

Montreal 3

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How I was introduced into meeting with others.

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After our second week together, I was now a firm believer in the pleasures to be had with another woman. I used to think my ex husband was awesome at giving pleasure, particularly in the first years of our marriage. Now I had been seduced by another woman, and one who was as enthusiastic as I was for sex. She was a very conservative lady in her public life, who enjoyed getting 'down and dirty' in private. I realised she also enjoyed being a little kinky as well, which no doubt had a lot to do with my liking her. I'd noticed how she liked to make decisions, deciding when we went out where we were going etc. I liked that as that was how it was with my husband, and I think it added to my pleasure when I was never sure of the outcome. All my life I'd been used to being told what to do, even growing up I'd been dictated to by my family. I got married at a young age to a man who loved to dominate, who also had a high sex drive. It was a natural fit for me, once he popped my cherry I grew to love his controlling. I don't really know the definition of a slut, but if it's a woman who loves sex in all its forms, then that's me. Now I'd met woman who had seduced me, and one I'd grown attracted to. I think right from the beginning I'd sensed the inner strength in her, in all my fantasies I'd never thought I'd love a lesbian. She had obviously spotted the darker side of me from our early conversations, and showered me with her love. The only problem I had with that was with my colleagues at work. They saw the change in me, and how much happier I was. They were making comments and asking questions that were hard to answer, like, "Who's the lucky guy," and "Where did you go last night?" So far I had managed to field the teasing, and busied myself in my work. I realised I was lucky to meet Renee, she had shown me the pleasures to be had with a woman. She had been rather bossy with me, but as I said I liked that. She was just like my husband in a way, taking control and making our decisions. I did wonder about the number of women who referred to her as 'Madame Renee,' but put that down to just being the French way. I was excited to hear from her when she phoned on Monday morning, telling me how she kept thinking of me. All day Tuesday I kept hoping she would call again, but I didn't hear from her again till the Wednesday afternoon. This time when she called we talked for some time, she made some lewd suggestions about our time together. I found it to be erotic, she sounded so sexy on the phone. I worried that others might get curious as to whom I was talking to, and for so long, but so far nobody had said anything. Before we hung up Renee asked, "What time will you be leaving work today?" "4:30 as usual," I replied, "Why?"

"Good, drop by my office after you leave, you should make it here before 5 PM." She gave me the address and it was just about 3 blocks away, so timing would not be a problem. I left right on time, although I knew I had lots of time to get there. Still I hurried along the sidewalk, just to be sure I'd be on time. I arrived about ten to five and entered her offices, and there was this most beautiful lady receptionist I had ever seen. I approached the desk and she didn't look up at me, for a few minutes I was kept waiting and finally she graced me by looking up at me. "Yes," she said. "I'm Marion," I said rather importantly, "Renee's expecting me." She looked me up and down then answered, "You mean 'Madame' Renee?" I must have blushed she made me feel so small with her stare, and then pointing with her pen behind me said, "Sit there." She went back to whatever she was doing, and feeling a little humiliated I did as she said. While I was waiting the receptionist got up to go to a filing cabinet, and I couldn't help but admire her beauty. She was to be crude about it, 'drop dead gorgeous,' of Italian or Spanish descent with jet black hair to her shoulder blades. She was tall, about 5'7" I guessed in her high heels. She was wearing a cream colored suit that fitted her perfectly. A white starched blouse that looked like she had just put it on, decorated with a double string of pearls and matching ear rings. Her complexion was flawless, and her movements so graceful, where did Renee find her I wondered? After about ten or fifteen minutes another door opened, and a group of people came out. Renee was thanking them and shaking their hands, and the receptionist got up and came round to get their coats from the cloakroom. Lots of pleasantries were expressed and the clients left. Renee looked at the receptionist and said, "Sorry about that, you know what a pain they can be." They chatted for a few minutes, and then the receptionist got her coat, and saying goodnight left. Once she was gone Renee turned and smiled at me, and led me into her office. It was quite large and plush, decorated tastefully with pictures and of course her credentials in frames on the walls. There was a sofa against one wall, a credenza behind her desk and a couple of chairs in front of it. We were standing by her desk and she unbuttoned my coat, and pushed it off my shoulders she threw it on one of the chairs. Now she placed her hands just above my elbows, and ran her hands up and down my arms smiling at me. "Good seeing you again," she whispered, gripping my arms and pulling me towards her. Kissing me full on my lips whispered, "I've missed you." Hugging me to her she kissed me again, pressing her torso against mine, "Did you miss me?" "Oh yes," I replied in all honesty, pleased and encouraged by her admission. I was excited by her enthusiasm, and returned her kisses quite willingly. Our kisses got longer and longer, our tongues probing deep into each other's mouths. I was pleased and glad she liked me as much as she did. We broke off and she looked into my eyes, smiling she continued to run her hands over me. I could sense her urgency, and it was exciting me too. I was slowly moving backwards till my arse hit her desk and I could go no further. Now pressing a knee between my legs, she pried them apart. During this activity she kept whispering in a hoarse voice, "I want to tell you how happy I am I found you. You're intelligent, professional and courteous, yet have no inhibitions about enjoying your erotic senses. I like that, and I want you to meet some more of my friends. We present one face in public, yet in the company of like minded friends we can be ourselves." I loved what I was hearing, it was like she was opening the door to another world. "You want it too?" she went on. "Oh yes," was all I could get out between her kisses, her hands now

rubbing all over my bum. I was getting wet by now, my body responding with my own need. My arms were around her back and I was pulling her into me as well. "You really want me?" she went on. "Oh yes," I replied, kissing her back as hard as she kissed me. "You sure you don't want me to stop?" she continued. "Oh no please," I pleaded holding onto her. "I love you." As she kept whispering these things to me, her hands were caressing my bum. Slowly she began pulling my skirt up, her hands reached underneath to caress my thighs. Her touch on my thighs, were sending shivers of delight through my body. She took her sweet time as she did this, now also kissing and nibbling on my ear and neck. Low moans were escaping me, I opened my legs to accommodate her searching fingers. "Please" I whispered, my body was so alive by this time. She pretended she didn't understand, "What do you want me to do?" she asked I gripped her tight, "Please rub my pussy." I felt her breath in my ear as she whispered, "Sit up on my desk." I needed no further urging, and once I was seated there parted my legs. Now as she resumed holding and French kissing me, her hand found my crotch. My pussy was tingling as her rubs felt delicious, as she caressed me through my panties. I was clutching her and moaning from the pleasure, she slid a finger up and down my slit, pressing the material into the crevice. I had a magnificent orgasm, calling out as it took over my body. My body twitched from the magnitude of it, "Oooh" was all I could say, and I held on to her till the feeling subsided. Now she took hold of my legs lifting them up and said, "Lie back." Now she pulled my panties down, taking them off me altogether. She put a hand inside them and held the crotch to her nose. "Ah that's the most beautiful aroma" she said, pressing the crotch of them against her lips. Now she rubbed the crotch of them over my face, poking it between my lips. Automatically I opened them as she pressed my wet panties into my mouth, I tasted my own juices and sucked on them. "Ah that's it my girl" she said, "You like that don't you? You're a real dirty bitch aren't you?" I didn't answer right away as my mouth was full. "Aren't you," she repeated. At this I mumbled, "Yes," through the material in my mouth. I knew Renee was doing this deliberately, to provoke some reaction from me. I'm sure from watching me and seeing the reaction on my face, she loved it. By now she was in a high state of arousal herself, in fact I marvelled at how she could control her feelings. Now she had me get off her desk, and moving round to sit on her chair told me to kneel in front of her. Once I did she parted her legs and lifted her heels up onto the desk. She had on thigh highs but no panties, for some reason I wasn't expecting this. Of course I knew what she wanted, and I was only too glad to be able to please her. Her pussy was wet as expected, she took hold of me by my hair pulling my face into it. I was so happy to please her this way, her labia's were so rubbery, and her clit like a little teat. I licked and sucked her hard, she held my face in her crotch, moving her arse to the pleasures of my tongue. When she had her orgasm, she clamped my head between her thighs. Holding me like that for a few minutes, and I waited till she told me to get up. Now she placed her hand on my face, telling me I was a 'good girl.' "You do what you're told and I like that." By now it was almost six o'clock, "Have you eaten" she asked?" I was starved and admitted it, "Good, she said, "Let's go for asnack and adrink before wecall it a night." Before we parted she reminded me about the upcoming Friday night, and expected to meet me at the bar where we first met. On the Friday I went there straight from work, so I arrived before five PM. I sat at the piano listening to the entertainment, and nursing my drink. It was a

nice friendly atmosphere. I chatted with a couple of ladies I'd met before, while I waited for Renee. As it was T.G.I.F., there was the usual crowd, very platonic and professional. I was amused to wonder what they would have thought, if they knew I was now a lesbian. Renee finally arrived later than I expected, around seven or so, and joined me at the piano where I was sitting. She was pleased to see me, and ordered drinks. We spent another couple of hours there, chatting and enjoying, just 'hanging out' as the saying goes. Renee suggested we dine there, and inviting another couple to join us, we moved into the dining room. It must have been close to ten PM when we finally left. Once outside as she called a cab, and gave the driver the name of the lesbian bar she had taken me to before. Once we got there the owner, the large tattooed lady I'd been introduced to before, smiled and gave me a big bear hug as she kissed me. I wasn't expecting this, as she pressed me into her big generous boobs. Then kissed Renee, and we found a table and sat down. Lots of ladies I'd met before paid their respects to 'Madame Renee,' and after acknowledged me in the process. Again there was a lively crowd, lesbian porno movies playing on the TV that nobody seemed to pay attention too. It seemed to be on to just add to the atmosphere. Around midnight Renee and I finally left there, we walked a couple of blocks to a strip club that advertised Chippendale dancers. The place was packed with women, and it was hard to hear anything from the noise of the place. The dancers were all male and gorgeous hunks at that. They did their strip routine to cat calls, most of which were rather lewd. As I said I'd been in strip clubs for men with my ex husband, but this was totally different. The women were obviously enjoying themselves, getting into the spirit of things. The dancers stripped got down to their 'G' strings, or whatever they called the pouches that housed their cock and balls. During their final dance each dancer danced near the edge of the stage, and women went up and stuffed two and on occasion, five dollar bills in their 'G' strings. I was thrilled and excited by the performance, the dancers obviously had taken something to prevent getting a hard-on. Some of the women were unabashedly standing up, and offering themselves to the dancers. There was no mistaking what they wanted, and I was caught up in the atmosphere of sex along with the others. I got so wet and horny, I could have quite happily have copulated with any of the dancer's right there. And I wouldn't have been alone, quite a few of the women were openly drooling. We left around two in the morning, I was quite tipsy by then, and would have been quite happy to stay longer. Renee decided it was time to leave, and we got our coats and went out and found a taxi. In the car on the way to her apartment, she quizzed me on which dancers I liked. Talking about it only made me even hornier, and it obviously made her horny too. Once inside her apartment she couldn't wait, and within minutes had us both out of our dresses. She pushed me down onto the floor and straddled my face, the crotch of her knickers was soaked with her pussy juice. She pressed it into my face, as I felt her press hers into my pussy. Ripping my panties off she really did a number on me, and it only took a few minutes for us each to enjoy a climax with each other. Once we rested she said, "You like cock don't you?" and before I could answer her she went on, "Come on" and pulled me up and led me to her bed. She pushed me down rather roughly, then went to a drawer and took out her strap-on. I saw the crazed look on her face as she strapped it on. "I'm going to fuck you good, you cock hungry bitch," she said. "I saw how you looked at those dancers." She was almost shouting at me, and I didn't know what to

say or do. Once she approached me, I just lifted my legs and waited for her to have her way with me. She was rough as she rammed the dong into my pussy, fortunately I was good and wet and ready for it. As she did this she grabbed my hair, pulling on it as she began pounding me with it. "You're mine now you bitch, I'll decide when and where you're to be fucked." Ramming that silicone cock in and out of me felt good, I did love the feel of it inside me. I let my pussy muscles grip it tight, wishing it was the real thing. I was soon wailing as the orgasms poured out of me, but she didn't stop. It was like she was a crazed bitch as she fucked me. Finally she stopped her thrusts, still holding onto my hair. She forced my head down, to give her a blow job. Intimidated by her actions, I did as I was told. Eagerly sucking my own juices off it, till I was told to remove it. Now I started to suck her soaking wet pussy, she was contented as I lapped at her juices. Finally she pulled me to her, wrapped her arms and legs around me and hugged me tight. I truly loved feeling her body against me like that. The next day being Saturday, neither of us had to work. We spent a leisurely morning together, and then she decided we should go out to lunch. I wanted to go home to change, but Renee said it wasn't necessary as I looked fine. There was no arguing with her, so off we went. We went back down to what was referred to as the 'village,' where the gay crowd liked to gather. After a leisurely lunch we strolled along the sidewalk, stopped to browse in some of the stores. We ended up in her favorite bar, where we socialised with others and enjoyed a few drinks. Then we headed back to her apartment, to get dressed for evening. She directed me on how to put her clothes away. After removing her shoes, I was to hang up her dress, then remove and place her underwear in a laundry basket. I expected to be invited to take a shower with her, but that didn't happen. Instead she had me lead her into her bathroom, then turn on the shower for her, and adjust the temperature. I watched as she washed herself, lathering her body with a nice scented soap. I loved looking at her body, although she was 'pleasantly plump, it was in proportion. Finally she turned to me, handing me the soap and a sponge, I was instructed to wash her back. I did as I was told, then watched as she shaved her armpits. Rinsing off with cold water, she stepped out for me to dry her off. Back in her bedroom she sat at her dressing table, I now suspected what was expected of me. Picking up her hair dryer and a brush, I now proceeded to dry her hair. I truly loved attending to her in this way, I found it to be exciting me. I was hoping we would make love again, but that was not to be. She directed me in what she wanted to wear, so I went through her drawers and removed the clothes. Now I dressed her again as she advised me, no bra just a bright red merry widow outfit with matching frilly knickers. Jet black nylons and a red low cut blouse blouse, a black mini skirt and red heels, completed her outfit for the evening. She took her car and we drove to my apartment, so I could dress for the evening too. There she instructed me to strip and take a shower, I much preferred baths but felt I shouldn't argue. I took my time making sure I was nice and clean, finishing off by shaving my armpits, then applying a deodorant. While I dried my hair, she went through my drawers and closet. I didn't say anything as she picked out what she wanted me to wear. She strapped me into an under bust corset, a pair of black silk 'granny knickers' my ex used to have me wear. Renee seemed to be having fun dressing me this way. She chose my smallest and tightest mini skirt, and a very revealing see through blouse. Black nylons and a pair of lace up 'granny boots,' completed my outfit. I thought to myself, "Thank

goodness it was a private house we were going to for dinner." Although I loved dressing as a slut, I felt this was getting to be a little outrageous. Still I thought better not to protest, just hoped we wouldn't be stopping in a public place. I knew if I was sit down anywhere, the legs of my fancy knickers would show below the hem of my skirt. Before we left, she had me look at ourselves in my mirror. My corset made my tits stand straight out, my nipples visible through my blouse. Renee looked good too I thought, the outline of her nipples was clearly visible through her tight blouse. After she had me put on a pair of bright red gaudy ear rings, with a matching necklace that hung down between my cleavages. Once she was satisfied with my appearance, we put on our top coats and left for Gail and Amber's house. On the way there, Renee told me I was in for a new experience. That it would be better if I was not to speak, unless I was spoken to directly, and always be polite. I was puzzled by this, but didn't say anything. I felt I was naturally a very polite person, and would never offend anyone. Once we arrived, I saw they had a lovely large home. It was just north of the city, sitting on its own lot and surrounded with a cedar hedge. Not only was there lots of privacy, but there was no houses close by, so noise would not be a problem. We were made very welcome by Gail, who was obviously the master in their relationship. Amber served us drinks first, before disappearing into the kitchen, to finish preparing dinner. Gail was heavily made up looking very gothic. Her breasts were barely hidden under a leather vest, a leather skirt and high heeled boots over black ribbed nylons. Amber was in a French maids dress, and above the bib of her uniform, her tits were exposed with something attached to her nipples. It was hard not to stare, as their attire surprised me. Amber also had this leather collar round her neck, it seemed out of place with her uniform. Their relationship was different from when we had met before, now it seemed Gail was clearly the host. I seemed to be ignored for some reason, Amber took Madame Renee's coat and hung it in the closet. I took off my own coat, and was left to hang it up. I followed along as Gail led Madame Renee to their living room, it was quite dark and erotic. There was some incense burning in a holder, which added an erotic aroma in the air. We were served a generous portion of wine, Gail and Renee were doing most of the talking. I still felt a little self conscious by what I was wearing, but obviously our hosts weren't concerned by it. After an hour or so we went into the dining room, there we had a nice leisurely dinner served by Amber. I marvelled at how professional she was, I assumed she had previous experience in a restaurant somewhere. Looking back on it now, I still had much to learn about the ways and habits of certain people. After dinner as Renee and Gail were to retire to the living room, it was suggested I should help Amber clear off the table. Later Gail suggested we should retire to their basement, so clutching our drinks we followed her down some stairs. The room was lovely, again tastefully decorated. There was a small room with bar in one corner with stools around it, a sofa, and a coffee table with other chairs around it. Off through another doorway, I saw a much larger room with a pool table sitting in the center. The lighting was very subdued, it consisted of 'wall washer' types. They were mounted near the top of the walls, and pointed towards the ceiling. They had different colored bulbs in them and on a dimmer so the effect was very romantic. Amber also kept the stereo playing with rather soft erotic background music, with a sprinkling of rather 'throaty torch songs,' being sung by females. The effect added to the erotic atmosphere. Now my friends being French

Canadian spoke to each other a lot in French. Now although I understood some of their language, their speech was normally too rapid to enable me to catch what was being said. Still, I was thoroughly enjoying their company, and they often included me in the conversation. They would speak to one another, glance at me and say something like “Oui or Non?” Although I usually didn’t understand what was said, it seemed the polite response to agree with them. Also I could tell they liked my agreeing, with whatever they were talking about. The wine was delicious and strong, and Amber kept filling up our glasses. In a way, it made me feel like I was the guest of honor. Gail started the dancing by inviting me, she held me close and whispered softly in my ear. I could hardly understand a word, still it sounded very romantic. I liked her and loved the way her hands caressed me, she wasn’t shy and I loved it. I soon realised what Renee had meant by, ‘sharing with our friends and wanted to take it further. She started rubbing up and down my back, then occasionally pull me into her and kiss my neck. She moved her mouth up to nibble on my ear, then blow into it and tongue it. I recalled Renee’s advice to me about being polite, and didn’t object. Besides I loved it, she felt so soft. With knees between each other’s legs, we just kind of swayed to the music. Butterflies were doing a number in my tummy, my pussy getting wetter by the minute. I realised this was planned by Renee, she had instructed me to be polite, and not speak unless spoken too. Her friends obviously liked me, and I loved them for that. I was anxious to please them, whatever they wanted of me, I would be happy to comply. Gail was in no hurry, the room was warm and quite dark, the smell of incense adding an aroma. Her hands were at my waist, found their way under my blouse. Her touch was light, her fingers moving over my skin so lightly. She moved them up to my shoulder blades, then round to my tits. My blouse was too tight for her to cup them. “You’re so soft,” she whispered, “You like my touching you?” “Oh yes.” I replied. “You sure,” she went on. As she said that she began unbuttoning my blouse, then removing it off my shoulders. Now she placed a hand on each breast, her thumbs toying with my nipples. She undid her leather vest, to expose her own tits. Smiling at me she took my hands, placing one on each of her tits. They felt big and beautiful, her nipples were painted black. “You like those,” she said. “Oh yes,” I moaned, and it was true. We continued swaying to the music, fondling one another breasts as we did. I didn’t notice as we slowly moved, till I felt my hips hit the pool table. Now unable to move further, Gail kissed me hard on my lips, crushing our tits together. My pussy was tingling, I wanted more but Gail was in no hurry. Finally I couldn’t take it anymore, I was dry and hoarse and I blurted out. “Please Ma’am do something” She broke off for a moment smiling at me, then said something in French to the others. Renee appeared and placed her hands on our backs. At giving us a three way hug, said something to Gail, at which I heard the familiar ‘Oui.’ With one on each side of me, Renee asked if I’d like to get up on the table. I didn’t need to answer, it was like they could read my mind. They were just whispering, and both of them were caressing me. They lifted me up, and placed my bum on the pool table. With one on each side of me, they began stroking and kissing my tits. Automatically I arched my back, to better place them for their attention. Slowly as they did this, I was being leaned back till I was lying on the table I began to panic and asked, “What are you doing?” Renee stroked my head whispering “Hush, it’s going to be alright.” Renee assured me of her love, that Gail was a good friend and would love me too. That we could all pleasure each

other, and that she would take care of me. The feelings were tremendous, with the two of them pleasing me. I felt fingers on my thighs, caressing and stroking them as my nipples were being sucked. I was crying and moaning, finally with a cry I had this tremendous orgasm. Twitching from the force of it, I tried to sit up. But they were not ready to let me go, they continued to please me with their kisses and touches. They would occasionally say something to one another in French, and from their tone they were obviously enjoying what they were doing to me. I felt a hand at my waist and my skirt was unzipped, that's when I realised amber was involved in this too. It was her fingers I'd felt on my thighs. Now she was tugging at my skirt, to get in down over my ample hips. I couldn't see what was happening to me, but I loved every minute of it. Next my knickers were removed altogether, not that it mattered as I was there for their pleasure. I recalled Renee asking me before if I'd ever been in a threesome etc. There were two hands on my tits, caressing and squeezing and occasionally. I felt teeth on my nipples, I was bitten and loved the feeling. My body responded big time, the adrenaline pumping through me. I was helpless and loved it, the pain and pleasure were awesome. I wanted more and wanted up, in fact I didn't really know what I wanted. A pair of hands pressed my legs apart, they were dangling over the end of the table. I felt a body get between them, and fingers around my pussy. They were inserted in and out of me, my labia pulled apart and my clit fingered. I felt really helpless spread eagled like that, and fully exposed. My tits were being squeezed, pulled and nipples bitten. Amber was between my knees, and plucking at my pussy hair. The orgasms pouring out of me with such force, I couldn't help but call out. Gasping and moaning from the pleasure, slowly it subsided and they let me rest. I could tell from their comments, the ladies were pleased with their handiwork. I was left alone for a few minutes, I just lay there catching my breath, and it had been an awesome experience. I heard them talking as they returned. Holding my hand, Madame Renee leaned over and kissed me. Stroking my hair she asked me if I'd enjoyed myself. "Oh yes," I replied with a smile, "Thank you so much. "Good," she went on, "There is something we would like to do to you." "Anything you want to do to me is fine with me," I replied still smiling. "Are you sure," she went on, "Even if it hurts a little?" I smiled again, "You know you can't hurt me, I love it." Now she took hold of one leg, and Gail held my other leg. Now they lifted them straight up in the air, and pulling my legs apart. I felt something cold being pressed against my pussy, then another. Now there was another wait for a few minutes, and one of them rubbed whatever it was against my cunt. Suddenly there was this tremendous pain, it made me shriek at the top of my lungs. Had I not been held, I'm sure it would have driven me through the ceiling. I realised what was happening, they were ripping out my pubic hair. They repeated the process with more tape, not quite so bad this time but still sore. I prayed they were finished but no, they pulled my legs further up alongside my shoulders. Now I felt more tape being placed between my cheeks near my button hole, now all the fine hairs around there were removed. Now they leg my legs back down, my pussy was throbbing from the pain, I heard muttering of "Tres Bon," as a hand was feeling my crotch. Now something cold was placed against it, cold and slippery as some skin cream was being rubbed over me. Finally they lifted me up into a sitting position, so now I could look at myself. My pussy was bald and red looking, and amber was rubbing some cream all over it. The other two ladies were holding my legs apart and up, up so amber could

rub the cream between my ass cheeks. They took quite a few minutes doing this, being quite generous with the cold cream. The ladies were smiling at me and saying in English, "Now that wasn't so bad was it?" Of course I agreed with them, not knowing what else to say. Renee kept telling me how beautiful I looked, and how she loved me. Gail commented on how good I was, how she loved pleasuring me. The cream on my pussy felt good, Amber applied it generously. She was slipping her fingers inside my pussy, as well as around and around my labia's. Now my feelings were changing for the better, I was getting aroused again. They had taken their turns pleasing me, I realised I was beginning to enjoy feeling helpless like that. I closed my eyes and relaxed, feeling the pain and loving it, my pussy being overcome with pleasurable sensations. Finally they helped me off the table, having to support me as I could hardly stand. We returned to the bar, there I was given a generous glass of wine and they toasted me. Gail gave a little speech, accepting me into their 'friendship club.' Funny now I didn't feel any animosity towards them, in fact if anything I quite enjoyed the experience. I noticed Amber's pussy was also bald, while both Gail and Renee had a full bush. I was not aware of the significance of this at the time. Gail announced that we could spend the night there, so there was no need to dress. When it was time for bed Gail told me to follow her, I looked at Renee and she said, "Goodnight" and smiled at me. Now led me to her bathroom, while she sat on the toilet, I looked at myself in the mirror. My tits were all black and blue from the treatment. Again Gail said, "Did you enjoy yourself tonight?" "Yes" I admitted, "It was truly an amazing experience." "Good" she smiled, "Madam Renee was right about you, you'll be a good addition to our group." "Now come along I've got you to myself for the night." Gail and I made passionate love for sometime before falling asleep. My tits and pussy were still sore, still the pain felt good. I'd often enjoyed a good bout with my ex husband, as on occasion he'd slap my tits around. But tonight was different, as I'd felt so overpowered. Not knowing what was to happen, added to my pleasure.