

Chloe's Story, Part 3

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Chloe's further descent into submission and betrayal

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Chloe's Story, Part 3 Derrick On the Monday after my incredible evening with Mr. Damon and Mr. Compton, Joey told me that he would have to be out of town on Tuesday to attend some sort of dealership training or something. I knew immediately that I had lied to myself earlier and that I was in fact going to call Derrick. The realization surprised me, believe it or not. I really had convinced myself that I would never do such a traitorous thing to Joey. Yet later that night, under the pretence of going to the drug story for "women's stuff," I called Derrick on my cell and arranged to meet him at an up-scale bar downtown the next night, a place where no one who knows me or Joey is likely to be. It's mostly lawyers and businessmen. All day at work I obsessed about what to wear and tried to sublimate my guilt over what I was doing. I rationalized it by acknowledging that some men were simply superior to others and by their very nature deserved to have whatever they could take. Men like Mr. Damon and Mr. Compton. Could anyone really deny that they were higher sorts than most other men? I don't know that I can really explain it. It gets all confused in my head. But isn't it sort of like survival of the fittest? They took me because they could, because they were the strongest, and Joey, if he would really think about it, would know that he is not in the same league as these men, and would know way down deep inside, that what they did was their right. And Derrick was that kind of man, too. I decided it would be best not to draw too much attention to myself, so I decided to wear a white flared skirt that was sexy only because it is short and a white cashmere vee-neck that I decided looked more alluring without a bra than with. Actually, I went back and forth on that, thinking that I might draw too much attention to myself without a bra, but on the other hand, wanting to be at least a little tantalizing for Derrick. Tantalizing won out. White ankle strap pumps and particularly sheer thigh highs completed the look I wanted. We'd agreed to meet at 8:00, but I wanted to be a little late so as not to look too terribly eager, though I was. I got there by taxi about 8:20 and found Derrick at the bar talking with another guy, who turned out to be some sports announcer on local television named Stan something or other. Derrick introduced me as his "date," which I liked, and after some inane sort of sports blah blah, Derrick took me to a table near the back, where we were finally alone. "You look hot, babe," Derrick grinned. "You see the way Stan was checking you out?" I actually had noticed, but pretended not to. "I'm really a little nervous about being here," I said. "But I'm glad I came." "Just relax, Baby. Let's have a couple of drinks and reminisce." "Reminisce?" I said. "Derrick,

we hardly ran in the same circles at school. You were way popular, and no one knew my name. But I do know stories about you," I giggled. "I was terribly interested in all the things I heard about you." "Yeah, like what?" "You really want to know? They don't speak highly of your moral character," I said grinning at him. "Sure, what did people say? I'll tell you if they're true." "Well, there's one story that you picked a new freshman chick to fuck every month. Is that true?" I asked coyly. "Yep, and when I finished with her, I'd pass her on to my posse." "Jesus, you are soooo bad! I also heard that maybe not all of the girls consented?" "You mean said, no? Some did, but I kind of ignore that. Easier that way." There was a time I would have been upset about such a remark, but after my experience with Mr. Damon and Mr. Compton, I understood completely. Like them, Derrick was a different breed. Like them, he could and should ignore "no"! "You are just awful, Derrick. But I guess it's true that good girls do like bad boys," I said, smiling coyly into his eyes. "I also heard that you never use a condom and that you got at least six girls pregnant in high school, not counting Mrs. Martin." "Eight." "You have eight kids!" I exclaimed. "I got one. The others got taken care of." "Abortions?" "Yeah. The other bitch was this little freshman cunt who thought abortion was a sin or some shit like that." "Did you get Mrs. Martin pregnant on purpose? I heard that you did." "Long, weird story. First off her little pussy professor husband walked in on us one afternoon when I was fucking her, like just as I was ready to unload in her, and says something stupid like 'what's going on here?' So I calmly get out of the bed, walk over to him, and punch the punk hard in the face. He just drops like a sack. I tell him, 'Listen, punk, don't ever disturb me when I'm about to blow my wad in your bitch's cunt, got that?' Then I kick walk out." "Jeeze, Derrick. Weren't you at all scared he'd do something?" He just laughed. "Nah, he was a wimp, just like your husband. He 'forgave' her and I just kept on fucking her whenever I felt the urge. I used to make her come to school without panties and make her show a couple of buddies." "And she did it?" I asked in amazement. "Sure, just like you will. Anyway, about her getting knocked up. Her punk husband had some shit like low sperm count or something, so she was always taking her temperature and some other weird stuff and then scheduling sex with him. I never followed what was going on until some other cunt I was fucking put me wise. Like soon as I snapped to what was going on, I told her the second she was ready to call me. So she does, I pop a kid in her belly first time, her husband thinks it's his, everybody's happy." "Does it feel weird to know the kid is yours?" "Nah, means nothing to me." "How about the one who wouldn't get an abortion? Do you see that kid?" "No. Hey, let's talk about something else, okay." "Sure. Like what?" "Like how I'm going to fuck you tonight!" "How? Well, I guess you're going to fuck me anyway you want, right?" I said, breathlessly and brazenly. "Let's finish these drinks and go out to my place. I want to check out that hot bod again." In the car, Derrick told me a little bit about his life since high school. He'd gotten a football scholarship to the state university and made All American in his junior year there, but in his senior year, he tore his knee apart, and after three surgeries everyone agreed his playing days were over. But he was lucky to have met a very wealthy booster at college who took a liking to him, and when he left, he set him up as the general manager of a very successful car dealership in town and gave him the use of his house in a very exclusive section of town known as Deer Park manor. That's where we were heading now. I asked him about his current relationship with Teri. He laughed and

said that I had been the best thing for their relationship because after that night at the reunion she had gone on pills and a diet and took up a fitness routine at the gym and in the process had begun to rapidly shed weight. She was apparently quickly on her way to regaining her high school figure. I can't say that pleased me, because I truly did relish looking so much better than she did, but how could I complain, really, since her boyfriend was taking me off to have sex with me. "Where is she tonight?" I asked. "Back at her apartment." "Doesn't she live with you?" I asked, somewhat surprised. "Most of the time, but I told her she needed to keep her own place 'cause I needed space every once in a while. I need space tonight." "I hope you won't keep much space between us tonight!" I teased. He laughed and said he intended to invade my space very deeply! I could feel my nipples stiffen. "How'd a wimp like Joey get a hot body like you, Chloe," Derrick asked off handedly. "Maybe 'cause you didn't ask," I kidded. When we pulled into the driveway where Derrick lived, I was definitely impressed. It was a magnificent Tudor style house with a large, manicured lawn and lush gardens lit by soft yellow lighting that lent the entire landscape a soft, romantic appeal. "God, Derrick, this is beautiful." "So are you, babe," he said, pulling me closer to him and bending down to kiss me. His kiss was almost exactly what I expected: urgent, demanding, aggressive. It was perfect. My response was instant submission. I signaled in every way possible that I was now his to do what he wanted. When he reached down to pull my sweater over my head, I felt my heart begin to beat frenetically. Tonight, I was going to be what I promised at the reunion. "You have a fantastic rack, babe," he said holding both breasts in his hands while feeling their heft. "Fucking heavy, too! You had this rack in high school?" "They kinda grew all of a sudden in my sophomore year," I murmured. "Why the fuck didn't you show them? I'd been on you so fast. God damn these are fine," he said, kneading my boobs forcefully now and pinching my straining nipples. "Well, their mine now and that's all that counts," he said. "I'll want to show a couple of friends this set, you know." I just nodded and said quietly, "Yes, of course..... Like you said, they're yours now." Out of the car, I felt exotic and enticing, standing topless in the soft light of Derrick's enchanting yard. "You've got a totally hot body, babe. I'm going to want to show that too. Now lose the mini" I immediately unzipped the skirt and squirmed out of it, pleased at the way he looked at me and proud to be the source of his admiration. Standing now in nothing but thigh highs and heels, I watched him soak up my figure, running his hands over my hips onto my butt and then to my yearning clit. His touch there and his subtle penetration nearly buckled my knees. If he wanted to show me off, then I wanted him to show me off. Desperately! "Pick your clothes up and throw them in the trash over there. You won't need them again." "In the trash?" I asked. "Why? What will I wear home?" "In the trash because that's what I want. And you won't be wearing anything home!" I started to say something, but decided not to and simply did as Derrick had ordered. I suddenly wanted very much to be totally submissive. The inside of the house was even more sensational, more awe inspiring than the outside. It was fantastic. The entire inside was engulfed in an aura of wealth and ease, the kind of taste that I imagined could only come from long acquaintance with money. In the backyard, a large cabana ran out to a stunning pool which was designed to look like an English lake. "Like it?" Derrick asked. "Oh my God, Derrick, it's truly dazzling. You are so lucky to live here." "Well, I'm glad you like it, he said, cupping my breast and squeezing it

tightly. "I'm ready to fuck you now, he added casually, leading me back into the house. He took me to a bedroom just off the pool and pushed me down on the bed. I watched him undress, feeling my breath coming in short hard pants. Naked, Derrick was a very impressive sight. He was like an Adonis, almost impossibly perfect. His chest was tight and muscled, descending to classic six-pack abs. He obviously frequented the gym, and I could tell from the way he approached the bed that he knew how he looked and was confident that I, like most women, was an admirer. And he was right! The more I looked the more excited I became. He truly was magnificent. He turned to me and approached the bed, his splendid, rigid shaft poised to use me. My eyes were fixated on his imposing sex. It was thick, as thick if not more so than Mr. Compton's, and longer. I could see large, throbbing veins running down both sides. In other circumstances, his size and potency might be frightening. Here it was spine-tingling, breathtaking, exhilarating. I had never wanted anything so much! He took me roughly by the ankles, and pushed my legs to my chest, and jerked them open, hurting me in the process. I understood though. Derrick was large and knew I would have to be fully opened to accommodate his size. A sudden chill ran down my spine. What if I couldn't accommodate him. Mr. Damon had commented on how tight I was, and Derrick was bigger than Mr. Damon. Much bigger. I could not let that happen. I resolved no matter what to take him fully and completely. "Oh God, Derrick," I moaned as he neared the bed. "I want you in me so much." "Shut the fuck up, cunt," he growled. "I don't do foreplay," he added matter of factly. His cock rested inches from my wet and yearning belly. "You got a problem with that?" "No," I meekly whispered, "not at all," looking submissively into his pale blue eyes. How could I have a problem, I thought to myself. I was as wet as I had even been, and all the foreplay I needed, all the foreplay any woman should need, I thought, was here in the sight of this man's exceptional body and his extraordinary self confidence and defiant assurance. All I could think was how honored I felt that Derrick was willing to share his masterful sex with me. I felt Derrick's cock stir and dropped my eyes just in time to see the head of his incomparable shaft breach my labia and begin its long, deep journey inside a very wet and welcoming me. My vagina opened easily to him on his first stroke as it penetrated as deep as any man had ever gone. But looking down, I saw to my consternation that fully a quarter of his cock was still outside my body. When he pulled back for his next stroke, I adjusted my hips as best I could to more fully accept him. "You're fucking tight, cunt," he grimaced, spreading my legs painfully apart. I felt his next stroke slightly tear my insides. He was now in totally virginal territory, a depth no man had yet penetrated, but still not fully inside me. I knew I would bleed a little after, but it mattered not at all. His next deep stroke was accompanied by a snort, as he drove himself hard inside me. My body seemed to buck a bit and I felt a more violent tearing, and when he slammed brutally up hard against my cervix, I couldn't help an involuntary little yelp. But I was now fully impaled on his glorious shaft, and each ensuing thrust embedded him deeper inside my yielding body. I rose to meet each plunge, each stabbing lunge, as that incredible knot of intense pleasure grew steadily inside my belly. I realized that I had been moaning "Derrick, fuck me," over and over in some sort of erotic incantation. I had never felt such desire, such insane yearning, such utter submission. He shifted my legs to open me even more completely, and pulling hard on my nipples, increased his tempo, now slamming himself

into me, tearing deeper and deeper inside me. I could feel that same sensation in my belly that Mr. Compton had produced as he drove me toward that concentrated passion that so engulfed me when he ejaculated inside me, only this was tenfold. It was now a little ball deep in my belly that each of Derrick's long, hard fervent thrusts into my vagina made bigger and bigger. I knew I would soon explode into that climax that M. Compton had so amazingly shown me. Derrick's was by far the largest cock to have penetrated my body, and my consciousness of the depth of his incursion, his breach of my body as his rigid sex probed my cervix, only intensified when he began to drive harder and harder into my loosening womb. My first climax was a preview of what I knew was to come, but even it was intense enough to produce an audible gasp of pleasure. Each ensuing mini-climax intensified the fascination, the lure of complete satisfaction. I couldn't help myself. Even though Derrick had warned me to shut up, I was moaning like a common whore, whispering, "Oh, God, fuck me, Derrick," over and over. And then in one great burst he ejaculated his divine seed deep into my burning womb, and I felt myself utterly transported. I was helplessly in the throes of passion and in complete abandonment could only utter, "Oh God, Derrick, Oh God, Derrick" over and over again as spasms of pure lust convulsed my body. When he pulled out of me and offered his cock for me to lick clean, I accepted it in honest gratitude, even humility. I knew I had been fucked by a god. I knew, too, that when Derrick demanded my body, it would be his to do what he wished with. As I arose to go to the car, I asked Derrick for my clothes, forgetting what we had done with them. "You threw them in the trash, slut" he said. "Remember?" "Oh yeah, I forgot," I said, laughing nervously. "But I need something to wear home." "No, babe, you don't," he said, looking me up and down. "I like looking at your body and I don't want it covered." "You expect me to ride all the way home naked?" I asked in rising excitement. There was something about the danger and Derrick's utter disdain for it that was electrifying, again stirring an agonizing lust for him deep inside me. It was different from when I had done this with Joey. This was real! And this was by no means "innocent"! I was definitely Derrick's slut. "Yeah, I do." "And walk into my apartment naked?" "That's what I want." What if someone sees me?" "I really don't give a shit about that," he stated. "Not my problem." "Derrick, you are a very exciting but dangerous man. I probably should run like mad from you!" "But you won't, will you." "No, Derrick, I won't. I'm yours, as I'm sure you know. I'm sure you knew it when you wrote your number on my boob." "You liked that, didn't you," he said. "Yeah, I guess I did," I replied. "A lot, I guess." "You see that marker on the table there?" he pointed. "Bring it to me." I picked it up and dutifully brought it to him. "Turn around and bend over," he said gruffly. I bent over, holding my knees, while he steady wrote something across my ass. "What did you write?" I asked. "You don't need to know now," he answered, "but I want it to stay there until I take it off. Understood?" "Yes, of course," I submissively answered, as Derrick rose and taking me by the hair, pulled me erect. "Let's go, slut," Derrick said, and took me by the hand and led me naked to the car. "Listen, the dealership is having a grand reopening this weekend to showcase the new work we had done," Derrick said on the way to my place. "I want you and Joey to be there, and I want you dressed in something hot, something fucking outrageous, got it?" I nodded my head obediently. "What I wrote on your as stays there until then." I again nodded without protest. "Your wimp husband is a car guy, right?" "He's a mechanic, yes" "Well,

I'm going to play with him a bit, have some guys show him around the garage, maybe make him an offer while I'm fucking you." "Derrick, don't be mean," I said with little conviction. I was more than excited by his obvious confidence and assurance. I could feel myself moistening again. I was terribly nervous when we arrived at my apartment complex. Derrick had parked in the back, which would mean that I would have to walk around the side of the building and half a block down a major street totally nude. Fortunately, it was nearly 3:00 a.m., so I hoped there would be no traffic. But of course there was! The first car honked and Derrick simply waved. He was just so sure of himself. Two other cars also honked, but Derrick ignored those and walked me into the complex. By now I was such a mixture of nerves and lust that I thought I might actually pass out, but we made it safely to my door and once in, I simply fell into Derrick's arms. "Derrick," I whispered pleadingly, "I really need you to fuck me again. Please," I begged. He simply grunted. "Where's your bedroom, cunt?" I walked him quickly back to the bedroom and watched him again undress. And again the perfection of his body put chills down my spine. I would need no foreplay this time either. "May I suck your cock, Derrick," I implored like some beseeching slut. "This where you husband fucks you?" he answered in reply. "Yes," I said, "but not in any way like you do." He looked around the room slowly, and then motioned me to his cock, taking a fistful of my hair and guiding my mouth to his magnificent sex. I wished he had been the first. I sucked him with gratitude and with an intense desire to please. As he sought the back of my throat, I determined that he would have it all, and concentrating intensely to attenuate my gag reflex, I drew him completely down my throat. At least he was the first to do that. Derrick's gasp of appreciation as his cock slipped fully down my throat was the most gratifying and fulfilling sound I have ever heard. I will never forget the deep and abiding satisfaction I felt at the pleasure he derived from my mouth there in my bedroom. After a dozen or so deep plunges down my throat, he pulled me to my feet by my hair and jerked me toward the bed. "I want a little more of that tight cunt," he grunted, shoving me down on the bed. "It's gonna be hot fucking you in your husband's bed, you little hot fuck slut. I know this is awful, but I wanted that, too. I wanted him to take me here in Joey's bed, wanted him to take Joey's wife because he could. Watching his cock pistoning in and out of my body, seeing the muscles across his chest rippling as he surged deeper and deeper, feeling his powerful thighs tighten as he drove harder and deeper into my dripping cunt only increased my sense of wonder and awe at the brilliance of his performance. Joey would never again fuck me in this bed without the enchanting memory of Derrick's cock deep inside me returning! Though not shattering like my first climax with him, my response was more intense and more complete than any I'd experienced before him. Again, I felt proud to have produced the semen I humbly licked from his cock. "You're a good fuck, Baby. You're a good enough fuck for me to occasionally share you with some people I need favors from," he said, caressing my tits and pinching my nipples. Another thing. I don't want you fucking that wimp husband of yours until you get my permission, understand." I nodded that I did. "I want you to start working on that little sissy, make him understand how important I am. I want you to get him to ask my permission to fuck you. That'll be fucking hot. I want him to watch me when I share you. I want him to know his wife is my whore!" "Do you share Teri, too," I asked distractedly. "Don't be stupid," he answered incredulously. "She's my girlfriend. You're my fuck bunny. You don't share your

girlfriend. You understand the difference, fuck meat?" "Yes," I nodded meekly, feeling unbelievable stupid. "You're my fuck meat. In fact, that's your name now. Fuckmeat," he laughed. "That's your name. You tell everybody that," said over his shoulder as he prepared to leave. And I want both of you at that open house, and I want you looking hot!" Looking in the mirror after he left, I saw that Derrick had written in big block letters across my butt: THIS ASS AND CUNT BELONG TO DERRICK CARTER." The Grand Opening "Fuckmeat," I heard as I answered the phone. "I want you to get the tightest pair of jeans you own and meet me at Brite Rite Cleaners over on Parkway Avenue in the mall there. Meet me in twenty minutes." It had been two days since Derrick had taken me in the bedroom where I now stood, hoping Joey didn't overhear this. I had spent two days shielding my marked ass from Joey, having to make up an excuse for sleeping in panties. I had pled a headache to avoid sex, but couldn't keep this up much longer. I had mentioned to Joey that I'd heard on the radio that Derrick was having a grand reopening at his car dealership and that we should stop by. He wasn't too excited about that and remained noncommittal, and I knew that unless I had sex with him and get him excited about making Derrick jealous again, really jealous this time, he would, first, have no interest in going and, second, never let me dress the way Derrick demanded. This would take serious planning, but I was determined to make it happen. I could not disappoint Derrick. I met Derrick at the cleaners. He introduced me to Mrs. Lee, an older Chinese woman who owned the place and who was apparently Teri's seamstress. "I Miss Teri's tailor," she said. "She so skinny now. I fix all her clothes. You Miss Fuckmeat, right?" she said in her odd but quite distinct pronunciation. I blushed beet red and Derrick laughed out loud. "Yes," I said nervously looking about me. "Go back there and put those jeans on and this tee shirt," Derrick ordered. "I want Mrs. Lee to alter them for me." The tee shirt Derrick handed me was what in girl speak we call a "wife beater," and it was very well worn. I struggled into the jeans I'd brought, which fit me like they were painted on, and pulled on the tee shirt. It was tight over my boobs and so worn and sheer that it was virtually translucent. I felt nearly naked walking back out to the fitting room. "Let me show you what I want," Derrick said to Mrs. Lee. "I want the tee cut off about here," he pointed, tracing a line just below my boobs," but don't hem it. "And then I want the jeans cut off like this," drawing a line that swept up my butt and clear to the waist band on my hip and down again to the front. "Don't hem that either, but cut the pockets off and sew them up. Make it into a skirt." Turning to me, he said, "Wait for these. I'll call you later." Fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Lee returned with my "ensemble." "These very small, Miss Fuckmeat. You show lots!" I started to tell her that my name was Chloe, but thought better of it and left. At home, I tried on Derrick's outfit. The jeans were now a very, very short skirt cut so high that the lower part of my butt was clearly visible as was the very edges of my little cunny when I walked. The tee fell to the bottom of my breasts, but barely. In the mirror it was dramatically evident that there was nothing underneath any of this but bare tits and ass. There was no way Joey would let me wear this, I thought, even though I knew that somehow I would have to make him let me. For some inexplicable reason, I threw both the jean skirt and the tee into the wash, set the water temperature to hot, and washed both three separate times and dried them in the sun. When I next tried them on, the skirt had shrunk so that it were almost impossible to pull over my hips and button. It took seemingly forever to wriggle into it.

The edges were now perfectly frayed, and even more revealing. In the hot wash, the tee shirt had shrunk enough to reveal fully a half inch of flesh at the bottom of my breast and had become transparent to the point of being literally see thru! I had simply made things worse. Or better, depending, I guess, on who was looking! I knew Derrick would love what I'd done, and Joey wouldn't, but I threw everything in the hot wash again anyway! I took the risk of Joey getting to see Derrick's message on my ass, the one that said he owned me, and naked in bed, told Joey how proud it made me when he would show me off, and how it would be so outrageously hot for him to make Derrick jealous again, and how terribly much I wanted to be his perfect sexpot that only he could have. It seemed to be working, and though I had promised Derrick not to, I sealed it all with outrageous sex. Joey had agreed during our very hot sex and sex talk to let me dress in any way I wanted, but when I slithered into my now impossibly tight jean skirt and pulled the truly obscene tee over my heaving breasts and presented it all to Joey the next afternoon, I was pretty sure from his expression that this was way, way too much. It probably was. It was 1:00 in the afternoon and I was dressed for the streets at midnight. But I needed to wear this for Derrick. And would! "Maybe that's just a little too much, Chloe?" he suggested timidly. "Lots of college girls dress like this," I said defensively. "You're not a college girl. And I've never seen a skirt that short." "No, but I'm that age. Why can't I show off a little?" I said, forgetting that the whole idea was for Joey to show me off, not the other way around. "And you know I look hot. Don't you think this would really drive Derrick crazy?" I said, changing course. "He would be like so, so jealous of you," I cooed, climbing up on his lap and sticking my boobs in his face. "You could just show me off so perfectly, right? Your hot little sexpot wife? All that stuff we talk about? I could see he was still reluctant. "Then I'll do anything you want afterwards, k?" I went on tempting him in the way I knew best. "You can take me anywhere, and I'll behave just like you tell me. Do all the stuff you like when we go clubbing, like let guys touch me and stuff? I'll do all of it, k" I could see he was torn now, and I just held my breath. "Okay, but we can't stay long. Like right in and right out, okay," he said apprehensively. A great flood of relief engulfed me. "Right, that's perfect. Right in and right out! Just enough for him to see what a hot babe you've got, okay." Still, there was considerable tension in the car as we drove to Derrick's dealership. Walking to the car I couldn't really keep my boobs from bouncing or the tee from riding up half way up my bosom and revealing more and more with each bounce. I should have worn something other than heels, I knew instantly, but I also knew heels would be what Derrick would want. I sat quietly in the car for the ten-minute drive. At the dealership, my nipples stiffened almost instantly. I wanted so badly for Derrick to see and appreciate his property strutting proudly to him. By the time we reached the front door, I knew the tee had ridden higher up my boobs, but I was momentarily shocked to see my moving reflection in the window. The entire underside of my tits was prominently displayed and each step revealed more than a hint of nipple. I tugged it down as best I could, but two more steps into the showroom once again found my tits put totally on view for all who wished to see. This was apparently to be their natural position now for the slut I'd become. The showroom was more crowded than I hoped. There were maybe fifty or sixty people of all ages and types. There were mothers and fathers with little kids, a bunch of serious business types, some pretty teenagers serving cups of lemonade

and plates of little sandwiches. I got very ugly stares from the women and quick and furtive glances from the men before they all quickly averted their eyes. There were also half a dozen young guys obviously on the prowl, and it was only in that crowd that I wouldn't stand out disturbingly. I was terribly uncomfortable. Fortunately, Derrick saw us almost immediately and guided us away from the throng in the showroom. The look on his face as he checked me out erased all my discomfort. "Hey, you two. Glad you could come by," Derrick said, looking only at Joey now. "It's funny," he went on, "I was just thinking about you last week, Joey," he said, clapping him on the shoulder. When, I thought, while you were fucking me in his bed?! "Yeah?" Joey said. "Yeah, I heard at the reunion that you were into auto mechanics, and since I remember you as one of the smartest guys in school, I'm guessing you're a damn good one. I'm looking for a shop manager, a guy who can run the books and offer a little help on the floor when necessary. Don't suppose you'd have any interest in an interview." He was playing Joey like a maestro. "I'm pretty happy where I am, but you never know." "You into racing? We've thinking of putting something together, probably some dirt track to start and then move up a little," he said, baiting the trap. I had told him the night he fucked me that Joey was into racing. "Yeah, I sort of follow the cars now and then. What are you building?" Joey said, suddenly warming to Derrick. He had hit all of Joey's buttons. Called him smart, said he was needed, offered a car to work on. I could see that Joey was hooked. Two very attractive young girls, neither of whom could have been more than eighteen years old, walked up to us, and Derrick introduced them as Carla and Amber. Carla was a striking redhead in the shortest miniskirt you could imagine, and Amber was a perky blonde in shorts and a camisole that left her midriff bare and cut low enough to amply display her firm, full breasts. I watched Joey puff up a little when Amber said she was so glad to meet him and that Derrick had told them how much he'd hoped he'd come. How he could fall for that I don't know, but he did. Carla was also flirtatious, but it was obviously Amber that caught Joey's attention. "Why don't I let Ramal show you around the shop real quick. Chloe can wait up in our "VIP" lounge. It's best not to have women out on the floor when were working, especially pretty ones like you wife. Dangerous business!" he said, putting his shoulder around Joey's shoulders and beckoning to Ramal. "Ramal, take Joey out to the shop and show him around a little. Tell him what a great place it is to work. Carla, you take Chloe up to the lounge and get her comfortable." It apparently had worked. Joey turned and asked if it would be all right to leave me "just for a few minutes." I replied, "Sure, I'll be okay. Take your time," and watched him being led out into the garage like a lamb to slaughter. It surprised me that Joey would leave me dressed the way I was. I was for all intents and purposes nude...and would be soon! Derrick would see to that. But the car was apparently more alluring at the moment. "Let's go up to my office. Your ass looks fucking hot!" Derrick leered, patting my derriere as Joey left to follow Ramal to the garage. Turning to the girls, he told Amber that he was taking me up to his office and that when Joey is finished in the garage, she should "entertain" him until he'd finished with me. He told Carla to go back to the lounge until he called her. Both girls gave me just the snootiest look. Derrick's office was in the middle of the second floor and overlooked the showroom on one side and the garage on the other. The blinds were all raised on the windows, so everything going on was clearly evident. The door hadn't closed behind us before Derrick ordered me to lift my skirt, to

check that his message proclaiming my ass and cunt to be his property were still there. They were, in all their glory. "Good," he said. "Now lose the skirt. You might as well take the top off, too, though there will hardly be a difference," he laughed. "How the fuck did he let you out in public that way?" I just shrugged my shoulders, stepped out of the skirt and displayed my tits and ass as ordered. "Turn around and put your hands on that rail there and take a look down in the garage. See Joey down there? If he looks up, he'll see your tits in the window, but he'll just have to guess that my cock's in your cunt," he grinned. I dutifully turned to the rail and grasped it with both hands, my vulnerable breasts on exhibit for all who chose to look. I spread my legs at Derrick's brusque command. He impaled me on his astounding cock a moment later. I knew he preferred silence, but I couldn't help the impassioned, fervent moan that escaped my lips as his cock slid effortlessly into my wet and aching cunt. "Oh my God, Derrick, I love your cock inside me!" I whispered breathlessly. "So, so much!" It was a quick fuck, but the mere thinking of Derrick and craving his gorgeous sex all morning had prepared me thoroughly. There was no need of foreplay. I was ready when I walked in. When he erupted inside me I met his ejaculation with an astonishing climax, all the while watching Joey lusting over some racecar Ramal was showing him on the floor. When Derrick finished with me, I simply collapsed on the floor, engulfed in the intensity of my climax. Derrick was on the phone. "Carla, tell Ramal to come up to the office, and then bring me one of those bottles of solvent from the storeroom." Turning to me, he said, "Stay here until I come back, and stay the way you are!" "You mean naked," I asked. "Of course I mean naked, cunt! What else would I mean?" And walked out the door. He apparently met Carla coming up the stairs, because I heard him say, "Just go on in and put the solvent on my desk. It's for the bitch inside." Carla came in, looked at me with amusement, and said, "Hi, I'm Carla." Carla was astonishingly beautiful, with long red hair, green eyes, and a perfect body. She couldn't have been more than eighteen at best, but looked wise beyond her years. "Hi, I'm Chloe," I responded. "Oh, really? I thought your name was Fuckmeat. I'll have to tell Derrick that he has your name wrong." I blushed in absolute humiliation. "No, please don't tell him that," I whimpered. She laughed and walked over to the window. "I saw you come in. Where on earth did you get that vulgar outfit you were wearing? Amber and I just burst out laughing when we saw you. We both said, 'Oh my God, what was she thinking!' At first I thought the guy with you had to be your pimp, but then Derrick said that he's your husband! Is that him on the floor leaving with Ramal?" she asked. I glanced over. "Yes, that's him." "Was Derrick fucking you while he was out there?" I simply nodded yes. "God, what a tramp you are!" "Who's a tramp," Derrick asked, coming back in the door. "Fuckmeat is, who by the way says her name is Chloe!" "Well, she lied to you," he said, staring hard at me. "Shouldn't liars be punished?" Carla asked provocatively. "Maybe you're right," he said. Addressing me, he said, "Fuckmeat, did you deny your name?" "I guess so," I whispered softly. "Hmmm, that's bad, very bad of you. Come over here and take my belt off. I think you could use a little leather on your ass," he said. "Turn around and show Carla your ass message!" Carla burst out laughing. "Oh my God, Mr. Carter, that is so outrageous. Does her husband know that's on her ass?" "I don't know. Ask her." "Does he, Fuckmeat?" Carla asked? I nervously shook my head no. "The belt, Fuckmeat," Derrick said sternly. Upset and agitated, I removed his belt, handed it to him, and bent

over the table as he ordered. "Now, what's your name?" Derrick asked. "Fuckmeat," I replied, sniffing. "Tell Carla what your name is." "It's Fuckmeat," I said softly, addressing Carla. "Make her say it again, Carla said as the door opened and a black man, apparently Ramal, entered. Derrick pulled me to my feet immediately, and turn me to face the large black man who had just entered the room "Fuckmeat," Derrick said, laying the belt down, "this is Ramal. He was babysitting your husband while I fucked you, and I want you to thank him." Through startled eyes I saw the very large, obese, and greasy black man who had just entered. He was staring hard at me and putting chills of disgust down my spine. "Oh, man, Boss. That is some fine looking pussy you got there. Fuckin' tits on that bitch! Those muthafuckers be huge! Man, I'd like a piece of that white pussy," he mumbled, reaching out to fondle my breasts. "All of you will get to fuck her later on, but right now you're going to have to settle for a blow job," Derrick said, and grabbing me by the hair, he led me over to Ramal. "On your knees!" he ordered. "Get his cock out and thank him with your mouth." Disgusted but determined to please Derrick, I knelt in front of Ramal and began to fumble with his pants. He was even fatter up close, and smelled of food and sweat and engine grease. It was just awful. I unzipped him and pulled his cock from his pants. Like a black snake uncoiling, it began to stiffen in my hands. I looked at Derrick, who simply gestured for me to take Ramal's cock to my mouth. His cock looked foul and crusted with what was likely the juices of his recent lovers. I sensed that he had not bathed in some time. But nauseated as I was by what was in front of me, I deliberately took it to my mouth and began to suck his engorged penis. His gross belly hung directly over my head. He moaned and uttered something unintelligible to me, but something that made Derrick chuckle, and I continued to draw him deeper into my mouth. Ramal was disgusting in every way imaginable, but I needed to please Derrick. At the moment, that was all that mattered. I worked hard, hoping that Ramal would soon climax and free me from this horror, but he seemed intent on prolonging my misery, taking long and slow thrusts into my sickened mouth. Suddenly, Carla was behind me. She grabbed the back of my head and slammed it forward onto Ramal's cock, driving it completely down my throat. "That's the way you suck cock, you stupid tramp!" she exclaimed. I heard Derrick roar with laughter and felt Ramal groan in pleasure. With his cock now deeply embedded, Ramal began to fuck my mouth in earnest. I was choking, gasping for air, and filled with utter repulsion. "Just please finish," was all I could think. And finally, after five or more deep hard thrusts down my throat, he ejaculated! I heard Derrick instructing me to "swallow every drop," and I tried desperately to do so. He filled my mouth to overflowing and try though I might, some squirted from my mouth and dripped to the floor. When Ramal withdrew, I felt an intense sense of relief, and ironically, even pride in doing something so horrid for Derrick. Carla walked over near me, and pointing at the ground, said, "Derrick, she's made a huge mess on the floor." Tell her to clean it up," he said. "Cunt," she said, "Did you hear what he said?" "Yes," I answered. "Could you get me something to clean it with?" "You've got something to clean it with," she smiled sweetly. I looked up at her puzzled. "Your tongue, Fuckmeat. Clean it with your tongue!" Dismayed, I looked over at Derrick. "Right now, Fuckmeat. Do what Carla tells you to. Clean it before it leaves a stain!" he demanded. I nearly retched as I lapped up Ramal's cum from the floor, convinced now that my degradation was complete. Finished, I just burst into tears. I was barely

aware that Derrick had ordered Carla to "clean my ass" with the solvent she'd brought with her. It burned like fire, and I know she intentionally rubbed some of it inside me. Carla and Ramal left, and Derrick walked over and picked me up off of the floor. "Derrick," I sobbed, "You really humiliated me. Why did you do that?" "Come on, Baby, you pleased me. You passed the test. I know your mine now." And then he squeezed my tits hard and called them his. It was the perfect thing to say and do. He had called me Chloe and Baby twice now. Not Fuckmeat. I wanted to kiss him and tell him I loved being his property but he wouldn't let me. I guess it was because he thought some of Ramal's cum was still in my mouth. I did hesitantly beg him to be more careful with his property. He said he would. I doubted he meant it. "Listen, Baby," he said. "I'm having an end-of-year barbeque out of my place next weekend. I want you and Joey to come and I want you find a bikini that will blow everyone away. You look way hot when you came into the dealership today, Baby, but I want you even hotter next weekend. Got it?" I smiled up at him through still wet eyes. "Got it," I whispered, so happy to know that he still wanted and appreciated me. We went downstairs where Joey was waiting, my boobs nearly bouncing out of Derrick's top on the way down. But I was proud again. I actually missed the marks of Derrick's ownership on my butt. When we entered the room where Joey was waiting, the first thing I noticed was Amber with a strap of her camisole dangling down one shoulder exposing nearly all of her breast on that side. Carla was there too with her little miniskirt hiked high up her thigh. Both were obviously flirting with Joey. "Joey," Derrick said. "I'm having a little get together next weekend. Try to come by, okay?" "Oh, do," Amber said eagerly, bending down in front of Joey, her full breast heaving provocatively in his face. "It's so much fun there. I know we'll all have such a great time. Really try, k?" "I'll try," he said, smiling at her. I could see his eyes glued to her chest. In the car, Joey asked me what I was doing up there, and I told him the lie Derrick had instructed me to tell, that he was urging me to help him convince Joey to take a job with him. "You were up there alone all that time dressed like that?" he asked. "No, Carla was there most of the time. What were you doing with that tramp you were sitting with?" I asked, quickly changing the subject. "Amber? I think she was flirting with me," he laughed, "but I don't know. She kept saying how hot you were. She said she and Carla were blown away by the way you dressed and carried yourself, and how they both loved how you weren't at all self-conscious about looking sexy. She said they both thought that if they had a body like yours, they'd always dress like that! So, I guess I'm glad you dressed that way," he smiled at me. "I like having the hottest woman!" I knew from what Carla had said earlier that that was the lie Derrick instructed them to tell, but it seemed to have worked. Really worked! "What do you think about the party at Derrick's place next week? I think he really wants you to work for him, you know." "Yeah, I'll think about it. He's not such a bad guy, I guess. We probably should go just to be polite." Oh, Joey, you are such an innocent fool, I thought. "I'll need a new bikini if you're going to keep up the image you have," I grinned. "You know, the guy with the hottest, sexiest chick," I laughed. "Yeah, maybe," he said somewhat seriously. "You sure did look hot today, and I guess that's what this crowd likes. I loved that those two girls were jealous of you. Maybe Derrick's got them, but I got these," he preened, reaching under the tee to fully expose my boobs to the traffic around us. "I say go for it. You're better looking than any of those chicks. And you're mine!" "Better than Amber?" I teased.

"Way, way better," he beamed.