

Rub a Bust Bust

By Al Hilton

Chapter 2

Down to Business

I don't know what woke me, either it was my morning woody or the butt rubbing against mine, but when my eyes cracked open, I noticed the sunbeams just barely dancing around the room. It took several seconds before the cobwebs cleared and I figured it was around 6 am. Hell it was too early to get up, but not too early to correct my male chauvinistic behavior from the previous evening.

When I turned over, I expected to find Cynthia, but instead I found Tory. And she appeared to be naked! The switching of the slaves had me confused for a few seconds, but hell, she was MY slave, so I might as well try her out. But first I need to inspect her.

Just as I was lifting the sheet to look at her tits, her eyes popped open, she squealed, and slipped away.

It appeared I had frightened her, because she was using the sheet to hide her nudity. When she recognized whom I was, her dark brown eyes got real big. Then she said, "Sorry Master, I must've fallen asleep." What happen next shocked me. Tory pounced on me, shoving me on my back, and she started sucking on my dick. My morning wood had tempered some, but her attack reversed the blood flow and it quickly started hardening back up.

After the initial shock wore off, I just relaxed and let my slave blow me. She was good, but then again, she's only the second person to fellatio me. Thinking about oral sex gave me an idea. I said, "Swing that pussy over here, I want to taste you."

Tory never stopped sucking as she swiveled around and soon I was looking at her pussy. It was shaved! I felt my cock twitch when I saw it. All I could do for a few seconds was to stare at the beauty of her shaved snatch. I lost myself looking at those meaty lips protecting and hiding all her most precious parts.

With a pussy this close, I wanted a better look, so carefully I parted her cunt lips. But when I did, Tory moaned and she swiftly shoved her wet slit against my mouth. Her lips were now firmly pressed against my lips, so I let my tongue do the talking. My tongue lapped out her nectar as she moaned, "Oh God, oh God."

My slave was juicing very nicely but she was no longer sucking on my stick. That's when I figured sixty-nining Tory wasn't going to work, she's too short. Either she does me or I do her but I wasn't going to stop now that I had my tongue in a hot twat.

After my tongue did a quick cleaning of the cream buried in her tunnel, I cleaned around her pussy lips starting at her clit. Every time my tongue touched her nub, her hips would twitch and she moaned loudly. I kept this up a couple of minutes until she seemed ready for a different tongue attack.

Gently I spread her outer vaginal lips with my fingers. Then, with my tongue pointed, I carefully flicked my tongue around her clitoris. I kept clear of directly attacking her hardening bump, instead I teased her with my tongue, flicking around the base, rubbing my tongue on the side of her clit.

Tory's hips were going wild trying to force my tongue to the right spot. She was now grunting, "Damn. Damn. Feels good. Please, need cum. Please."

She seemed to be ready for something I had read on the Internet. It was called "The Tongue Roll" and I wanted to try it out.

I rolled my tongue into a tube around her clitoris and then I slid it back-and-forth; in effect, my tongue was doing something similar to a woman's vagina around a man's penis. It had the intended effect when suddenly Tory's world exploded!

Her hips started bucking making her hard erect clit fuck my tongue. Tory grunted, "OOOOhhhh ddddaaaammmnnnn!!!!" as her hips rocked making her clit rub my tongue which in turn caused her to spasm more. From her moves and her grunts, she had a very nice orgasm. All I did during this period her hold my tongue still and grasp her firm hips.

Tory's climax soon ended and she started to bask in her post-orgasmic state but I wasn't done. Tapping at her hip, I hollered, "Get up. Don't you want to ride my face?"

That got her moving because she squealed, "Fuck yeah!" and shifted around. That's when I got my first good view of her front. It was a very nice front. C cup breasts that had some sag. Dark brown areolas, with eraser sized nipples that might look nice with piercings. Thinking about piercing, I checked out her navel. Oh yeah, very nice, I think she'll look very hot with some bling there.

My view got obstructed when Tory pressed her pussy into my face. It was time to see if my first love had trained me right.

With a face full of pussy, it took a few seconds of lip and tongue action to get Tory's clitty uncovered but when I did, I gently started sucking on it. That's when Tory's ass started a light bouncing and her hands grabbed the top of my head. She was ready and I was ready, now to pop the bitch!

My tongue shifted into action, it started flicking over and around her nub as I kept sucking it.

It had the desired effect on Tory because she started another cum. It appeared to be more intense than her last because she pulled on my hair and bucked my face nearly suffocating me. It then occurred to me, that during her excitement to get on my face, she had trapped my arms under her thighs. It would be extremely easy for her to kill me by smothering me with her crotch. Hell, no one would know or care, but it would be one hell of a way to die!

Well death wasn't on my agenda today, just intense pleasure.

My tongue action must have gotten to be too much for Tory because she grunted, "Enough." and pushed off of my face. I figured she was going to flop beside me and that's when I was going to turn the tables on her and mount up. But instead she kept sliding back smearing a trail of pussy juice on my chest until her butt touched my dick.

I had been watching that bright pink cunt slipping away but when she stopped I looked up at her face. Her face was beaming with joy mixed with something else. I could not place that look. What was it? Right then she gave me a grin and in one swift movement, raised up and stuffed my cock into her tunnel of pleasure.

When she mounted me, I recognized that look, it was the look of cunning.

Placing her hands on my chest, she started riding my dick slowly as we looked deeply into each others eyes. In hers I saw slyness, resentment, and acceptance, all mixed with some lust but I didn't care. I had a plan and she was part of it.

Her rack wobble got my attention next and my eyes quickly shifted. She appeared to have an average set and they hung nicely, much better than last night's pair. Reaching up, I started playing with them. Oh yes, much nicer, and much firmer. And the nipples poked out. Yeah, I think I'm piercing these puppies. I might even attach a tiny bell to them.

Just then Tory did a hip grind and a cunt squeeze forcing my attention to the junction of our crotches. Her hard clit got my full attention. It seemed to be calling my name as it moved closer and then slipped away as Tory slowly rode my cock. With the way she was methodically working me, I knew it wasn't for her pleasure but for mine. But by delaying my ultimate pleasure as long as she could, she was being an evil bitch. Well I can be a prick too.

Leaning up, I wrapped one arm around her neck and pulled her down on top of me. When I did, I shoved my free hand between our crotches. As I forced my tongue in her mouth, my fingers found her hard nub and I shifted into attack mode. My tongue attacked hers, my fingers went into high gear rubbing her clit, and I started bucking my hips, hard, slamming my stick deep into her cunt.

It didn't take long before she came and when her tunnel started squeezing, my balls followed suit and started forcing my seed deep into her womb.

She grunted into my mouth, my dick pushed deep and shot a wad. I grunted into her mouth, her tunnel sucked another load of cum out of my shaft. Damn, it was good.

I don't remember it ending or us uncoupling but shortly I was spooning against my freshly fucked slave with her tit in my hand. My cock was laying in her butt crack as it leaked its leftovers and darkness replaced my consciousness.

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We must've snoozed about an hour before I woke up.

Tory was still snuggled against me, but my hand was now empty. When I corrected its mistake, I felt Tory wiggle her ass. I then asked, "If you wish, you can get a shower with me."

It pissed me off when she answered, "Is **that** what you want?"

Swiftly my free arm snaked around her neck as the hand full of tit squeezed tightly. My fingernails dug deeply into her soft meaty flesh.

She fought back and I squeezed both harder saying, "Stop it." The fight in her quickly diminished and I loosened my grip, some. I then said, "I originally asked, if you wished, now it's an order, to the shower." Then I added, "BITCH!"

She knew I was pissed. I knew I had her pissed, but guess what? I'm the bitch's fucking master. I can do what I want.

Sheepishly she followed me to the shower and once it was started I said, "I'd prefer to enjoy this but it's up to you. Now get in and I'll wash your hair and back, then we'll see what happens."

Intentionally I had the water on very warm to help relax my anger and it seemed to worked as I washed her hair. After the second rinse I started to scrub her back and when I got to her ass my anger about her attitude had tempered quite a bit.

After I had finished soaping her up I said, "You can rinse while you work on me."

I shocked her when she turned around and I planted a kiss on her lips.

That seemed to change her demeanor as she seemed to spend more time washing my hair than I would. In fact it felt more like a scalp massage than a shampoo. After the second rinse she worked on my back before she pressed herself into my back and started soaping up my chest.

When she started wiggling around, it came to me, she was using her front to scrub my back and her breasts were making great sponges! She slipped up and down wiggling her boobs all over my back and ass. It felt wonderful having someone else washing me.

After a bit it was time to switch it up, so I turned around and pressed my chest into hers. We kissed as I wiggled my chest against hers. Breaking free of her lips I soaped up her front and then washed her pussy real good.

She reciprocated on my genitals.

We were almost done but I had forgotten to clean her ass crack. So as she continued soaping my balls and dick, I reached behind her and soaped up her crack spending a lot of time tickling her asshole.

After a few seconds she whispered, "Do you want to do my ass?"

I was daydreaming about doing just that, but I thought I had misheard, so I said, "Excuse me?"

"Do you want to fuck my butt?"

"How'd you know?"

"Everyone wants my butt, besides you got harder when you played back there. So do you wanna?"

"Okay."

She turned around, bent over, and opened her crack with her hands. I then guided my cock to her back door and gently pushed. It slipped away and she giggled.

It took a few more attempts, along with a better soaping, inside and out, before my dick broke through her tight barrier. I took it slow as I wormed my cock deeper and deeper into her bowels. She was tight, very very tight, and I knew I wasn't going to last long fucking her tight bum.

Finally, my crotch collided with her butt cheeks and I slowly withdrew before shoving back in. After a couple more slow strokes I figured she had been loosened up enough and it was time to slam it to her. Grabbing her shoulders, I whispered, "Sorry honey, but it's going to be rough."

Closing my eyes I thought about what I was doing and my hips went wild. Slap, slap, slap, went the flesh as the shower rained down. Slap, slap, slap, as I pulled on my woman's shoulders. Slap, slap, my balls started tingling. Slap, slap, slap, SLAM, my balls drained their load. Grunt, grab some tits, grunt, more cum pushed into her tight ass. Flop onto her back, play with her breasts, as the rest of my cum drained into her rectum. Damn that was a great fuck.

After several seconds I was able to stand up and when I did my dick popped out. Tory quickly stood and faced me. As she washed her butt, she was grinning. I on the other hand was barely standing. When she had finished washing her backside, she cleaned my dick, and then rinsed us both off. After that she toweled us off and led me back to the bedroom.

Recovering my senses I said, "Time for breakfast. Get dressed and let's go."

She answered, "I didn't wear anything."

That wasn't the answer I expected as I quickly put on some clothes. It was a bit unnerving getting dressed as a naked woman stood there watching.

Tossing a pair of flip flops at her I said, "You'll need those to cross the blacktop." She put them on and waited. Looking at her, I grinned and said, "You're naked, I'm not, I'm following you because it's a much nicer view." She blushed and then led the way.

The flip flops were a bit big, they were mine, so she had to take it slowly. So I thoroughly enjoyed watching her ass wiggle. The same ass I just finished fucking. All too soon we entered the other building and I headed to the kitchen as Tory disappeared.

While I ransacked the kitchen, Cynthia appeared. She asked, "Where's Tory?"

As I got out a bowl for cereal, I answered, "Don't know."

Tory then appeared wearing a frumpy green dress and handed me the flip flops saying, "Thanks."

I took them saying, "No problem. We might need some extra stuff over in my quarters for such an occasion."

Tory said, "I'll make a note of it."

As I sat down to eat, Cynthia said, "Tory, let's get the sample before you eat."

Taking a mouthful of cornflakes I asked, "What sample?"

Cynthia answered, "Sperm sample. I'm collecting them to document your potency. We need to determine when your potency drops, then we can determine how many pregnancies we can plan. I collected the first sample last night."

I mumbled, "She's got two loads."

"Damn, didn't plan on that. Mixing the two will skew the count."

"Didn't mix them. One's in her pussy, the others up her ass." Then I remembered, "Oh and you'll also need to check her throat and right breast. I might've bruised them when she pissed me off." Cynthia was staring at me with a shocked expression, so I said, "I'll explain to everyone after you check her out. Now go and let me eat in peace." They both left quickly.

About ten minutes later Cynthia appeared. She asked, "Master, is this the right time?"

Now she's getting me pissed! Taking a deep breath to chill, I then said, "Are the others waiting?"

She nodded before answering, "Yes, Master."

Damn I need to put a stop to this Master crap before I really choke someone. I snapped out, "Get the others in here." Quickly the other three ladies appeared and just stood there. Pointing at the chairs I said, "Have a seat." It was more of a command than request.

The kitchen was setup for four, so there was a little confusion whom was going to sit and who was going to stand. I ended that by saying, "Tory, this is about us, so sit in my lap."

I arranged the chair to give her room and she sat in my lap. At first I wrapped my arms around her midsection before one hand slipped under her dress and found out she was wearing panties. And they weren't that sexy either.

I let go and said, "Lose the panties." Tory quickly stood and dropped the grannies before sitting back down. As she sat, I said, "And pull that dress up. I want the others to see your cunt." From her demeanor I could tell that she was extremely embarrassed and from the evil looks I was getting from the other three they thought I was an asshole. So fucking what, I'm being an asshole and to drum it in deeper I said, "Spread-em. I want to show them my load."

Tory laid her red face on my shoulder before she opened her thighs as she cowered in my lap. The venom pouring out of the others eyes confirmed that I had joined the asshole of the month club.

With one hand I grabbed her left tit, the other went to her clit. As I gently stoked her soft nub I said, "As you might have heard, I roughed up Tory. Cynthia, how bad was it?"

She spat out, "Her throat's a bit sore but there appears to be no bruising. As for her breast, you did a number on it. Severe bruising and you broke the skin in two places."

My hand was gently caressing and fondling her tit. I asked, "Any permanent damage?" Using my fingertip, I stroked her areola waiting for Cynthia's answer.

She said, "No. But she'll be sore a couple of days."

"Before I explain myself, I want everyone to know I don't think I'm an evil person but I do have a hair trigger. I inherited it from my dad and my mother didn't like it." For the next couple of minutes I ranted about my temper and my mom's attempt to show me how to control it. All the while I diddled Tory's clit and fondled her boob.

Shortly I got off my soapbox and I asked, "Tory, what did I ask before you got hurt?" I noticed her bump of pleasure was responding and her slit was very wet.

Tory kept her head against my shoulder as she answered, "You asked if I wanted to shower with you."

"And what was your answer?"

"I said, is that what you want."

Her nipple had popped up, so my finger was playing ring around the nipple with it when I said, "Yeah but it was the way you said it that ticked me off. That, and the pissed look you had riding me. Why? I didn't ask you to get on top. I would've expected that look if I was forcing you."

Cynthia interrupted, "But you are. Forcing us."

"Point taken, but why did she start it. I thought you'd be in my bed but instead I find her. Naked. And when she woke she attacked me." Tory's clit was coming along nicely. It was hard and erect.

Cynthia answered, "That's my fault. After you fell asleep, I left and talked with the others. I told Tory to do you that way."

I said, "Okay, that explains some of that prissy attitude but I had hoped my treating you four with some respect might make things more tolerable. Yeah, I told you to spread your legs, but I hoped you four might enjoy some fun. As for last night, I fucked up. I received my pleasure and gave none. But this morning I made sure Tory got

hers before I got mine.” Trying to get Tory’s attention, I gently squeezed her boob as I tapped her clit before saying, “Babe, how was it?”

Tory moaned, “Was what?”

“Your orgasms.”

I’m not sure anything was registering with Tory because she said, “Please can I have another?”

Not to disappoint a hot babe sitting in my lap, the hand attacking her button shifted into overdrive as I kissed the top of her head and said, “Sure.”

The room fell silent except for the unmistakable sound of wet pussy lips flapping about. Looking over my audience I saw the lust in their eyes as they watched someone else receive ultimate pleasure. Tory’s hips were rocking trying to hasten her orgasm.

Very shortly Tory’s hips started bucking before she grunted, “AAAhhh ssshhhiittt!!!” and came. As she enjoyed herself, I softened my attack on her clit until her orgasm was over.

Looking at the other three ladies I said, “That’s me giving, not taking.”

Helen whispered, “Damn.”

Kristen came out of her fog and said, “Okay, I agree, you can give, but you took her ass. Are you going to do ours too?”

Tory barely whimpered, “I gave it.”

Cynthia said, “What dear?”

Tory didn’t move when she said, “It wasn’t his idea, it was mine. I gave him my ass.” She then reached behind and caressed my face when she added, “And I’ll do it again.”

Taking her hand, I kissed it and asked, “Are we good?”

She answered, “Damn right! Four orgasms before noon! Fuck, my ex-jerk barely gave me one a week.” Then she got up and left, leaving her undies behind.

Looking at the remaining slaves, I asked, “Are we good?”

Helen stood and said, “Good with me.” Then she left.

Cynthia said, “Same goes for me.” and she followed Helen out of the room.

That only left Kristen who said, “Good here.” But instead of leaving she just sat there in deep thought. Having other things to do, I got up to leave, but before I left, Kristen asked, “Master, could I ask you a question?”

Damn it! I knew I neglected something. I shouted, “Ladies front and center! I forgot something!”

Once the other three were present I said, “Before I get pissed again. Can you please cut the ‘Master’ crap. I don’t like the title. I don’t want to be reminded of it. Hell, I hate the WSA as much as you. I lost my family and my one love because of it. Could you please do that?” All four ladies nodded.

Looking at Kristen I said, “Please ask your question.”

She hesitated but then asked, “I’m curious, do you like doing ass?”

"It's different. I'll need to do some more research. Do you want to be number two?" And I left the ladies before they started counting.

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I came back at ten so I could meet one on one with each lady. I was going to discuss their individual job, what I expected of them, what they expected of me, and any other issues that needed to be addressed. I started with Cynthia and found out she was a very smart cookie.

She had already started medicals on everyone; started compiling medical supply requirements depending on staffing size; medical staff requirements, again depending on staffing size; researching ways to improve pregnancy rates; researching ways to improve gender selection; her lists went on and on. I definitely struck pay-dirt with her.

Somehow, some way, toward the end of our meeting, Cynthia was quizzing me on my life's history, especially my previous love life. I guess it's not often you find someone that's so inexperienced in the sex department.

I met with Kristen next. She didn't appear to be a go getter like Cynthia but she seemed to grasp what I needed her to do. She took copious notes and was shocked at the significance of her job. Basically if it wasn't medical, legal, or bean counting, it was hers. Also, she originally thought she'd be responsible for the small part of camp we be occupying, but my contract with the government required the camp to be fully functional all the time. There was a complicated formula on who paid for what, but it basically worked out to: I paid for repairs on what I used, the government paid everything else including the current labor rate. I figured I could make a killing charging the government for the slave labor.

Again, some way, somehow, toward the end of our meeting, Kristen was quizzing me on my previous love life. That's when I tabled that discussion and called everyone together for lunch.

As we prepared lunch, I told the ladies that instead of me getting the third degree from all of them, I wanted to table the inquisition until after the weekend. Sometime Saturday I will provide my written autobiography for their consumption and we would meet early next week to discuss it. In return I wanted the same from each of them.

Changing the subject, I shifted the conversation to a pressing matter of business, ordering the next batch of slaves.

My original plan was to order fifty prime breeding stock and start knocking them up. But during lunch calmer heads prevailed and they convinced me to cut the order in half. They also changed my order from only breeders to five prime breeders, the rest would still breed but their main purpose would be to build up the staffing requirements of the camp. I did get my way when it was agreed that the order would go out by 2 pm Friday, which left only two days to complete our task.

With lunch over, I looked at Tory and said, "See you in about an hour." and then I went to my bungalow to start working on my autobiography. It was almost two before I found Tory for our first meeting.

It became clear during the meeting, that Tory wasn't the brightest individual. Hell, I discovered she barely finished law school and only passed the bar exam on her fifth attempt. I started having my doubts about her maintaining her present position in our small group but until someone better came along she is all we have. Besides, she was a great fuck, but then I do not have much to compare her with.

I showed her the contracts that I had already signed. She needed to know them inside out. That way we could enforce them if needed. Then I outlined the contracts that would be needed in the future and discussed staffing requirements for the legal department.

After my meeting with Tory, I needed a break, so I went to my bungalow to chill.

There, I got naked, and sat in the middle of my study in the lotus position. It took me a couple of minutes to clear my head and enter into a deep state of meditation. My mind drifted about until suddenly the world reappeared when someone said, "Shit! I'm sorry."

When I opened my eyes, I noticed someone disappear from the doorway. I shouted, "Come back!" and the footsteps stopped. A few seconds later Helen appeared.

I didn't move and sheepishly she averted her eyes toward the ceiling. She said, "Sorry, I came looking for you since I assumed you would meet with me next. And when you didn't answer the door I got concerned."

I was very tempted to bed her right here and right now but I really wasn't in the mood. So I got up, put on my clothes, and sat at my desk. Pointing to a chair I said, "Please." Helen sat and I started the meeting as if nothing had happened.

It didn't take me long to discover that Helen was the smartest of the four. We quickly went over my complete financial condition and before I knew it, she was talking puts and calls, straddling fences, lifting a leg without losing your balls, all sorts of stock market jargon that made my head spin.

Toward the end of our conversation, she informed me that she believed my plan was flawed. She thought my projections on the population of women twenty years from now was way off. She thought the numbers would be a lot higher, causing the slave prices to be extremely low.

She got me pissed, so I told her that if that was true, the money would be gone and I would have to liquidate all my assets, starting with her. I needed another break, so I left. But when I got outside, I discovered it was too fucking hot to take a walk and I didn't want to get naked in the slave quarters, so I went back inside.

Helen rushed past and I tossed a shot of whiskey before returning to my naked meditation.

I had calmed quite a bit before dinner. Hell I wasn't feeling anything after tossing back another four or five shots of booze. So I don't remember much about dinner except we had food and it tasted great.

Before I left to continue my autobiography, I asked, "Who's my companion tonight?"

Sheepishly Helen answered, "That would be me."

"My place, at nine."

She ruffled my feathers when she replied, "Yes, sir." Fuck, I hate that sir crap.

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Right at nine I heard a knock at the front door and as I expected, Helen was on the other side. Unexpected, she was only wearing a tiny white bikini.

I guess my eyes must have bugged out, because Helen giggled before saying, "Do you see something you like?"

While I stared at her chest, I mumbled, "I expected more clothing."

"The clothing choices are a tad limited. It was either this or the UPS sackcloth."

Still looking at her very fine rack, I drooled out, "Okay, this is much better than brown."

After a brief pause, Helen asked, "Do I come in or do we just do the nasty here?" and then she wiggled her chest making her boobies shake.

Originally I had planned to start this evening like the previous one, relax and get to know each other. But there was no way I could carry an intelligent conversation with her dressed as she was. So I came up with a new plan. Pushing past her, I grabbed her hand and said, "Come."

Gently I pulled her across the street and into the slaves' quarters. Three heads turned when we entered and as I pulled Helen past, I shouted, "Just passing through. Return to what you were doing."

I continued pulling my companion out the back door, across a small courtyard, and into a second building. This building was exactly the same as the slave quarters but in reverse. Then out the front door. There we shifted to the right as we crossed the street, passed two buildings and entered the third. It was there that I paused momentarily to turn on the lights.

Helen asked, "Where are we?"

Continuing our journey, I answered, "The Recreation Center. This place has it all: A gymnasium, fitness area with equipment, an auditorium, multipurpose areas, and an aquatic facility. Everything's top-notch and top of the line." We then went through a set of doors and entered the aquatic's area.

I heard a gasp before I said, "To the left we have the water play area with four types of water slides. Directly in front is the recreation pool with low and high platform dives. And to the right is the lap pool. Between the areas are hot tubs. Right now everything except one hot tub and the lap pool are mothballed but it's your job to reactivate everything."

She interrupted, "My job?"

Then I glanced at her before correcting myself, "Sorry, got you confused with Kristen. It'll be her job. Now, let's go swim."

We headed over to the Olympic sized pool. When we got close, she asked, "Is it heated?" and then she walked over to the edge to test the temperature.

It was too good to pass up, so I gave her a hard shove as I shouted, "No!"

After the big splash, she came to the surface saying every curse word I knew and a few I needed to write down.

This was some funny shit, but before I could enjoy the moment, I noticed Helen's bikini top was MIA. That meant there were two very cold tits that needed to be warmed up and I had two very warm hands that could help. Quickly I stripped to my birthday suit and then dived in. Shit the water was fucking cold!

The shock of the cold water put an immediate damper on my passion. Hell my hard cock shriveled smaller than a prune the instant it hit the water. When I surfaced in front of my still cursing woman, she spurted, "Shit, why did you do that?"

"Dave's rule number 43, don't get too close to water, else, someone's getting wet."

"And why is this so cold?"

"Something to do with algae and bacteria not liking the cold. So to save on the cost of chlorine, the army chills the pool."

"That's stupid."

"That's the government."

Helen's teeth started chattering as she asked, "Can we go? I'm too cold to fool around."

"Sure, go warm up in the hot tub. I'll find your top." And she quickly left as I searched for the missing clothing. It took a couple of minutes but I found it before the filter did. Can't start breaking things during my first week. It was now time to join my perking lady.

As I approached, I noticed her watching me and when I saw Helen's bottoms lying beside the tub my cock started coming back to life. Casually I tossed the top on top of it and slipped into the hot water.

Just as I was getting comfortable, Helen slid next to me and started cuddling. The cuddling soon turned to some kissing before it escalated to heavy Frenching.

As for our hands, mine headed to her full breasts and hers went for my dick.

For the next couple of minutes I basked in a warm glow of pleasure. Kissing, caressing, and fondling. Damn, I was feeling real good and my cock seconded the motion as it rose to the occasion. We continued our light fore-play, while I waited for a sign from my lady that it was time to move to the next level.

But my manners soon left when my hand moved from her boob down to the junction of the thighs. I really don't know why I couldn't wait, so I'll blame it on my cock since it now had more blood than my brain. Along the way, the tips of my fingers discovered a patch of pubic hair before my fingers achieved their goal when they found her bump of pleasure.

Her clit was hard and she moaned when I found it, so I must be doing something right. That gave me the courage I needed to escalate my attack. Needing a better position, I shifted about until I was facing her with my face buried in the nape of her neck, with one hand fondling her firm tit, and the other was working on her pleasure.

Now my prior training kicked in, so for the next few minutes, I switched from rubbing her clit to finger fucking her. I repeated the process getting her closer and closer to an orgasm. The other hand played with her boobs and nips. My lips nibbled on her sweet neck. She was now constantly groaning with pleasure.

Suddenly she threw her arms around me and started bucking. She grunted as her orgasm caused her to shake against me. I now pinched one of her nipples hard as I gently flicked her clit. The extra stimulation caused her to buck more and forced her to have a stronger orgasm. She grunted and bucked again when I did the same to her other nipple and flicked her clit. My attack softened until she was basking in glow of her post orgasmic stupor.

I didn't give her much time to recover when I grabbed her hips and picked her up out of the hot tub. Placing her on the edge with her feet still in the tub, I shoved her thighs apart and buried my face into her crotch.

She squealed, I feasted. She moaned, I licked. She groaned, I nibbled. Then she came!

It was a rough few seconds trying to keep my lips attached to her clit as her hips bucked in pleasure but soon she pushed my face away as she said, "Enough!"

My stick was rock hard and a pussy slit was smiling at me so I started mounting up. Just as I got everything lined up, Helen pushed me back saying, "Wait. Not here. Let's find a better spot."

I followed her over to a pool chaise lounge where she laid down and I quickly borked her.

Yep, I totally and thoroughly borked her. I think I came quicker tonight than last night. A couple of quick jabs and I seeded her womb.

With my dick still twitching I mumbled, "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"Cumming so quick. Something must be wrong. I've done better." I was so pissed at myself for being such a juvenile lover. And I made matters worse when I pulled out and got up, instead of cuddling with my lover.

I gathered our clothes and we got dressed in silence before we left for our quarters.

Unlike our trip to the Recreation Center, I didn't shortcut through any of the buildings. Hell, I didn't want the other slaves to know I had just fucked up by fucking Helen so quick. They would know soon enough, I just didn't want them to know by seeing me.

As I crossed the street separating the slave quarters from mine, Helen said, "Can you wait a second? I need to get swabbed." And she dashed into the slave quarters before I could answer.

I was clueless on why she wanted me to wait. We had just finished having sex, so I figured she'd go to bed and I would too. What else was there?

Helen soon appeared and as she approached I asked, "What do you want?" in a nasty tone.

Hesitantly she answered, "I thought I was to be your companion for the evening?"

"Well not much more evening left other than hitting the sack."

"That's fine, it might be nice to have someone warm to sleep with." With that I headed to my bungalow and she followed.

Helen watched as I went through my nightly routine and hit the sack, shortly she appeared and joined me.

At first I tried ignoring her by facing away from her, but she cuddled against me and pressed her rack into my back. Then she wrapped an arm over my side and started stroking my chest while playing with my chest hair.

After a couple of minutes her fingertips found my nipples and she caressed them before she scooted down found my cock raising up from the dead.

Unlike me, Helen had waited for her positive reaction before making her move. Now she rolled me onto my back and got on top before we started kissing.

After a few seconds of lip lock she slowly slid down, kissing a path down my throat to one of my hard nipples, while at the same time, she wiggled her wet slit down my cock shaft. Then she reversed course and slid upwards until our lips got reacquainted. She repeated this a few times until suddenly my dick ended up buried in her tunnel.

I don't know how it got in there but it felt real good. It felt even better as Helen slowly rode me.

Reflecting back to earlier, I did a quick comparison of each slave's cowgirl style.

This morning's slut was indifferent, like something she was forced to do. She sat up and bounced on my pole, giving me a good view of her rack and it seemed she got almost no pleasure out of our union.

Tonight's bitch was opposite, as she laid on top with her rack crushed into my chest, she slowly wiggled her hips in a sexy churning style. And with all the moaning, she really seemed to be enjoying our coupling.

She kept it slow, keeping my passion in check, but after several minutes she stopped and whispered, "Do you wanted try doggy?" And without getting an answer, she shifted around until she was on all fours.

Being inexperienced in these matters, it took a few attempts before I properly shafted my bitch. Once my dick was fully buried, my hips started their rapid dance before Helen tempered my attack by whimpering, "Slower. Take it slow."

That broke the spell and I paused to enjoy my partner. First I rubbed her firm ass before leaning around to play with her fine hanging tits. Damn I don't know which was more firm, her ass or her boobs. Now back to riding.

A few slow strokes later, my woman moaned, "That's right. Slow and steady." and I felt her rubbing her clit. My mood had now changed, it was now me pleasuring her and not the other way around. My stick was churning her honeypot.

Holding her hips, I methodically rode my mate. Slow and steady, my cock pumped in and out making slurping noises. I was getting into the groove but I nearly lost it when she thrust a couple of fingers into her snatch along with my stick.

I was struggling to regain my composure when a couple of strokes later she grunted and my dick popped out. She moaned out, "Ah shit." and I watched as she bucked thin air before she collapsed onto the bed.

It always gives me pleasure when I watch my lover spasming in pleasure. So I just knelt there, living at the moment, with my hard cock jutting out when a big wad of pre-cum dripped onto her foot.

Quickly she looked at me and asked, "Did you just cum?"

"No ma'am."

She rolled over and spread her thighs giving me a good beaver shot before smiling and giving me a wink.

I'm not stupid but this was my chance to be more mature in my actions. I slowly crawled forward until I was over her belly and then I gave her bellybutton a kiss. My lips kissed a path up her torso, through the valley of her breasts, until I arrived at her luscious lips.

We kissed as she carefully guided my cock into place and I slowly pushed into her slick tunnel. We continued kissing as my hips started pumping my shaft in and out. In and out. Faster and faster. Our tongues danced as the music of slapping flesh played.

There was no slowing me down now. I was past the point of no return. I felt my balls tingle just before I grunted into her mouth as my dick erupted.

Waves of pleasure coursed through my soul as I seeded my lover's womb. Nature has a way of enhancing the chance of procreation as my hips forced my cock to deliver the next load, deep, near the cradle of life. It was over all too soon as I lay on my partner panting.

After that round of great sex, I don't remember much other than dismounting and flopping beside my freshly fucked slave. We spooned, and just before I fell asleep, a feeling of deja vu came over me as my cock leaked its leftovers in the butt crack of the bitch whose tit I was holding.

{END Chapter 2}