

The Making of a Whore

by Pan

Chapter 1

“I really don’t think that’s right.”

“What do you mean?” her new accountant replied, his eyebrows raised. “Are you suggesting it *is* okay to cheat on your husband without a condom?”

Kaylin didn’t even know how they’d gotten onto the topic, but she was starting to feel uncomfortable. Her new accountant was so...forceful. Opinionated.

Forward.

Her old accountant had been an elderly man who insisted she call him Marv. When he’d retired, it had been convenient to just continue with the man who’d taken his old office.

Now, she was starting to worry that she should’ve asked Marv if he had any recommendations. Such as, say, for an accountant who didn’t look at her like she was a piece of meat.

No, it wasn’t that bad. When you looked like Kaylin, you got used to men treating you like nothing but sex on legs. She’d had countless conversations with men who were clearly, clearly only talking to her for the slimmest possibility it would result in them getting their dick wet.

That’s what had attracted her to her husband in the first place. Chris had always treated her like an equal; he’d never objectified her, or made her feel like she was less of a person for being busty. Leggy. Assy, if that was a word.

He’d respected that despite having a body that wouldn’t have been out of place in a porn film, she was a person. Theirs was a marriage built on trust and mutual respect.

She couldn’t possibly tell him about the strange conversation she’d had with her new accountant, Kaylin decided. He was very possessive; he’d probably come down here and pick a fight with the man. It sent a slight thrill through her body when Chris got jealous, but she didn’t want him to do anything that would get him in trouble.

And her new accountant was trouble. If nothing else, the strange topic they’d somehow wound up discussing had confirmed that to her.

Before she could get home and not tell her husband about the conversation, she had to get out of it.

“Not at all,” she said, trying to sound haughty. “But...-”

“Then what?” Kaylin’s new accountant said, his gaze catching hers. There was a smug half-smile

on his face. Kaylin didn't like it.

She didn't like him.

"Then..."

Closing her eyes and counting to three, Kaylin decided to try charming her way out of the conversation. Even if one ignored her looks – she had long brown hair, thick lips, and huge brown eyes that had once been described as 'impossible to resist' – she was a deeply personable woman.

There wasn't much that Kaylin couldn't talk her way out of when she put her mind to it.

"It probably makes sense to you," she flattered. "But I just can't understand it. Thank you for trying to explain it though; I appreciate your time, but I just remembered that I have to be somewhere by three. Let's pick this up another time."

"Please," the new accountant said, putting his hand on Kaylin's forearm as she got up to leave. "I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't help everything make sense to you."

This? Kaylin mentally asked, but rather than object aloud, shot him a winning smile.

"Now, I think we're in agreement on the core matter: cheating on your husband without a condom is wrong."

"Absolutely," Kaylin replied immediately. Ever since they'd gotten serious, she'd never even thought about being with anyone other than Chris.

"Therefore," he continued, his eyes burning into Kaylin's – even his hand felt hot to the touch, "if someone agrees to use a condom, it's okay."

Kaylin began to object, before trailing off. There was something wrong with that line of thinking, she knew there was...but for some reason, she just couldn't put her finger on what.

"Now," the new accountant said, smiling slyly at her confusion. "Luckily, I have a condom right here."

He held a condom up, and the woman sighed. It seemed like she wasn't getting out of the office until he got what he wanted; she might as well get it over with.

After all, if he didn't have a condom, that would be wrong.

"Very well," she sighed. "But please, be quick. I really do have to get going."

"Of course. I'll be as fast as possible."

Kaylin leaned over her new accountants desk, allowing him to unbutton and lower her pants. She spread her legs, relieved to see that he had lube handy as well. No, she definitely wouldn't be

telling her husband about this. He wouldn't understand.

As her new accountant slipped a condom on, dabbed some lube on the tip, and slid into her, she decided that she definitely wouldn't be coming back here. It would be a hassle to find a new accountant, but she needed to be somewhere that she felt comfortable.

For some reason, there was something about her new accountant that she just didn't trust.

True to his word, it was only a few minutes before the still-clothed man was done. He came into the condom, tying it into a knot as he removed it and disposed of it carefully.

"There," he said with a smile. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Again, Kaylin turned on her thousand-watt smile. As she bent over to raise her panties, she noticed him staring at her cleavage. *Creep*, she thought to herself, making sure not to let her true feelings show.

She was so close to getting out of there.

"Thanks so much," Kaylin said, once she was again fully dressed.

"It was my pleasure," he said, looking as though he'd said something clever. "Now, we really should finish this meeting. Are you free tomorrow?"

"I'm sorry, no," the married woman lied. "I'll call when I have availability."

"Nonsense," he said, his eyes burning into hers. "If we don't make an appointment now, we never will."

He was right, Kaylin had to admit, and before she knew what was happening she'd scheduled to come back later in the week.

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Chapter 2

When Kaylin next entered the office of her new accountant, she was surprised to see he wasn't alone.

"This is my associate," he said, gesturing to the thin man standing beside him. He looked to be about a decade older than the accountant, and had a hungry look on his face at the sight of the busty woman standing in front of him.

Kaylin had intended to call and cancel the appointment, but somehow hadn't managed to find the time to do so. She'd returned to his office at the time they'd arranged, hopeful that he'd get everything he needed for her taxes and she wouldn't have to see him for another year...though even that, in her opinion, would be too soon.

"He has a condom with him," the new accountant said as Kaylin went to sit down. She sighed – of course. She'd forgotten about that.

Cheating on her husband without a condom would definitely be wrong. But he had one. So...

Kaylin got into the same position as last time, bending over her new accountant's desk as his associate pounded into her. He lasted substantially longer than the new accountant had – perhaps she should have once more pretended to be in a hurry?

As he repeatedly thrust into her, his hands on her waist, occasionally grunting with the exertion of fucking the busty woman, Kaylin noticed her new accountant just watching them, a satisfied look on his face.

She closed her eyes and tried to distract herself from how uncomfortable the man made her, instead focusing her attention on the feeling of the dick inside her. Much like the man it was attached to, it was thin. Longer than her husband's, too. It was interesting how much of a difference a few inches made; she could feel it penetrating deeper than Chris's ever could.

Not that it really mattered, of course. Sex with her husband was a sensual, loving experience. This was just a quick poke before getting her taxes done.

It was almost twenty-five minutes before the thin man finally came, groaning loudly as he filled the condom. When he was done, he carefully removed it and discarded it. Kaylin lowered her skirt (which had been flipped up onto her back as he fucked her) and put her panties back on.

Holding the chair in front of the desk, she shot her new accountant a look. The smile had never left his face, but he nodded, giving her permission to sit.

"Now," she said primly, after the thin man bade his farewell. "About my taxes..."

They had barely gotten started when there was a knock on the door. Another of the new accountant's associates, apparently: where Marv had occupied the small office by himself, Kaylin's new accountant seemed to be sharing it with half the men in Buffalo.

A dark-haired man let himself in, his eyes running up and down Kaylin's body appreciatively.

He, too, had brought a condom.

Unlike her new accountant or the thin man, he didn't want to bend her over the desk. And so the three of them had spent a few minutes clearing space so that Kaylin could lay on her back, allowing him to fuck her standing up.

She stared at the ceiling as he did, passing the time by counting how many tiles she could see. She probably would've had time to literally count them (the second associate took just as long as the first) but instead, she counted how many rows and columns there were, multiplied them, then tried to work out the sum of visible half-tiles.

Just as she'd come up with a number she felt was accurate, the dark-haired man's grip on her thighs tightened, and she could feel his cock pulsing inside of her.

Thank goodness they have condoms, she told herself. Or I would be an absolute mess down there.

Not, of course, that she'd be having sex with them if they didn't. Cheating on her husband without a condom was wrong.

After he pulled out, disposed of the soiled prophylactic, and thanked her, the three of them spent a few more minutes putting everything back in its place on the desk.

When they were done, Kaylin sat down, and realized she was slightly sore. Neither of her new accountant's associates had brought lube, and while the condoms were lubricated (and her own juices had provided some level of natural lubrication, though not nearly as much as if she'd been turned on) the extended time that the intercourse had taken had taken its toll.

She and Chris normally had sex four or five nights a week. It had been a few days, and the unspoken expectation (on both their parts) had been that they'd break the dry spell tonight. After the efforts of her new accountant's associates, Kaylin decided she'd have to find an excuse to avoid it. Hopefully the soreness wouldn't last long.

"Now," she said, her exasperation coming through in her voice. "Perhaps we can dive into my taxes?"

"I'm not sure we'll have time," her new accountant replied smoothly.

"How long will it take?"

"Well," he said, glancing at his black watch. From where Kaylin was sitting, it seemed to have

no numbers. “We might just be able to squeeze it in before my next appointment, except...”

Kaylin sighed as her new accountant held up a condom. Bending over the desk, she lowered her panties and allowed him to fuck her until he filled the condom.

At least he used lube, she told herself as she walked to the elevator. Two appointments, and all she had to show for it was some soreness between the legs.

Still, she'd made another appointment for the next day. Her new accountant seemed positive that they'd make a lot of progress.