

# The Making of a Whore

by Pan

## Chapter 3

Kaylin's heart sank when she saw the queue of men.

As the first man was having her turn, she tried to voice her objection to her new accountant.

"You must understand," she grunted as the overweight stranger pounded into her, "Marv would take care of my taxes in a single appointment. I've been here three times, and...oh!"

The man gripped her hips tightly as he unloaded into a condom, before stepping back and letting the next man move forward. She hadn't noticed the order – was he the lanky redhead, or the black guy with the beard? – but she knew at least two other men were waiting to go in.

"At this rate I'll be here for more than an hour," she said as he put the condom on and slipped his cock into her. It was much larger than her husband, but she tried to tell herself that didn't mean it was the African-American gentleman; that was just a crude stereotype.

"I understand," her accountant nodded. "You're not happy with the service."

"Frankly, no," she said, closing her eyes. Whoever was behind her was impressively large, but lacking finesse. She wasn't sure how she would be able to finish the rest of the line, not to mention her accountant himself. "I mean, I might be, but we never seem to *get* to my accounting."

There was silence as her accountant thought. Then, he clicked his pen twice. "Well," he said cautiously. "Perhaps things would go faster if..."

He trailed off, and Kaylin opened one eye. He was looking at her expectantly, as she was bounced on his associate's dick.

"What?"

"Well," he said, stopping again, as though worried about hurting her feelings. "I don't wish to offend, but..."

"Out with it," she snapped. "We really need to get this sorted."

"Two things," he said smoothly. "Firstly, this would probably go faster if you provided more... stimulation."

Kaylin raised one eyebrow, not following. "Stimulation?"

"You're a very attractive woman," he said, a smile appearing on his face. "And you have a superb form. The gentlemen would probably finish faster if they had more access to your..."

assets.”

He wasn't, Kaylin knew, talking about her accounting.

“So perhaps after this gentleman is done, you could...”

She nodded. He had a point. Kaylin deliberately didn't dress provocatively; with a body like hers, she didn't have to. Even in a knee-length skirt that fell to her thighs (when it wasn't lifted onto her back, as it was now), a white blouse, and usual low heels, it was impossible to completely hide her ample breasts and ass.

But her accountant was right: if she was showing off more skin, the men would surely finish faster.

With a sigh, Kaylin gripped the desk, and willed the man behind her to finish quickly, so she could strip down for the remainder of the line.

“And secondly,” her accountant continued, “you don't seem to be...well...”

He trailed off.

“*What?*” she said, more harshly than she'd intended. The man's considerable girth was starting to make her feel like an overstuffed turkey. Her husband had been disappointed when they hadn't made love the previous night; after this, she knew she wouldn't be in the mood for the next week.

“Enjoying yourself.”

Kaylin wanted to let him know that she *wasn't*, but she immediately saw his point. Some men would probably get off on the idea of fucking a woman who didn't want to be fucked, but she knew – or hoped, at least – that wasn't the majority.

No, most men wanted to know that the woman was enjoying it as much as they were. Especially, in her experience, a woman who looked like her.

No wonder they were taking so long.

“Fine,” she conceded. “You want me to *When Harry Met Sally* it?”

A smile flickered across her new accountant's face, but it disappeared as quickly as it had arrived, and he shrugged in response.

“Dirty talk might do the trick,” he suggested, and Kaylin took a deep breath.

She'd never been one for dirty talk – giving *or* receiving – but she figured it couldn't hurt to try.

“Fuck my pussy,” she purred as the stranger took her from behind. “I want you to cum inside me.”

Your cock is so big.”

The last part wasn't a lie.

“It's soooo big, it hurts a little,” she mewed. “But it's so hard. So big and so hard and it feels so good inside my pussy...”

To her delight, the new technique immediately worked. The man pounding into her gripped her tighter, and she felt him grow even harder inside her.

“Fill me up,” she gasped as he thrust into her with force. “Cum in me! Cum in my tight little pussy and fill me up with that hot, sticky cum of yours...”

The man groaned and buried himself deeply. She could feel him throbbing within her, and when he was done, he pulled out – leaving her feeling surprisingly empty – before slapping her ass and thanking her.

She turned to confirm – it *had* been the redhead. The African-American man was next, but as he stepped forward, she shimmied out of her skirt and unbuttoned her blouse, before dropping them both to the floor.

Her new accountant was grinning when she turned around. She was wearing lacy underwear – red panties and a matching bra. Tonight, after all, she'd been planning on fucking her husband.

“There we go,” he said. “I'm sure that will speed things up.”

He was right. The next three men took less than ten minutes each. But when her accountant was done, they were still a full fifteen minutes over time.

“Don't worry,” her accountant said, pulling the condom off and dropping it into the trash can with the others. “We'll sort it out tomorrow.”