

A New Business Model

By Novus Peregrine

Lana's high heels clicked satisfyingly on the tile floor as she sauntered down the hall, stopping to talk with a few of the girls, appreciating the curves many of them choose to leave on full display, just as she knew they were enjoying their view of hers. Which, given that today she was only wearing a thong and her heels, were even more on display than usual.

She loved her business. And even more, her business model. Years ago, when idle horniness had intersected boredom as Lana listened to the droning voice of a college professor, she had been genuinely incredulous to discover that her idea didn't actually exist. Having just gotten a notification that the rabbit vibrator she'd finally worked up the courage to order had arrived, Lana had chosen to use her phone to look up demos on how to use one properly. Knowing porn was largely fake bullshit, she'd thought to look for an online retailer with demos. It had made perfect sense to her. They were already in the adult business, after all, so why wouldn't one or two of them include accurate demos of how to use each toy on their site?

She'd been increasingly incredulous when her logical search had turned up...nothing. Well, almost nothing. As her dive had taken her deeper and deeper into less well-known results, she *had* found a few websites that catered specifically to kink communities. Some of which *did* have demos of their products. Products which were often custom or highly customizable. But those sites were universally small businesses, run by one or two people, with the model often being a sub of the custom toy crafter. There were no larger businesses that used what, to Lana, was a completely logical business model.

At the time, bored, horny and suffering through an intro to business lecture she could have given better than the idiot teaching the class, Lana had only made an idle note of the oddity. She'd barely been eighteen at the time, in her first year of a business degree, and not exactly sexually experienced. That lack of experience had, in fact, been why she'd been looking for a demo in the first place! She'd filed away this latest bit of proof that humanity was fundamentally made up of morons and moved on with her day.

Seven years later, when she'd had been unexpectedly laid off from a rising position in a tech firm due to a nasty pandemic that caught the world with its trousers down, a 25-year-old Lana had been left somewhat adrift. She was far luckier than most caught in the crisis, having been making plenty of money and setting a fair bit of it aside specifically for her dream of business ownership. She'd always wanted to *own* a company, not run someone else's, but she'd never hit on just the right idea to feel ready to make the leap.

It was then, stuck at home while everything was locked down and toying with the idea of rebooting the JustFans she'd ran for a while in her last two years of college, that something had reminded Lana of that odd hole in the marketplace. She'd been bored and horny again, cruising the internet for something more *exotic* to add to her toy collection, when she'd once again found herself wishing for some sort of professional demo for the more complicated toys she was looking at. In a fit of curious horniness, she'd spent an hour or two looking around for something like her original thought,

thinking that surely someone had filled the gap years ago, only to discover that...no...it still didn't seem to exist.

Genuinely puzzled and confused at that point, as well as far better educated on the realities of business than she had been at eighteen, Lana had spent an entire night doing a deep dive, trying to figure out *why* such a business didn't exist. She *had* found a few problems. Such as various payment services have a weird reaction to their services being used for adult content, or a reasonable fear that offering demos would push the thin line between selling a medical product and a 'novelty item' too far, leaving a company open to lawsuits. But nothing, in her opinion, had been a truly insurmountable problem. And *that* had been the spark that wouldn't leave her alone.

The idea of doing it herself had seemed ridiculous, of course. She'd gone back to planning other possible business ventures the next day. But...with every new idea, that spark of a thought just wouldn't leave Lana alone. The idea *excited* her, in more than one way...and her own idly considered solutions to some of the known problems had only led her to fantasize farther over the business model. In the end, it had been the droves of people opening new JustFans and Patronly accounts in order to pay bills during the pandemic that had finally pushed her into action. She figured that starting a pandemic-long business, at least, could be a fun diversion. Besides, with everyone stuck at home slowly losing their mind, she figured that her idea might find fertile ground.

She'd been right. She'd started out as a purely online business, with no physical office and hiring mostly those who had been displaced by the pandemic. An unashamed lesbian, she'd specifically targeted women with JustFans accounts that she thought were quite sexy and enthusiastic...but had all the marketing savvy of a brick. She'd approached them, dressed to the nines in proper (if possibly a bit sexy) business attire...and offered them jobs.

Not, very pointedly, as models. Instead, as a means to sidestep several of the issues with payment services and the like, Lana had just flat out hired them all as perfectly normal workers for an online retailer. Administrators, technical experts, inventory managers. If they didn't have the skills, she paid for them to get them, all while paying them *better* wages than most of them had made pre-pandemic. And then she'd set up a non-monetary rewards pool for any of them that volunteered to experiment with a toy until they sorted out the best way of using it...and do a demo once they figured it out. Free high-end toys, extra vacation days, entries into raffles with all sorts of prizes, charity funding, or even just various bits of interesting paraphernalia for various hobbies she'd discovered many of them shared. Given where, exactly, she'd found all of the girls in the first place and the fact that she'd personally set the tone by demoing a couple of products...she hadn't exactly been shocked when several of them jumped onboard almost immediately.

That had been the beginning. But it had *only* been a beginning. The new company had found *extremely* fertile ground in a world trapped at home and going slowly insane for things to do. By the time the pandemic panic lessened enough for the world to open back up again to something approaching normal...Lan's Luxury Adult Toy Company had managed to muscle its way into being one of the largest adult toy retailers in operation. She'd actually outright put a couple of smaller competitors out of business, buying up what assets from them she thought could still be of use. Including, as it happened, some prime warehousing...and a corporate office in a seaside paradise of a city.

Possibly *slightly* high off her success, Lana had doubled down. She'd use the location in paradise combined with generous raises to convince some of her best 'volunteers,' most of them single and all of them female, to move within reach of that corporate office. A corporate office which she had renovated as a luxurious new headquarters. Taking cues from game and tech companies that had been wildly successful at keeping employees happy before idiot bean counters got involved, Lana had designed the new HQ to be *fun*.

A full Olympic swimming pool, complete with latex-coated waterside, a sauna, a wet bar, a hand artisanal coffee shop with *free* coffee. She added it all with the specific intention of making her people *want* to come into the office. As long as they got their assigned work done on time, they were free to use any and all of the facilities at zero charge. And then, just to not-so-subtly set the tone of the culture...she made the entire facility clothing optional.

At the start, it had been a little awkward. But Lana had gone on full offensive from day one at the new HQ. She'd set up dozens of amazing incentives, from professional surf lessons to local resort spa days, and encouraged her team to reshoot all of their demos to a *much* more professional standard, using the professional studio equipment she'd had put it. She'd cheerfully put several of the girls through classes in photography and film during the pandemic and leaned on them now, manning the studio with people the girls *knew*. Even if they'd never met in person. Setting the tone farther by being the very first person to redo all her own demos in the first week, Lana put herself out there for anyone that wanted to watch the process to watch in person. Lana had gambled big by trying to set the tone again...

And she'd won.

The most daring of her original volunteers, whom she'd gone to great pains to recruit, had cheerfully left in right after her. And one of them had even taken her lead by taking her breaks out in the rest of the facility nude or in just a thong. A couple of the other women with exhibitionist streaks had taken up the dare and started using the pool and sauna au natural...and the company culture had grown from there.

No one was ever pressured into anything. And literally anyone, even those living near the office, could choose to work remotely whenever they wanted. The remote option readily silenced those who weren't quite comfortable with the near-nudist and sex-casual office culture that had sprung up. Lana stamped *hard* on anything that smacked of pushing people too hard, but subtly encourage those who *were* interested to be...free with their affections. Since she'd focused on bi-sexual and lesbian woman from the very beginning days of her business, it was no shock that quite a few couples and even more flings formed within the office...and quite a few people started requesting kinkier *recreation* options.

Lana had *gleefully* signed off on turning a large conference room into a Sex Dungeon for people to use on breaks. She'd even added her own touch by installing a Public Use section where girls could just lock themselves into a Bondage Device of the Week and let others play with them for the duration of their lock timer. It was, without a doubt, probably the single oddest office culture that had ever existed. And not just because of all the sex. Despite the many ways it could all have gone wrong, Lana and her coworkers had put in a serious effort to actually creating a *positive* environment out of all the sex and sensuality.

The rare toxic personalities were carefully weeded out, often redirected into one of the other portions of the business rather than being fired. Given her personal hand in hiring, they'd never have made it so far if they were truly toxic instead of simply being incompatible with keeping everything positive. And despite a few leaks about the sort of culture they ran, Lana's excellent press people, trained from among those she'd hired early on, had managed to spin the entire thing in a way that no one could protest without seeming like the bad guys. Even better, the poison that were bean counters and 'streamliners,' trying to make the most efficient penny out of everything, couldn't get their hooks into her business as it was wholly owned by her.

Lana loved her business...and her employees loved her. She paid them *well* about the standard rates for their jobs, gave benefits that were unlike anything anywhere else, positively doted on them whenever they needed a boost...and regularly gave those interested some of the best orgasms of their life. Something she was planning on doing again today, she reflected, as she arrived at their in-house film studio.

"Laaaana!"

"Boss!"

"Mistress!"

Lana grinned at the trio that had spoken...and at the fourth that had not but was smiling as broadly as the quiet videographer ever did. Her hands came up to catch the most enthusiastic pair as they all but crashed into her. Laughing, she patted both of them on the head.

"Petra, Rana, it's barely been a day since the two of you saw me! Only a few hours, in fact, in your case, Petra."

Petra, a lithe ravenette with a modest but extreme perky chest and a heart-shaped ass you could bounce a quarter off of, was the first to pull back. Grinning, green eyes twinkling and one hand unsubtly groping Lana's own rear, the ravenette spoke with a fake solemnness that threatened a laugh.

"But, Mistress, we've been looking forward to this all week! And besides, every moment without the only ass in the company more spectacular than mine makes me feel tragically lonely!"

Laughing, Lana shook her head at her personal secretary...and full-time submissive. Petra had surprised her almost immediately after they opened up the corporate office by actually being one of the few that lobbied *her* for a position instead of her needing to talk her into one. And the reason why Petra had done so had become obvious within the first month. The woman had apparently developed a massive crush on Lana...one that Lana couldn't resist making use of when Petra had turned out to be a total sub too. Shifting her to be Lana's personal secretary hadn't taken long and had worked out quite well. It was a good thing Petra was talented and efficient at the role, since she was also one hell of a distraction, spending at least few hours a day doing things that weren't...strictly work related.

As for the other girl still clinging to her, Lana gently pushed her off, getting a pout from the Petite redhead. A pout which disappeared into a look of bliss as her patted the younger girl's head. Rana was the one of the youngest girls working for the company, barely nineteen and one of the few post-pandemic hires that were working at the main office. She was also a massive cuddle bug that could be

convinced into sex by basically anyone that promised cuddles before, after, or during. Or better yet, all three.

The two of them had been chosen for today's shoot for a combination of comfort with each other and a desire to stack the filming with variety. Petra was lithe and athletic, a surfer and dancer's body. Rana was petite and adorable. And Lana herself was, to borrow a description from a mildly jealous former lover, 'built like a hentai artist found God's paintbrush lying unattended and couldn't help themselves.' Platinum blonde, with curves that just didn't quit and legs that went on for miles. She could have been a supermodel with very little effort. Even many of her own employees were shocked to discover Lana hadn't needed to have the slightest bit of work done to look that way. Disbelievably so, usually, until they got some 'hands on' experience to prove it to them...

As for comfort, Petra would do anything and anyone for Lana without regret or hesitation, and Rana was even more casual about sex than Lana herself...or basically anyone else in the company. It wasn't even so much that the redhead was 'easy,' as that she'd somehow never developed the concept that sex was something just for lovers. To Rana, sex was just something fun to do with people you liked. Lana still didn't understand how on earth that had come about, but it was certainly useful, particularly for things like today. They'd had numerous requests to add videos showing how to effectively use various toys in threesomes, something they'd never pushed before, and today was their first attempt at sorting it out on film. Though they'd done some...pre-filming test exercises...to help determine what did and didn't work very well.

As for the other two women in the room...as Petra corralled Rana without needing to be asked, Lana made her way over to where the remaining duo were tweaking the equipment. The first was Yui, the quiet videographer with purple hair Lana had never seen undyed. The second was a mocha-skinned brunette with a ready smile named Rikka, who was acting as both sound tech and toy wrangler for the day.

"How is it looking you two, any problems?"

Yui just shook her head, near silent as always. She rarely spoke unless she needed to give staging directions...which was less common here than with a regular film studio, anyway. The whole point of these videos was to demo practical use, not create an artistic porno that simply *looked* the hottest it could. Yui was a treasure Lana was glad to have sponsored, as the quiet woman had an incredible talent for piecing together final products that both kept to that basic premise while *also* looking better than most professional porn. She *could* be a bit maddening to work with, though. Which is why she was usually paired with Rikka. The extroverted brunette made for an excellent Yui translator. Just as she did now.

"All the hardware looks good, boss. Yui and I came in early and set up a few extra cameras. We figure that we might need more angles with three people, since the action might get blocked more easily by one body or another. Can't promise we'll get it right the first time. But we'll give it a solid shot!"

Lana clapped Rikka on the shoulder, silently thanking her for her translation skills.

"Excellent! And all the toys are ready?"

“Yep!” Rikka winked. “Even the extras you insisted on as ‘incentives’ for Yui and I!”

Lana grinned as she spotted Yui blushing. Her eyes darted around for a few moments, finally landing on a remote control by Rikka’s soundboard. Her hand casually reached out to pick it up.

“Oh? I didn’t see them on the table. Already where they should be, are they?”

Rikka merely smirked, gesturing for her boss to find out the obvious way, even as Yui’s blush darkened. Lana couldn’t help but giggle at that, always amused at how reserved the videographer was...right up until the little voyeur got excited by what she was watching. Eyes twinkling, Lana tapped the remote control...and enjoyed the view as Yui immediately began to squirm, the toy she was already wearing buzzing to life inside her. Rikka was better at hiding the fact the same thing was happening to her, only a twitch of her expression giving her away. Quickly letting the darkly blushing videographer off the hook, Lana turned the remote off and put it back on the soundboard.

“You were able to make my idea work?”

Rikka nodded. “Yep! Took me most of last weekend. But given how fun it could be in the future, I certainly don’t mind! Yui and my toys are tied directly into the mics. The more vocal the three of you are, the stronger they buzz. Though, of course, I had to keep the total power relatively low so we can still do our jobs. Just like with the randomizer we used before.”

“Excellent! I think this will be a more fun solution, at least for the more involved shoots. And make sure you log your extra time with HR so we can pay you for it, Rikka. I know you like to tinker, but that’s no reason not to make sure you’re compensated for off-the-clock work.”

Rikka grinned. “Thanks, boss! I’ll drop by later and do that.”

Clapping Rikka on the shoulder again, Lana separated from them, heading over to wrangle her minions for the first shoot of the day...

Lana, facing the main camera, pulled the high-end strapon up to her pussy. The entire reason they had chosen to try this model as one of their first threesome videos was obvious at a glance. Not only did it have an insert for the wearer...it also had two thick shafts forking out from the front. The original intent of the toy, which they’d already demoed in other videos, was to use it for dual penetration. This time, of course, they had something else in mind. Lana used one hand to spread her pussy lips, even as she let the insert hover just outside as she spoke to the microphones.

“Obviously, as with all dildos of any kind, you want to make sure the toy is properly lubricated. Always keep in mind that, unlike a real cock, dildos don’t have any self-lubricating ability, leaving half the lubrication that’s supposed to exist naturally missing. Now, I’m already thoroughly wet, and we’ve pre-applied some of our favorite lube to the toy. So...”

Lana trailed off, letting her actions speak for her as she eased the toy into her pussy. Sliding the strapon harness up as she did so was a little bit awkward, but nothing she hadn’t done dozens of times before. She let herself moan just a little for the camera as it settled into place...mostly. She spoke to the camera as she carefully readjusted its position a bit.

“Now, the readjusting I’m doing is actually important. Remember that, in addition to the dildo insert, this model has a concave, textured zone intended to rest against the clitoris. I’m afraid not every girl will have perfect luck with it. We’ll link an analysis of which labia shapes will find it a good fit and which will struggle. For those that it *is* a good fit for, however, it’s important that you take a minute to make sure it’s settled into place well. And that you do so *before* locking the straps in place. One of the reasons we choose to lead off with this model is that it has a semi-rigid harness, with locking mechanisms that do an excellent job of *keeping* everything in position once you’ve got the position right in the first place. And speaking of which, those mechanisms are a tiny bit complicated, so keep watching closely.”

Lana made sure that the camera had a good view past her fingers as she worked the latching mechanism. It took up the last of the slack, making her groan just a bit as the toy reached just a bit deeper and the textured section pressed firmly over her clit. It was that textured portion rubbing against her excited and sensitive magic button that really forced the groan out, even if the toy settling deeper was pleasant all on its own.

Taking a deep breath, she moved away from the main camera, letting it get a wider shot of the room. Behind where Lana had been standing was what looked sort of like the illegitimate love child of a sofa and a psychologist’s lounger. The curvy piece of sex furniture is one that they used frequently for shoots, as it provided all the right kinds of support while still leaving them at an angle relative to the floor, making it easier to see the action. Of course, at the moment, most viewers could be forgiven for not paying the furniture any attention...as Petra and Rana were busy making out on it.

Rana was on top, the petite redhead laying atop the lankier Petra. A dip in the furniture for Petra’s ass altered their height dynamics so that, despite the fact the two were making out heatedly, their hips were also lined up. Specifically, careful pre-planning had left their pussies only an inch or two apart. The fact both of them were dripping wet would, undoubtable, be shown off by Yui’s editing work. It was certainly obvious to Lana...and intentional, of course. The two weren’t making out *just* for the hell of it, though Rana happily would have done so. The pair had been instructed to ‘keep each other warmed up,’ as Lana dealt with the strapon. Now, Lana approached from behind, hoping at least one of the cameras would still be able to get an angle on this next part. Resting a hand on Rana’s ass and groping it freely, she lowered the other to lightly finger Petra, speaking for the camera again.

“As you can see, our other two volunteers have been busy prepping for the next part. Remember, that in an actual threesome, you’ll need to spend some time on foreplay so that everyone is ready for the toy simultaneously. For now, though, let’s show you how well this works. Honestly, we were impressed with our trials so far!”

Lana quickly noted a few things, such as the height issue they’d already solved, giving some tips for other solutions to the positioning problem. Then, with a thrill shooting through her, she carefully positioned her two artificial cocks...and simultaneously thrust a shaft into each of them, thoroughly enjoying the surround sound moans the action caused. Hilting all the way in, so her own taut stomach was pressed against Rana’s bubble butt, Lana grinned at a camera...and accepted a remote control from ‘off-screen.’

“One of the features that we discovered made this toy so perfect for this use is that it comes with a remote control. Admittedly, the remote feature ups the price tag...but in this case I can absolutely

say it's worth it. I can set each toy to a different speed and pattern, which can make a *huge* difference. I, myself prefer a stronger pulse...while our adorable redhead here is too sensitive for that. And our third can go either way. We've already experimented and determined best-use settings. Something that we'll be uploading separate videos regarding, as figuring that out quickly can be a right bore when you're trying to have fun! Knowing your preferences in advance is a best-case scenario! Now, I'll just turn this on...and let you enjoy the show! Given that I'll be a bit...busy, I'll leave farther commentary for the voice over!"

Lana gleefully put action to her words again, triggering the pre-selected combination they'd already decided on during their testing rounds. A moan slipped past her lips almost immediately as both the insert and clit teaser began to pulse with slow but strong beats...even as different patterns started inside the other two women. For a long moment, all three of them were frozen by the intense new sensations...but then Lana recovered and began to slowly thrust.

Another feature of the toy, one she'd be sure to highlight when she did the voice over later, was its response to thrusting. With every thrust in, it sped up the pulsing buzz of its vibrations momentarily, with every withdraw it slowed them the same amount. Which meant, as Lana steadily picked up speed, all three of them were assaulted with stronger and stronger vibrations and more rapid repetitions of the pulse patterns each of them had picked.

Moaning which had started low and slow rapidly grew in volume and frequency as all three of them quickly lost their minds. An idle thought caused Lana's eyes to dart to the side...where she saw Yui half-collapsed behind the main camera and blushing madly, with both hands clapped over her mouth. The sight, and the knowledge that Rikka was probably in a similar state at her soundboard, sent an additional rush through Lana and she redoubled her efforts, shifting her thrusting angle subtly but randomly to hit new points in each of the girls under her. The random walk that resulted wasn't perfect, but it was the best solution they'd found to the fact that the toys couldn't be managed independently. And the randomness was its own kind of fun for both girls...who were clinging to each other in a daze at this point.

It was Rana, who always had something of a hair trigger, who came first...but Rana was multi-orgasmic and Lana didn't even consider slowing, even as her pounding into the redhead's now-more-sensitive pussy caused her to howl and thrash. Despite her best efforts to hold on, Lana herself was next, the clitoral stimulation adding more to her experience than the other girls were getting. Thrusts stuttering and knowing her legs wouldn't hold her much longer, Lana slammed home as deep as she could...then used the remote she still had clenched in one fist to redouble the power of Petra's vibrator. Seconds later, the Ravenette was bucking and howling through her own climax, nearly throwing poor Rana off. Lana let the vibrators keep running, extending both her and Petra's orgasms as long as she could stand it...then turned it off and half collapsed onto the other women with a groan.

It took a couple of minutes for them to recover. When they did, all three of them helped each other to their feet...and turned predatory gazes on Yui and Rikka, who hadn't cum yet. The two techs gulped even as Rana charged! And Lana, sauntering after the adorable redhead with her giggling secretary, once again reflected on how much she loved her job...

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