurs a low, "Oh my gawd," as you lick your fingers and lips. As you finish with Joe, I instruct you to return to My side before we go any further.

"OK guys, somebody get that kneeling bench over there in the corner and bring it up here." Tom and Joe quickly mover to the bench I had pointed to and brought it back to the platform. Taking your arms and pulling them behind you, I slip the hand cuffs back on and move you over to the kneeling bench. It is a low, padded bench with a wooden front extending up from the bench.

"OK Pam, lets get you on your knees on the bench here." You lower yourself into a kneeling position and I push your forward to where your tits are pressing into the wooden front. From each side, I take leather cuffs with adjustable straps and secure the cuffs around your upper arms. Using the adjustable straps, I pull you arms forward, securing you tightly in position. Next comes a blindfold, placed tightly over your eyes so you can see nothing at all. With you securely in position, we are ready to proceed.

"OK guys, I want you all to line up again but in a totally different order. Each of you will move in front of Pam at your turn. Pam, you will have 30 seconds with each man to try to determine which one is standing in from of you, but you must do this by taking his cock in your mouth and using your mouth and tongue to distinguish which cock belongs to whom. And ladies, y'all gather round for a close look at the competition."

As the men line up, you hear little comments. "I bet she has a sweet mouth." "I can't wait to feel her lips around my cock." "Oh shitttttttt – I just want to fuck her face." The girls are just giggling and figuring you will know two right off the bat. With a smile on My face I decide Bob and Joe will be easily determined.

"One last thing before we start, Pam, even if you can tell whose cock is in your mouth right away, you will still take the full thirty seconds before giving Me your guess."

"Yes, Master."

"And for you men, be patient. Let Pam use her mouth and tongue for the full thirty seconds. Don't grab her head and try to fuck her face just yet – that can come later – just let her use her mouth and tongue however she will for now."

"OK, first cock!"

With a wide grin on his face, Joe steps up in front of you and, grabbing his cock, he rubs the head over your lips, smearing another drop of precum there. You run your tongue over your lips tasting the precum and then circle the head of his cock with your tongue. You run you tongue up and down the length of his cock a couple of time and then reaching the head again, open your mouth wide. The head slides between your lips and you push your mouth further down – your mouth stretching to take his large cock. You feel the head pushing against the back of your throat almost gagging on it. You slide your mouth back up just a bit and then push back down. You can hear the girls giggling and talking about how much of his cock you already have in your mouth.

Debbie even encourages you. “You go, girl – suck that cock – if you can, you are better than any of us.” This is followed by all the girls giggling again.

Fighting the impulse to gag, you open your mouth wider, pushing his cock deeper, feeling it slide down your throat. His cock is throbbing in your mouth. He is moaning out loud, “Ohhhhhhhhhh gawddddddddd.” Then you hear Me call time. You slowly slide your mouth back up the length of his cock licking your lips as it pops out of your mouth. “That was Joe,” you proclaim which brings laughter from your audience and a couple of “No shit’s.”

“You did very well there, Pam,” I say as I stroke your hair. “Next!!”

As Bob steps forward, you lick your lips to moisten them and then feel the next cock pressed to your lips. Running your tongue around the head, you know it has a large and mushroomed shaped. Opening your mouth wide, you start sliding your mouth down the shaft and realize this one is thicker than the other, forcing you to stretch your mouth even wider. Slowly you push down his cock until you feel his cock hairs tickling your nose and then you start a slow up and down motion – taking his cock totally in your mouth each downward push and lips stopping that the head on the upward stroke.

“Time,” I call out.

You slide the short fat cock out of your mouth and proclaim, “That one was Bob.”

The girls are giggling again and talking between themselves about what a good cock sucker you surely are but that deciding the next two is going to be tougher!! You know in your mind that they are right.

“Very nice again, Pam. Now for the next cock”

Tom steps forward and strokes his cock a couple to times and then pushes it against your lips. You open your lips and slowly take the cock all the way in your mouth. Running your tongue around you try to discern anything that might give you a clue between Tom’s and Bill’s cocks. After the first two large cocks, this one seems to hardly fill your mouth and your tongue swirls around the shaft and over the head – tasting hints of precum and feeling the cock jerk in your mouth. Up and down the shaft you go – tongue swirling until you hear Me once again call, “Time.” Everyone is watching you – waiting to see who you guess. “Well, Pam?” I ask.

“Master, may I please sample the last cock before I make my decision?”

Looking at the other guests who nod acceptance, I tell you that you may wait until the last one is done for the next two guesses.

“Thank you, Master.”

Bill steps forward and without any hesitation, slips his engorged cock between your lips. Again you easily take all of his cock and swirl your tongue around the shaft and head – up and down – swirling and sucking, still trying to find the slightest difference. Just as I call time, you make your decision. With everyone watching you closely, you pronounce, “The third cock belonged to Tom and this last one to Bill.”

“Are you sure about that?” I ask.

“Positive – Tom and then Bill – that’s my final answer,” you announce.

“Damnnnnnnnnn girl, you are absolutely correct – very well done.” Then I lean forward and whisper in your ear where no one else can here and say, “You must tell me later how you were so confident of your decision.” Smiling, you reply, “Yes Master ."