

Company Property

Faye Valentine

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Pulling into the long, car-lined driveway leading up to the luxurious Holdenbrooke Manor, 23-year-old Olivia Cox parked in the first available space, grabbed her purse from the passenger seat, and then got out of her Lexus still wondering why she had been invited to such a formal event. Seeing a line of men and women wearing beautiful and incredibly sexy formalwear, she stepped behind an athletically built brunette wearing a curve-hugging black off the shoulder dress whom looked back over her shoulder. “Hi,” Olivia greeted the woman.

“Hello,” the woman smiled in reply. “I’m Angela, and you are?”

“Olivia. Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise. This is going to sound weird, but do you have any idea what this event is all about?”

“Not a clue. Never been to anything like this in my life. Honestly, I’m not even sure why I came at all.”

“Probably the same reason I’m here. Curiosity. I mean this is so far outside of my orbit it’s practically another universe. Why was I invited to a weekend long party at the most expensive estate in the city?”

“I had the same question.”

Turning to face Olivia, Angela eyed her up and down taking in her royal blue lace applique dress and matching strappy heels. “That is a beautiful dress.”

“Yours too,” Olivia replied, eyes going to Angela’s ample bosom barely contained within the thin, overstretched material of her dress. “I wonder if we’re all in the same boat. Not knowing why we’re here that is.”

“From the few people I’ve asked no one knows why they were invited, but curiosity mandated we show up so here we are. Um, did you get a list of accessories you should wear?”

“I did,” Olivia answered even as her cheeks turned bright red.

“I take it from your reaction you actually did it?”

“I, um, did you?”

“I asked first, but yes, I got all of the accessories though I already had a few. What about you?”

“I had to get them all.”

“That’s hot! It took me about a month before I could walk straight again. How about you?”

“About the same. Rings or barbells?” Olivia asked, eyes drifting to Angela’s nether region.

“Barbells. You?”

“I bought both for variety but like the look of the barbells more so that’s what I’m wearing.”

“Nice. Shields?”

“Nipple and clit in the style requested from the website provided. You?”

“Same? Can I ask how long it took you to go for it?”

“About a week. You?”

“Oh, I did it immediately. I already had the nipple and hood piercings so only had to get the labia ones. I gave Miranda – the woman doing the piercings, one hell of a show.”

“Meaning?”

“I’m a masochist so and had multiple orgasms throughout the whole process. And by multiple I mean eleven.”

“Holy shit! Seriously?”

“Seriously. Did you have any?”

“I...”

“It’s okay, I’m not one to judge.”

“I had four but not from getting pierced.”

“Oh?”

“I’ve never done anything with another woman in my life until... Tori – the one who did my work, she... let’s just say she’s got seriously skilled fingers and tongue.”

“Nice! How many did she get in you?”

“Two at first but...”

“Don’t be ashamed. Please, you can’t leave me hanging like that.”

“I didn’t go into the details, but sort of confessed I was working on fisting myself. She offered a discount and a free piece of work if I let her stretch me and, well, let’s just say she was the first person to ever put their hands in me.”

“Hands? Plural?”

“She fisted both holes at the same time and then tattooed me a fisting fuckpuppet.”

“That is so fucking hot! Can I see it?”

Nervously looking down the moving line of men and women, Olivia bit into her lower lip as she pulled the left side of her dress down to show Angely the fist tattoo with the words written around it on her breast.

“Nice! I don’t know if we all got the invites at the same time, but that was months ago at least. Have you done it with her or any other women since?”

“And then some.”

“Do tell!”

Once I was healed and able to have sex again Tori and I went at it like rabbits. I never considered myself anything other than straight, but she sorted me out real fast. Our first time together after being pierced, she invited ten women over to gang bang us and to prove it wasn’t a fluke, they fisted me to fifteen orgasms. The next weekend she invited twenty men over to gang bang us. The next week it was lesbian. Then men. We alternated like that every weekend and then...” Covering her left breast, Olivia pulled the other side of her dress down revealing a sexy anthropomorphic female cow head with BREEDING COW written around it on her right breast. “After seven weekend long gang bangs I was confirmed pregnant which I didn’t think was possible given I was on birth control, but apparently not even that is one hundred percent effective. She gave me this one as a reward last week. Turns out, I’m a masochist too. But unlike you, I hate pain and love being humiliated and degraded and having it permanently displayed on my body really gets the juices flowing.”

“I’m starting to sound like a broken record, but that’s really fucking hot!” Angela exclaimed.

“It sounds like you might be submissive as well,” the man in front of Angela said. “Sorry, but I couldn’t help overhearing your conversation. And not to sound creepy, but she’s right, that’s really hot. Given what you’ve said, can I assume you were given chastity piercings too?”

“Yeah,” Olivia confirmed. “What about you? What did the guys have to get to be here?”

“Well, like you I didn’t have to get anything, but opted to get it all for the prize. Double nipple piercings and shields. Jacob’s ladder. And cock cage.”

“What’s a Jacob’s ladder?” Angela asked.

“Ever see a dick with barbells lining the underside?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s a Jacob’s ladder. I have nine barbells, but unlike normal ones these are hollow so they can be laced, ringed, or otherwise used as part of chastity play.”

“Can we see?” Olivia asked. “I mean, you are staring at my tit so it only seems fair.”

Without hesitation, the man pulled his pants open and down in the front to show that his surprisingly large manhood was indeed locked in chastity. But what at first appeared to be a cage turned out to be a thick wire attached to microdermal anchors above, wrapped around and threaded through the hollow barbells lining the underside of his cock, and then locked in place to a ring around his balls.

“Wow!” both women exclaimed.

Lifting the front of her dress, Angela showed the man her heavily pierced vulva. “This is what we had to get,” she said, pointing to the shielded clit and the barbells going through tunnels in both inner and outer labia making it impossible for anything thicker than pencil going in.

“I have the exact same,” Olivia said, showing off her chastity piercings. “Um, I’m Olivia, by the way, and you are?”

“I’m Grant.”

“Nice to meet you, Grant, I’m Angela. Can I ask how big you are?”

“You’ll think I’m lying, but I’m ten inches hard.”

“Nah, I can see with my own eyes you’re not lying. Long and thick too. Just how I like it.”

“Mmmm... me too,” Olivia purred. “Especially after being fisted about a hundred times. What about your ass? Did you have to stretch it for huge toys and plugs?”

“Again, I didn’t have to do anything, but yeah, I stretched myself open enough to fist myself and am wearing a fist sized and shaped plug.”

“Me too!” Olivia exclaimed.

“Me three,” Angela added. “I wonder if everyone here went through with all of it like us?”

“From what I’ve been able to gather looking down the line it seems they’re checking everyone at the door for what work they got done before letting them in,” Grant replied.

“Do you know what’s actually going on here?” Olivia asked. “I mean, I’m getting the idea from everything suggested and the NDA we had to sign that this is going to be some sort of weekend long sex party, but no one is saying anything.”

“I came to the same conclusion,” Grant said. “I heard how many gangbangs you did, but what about you, Angela? Have you ever been gang banged?”

“I’ve done a few. What about you?”

“I’ve participated in a few.”

“Giving or receiving?” Angela smirked.

“Both.”

“Nice. So, you’re bisexual too?”

“Pansexual. Currently married to a transsexual woman,” Grant answered honestly.”

“Hot!” Olivia replied. “I’ve been dating a transsexual woman for the last few months. I actually met her at one of the gang bangs and we really hit it off. Holy fuck! I can’t believe I just said all of this and showed my privates to complete strangers!”

“Well, I for one am glad you did,” Grant said. “You’re both incredibly beautiful women and if this really is some sort of sex party I hope you’ll both give me a chance to pleasure you.”

“Dibs on taking that big boy of your first!” Angela replied.

“If she’s first then I’m seconds and since I’m already pregnant you can pump your load in me without worry. Um, if this is a sex party that is.”

“If not then maybe we can get together another time. I’d love to introduce you to my wife.”

“And my girlfriend would love getting to know that huge cock of yours,” Olivia replied.

“If you don’t mind having sex with other men my boyfriend and I would love getting to know you better too,” Angela said.

“We definitely have to get together after this party,” Olivia said.

“Agreed!” Grant replied.

Looking down the ever-shrinking line, Olivia saw seven women and four men ahead of Grant. She also saw a petite, busty redhead she recognized as a fellow secretary from work. Eyes going to the three butterflies tattooed on the woman’s right shoulder only served to confirm her suspicion. “I know that redhead up there,” she said to her two new friends. “We work together.”

“I saw a couple of people I recognized as well,” Grant said.

“Me too,” Angela replied. “

“What if this is some sort of corporate event and not a sex party then?” Angela asked.

“Why would they offer prizes for getting tattooed and pierced and stretching our holes out if it was just a corporate event? Besides, I’ve never seen either of you before tonight and know for certain we don’t work for the same company.”

“Maybe not for the same company, but at least for the same people,” Grant said. “I mean, you do know that the Holdenbrooke’s own multiple businesses in this city alone, right? I work for Nova Tech. Where do the two of you work?”

“I’m a lawyer at Holdenbrooke, Stanley, and Carpenter,” Angela answered.

“I’m a receptionist at Paw Palace,” Olivia said referring to the animal clinic she had worked at for the last three years.

“And who owns Paw Palace?” Grant asked.

“I believe its owned by Holdenbrooke Holdings. But again, why would they ask us to do all those perverted things to attend a company event?”

“I honestly don’t know, but I’m eager to find out,” Grant said as the line shuffled forward.

“I wonder how many in attendance actually went through with it to the extent that we have,” Angela asked just as a group of three women and two men walked up the driveway to get in line behind Olivia.