

Becoming the office slut. stage 3

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my first taste of another woman's pussy

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That Saturday I slept and slept. I was exhausted from all the nervous energy I felt taking my first steps into the world of slutdom. I'd also been cumming quite a bit in the evenings as I thought about the effect I was probably having on the guys' home lives. When I finally got up and showered, I headed out to do my 'homework'. I grabbed my keys and headed to the shop that Steve had instructed me to visit. When I got there I found it sold some of the naughtier 'adult' outfits and gadgets. The salesgirl looked at me with interest when I walked in and before long she had come over to where I was picking out— well straps really - you couldn't call it clothing. 'The changing room is back here. You know it's difficult to tell what looks best on you in a mirror. It's better to take some pictures and then choose from those.' She suggested. 'We keep a camera for that reason.' I thought about it for a second and decided it was a good idea. Not only would I be able to choose something hot, I could keep the other shots for the men at work too. Twice the effect for half the price! 'Ok,' I agreed. 'I want to try these ones on. Fetch the camera and I'll start getting changed.' With the no-underwear-at-work rule I wasn't sure what I was allowed to wear so I'd mainly gone for accessories that showed me off -cup-less bras made of leather studded straps and crotch-less panties that kind of thing. I also picked out some tight slutty dresses which I thought would look good stretched over my naked young breasts for the men at work. I started with a tightPVC dress with a large peephole between the breasts and a collar attachment. The salesgirl came into the changing room with me and tightened the collar until it was squeezing my neck. 'Very nice.' She looked me up and down appreciatively. 'But you need to pose, kneel on the stool and bend towards the camera so more of your breasts hang through the peephole.' I couldn't believe it, she was going to stay and take the pictures herself. At first I stuck to the outfits which showed only a peep of naked skin here and there, those that I was planning to use as outerwear but as I began to relax I moved towards the not-really-underwear choices. Eventually she stopped leaving the cubicle when I was changing; instead helping me to adjust straps and do up clasps and buckles. Soon I was wearing a black satin outfit which consisted only of a long strap, tied around my body. It started around my neck, went around and crossed under my breasts, then went down through my legs to join up in a bow at the back. I thought it would pass the no underwear test as my breasts were fully on display and my pussy was still clearly visible around the thin strip of satin. It also felt extremely sexy to wear. The material stroked my pussy

as I moved around and I knew that with the bow at the back the guys would be able to expose me whenever they got the urge with one quick tug. Lisa (as it turns out the salesgirl was called) had me stand against the wall with my legs apart, hands spread wide on the wall. She she put down the camera and started tweaking my nipples, pulling gently and rubbing her thumbs across them until they stood erect and pulsing. 'These need to be hard for the pictures. That's better. And this should be showing more of your pussy.' She pulled the strap tighter until my lips were visible around it, a little moisture beginning to dampen the material. Then as if nothing unusual had happened she picked up the camera and took the shot. That's when it hit me this wasn't the usual level of service. She was obviously gay and enjoying watching me undress and squeeze my naked breasts and pussy into these accessories and contraptions. I looked her in the eye and it was all there, Lisa was enjoying dressing me up and posing me in slutty positions for the camera. I felt something stir between my legs. I was learning to love this kind of attention. We carried on like that for a while, her watching me strip again and again, peeling off ever sluttier outfits. Her hands kept finding excuses to stroke my nipples, to lift my breasts until they sat in the right place over the strips of material, to push my swollen lips open before taking a photo of me in the crotch-less panties. She stopped telling me to open my legs, or my mouth, and gently pushed them open with her fingers instead. Then all the outfits had been tried and it was time to see myself on camera. I reached out for the camera but Lisa pulled her arm away. 'No need,' she said, 'your company has opened a special account for you, you can take them all for just a few minutes work.' She lifted her skirt then and revealed her swollen lips. They were mostly smooth, with just a strip of hair at the top. I'd never tasted another woman before, I wasn't sure if I wanted to now but it didn't look like she was going to take no for an answer. And if Steve had spoken with her he must have told her I was becoming their whore, had he told her to report back on me? Would I be punished later if I refused? She climbed onto the stool and I sank to my knees in front of her. I wasn't sure what to do but I thought about what felt good for my own pussy and that helped. I slid her milky white thighs apart and exposed her pussy. She was ready for me, not surprising after seeing me pose like a dirty little porn slut for an hour. I leant forward and began to lap at her clit, running my tongue slowly up and down her exquisite pussy. The taste was different from how I'd tasted on Steve's fingers I noticed, and I liked it. I sucked her hot little bud into my mouth and gently sucked it while my tongue pushed inside her. Lisa had her hands in my hair now to keep her balance on the stool. She was pulling my head in closer, forcing my mouth tighter against her cunt. I only found out later that the store CCTV camera was capturing all of this for Steve and we were at that moment making what he would send round as 'screensaver 2-our slut does her first girl-on-girl'. At the time all I could concentrate on was the feeling of soft wet skin in my mouth, her hot liquid mixing with the saliva in my mouth, the deep moans coming from Lisa as I was driving her closer to orgasm. I slipped my fingers into her pussy and made wide circles, stretching her around them. And then she began to shake and I knew I'd done it, she was cumming against my mouth. I sucked harder on her clit then replaced my fingers with my tongue, lapping up every drop of the liquid which flowed from her. When I stood up she kissed me passionately, tasting herself on my tongue, sliding her own tongue deep into my mouth. As she walked out of the changing room I was stood there totally

exposed, my face damp with her cum. I wiped myself clean and got dressed. 'You really are going to make a fantastic slut' she patted me on the bottom 'I can't wait to see your next screensaver'. Oh my god, Steve had sent that outside of the office? Then she bagged up my purchases and I walked home thinking about what I'd just done, remembering the feeling of her tweaking my nipples, the taste of her cum still on my lips. And I couldn't wait for Monday morning.