**Chloe's Internship** Ch. 01-05

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**Chapter 1**
"Last summer I worked at a summer camp in Marin. Before that, I babysat on weekends and waited tables back home."

Chloe was nervous. She had bused all the way out here from Southern California and the man interviewing her didn't seem like a pushover. "Out here" was way out in the boonies: a small town named Sugar, named after a long forgotten pioneer and buried in the woods of Washington State.

"Why did you decide to apply for work here?" Most people thought Brian Stevens was a nice person, though kind of forgettable, but he believed in being tough at interviews. He was a smart guy, trained as an engineer, not a manager. He didn't have much experience being a hardass so maybe he was overcompensating a little. This might explain why the girl looked so nervous. He thought it was kind of surreal since it was usually him that was nervous around pretty girls.

"Well, I think I'm a good match for your company. I'm very interested in the software industry and I think working at a startup will give me a lot of exposure."

"I see. It says on your resume that you're only minoring in computer science. Your major is political science." Brian's brow furrowed with disappointment. He made an effort not to stare at her sizable tits.

"Well, originally, I was interested in political science. I started looking into comp sci after a survey project when the results came back and we had to analyze the statistics. I realized that there was as much to learn from the tools we used to examine our results as from the results of the survey itself." Chloe breathed with some relief. Maybe she could pull this off.

Brian nodded pensively. He knew he was going to hire this girl. The job was simple and didn't pay much, and while there were a lot of people looking for work, very few could match this candidate. The blond nineteen year old, a rising junior from San Diego, was pretty, smart enough, eager to please, and willing to come way out to the middle of nowhere to work at his little company. Dedicated. He had a lean, nimble team of ten men who worked nonstop and a female face could, if nothing else, brighten things up. He could feel some power in this situation, and he liked the feeling. Power over a hot coed! He relished the pause in the conversation. She looked adorable, so nervous. It would boost morale to have a hotty around. A nice girl who wasn't a snooty bitch. Plus the guys deserved a reward. After struggling for a couple of years, they were finally starting to turn a profit.

Brian pushed the budding dirty thoughts to the back of his mind. This was a professional interview, dammit.

"I think we might have an opening for you. Now, don't get excited," he held up a hand, "To be frank, I don't think we'll have much use for you on anything technical. What we do need is someone to take care of the team. We're a bunch of guys, we don't get out much, and we have a ton of work. It would help if we had someone around to clean up and keep us fed, and smart enough to answer phones, take messages and know what crumpled pieces of paper are trash and which are the napkins with the genius sketch for the Next Big Thing. We'll try to teach you some things when we can, but don't get your expectations up. Like I said, we're very busy."

Chloe was beaming. Her first office job and it was with SoftTec, just the sort of dynamic little company that made the news with cutting edge technology. She'd actually used a couple of their apps on her iPod, which she had, sadly, had to sell early the previous semester to pay for books. She knew entry level positions involved mainly grunt work, but she was determined to make opportunities for herself to make meaningful contributions.

"Since you're only going to be around over the summer, you would be an intern. Our first actually, so there is going to be a trial period. We also don't have much of a budget for the position, but we can offer student credit and $3,000 for the 12 weeks that you'll be around. $1,000 paid out every four weeks. I suppose you'll be needing some money to get set up in town so I can give you $500 now and another $500 on Monday for your first month. Another thing, we're 24/7. I obviously don't expect you to be around all the time, but you should expect to be available at all times if something important comes up. Your standard workday will be from eight to approximately six, but we might need you to stay later. You'll get one day off a week. If we make you work through it, we'll pay you for it, or you can carry it over to the next week."

"That's great!" Chloe was too relieved to get the job to pretend to play tough negotiator. As she thought on it further, she realized the money wouldn't actually go very far. It would get her through the summer, but it wouldn't put much of a dent on her massive college bill. She'd still have to get a job during school. At least this would pad her resume with some real experience.

"Good. Good." He opened a safe under his desk and brought out a stack of bills. He counted out twenty-five twenties and gave them to Chloe. "Here is the advance on your first paycheck." The new hire could hardly contain her excitement. She had been worrying about how she'd make ends meet before her first check.

Brian then pulled an envelope from a stack of boxes next to his cubicle. "And take these home and go over them carefully. They're basic employment forms and the employee handbook. I'll need you to fill everything out before you start work tomorrow."

Chloe wasn't too surprised that she would be expected to come in tomorrow, even though it was a Saturday. He *had* said they were 24/7.

Brian had hired a labor lawyer to put together a standard package to give new employees as his company grew. He had no idea what was in there. Watching her take the envelope, his eyes caught on her large breasts. He had trouble looking away and quickly thought of a plausible cover for his wandering gaze.

"Also, as you probably noticed, we're pretty casual here. That said, I appreciate the way you've dressed today and I think it would have a good effect on the atmosphere for you to maintain a similar high standard in your attire while you're working for me. Part of your role will be to improve the appearance of this office and dressing professionally will definitely help." Brian hoped none of that came off sleazy. Chloe flushed a little, but seemed to take the instruction as it was intended. "Since I'm asking you to introduce a level of formality, I think it also makes sense to use formal forms of address, such as sir and mister. I hope that's okay with you." Chloe nodded.

Brian figured the interview was over, but for a moment couldn't think of what to do. He knew instinctively that he needed to take the initiative. After a slightly awkward pause (he hoped she didn't notice his indecision), he stood up and stuck out his hand.

"Chloe, welcome to the team!" Chloe wondered at being addressed by her first name after what Mr. Stevens had just said, but wasn't about to start questioning her boss. Besides, he had said it was *her* responsibility to bring the formality, not his.

"Thank you for the opportunity, Mr. Stevens. I won't disappoint you."

Mr. Stevens sounded good coming from her and he was glad he had thought of insisting on the title. "Be sure to come in tomorrow at 8."

"Yes, sir." Brian sat down and Chloe walked out of the office.

Chloe had been a bit unsure about what she should wear to this interview. She'd always heard that it was important to dress up for interviews, but since this was a software company and a startup, and both were famous for casual attire, she had doubted if formality would be appropriate. When the petite blond had walked in and seen a bunch of guys wearing shorts, Hawaiian prints, Star Wars characters and other geekery, she had not been reassured by her choice of a wool knee length skirt and jacket, white blouse and two inch heels. Walking out through the same nerd menagerie, she felt buoyed by the boss's reassuring words, but dismayed that she only had a couple of reasonably formal outfits before she would have to start getting very creative with her student clothes.

Moments after she left, Brian realized the office was eerily quiet. He stepped out and looked over his crack team, looking back at him from behind their workstations. The stares were somewhat unsettling. Brian was never too comfortable being the center of attention and moments like these tempered his shred of guilt over having the only cubicle in the office.

"Yes, we hired her."

The office erupted into hoots and cheers.

**Chapter 2**
Chloe swayed as the bus hit a small pothole. She was glad there was public transportation and was a little surprised this many people were commuting on a Saturday. All the seats were taken. Clearly, working on the weekend wasn't exceptional in the little town of Sugar. She dreaded what it must be like on the weekdays. Standing 5'2" and slightly built - apart from her breasts - she was apprehensive about being smothered by a large crowd. She already missed her car, or more accurately, the car her mom let her borrow to drive to classes. At least it would save her a bunch of money over the summer. She was also starting to miss her bedroom a little. A lot of students got to enjoy the liberty of dorm life, but Chloe wasn't one of them. Costs had forced her to study close to home, and that meant living with her parents.

Now she had her own place; the realization made her smile. Even if it was a tiny box in a small new complex half an hour from work. At least she hoped it was half an hour. Fortunately, she had been able to find something cheap and on the town's only bus route that very same evening. Unfortunately, she had had to sleep on a blanket on the bare floor.

Chloe walked through the open door. Two of the guys were already in there, focused on some project. They looked up at the sound of her heels walking to the back corner where Brian kept his cubicle. She had opted for a fitted short-sleeve blouse and slacks for her first day on the job and she had kept her long, curly blond hair loose across her back, hanging to just below her butt. She'd been growing it for ages and was very proud of it. What would she wear tomorrow? Maybe she could get out and do some shopping, but the limited options in a town seemingly populated entirely by men meant she would probably have to order online and wait for days.

The office was quite large for the small team. It took up half the second floor of a small office complex and was almost square: fifty feet wide and sixty from the door to the far wall. There were two support columns and two small enclosures next to the front door: on the left, the kitchenette/break room and bathroom, on the right, the conference room. The right side of the room had two rows of computers lined up on either side of Brian's office and set up along the long side of the room, facing away from each other. The left side was empty. Chloe wondered why she hadn't noticed the smell of mold and beer yesterday. She was probably too nervous and excited. Today however, she could see plainly how much these guys needed taking care of.

Brian stepped out of his cubicle, looked at his watch and smiled. "Three minutes early! Let's get you started. Let me introduce you to some of the team." He took the papers from the smiling intern.

"This is Mark Harris and Carlos Magnini. They've been here overnight working out some problems we found that are making our applications crash on the new Xcorp OS." Mark and Carlos looked tired and wired. Whatever coherent thoughts they had weren't directed to handling social chit chat. Mark stared in a way that some part of his mind considered polite for a period that same part of his mind told him was the acceptable length of time. Meanwhile, the part of his brain that sent blood to his penis reinforced the instruction to continue staring. After a weirdly long length of time, he said "hey" and turned back to his monitor, his face slowly migrating closer to the screen.

Carlos went through a similar, slightly more sentient process and managed to ask her name and welcome her to the company before turning back to his work.

"Well, I guess we should start with the obvious." Brian indicated the cans of beer and energy drinks, snack wrappers, pizza boxes, etc. decorating the desks. "Just keep a lookout for scribblings. These guys have been known to scratch epiphanies into coke cans."

Chloe spent the rest of the day cleaning, bringing food and refilling coffees. By ten, the whole team had come in and she had her hands full. It soon became apparent that her hair would get in the way so she tied it off into a long ponytail. Because of its length, she had to tie it off at a few points along its length with rubber bands to keep it under control.

She noticed a lot of looks as the day wore on, especially when she got on her hands and knees to clean up a stain, or bent over to drop off a plate of pizza. She was used to guys staring, and it kind of creeped her out. On the other hand, she realized she would have to work with these guys all summer and there weren't any other girls in the office. They could hardly be blamed for looking. Why make it an issue? She caught the looks and smiled back. She'd waited tables, and remembered to simply be nice and forgiving.

The guys were pretty confused at first. None of them had all that much experience with women, and no one had ever gotten a smile from a girl this hot - except maybe from a waitress at an upscale strip club. They also weren't used to being addressed by their last names, but the small token of respect didn't hurt their morale any. It took some getting used to before they started to smile back. Brian noticed what was going on, and how the mood in the room improved noticeably throughout the day. At first, part of Brian worried that the guys would get distracted, then he considered that the bulk of the work was finding creative solutions. Happy people were more relaxed, and relaxed people thought more creatively. On balance, keeping the guys in a good mood was probably better for the bottom line than keeping them stressed. There was also the fact that these guys worked enough as it is, and any more stress would likely drive half of them away.

Brian noticed Chloe standing around just after lunch, fidgeting at the end of the double lines of workstations. He figured something might be wrong and called her over. He noticed Craig and Peter snuck a glance at her tight ass. Craig bit his lip.

"Is something the matter?" Brian worried the stares were making her uncomfortable. Damn his luck to get a hot intern and have her run away scared because his company was full of lechers.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens, but I've cleaned up everything and gotten everyone food, but there's nothing to do now."

"How about I have you answer phones? It shouldn't be very busy today, so you should be able to ease into the task."

"Great! Where do I sit?"

Brian couldn't believe he hadn't thought of that. No wonder she was standing around. "Good question. All the desks are taken and we don't have any chairs in the conference rooms - it turns out having everyone stand at meetings make them go faster, anyway... The stools from the kitchen!"

They walked over to the kitchenette, which had a small bar with several tall stools. Brian placed it where Chloe had been standing earlier and gave her a smart phone and a head set. The smart phone had wifi access and he showed her how to check his calendar. She would be able to take calls and keep an eye on the guys' needs from her perch. Brian thought his solution was ideal and went back to work.

The afternoon passed slowly. A couple of calls came in, and she picked up lunch trash. The guys looked up at her from time to time. She smiled back, feeling pretty exposed sitting high up in a stool around a bunch of tense computer dorks. Some time had passed since lunch and the guys were getting immersed. The rate of curse words rose as the guys got into their projects and ran into their respective brick walls and hurdles. One of the guys, Jeff Postolski, spilled a coke on his pants and shot back from his computer swearing. Chloe ran to the kitchen in her two inch pumps and grabbed the paper towels. Between the spill and the clicking heels, everyone had turned around (except Mark, who had been engrossed in his assignment since yesterday and catatonic to the outside world) in time to look at Chloe's tight bubble butt hurrying to the kitchen. On the way back, they were treated to her generous boobs bouncing around as she brought the roll of paper towels. She gave the towels to Jeff, who inwardly groaned. If only she would dry him personally.

"Oh, Mr. Postolski, we should really get you to the kitchen to clean you up. Please stand." She knelt down to mop up the spill on the floor. Realizing she was getting a lot of looks made her feel self conscious, but also a little turned on. Being gawked at all day, even by this crowd, was a little flattering. Maybe she wiggled her ass a little more than mopping required. Moments later, she walked to the kitchen with Jeff in tow. A few of the guys were tempted to spill drinks on themselves if it meant alone time with the hotty.

Chloe went behind the bar to the sink and soaked a wash cloth. She passed it back to Jeff, still smiling. Smiling was important. He looked sheepishly at her.

"Thanks, that was pretty clumsy of me."

"Don't worry about it. I know you must have been focusing pretty hard. I haven't even seen you go to the bathroom and you've had like three cans of..."

"Oh right, now that you mention it." Jeff suddenly realized just how full his bladder was. "I really do need to go."

He rushed past her, blushing and feeling like an idiot. He was the first guy alone with this chick, and he had to pee too badly to enjoy it. Aside from that, this was the longest conversation he'd had with a girl in.... He definitely didn't want to finish that thought.

Chloe walked back to the work area. She realized Jeff was probably pretty mortified. What he needed now was to feel respected. She finished cleaning up the spill and put a fresh can of coke by his keyboard, then went back to her post. Jeff was hesitant to come back and took his time soaking up the coke from his jeans and emptying his bladder. He came back as nonchalantly as he could. Chloe turned to him and gave him a genuine smile.

"I got you a new coke, Mr. Postolski. Please let me know if you need anything else."

He heard the words and felt the honesty, and he saw the new can, but Jeff was used to being teased. Part of him told him she was mocking him. Another part clung to her last sentence. Anything....

Brian noted some time later that the cursing had come down and the tension seemed lower since Jeff had spilled his drink. Brian was a smart guy, and he had been focusing on management all day. Since Chloe was a new element, he had been paying attention to how the guys reacted to her. When she was moving around, cleaning, the mood in the office seemed better. Right until after lunch, when Chloe was sitting behind the guys, idle, things got more tense. Tenser than usual. Then Jeff spilled the coke, and everything got better again.

Brian realized two things. Chloe's position put her behind everyone, which meant that she could look at all the guy's computers. Brian knew for a fact that the guys liked looking at porn off and on throughout the day to rest their minds, and occasionally they'd hit the bathroom to relieve tension. With Chloe looking over their shoulders, they had had to cut back. On the one hand, the idea of firing his only female employ to let his guys beat off seemed fundamentally wrong, on the other, he liked to keep the stress down and his men happy. On balance, having a real woman, and a very attractive one at that, though fully clothed, seemed to have a similar and better effect on morale than nudy pictures. But the men should still get their porn.

Which brought him to the second thing. His focus had been on letting Chloe keep an eye on things to make sure everyone's needs were met. He hadn't fully considered the fact that it was important for her to be seen. Perhaps more important. He prided himself on being a good engineer, and good engineers solved problems. This problem had a simple answer.

That night, after Chloe had left, he called a meeting: everyone swiveled in his chair to look at the center (they'd actually used the conference room one time, now it was half full of computers and files).

"So what do you guys think of Chloe?"

From Mark, "Who?"

No one wanted to go first. Girls were a strange topic.

"Okay, I'll make this easy. Close your eyes and raise your hand if you think she's a good addition to the team."

This produced grins. All hands rose but Mark's, who looked disoriented. Everyone suspected he had some degree of autism, but no one could argue his work was anything but top notch. Brian let it pass.

"Alright, so we like her. Good. I think she has a good effect on all of us." This produced smirks, and a snicker from Craig.

Brian gave him a look.

"Since she brings a different element, I think we need to adapt. First, and I don't even need to say this, behave, there's a lady present now. Second, as you have noticed, I have asked her to refer to you all by your surnames. This isn't a policy for the office, I'm not about to start calling you Mr. Magnani and Mr. Harris, but I think it adds a level of professionalism for her to address us more formally. I think it worked today. If no one objects, we'll keep it."

Brian paused for comment. There were some hesitant looks but no one said anything. He continued, "Third, I suggest changing the layout. How do you guys feel about turning your computers towards the center?"

There were some confused looks at first. Craig got it first. "I vote in favor."

"Wait, why?" This from Carlos.

"Eye contact. Facing away from each other is fine in a way, it lets you turn around and talk, and team up on a computer easily. There are advantages, that's why we set up this way. Facing towards the center, though, eye contact is easier. You just look over your monitor to talk to someone. Since Chloe is here, it will let you talk to her directly. It will also give you privacy when you don't want other people looking over your shoulder."

Brian let this sink in. He was letting them know they could look at porn and gawk at the new girl. He saw nods and smiles.

"Great. Just turn your computers around before you leave today."

**Chapter 3**
The change was immediately effective. Brian checked the servers and file production was constant, but his guys seemed more relaxed. Chloe was doing a great job. She was coming across as a very nice girl and she was having a positive influence. It didn't hurt that she was wearing a skirt either. The guys definitely liked her bare calves rising from the high rungs of the stool and going up.... The night before she'd put her hair in a long braid, held together at the bottom with a tasteful black elastic band. It hung down over her butt and bounced with each step, drawing as much attention to her back as to the massive globes stretching out her top in front.

Chloe noticed that the guys were warming up to her. Every time they looked up, there she was, smiling back with her best waitress face. Shortly after noon, she decided to go around taking everyone's lunch order. Unlike yesterday, some of the guys started calling her over. A regularly scheduled lunch was a new thing for the guys. It was one of the few reminders they got that the day was passing by. Brian wondered if this would lead to regular lunch breaks with everyone eating at a single table (the conference room possibly) at the same time. Brian realized he hadn't had a sit down meal since March when he actually met clients in person. He also realized he was hungry and called her over to place his order.

Around six, Chloe emailed Brian, asking to talk. Brian met her in the kitchenette where the others wouldn't overhear.

"Sorry to bother, Mr. Stevens, but I have a small problem."

"Go ahead, what's the matter?"

"Well, you asked me to dress professionally. The problem is, I only have two outfits that fit the bill."

"Really?"

"Yes, didn't you notice, this is the same blouse and skirt from Friday."

"Ah, I see." The clothes did look a little familiar. Brian hoped she hadn't done something with her hair, he had painful memories of not noticing hair. Just to be safe, "Have you done something with your hair, it looks a little different?"

"Yes, actually, I put it in a braid."

"Well it looks very nice," Brian looked at her with understanding, "I'm glad that you realize how important it is for you to dress well. Take the morning off to get what you need and since this is work related, you can consider yourself on the clock."

"Really? Thanks, sir." Chloe considered pointing out that clothes cost money, and she seriously doubted that her pay would cover it. She figured that she was pretty fortunate to have found this job though, and didn't want to push her luck asking for an expense account for clothes. Who ever heard of a clothing allowance for a college intern? With the town's 85 percent male population, there was the added little problem of finding a clothing shop for women in this small town in four hours. She figured she'd have to manage and hid her disappointment. "Great! Thanks for understanding, Mr. Stevens."

"No problem," Brian commended himself for being tough but fair. Four hours was ample time to buy clothes.

That night at home, Chloe went online on an unsecured network in the building. She had gone out and bought a cheap futon mattress from craigslist and the seller had shown no problem delivering it in person. The guy had seemed pretty psyched to get a call from a girl and had been stunned speechless when he saw her in person. The thin mattress was now the closest thing she had to furniture and she was sitting on it, leaning up against the wall. Hopefully it didn't have bedbugs.

She started searching for professional clothes online, but was far from optimistic. She barely had any money in the bank and had promised most of it to the landlady. She didn't want to wear random cheap crap either. Her standards weren't too high, but she did have some pride and she didn't want to wear random crap. In any case, Mr. Stevens had specifically asked her to dress well. She found a nice skirt suit at a drastically reduced price from a discounter and put it in her cart, but realized quickly that even shopping heavily discounted clothes would exceed her budget. She figured she'd go back to craigslist and searched for "lady's formal" in or around Sugar.

After a few letdowns, she smiled and dialed a number into her office smart phone.

**Chapter 4**
First thing Monday morning, Chloe called to reassure Brian that she would be in at noon, as discussed. She had found a solution for her clothing problem.

Chloe took the bus to Sugar's main shopping district, a strip mall with a supermarket anchor in walking distance to work. With the preponderance of men in town, she was impressed enough of them cooked to justify a whole supermarket. The tailor had a pretty small shop, but big enough to walk around in. He was a short, round man with a bald plate and kind eyes lit up in excitement.

"Hello, hello, you must be Chloe, I'm Arthur Kaliakides, I'm so glad you could make it! Please, call me Arthur."

"Hi! Yes, your offer sounded very interesting."

"Oh, it's an honor for me. I've been dreaming of an opportunity like this for ages. I thought for sure that I would be stuck with men's suits. My niece told me about craigslist, and I thought, what the heck. I'll put up an ad. And here you are. This is wonderful!"

"So, how do we do this?"

"Yes, yes. It's funny, it's been years since I measured a woman. Thank you for this opportunity." Arthur moved to lock the door and closed the curtains. "Please, disrobe. I will go get my tape."

"I just want to make sure I understand. You will make clothes for me, free of charge, as long as you get to photograph the finished look and I agree to wear what you make."

Chloe was down to her panties when he came in. She covered her breasts instinctively, but curiously didn't feel all that embarrassed.

"Yes, if that's alright with you." Arthur was already measuring her waist. "Now stand still, stomach in, shoulders down, arms to your sides.... That's perfect, thank you." Arthur measured 21 and wrote down 20.

"Well, I need this clothes for work, so it has to be appropriate."

"Oh? Where are you working."

"It's this small startup called SoftTec, I don't know if you've heard of it. It's a bunch of programmer guys...." She finished that sentence with a gasp as Arthur's old hands brushed her nipples.

"Breathe out.... They will have no problem with the clothes, I assure you." Arthur smiled to himself. 26 around below the tits, 36 around the nipples. He did the math, this girl was a 30 F! And what a pair! He smiled to himself, yes, the guys she worked with would have no problem with his clothes.

"There's something else, when can you have something ready? I'm all out of clean clothes to wear to work and I don't want to have to come in wearing my day clothes."

"Oh, don't worry. I can throw something together in a couple of hours. How about something a little different? Let's see." 30 hips, 32 inches from heel to crotch. Arthur couldn't remember the last time he'd measured such a hot body.

He set about collecting materials, Chloe saw him pick up a pair of slacks and some white linen.

"Now, my dear, you have very nice legs and there's something I've been thinking of trying. Put these on, please."

Chloe slipped on the slacks. This being predominantly a menswear store, these were men's pants, but they fit pretty well across the waist, if a little low. Her cotton panties stuck out above noticeably. Chloe saw him mark off the pants with chalk two inches below her crotch.

"There's a new trend for formal shorts. The beauty is that they can be shorter than skirts and still be acceptable in an office environment. Take a look." Arthur walked her over to a mirror and showed her the marks. "We make cuffs here, like on pants, but shorter, and worn with stockings, the look is beautiful."

"But!" Chloe was wary about his explanation. Arthur cut her off.

"No buts! Remember, I will make you look good for the office, but you have to be my model." Arthur looked saddened, "if you don' like the deal, then we are done here."

Chloe was doubtful but relented. "OK, do your thing."

After ninety minutes of fitting, cutting and sewing, Arthur had the look he wanted. Chloe wasn't so sure, but she did look good. Would it be too much?

She wasn't too far from the office, so she decided to walk. Since she had come in with sneakers, Arthur had let her borrow some three inch black pumps he kept for fittings. He had a few sizes and one of them happened to be hers. He had made her a sleeveless blouse out of white linen that hugged her like a glove. Chloe found that it made her suck her stomach in more than she was used to. There was a long stretch from her neck to her generous breasts. The blouse didn't gape open too wide, but it did push her tits up and a long stretch of flesh pushed up from just above nipple level. Arthur had forbidden her bra, and fortunately the blouse was thick enough that her pink nubs were only visible as pale shadows and were not too noticeable through the fabric.

The blouse ended about three inches above the shorts, which sat low enough that Chloe had had to borrow a razor from Arthur to trim a little off the top of her bush.

The shorts worried her. Arthur had forbidden panties, so she could feel them rubbing up against her sensitive bits. He had also insisted that she wear stockings, which was all he had in stock by way of hosiery. Sheer black stockings that went up almost to her butt. The cuff on the shorts was an inch thick all the way around. It wrapped around tight and high, pressing up on either side of her vulva, outlining the bulge, if not the camel toe, and the cuff went an inch down each they on the front. But then the cuff rode up between her cheeks, not around her thighs, and came out out half an inch above the bottom of her butt. As high as the stockings were, there were a good two inches between where they ended and her clothes started. Thankfully they covered the top of her ass if not much more.

Chloe thought about what the tailor had said and had to agree that the guys would probably not have a problem.

She got appreciative looks and whistles on the streets, but the reaction in the office was much more dramatic. Work stopped as she clicked into the office. She picked up her head set and smart phone and hopped up into her stool with a gasp as the cool vinyl seat touched her bare bottom. The guys loved the sight of her big bra-less tits jiggling as she hopped up on the stool and were fixated on the inches of skin so high up on her legs between the nylons and the short shorts. So high. Against the dark material of her shorts and her sheer black stockings, her pale skin practically glowed. And then there was that gap between her little blouse and the low waist of the shorts.

Brian took in their reaction, trying hard to keep his own in check. As the boss, he had to take the distractions in life in stride. A couple of his men got up to go to the bathroom. Coming back, they almost had to turn around after seeing her from behind. Sitting made the shorts ride up further and a full third of those pert globes were fully bared, framing the long braid that dropped between and behind them. Nothing but her skin was resting on that stool. Brian thought the clothes were a bit too revealing and might be a problematic distraction, but he liked to make decisions based on facts. He would hold off on a verdict until he saw how much work his men had done by the end of the day.

Since Chloe arrived around the same time she'd taken everyone's lunch order the day before, she saw an excellent opportunity to show how proactive she was. She wrote an email to ask everyone what they wanted to eat. She was about to send it, but then realized the guys saw nothing but screen most of their waking hours. Human interaction would do them well. Hopping down, she began to make the rounds.

She leaned across the first desk to her right and tapped a bony shoulder. "Mr. Sinclair?"

The left side of the room noticed her before Edward did. Calling their attention was a vision of ridiculous perfection in the form of slender legs and a tight ass, mostly naked, as the intern diligently took down a lunch order. Chloe wasn't too tall, just over five feet without the heels, and she had to lean over a good seventy degrees with her legs straight to reach across the wide desk. This was more than enough to pull her round cheeks out from under the tiny shorts. Brian looked through the one way mirror at the show and contemplated getting a camera.

Suddenly a pen rolled out on the floor behind her. "Dang, sorry about that," said Craig, "I was just writing out my order for you and my pen slipped. Could you get that for me?"

Chloe smiled in understanding at the implausible explanation. The move was pretty sleazy, but harmless. She figured it was best to play along and get on their good side. If she wanted to get a better job after this, she would need some good reviews from her first office stint, and if that took some flirting and showing off, it was no skin off her neck. She turned around with her legs shoulder width apart and bent over to get the pen. Reaching down between her stretched out legs, she looked back over her shoulder and gave him a wink. Craig attempted to hide his blush behind a smug grin. A minute later, Edward pushed over a small stack of papers. "Oops."

Chloe strode over and repeated the act, more slowly this time. Craig and a couple of other guys started the whistling. Chloe was starting to dig the attention. She didn't really find these guys attractive, and she'd persuaded herself to strut her stuff for them to earn their favor, but still, a part of her really got into having a bunch of eyes lusting after her. She also realized it was getting all these guys to relax. Compared to yesterday, the room didn't feel quite as tense and serious. She was starting to have fun.

Sanjay saw competition on the dropped goods front and raised the bar. He knocked his coke off the front of his desk, "Ah damn, lucky I didn't get that on my keyboard! I'm so sorry, Chloe."

"You guys are sure making a mess, and you haven't even started lunch!" Shaking her head in mock exasperation, she walked over to the kitchen and grabbed the paper towels. If things kept up like this, she figured she would need to upgrade their cleaning supplies or risk decimating the local forest. When she got between the desks, she decided to really play along. Slowly she tore off a line of paper sheets, got down on her hands and knees and crawled over to the spillage, letting her butt sway while keeping her eyes on Sanjay's until the table blocked her view. Sanjay realized he should have spilled his coke on the other side of the room. Maybe next time he would just throw it where he could see her best.

The sexy act had unfortunately distracted Chloe from looking at the slowly growing spill gurgling out of the soda can and she noticed too late that it was now under her hands and soaking into her stockings and hair. She took her time mopping up before standing, knowing the guys were watching her. The attention was really warming her up. She wondered if she was some kind of slut, getting off on people looking at her tits and ass. She got up and snapped eleven brains out of a swaying ass induced trance. Chloe found she had to catch her breath. Looking down, she considered what to do about her sticky stockings and the drying coke her hair had picked up when she had dragged it through the mess.

"Look, now I'm all sticky. Thank you very much, Mr. Verma." For a second Sanjay thought she might be upset and started to come up with an excuse. It wasn't the first time some girl had scolded him and he had a pretty quick reflex. His jaw was too slack this time though as he was stuck watching Chloe improvise. The intern had pulled her braid up and was licking its length. It struck her that this was weird, but she didn't want her hair to swing back and splash coke on her new blouse. Besides, it had been pretty stupid of her to have crawled right into the spilled coke and she thought doing something kind of sexy, if odd, would distract from her clumsiness. Plus she had a good feeling her little show would earn her more brownie points with this crowd. She continued to lick and suck, slowly moving to the end and impulsively swallowing and slurping on the last few inches. The only thing moving on Sanjay's face were his staring eyes.

When she had licked and sucked away the coke, his focus shifted to her long right leg as she turned and swung it up straight on the high seat. She slowly reached across it's full length and pulled off her pump, placing it next to her foot on the stool. Years of yoga had made her very flexible, a fact that was not lost on anyone as she slid her hands back to the top of the sticky legging and start rolling it down. All eyes were fixed on the show of creamy leg coming into view. Finished, she put her shoe on her bare foot and repeated the process on her left foot. With exaggerated primness, she collected the two rolled up nylons and dropped them off on Sanjay's desk. "These are ruined so you might as well keep them since it's your own fault."

Sanjay's jaw was still slack. Chloe thought he looked adorable gawping like that. She leaned forward with a foot in the air, pressed up on his chin with her index finger and kissed him on the forehead. The room went silent and Chloe started having doubts. Had she gotten too carried away? That's when the applause started. Gradually it filled the room as the guys gave her a standing ovation. She almost keeled over with relief. Instinctively she bowed, then bowed more deeply and slowly, grinning at her audience knowingly as the applause only grew louder. Minutes later, Sanjay found himself standing in line for the bathroom. Chloe used the opportunity to place all the orders for food. She had a feeling that a look at her might be enough of a tip for the delivery guys when she met them in the lobby.

By the time lunch was over, the bathroom had seen more action than in any single day prior, and the guys were programming serenely. Craig was feeling pretty bold. This girl was nice and she was hot. Plus, he knew what Brian was paying her. For this group, any encrypted data was a neon bulls-eye and soon enough everyone would hack their way in, so Brian didn't even try to hide anything. For the meager amount of money, she had to want to be there, probably because they kicked ass and she knew it. This fact spoke well for her. And the way she acted, there was no way there was a boyfriend in the picture. The way she had winked at him earlier was on his mind and he hadn't stopped grinning all day. He wasn't that bad looking, compared to the pack of dorks he worked with anyway. A little out of shape, sure, but not terribly. He played on the Wii a few times a week. Maybe she was one of those girls into brains. He figured he had to try his luck.

As Chloe was leaving for the day, she made the rounds picking up empty drinks and Doritos bags. Craig pretended to look at the computer but his mind raced, now or never (or tomorrow anyway, but if I wait the other guys might get ideas. She *had* kissed Sanjay...)

"Hey, Chloe, do you have any plans tonight?"

Chloe turned and looked at him, slightly off guard. This was new. "No, Mr. Brown. Why?"

Opportunity! But now what? The plan was hypothetical. He hadn't seriously planned for this outcome! "Well.... er... Do you want to have dinner?"

"That sounds good. Where do you have in mind?"

The first place that shot to mind, "How about Burger Shack?" What the fuck was he thinking?

"OK...," Chloe saw the nervousness and wanted to cut him some slack. In the back of her mind section 17 of the employee handbook was nagging her about the office relationships regulations. But hey, this was only dinner at the Burger Shack. "So what time do we meet? And where is it? I don't have a car."

"Oh..." he was on the home stretch now. He had the yes, he had the place, he had the car. "How about I pick you up around 8? Where do you live?"

Ears perked up. This was a hell of a show. Craig had achieved the miraculous: A stunningly hot girl had said yes to one on one time with him. A hot girl with very large tits. And now she was about to just give out her address! What they would do with that information wasn't all that important right now. What was important, and strangely cock stiffening, was that this was personal information. They'd seen more leg and tit shaking than they deserved, and now they were getting something about Chloe, the person, beyond the office persona. There was even a pause between the question and answer that heightened the moment.

"Do you have something to write it down on, sir?"

Craig had his smart phone out, "It has voice recognition."

"I live at 193 West North Street, Unit 3B."

"Got it," Craig figured he was probably dreaming and pushed his luck. He was in full fantasy mode, so it actually came out sounding confident, "By the way, this place is pretty casual. You don't need to wear this stuffy business clothes. Wear something hot."

Chloe couldn't help laughing a little. Seeing how confident she had made him by accepting his offer, she didn't want to burst his bubble and humored him. She gave him a genuine smile, "Yes, sir! I'll see you at 8."

Craig was a little thrown off by her laughter. Was she putting him on? He wasn't about to show doubt though, and that smile looked pretty real.

Chloe walked over to the boss's office. "Hi Mr. Stevens, I'm taking off." She heard high fiving behind her.

"See you tomorrow. And listen, I'm happy that you found suitable clothes on such short notice. "
Chloe gave a hesitant grin, she wasn't so sure about the clothes herself. "Um, no problem."

Brian believed new employees needed constant feedback to put them on the right track. Chloe deserved compliments for her performance today. "I appreciate how seriously you took my instructions. Work attire is very important to meet the objectives of your job, and it goes without saying that you exceeded expectations. The file log shows a noticeable improvement in productivity since you started, and today that improvement shot up dramatically. By contrast, if you had come in wearing jeans and a t-shirt, I doubt there would have been much of an uptick."

"Wow, I had no idea," Chloe was thrown off. She had walked in expecting stern words for her attire and behavior. When Mr. Stevens had told her that her clothes were perfectly acceptable, she had been surprised. Finding out that the clothes she wore boosted productivity was completely unexpected.

"You're doing a great job, Chloe, keep it up. And have fun tonight. By the way, the Big West Burger is excellent."

Walking out, Chloe thought about what Mr. Stevens had said. Somehow, dressing like a slutty secretary was good for the company. Maybe it had to do with her making the guys feel good. She had smiled and showered them with attention all day, which they probably weren't used to. Perhaps it was making them confident and in charge, and those thoughts weren't compatible with failure. She suddenly had a sinking feeling. Mr. Brown thought he was taking her out on a date, if he thought he failed, he'd get bitter. From the impression he gave her, Chloe doubted he'd react well to that. Mr. Brown had to have a good date. He might have been joking when he told her to dress hot, but she had a strong feeling the humorous tone was a thin cover for what he really wanted, and obviously he wanted her to look even hotter than she had at work. Mr. Brown would need to find a girl dressed like a hot slut when he pulled up to her front door.

**Chapter 5**
She had two hours until he showed up, no time to swing by Arthur's and have him make something on the spot, but enough to get home and make do with her regular clothes. Thinking of Arthur, she remembered she'd need another outfit from him for tomorrow.

"Hello, Chloe! Tell me, was I right about the clothes?"

"Oh, absolutely. They loved what you made for me. You were totally right." If she wanted newly tailored clothes for tomorrow morning, it wouldn't hurt to butter the old man up.

"Good good."

"Hey, I was wondering. I don't suppose you can have something ready for tomorrow, can you?"

"Don't worry. I have something even better. You'll see."

"What is it?" She was thrilled. He actually sounded eager. The man had to be a saint to be making her clothes for free.

"Ha! Tell you? And ruin the surprise? No way Jose."

"Please."

"No! Come by first thing tomorrow and you'll see it for yourself."

"Fine."

"One thing, though. Do you have heels?"

"Yes."

"I need something black, open, with a strap around the ankle. Do you have anything like that?"

"I do."

"Great, bring them tomorrow. Good night." Arthur hung up. Now she just had to think about the here and now.

Mr. Brown liked the shorts - everyone liked the shorts - so she would stick with shorts tonight. And Burger Shack was a casual establishment, so denim was probably the way to go. She had tight, low riding little jean shorts, but they weren't quite as short as the ones she had worn all day. These would need some trimming. She cut up across the bottom of the pockets. Then she cut a little more. For good measure, she cut off the waistband and put them on. Realizing immediately that panties would show. The top of the shorts grazed the top of her crack, and a third of her cheeks showed under the bottom. Up front, she felt the seam digging in. Without the short legs originally attached to the bottom, nothing kept the tight denim from riding up, but luckily the material was too thick to give her a camel toe. The shorts were now so short, they rose higher on her thighs than over her pussy and if she spread her legs, the sides of her mound would show.

For the top, she put on a tight yellow UCSD shirt, cropped above her navel and thin enough to show the shape of her nipples. She put on white sandals with three inch heels and white plastic hoop earrings and went to work on her makeup. Not too thick, though. She was going for hot, slutty but kind of innocent. A hot college girl.

Craig showed up right on time in his pickup. Seeing her come out, he started to sweat. He thought she thought he was joking when he asked her to dress hot. Was he? How could he expect she would dress *this* hot. He started to panic and reminded himself to breathe. Ten seconds. Nine till she was in the car. His dick did nothing but stiffen.

She opened the door and hopped into the seat. Big smile on her face. Somehow it was different than at the office. It was all for him, and it was a little more than friendly. Or was it? She looked kind of excited. He looked so nervous, Chloe leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Hi, Mr. Brown. I can't wait to check out this burger place!"

Craig's cock hadn't dwindled any on the drive. He had thought about asking her to call him Craig, not Mr. Brown, but couldn't bring himself to say much. What little he did manage to articulate was safe, bragging. Being called Mr. put distance between him and her and gave him a measure of security. She was too close, he was too hard, and the situation was making him nervous. When they arrived, he asked Chloe to find a table while he parked. He tried hard not to look at the twin hemispheres poking out under her shorts as she walked into the restaurant. Thinking of his grandmother's dog's hairy balls helped improve his composure a little. It took a minute to drop from flagpole to limp wrist, and he hoped sitting at the table would help hide future insurrections.

Chloe was waiting patiently and Craig moved quickly to make sure he was seated before he was up again. Face to face with her put him in direct view of her large jugs. They molded into that thin scrap of yellow cotton with their nipples reaching out to bore into his eyes straight to the part of his brain that sent more blood to his dick. He had sat down just in time. He licked his lips. A part of his brain, a small part, sent a message that he was staring. He dismissed it and killed the messenger. This view was too good to miss!

"I heard the Big West Burger's good," Chloe broke the ice. She had never been faced with a guy so focused on her tits. It was a little unsettling. But she had dressed for it.

"Oh yeah. You'll love it."

"So what do you do around here, when you actually get out of that place?"

"Well, there's this place. There's the movies. Sometimes some of us get together and play paintball." Craig figured he wouldn't bring up the video games just yet.

"I've never played paintball. Where is it?"

"About an hour north. It's a great place. We go up pretty often." Craig embellished the outings with some details inspired by his adventures in Halo. He spoke about work. Noting Chloe's increasing interest, he waxed elaborately on his heroic coding and genius programs.

Chloe noted with some relief that he turned his gaze from her hard nipples - and why were they hard? At least part of the time anyway. He now alternated between looking at his food, her face and random places in space in addition to her breasts. In spite of his intermittently lecherous glare, Chloe was actually getting interested in what he talked about. Bullshit programming heroics aside, she was learning a lot more about the business on this 'date' (was it a date or was it a casual outing?) than prancing around all day for the guys. But the monologue was a little too much. She was genuinely interested in the business, but Craig just went on and on. She slid her foot to touch his, and suddenly he lost his train of thought.

"I'm having a good time." Chloe wasn't sure where she was taking this encounter, but it had gone on long enough. She just had to figure out a way to end things and keep the man's fragile ego intact. No, she had to work out how to leave Mr. Brown feeling better about himself than he had at the beginning. That's what he had come to expect from this date, and he wouldn't be happy otherwise.

"Oh yeah?"

"The food's good. Thanks for bringing me out here."

"Well, you're uh, welcome." Craig was flushed. Her foot stayed put.

"It's getting late, though. I like to get up early to get some exercise in." It *was* getting late.

"Would you mind taking me home?"

"Sure."

Now Chloe could feel time running out. He was taking her home, and it had definitely put him on a high. She ran a serious risk of letting him down, which would be completely unacceptable. Craig wasn't a guy she could afford to have bitter at her for the whole summer. Would she have to put out? She also didn't want him to think he was staking his claim on her. Not only was the idea of being considered his girlfriend repugnant, it would probably make things equally difficult at work. Everyone said relationships among colleagues were a bad idea. They were riding back through the woods a couple hundred yards from her complex when she decided to act.

"That was a very educational dinner. Thanks."

"You're very welcome. It was absolutely my pleasure."
She put her hand on his thigh and looked at him. The steering wheel jerked. "Can you pull over for a sec?"

Craig almost crashed into a tree. Chloe's hand slid lower as she held his gaze with a serious look. "Listen, this was really very nice, Mr. Brown... and this is really very hard. You know, we're going to have to work together all summer, and I think you guys are all pretty great. I want to be your friend, and I want to be your coworker, and that's it. Is that okay?"

Craig's heart fell. So she was just a tease. Brilliant. "Sure. That's fine with me."

Chloe smiled, "I also want to give you the best blowjob you've ever had, Mr. Brown. Are you okay with that?"

Craig beamed. Chloe took that as a yes.

She bent over across the seat and grabbed his fly with her teeth, slowly pulling down. The sound was the sweetest thing in the world to Craig's ears. Chloe worried he would blow as soon as she fumbled around for his dick and opted to let him handle the extraction for safety reasons.

"I want to see you pull it out. Show it to me."

Craig eagerly complied. It was about average, clean and cut. "I'll take it from here." Her breath felt delicious.

She avoided the sensitive head and wrapped her lips around the side. Holding his dick like a bone in her lips and kissing deeply. This relaxed him a bit. She started to lick up and down. Her tongue felt the blood pulsing.

Gradually, she opened her mouth and swallowed his head, pressing her lips over his shaft and moaning into it. Craig moaned back. She went all the way down, feeling his head pass into her throat. On the way back up, she sucked hard. By the time her lips hit the bottom of his mushroom, Craig jerked and popped, catching Chloe off guard. His dick had involuntarily slipped free and sprayed her mouth and nose, most of it falling back to his crotch.

Chloe looked at the mess on his curly pubes and his sticky dick. There was no way she was licking it up, but she couldn't just leave him like that either.

"Umm... That was nice. But now you're all dirty and it's all my fault." Chloe pouted in a high, little girl voice. Craig was dazed. "Tell you what," impulsively, she took her shirt off, she was winging it, and the little performance felt a lot more kinky than she expected. Craig's eyes bulged, his dick heard the bell for round two. "Take this to clean up. It's the least I can do, Mr. Brown."

Chloe handed over the little shirt with one hand while the other coyly draped over the nipples of her double handful torpedoes. She leaned in to plant a firm kiss on his lips for good measure. Craig took the shirt with both hands, clutching it like some lost Star Wars sequel that had actually been OK.

"See you at work!" Chloe bounced out of the truck and into the headlights. Craig grabbed his cock reflexively through the shirt and stared dumb. Her tits were so big he could see them from behind as they jiggled. She was out there, wearing nothing but shorts, very very small shorts (Craig was convinced by now that she couldn't be wearing panties) and heels. Her ass was just hanging out! Craig came again almost as hard as the first time. Good thing he had that shirt. He would absolutely treasure it. Right after he put it through the wash.

**Chapter 6**
Chloe woke up at 6 to start her daily routine. A three mile jog, 20 push-ups and 100 crunches, followed by a grapefruit and granola with yogurt for breakfast. She worried about work. She had just sucked off one of her coworkers. Would he get clingy? She thought she'd made it clear to him this was a one time thing, but who knew with men.... And what about the other guys? Would they be jealous? Probably.... What if she made them think they all had a chance? Would they lose respect for her? She had to keep control. She could manage these guys. She had definitely felt in control last night. As soon as she lost control, she would certainly lose their respect. She had to be friendly, slutty and firmly in control.

As Chloe left the house, she noticed the landlady at the window of her little house, an ancient looking cabin on the far side of the complex's parking lot that looked like it might be haunted. The woman was probably as old as the town and dressed like she was ready to churn butter. She was staring at Chloe, her scowly face looking especially mean this morning. Had she seen her last night? Chloe shuddered. She got to Arthur's at 7:30.

"Hello, Angel! Good to see you again." The rotund little old man went to lock the door and appraised her. His eyes stopped at her shoes. "Oh no, those won't do at all."

Chloe had worn heels like he had asked and she was not prepared for his reaction.

"Those are not heels. Please, give them to me. Now, off with the clothes."

Chloe had worn sweats, so it didn't take her long to get naked. Or at least down to her undies. She thought it was a little odd that she was so ready to get naked, but he was a harmless old man, and he was a tailor. Arthur stepped into the back room holding a box.

"Oh no no no. We can't have lines. Off, off. You will not wear underwear with my clothes. It makes them look awful."

"But..."

"What did I tell you about buts?"

Chloe complied and took off her bra and thong.

"I had a feeling you wouldn't have the correct foot wear, so I took the liberty of picking up some shoes from a friend yesterday after you left. Shoes make the woman, and these should get you started." He handed her a pair of glossy black heels with straps going up the feet and a thin strap around the ankles. The heels were definitely heels. They were the sharpest stilettos she'd ever seen and couldn't be less than five inches long. She'd never worn shoes so high. With her small feet, she'd be on tiptoes all day! Not like she had a choice about it at this point.

"Beautiful, these shoes work very well for you. Come over here." He led her by the hand to the mirror as she tripped after him. "Look."

She definitely looked good. The shoes made her push her butt out, suck her stomach in and push her shoulders back just to keep her balance. Something bothered Arthur, though.

"You are not used to wearing these shoes. I can't let you go until you do it right." He took a seat.

"Walk around the room."

Chloe held her arms out to her sides to keep her balance and took small shuffling steps. Arthur barked orders at her. "Chin up! hands to your sides! Stomach in! Bigger steps - you must show confidence! Keep your chin up!" It was endless. Occasionally, he would get up and spank her with a ruler. Finally he was satisfied and had her get up on a small raised platform in the center of the room.

The first thing he brought over was a strip of black cloth made of soft wool, six inches from top to bottom and thirty two inches around. He wrapped this around her hips, very low. Just above her butt in back and a few inches below her belly button in front. He fastened it with a large silver button over her left hip. Looking down, Chloe noticed the cloth separated as it went down, showing a sliver of thigh that widened as it got lower.

He then brought out a white cotton blouse with short sleeves. The blouse fit perfectly, shaping itself to her body, and shaping her body. The top pushed her breasts up and together into a deep cleavage, bare half way to her nipples. The cotton was also pretty thin and her little pink nubs were visible as dark shadows under the fabric. There were four buttons. The top one was between her nipples, the next one rode under her breasts, pointing downward, the third one went just under her breasts and the last one was an inch above her navel. From there, the tails went further down a couple of inches at forty degree angles, framing her little belly button in a triangular gap. And that was it for the blouse.

"There is one more thing. We cannot have you slouching. There is a simple trick that will keep you in good posture for the rest of the day." Arthur brought out a thin silver chain and wrapped it around her waist. "Now suck it in... a little more, perfect!"

With that, he locked the chain closed behind her with a small steel lock, shaped like a heart and half as small as a baggage lock, but sturdier. He figured she could hold it at 19 inches, and she really did need to work on her posture.

Chloe relaxed and felt the chain digging in. "What the hell?"

"You'll get used to it, trust me, you just have to pull in your belly."

"But it's too tight!"

"Don't worry about it," Arthur brushed off her concern casually.

Just then her phone rang. She picked it up.

"Are you OK?" It was Brian. Shit, work!

"Yes, I'm so sorry, I'll be there real soon. Sorry sorry."

"We were worried."

"I'll be there right away, bye sir!" Shit, damn, damn. I have to go, Arthur. Thanks for the clothes.

"Now, now, watch your language." Arthur was displeased. "And hold on one second, young lady. As we agreed, I must take your photo." Of course, he was videotaping the sessions anyway, but she had agreed to pictures, and he was looking forward to taking them. I must record how these clothes look on you.

"But I'm going to be late"

"There's that word again."

"Sorry."

He picked up the camera from the back counter. "Plus, you rushed off yesterday. You will have to come back with the shorts tomorrow for another session. Now, stand up straight. Good. Walk around."

Arthur smiled watching her, he soaked in the view of breasts bobbing side to side, visible even from the back, how her blond hair, tied back in its customary ponytail, danced a squiggly bounce over her back and how her butt cheeks danced under the tiny hem. He was certainly spending time and money on this girl, but he was old, he had the money and he needed a hobby.

"Now bend over and put your arms on the wall." "Put a leg up on the chair." "Undo the top button, let's see how that looks, now clasp your hands behind your back."

Ten minutes of pictures before the old man pronounced they were done. Chloe practically bolted out. It was a ten minute walk and she was already twenty minutes late. She jogged as quickly as the heels let her, which was still too slow. She noticed that she actually felt a little more balance with the momentum from jogging than she had felt walking. It was five blocks before she realized the show she was putting on. The top button was still undone and she could feel a lot of wind on her trimmed pussy. She was also pretty sure the skirt didn't entirely cover her ass, and she was right. Even standing straight, there were half an inch of glutes left uncovered. Running, the front flap opened to bear her entire thigh up to her hip and the show from behind wasn't bad either. She was glad it was a pretty heavy material or it might have flapped all the way open.

She considered buttoning her shirt back up, but figured it would probably help to distract from the fact that she was very late.

By the time she walked in, it was 8:27. She hurried to Brian's cubicle to apologize. Brian heard her the second she came in and was once again stunned. She actually looked hotter than yesterday. Where was she getting these clothes? He saw her coming and resolved to be stern, but couldn't help looking at her tits. The jog over had made her a bit sweaty and the thin cotton had gotten translucent enough to show some color. The material was tight on her chest and clear enough to let him know for a fact that her nipples were a medium pink. Was it called coral? Next time he'd have the color chart ready.

"27 minutes late. I'm disappointed."

"Sorry, sir." Sir sure sounded good to Brian. And with that breathless pant. Damn.

"The guys out there, they come in at six am, ten am, four in the afternoon, but they work as long as necessary. You have the luxury of going home at the same time every day and coming in at the same time every day. That's a privilege around here. You arrived 27 minutes late, to make up for it, you'll stay 54 minutes after 6. Now get to work."

"Yes, sir. It won't happen again, I promise."

Chloe turned and took a couple of seconds to compose herself, forcing a smile.

Brian just stared at the long bare legs and partially covered butt. He blinked. That was definitely the shortest skirt he had ever seen.

Today he would appreciate the privacy of his cubicle.

When Chloe stepped back out into the common area, she realized there were a lot more empty places than usual. It was just Mark, Carlos and Jim. She figured it might not be the best time to go to the kitchen to make coffee. In front of her was a major challenge: how would she get up onto the stool? After some thought, she put her hands on the seat and her left foot up on the lower rung, baring her leg all the way to her hip. Brian enjoyed the view from the back. She then pushed up, crossed her right leg between her left leg and the stool and spun to a sitting position. Sitting, her skirt rode up even higher. Looking down, she realized her pussy wasn't covered. In back, the skirt didn't even touch the seat. She was actually showing as much crack as yesterday, except this time there wasn't anything going between her legs. The only thing providing even a modest amount of cover was her long hair, which hung down over the back of the small round padded seat in its thick braid. The short chain made her suck her stomach in a lot more than she was used to, and she would have to keep her legs closed tight at all cost. It would be a challenge holding this posture for the whole day.

With the top button undone, the blouse had come apart even further and now rested at the edge of her nipples. It was open down to the very bottom of her tits, which could only mean that it would flap open up even further with little effort. At least the sweat made it stick to her body a little - for the moment. She did the top button back up just to be safe. Maybe she'd tease them with it later, she thought wickedly.

Sitting in the stool in the middle of a room with twenty two pairs of eyes on her, wearing the skimpiest clothes she'd ever worn, buttoning herself backup was more an act of modesty than a strategy for teasing. She didn't want to think of how long she'd have to hold this position on the stool. She felt the chain digging into her waist and remembered to suck in her gut, conscious of the way the action pushed her breasts out and emphasized their size over her narrow waist. She looked like a pinup. It was kind of unreal that two days ago she'd been wearing normal clothes, and now she wasn't, and she was kind of getting used to it. Liking it? She rubbed her legs. Yes, her little lady was definitely on board with this.

Plus she had killer abs. The chain was going to be a cake walk. Pulling her stomach in a little all day was like doing easy crunches, and she could do a lot of crunches.

As the guys started coming back out to the work area, they were even more astounded. The legs just went and went. The girl was pretty much naked from the hips down. And her tits looked even bigger. The contrast of her big tits and her impossibly tiny waist, emphasized by that thin little chain, was too much for some of them and they lined up for another round in the bathroom.

Edward and Craig came right up to get a closer look, circling like vultures. "Ho lee shit!" Chloe kept her eyes down and pressed the phone down into her lap to cover her pussy. "You look amazing! That's got to be the shortest skirt I have ever seen," Craig leered and slid his hand under her butt. She felt herself getting wet, more than usual. Her constantly stimulated pussy definitely had an effect. Was she losing control? Brian saw the guys go up to his intern and wondered if he should get involved. He knew what kind of porn Craig surfed.

"I figured you guys might like it," Chloe played along. She could handle them if she didn't let herself be intimidated.

"Absolutely," Edward was trailing the back of his hand over the neckline of her blouse, "gorgeous."

"You're sweet," She pulled him in by the collar and gave him a peck on the lips, "now get back to work," she said, giving him a playful spank and a smile.

"Yes, ma'am!" Edward complied. One down. That wasn't so hard. But Craig's hand was getting carried away. It was now fully gripping her right butt cheek.

She dragged a finger up his chest and pushed on his nose with a smile. "You, too, hot stuff."

It didn't take long for stuff to start falling off the desks. First was a stapler. Chloe grinned at the culprit. Sanjay again. But she wasn't going to give in easily. Chloe carefully got off her perch and bent down at the knees with a hand over her crotch to pick it up. A preposterous mockery of modesty considering what she was barely wearing, and her improbable success at keeping covered was hotter than any blatant display. A first class opening teaser with major potential for build up.

Edward pulled the spilled drink trick, dumping coffee out in front of his desk. This was more of a challenge. She got down on her knees, towels in hand, and drew her pelvis in, keeping her skirt pointing to the floor. This had the added effect of narrowing her waist further, leaving the front of the chain dangling sexily in space, and the guys still got a good boob and butt show. Finished, she went back to her stool.

At lunch time, she made the rounds at the same time as the day before. This time, she went around behind the guys, starting with Edward on her right. With him, since there was no one behind, she leaned forward over his desk to show cleavage as she wrote down his order on a small notebook. Next she went to Craig and sat up on his desk with her legs crossed. This pushed her skirt all the way up to her hips, giving him a total view of her thighs. His hands couldn't resist and it didn't take long for him to start stroking the inside of her left thigh as he gave his request, clams, with his fingers straying to her moist pussy lips. She let him indulge for a second before popping up and going over to Frank.

This time she got up close enough to him for her thigh to brush his arm. She could feel his breath speed up as she took down his order. She moved on to Mike and leaned up against his desk. Last in the row was Mark Harris, who barely reacted. She decided to test him, putting a leg up onto his chair spanning the gap across his legs, to a chorus of soft "holy shits!" of disbelief. Mark was suddenly faced with a genuine wet vagina staring at him in place of his computer screen and froze, staring in wonder and confusion. Chloe still got no response from him and put him down for pizza. The presence of the drop dead gorgeous nineteen year old had finally registered in his mind, setting in motion a chain of fantasies that would run continuously in the back of his brain. The way Mark worked, the fantasies would occupy his constant attention, but only in part of his mind, and would blur with his actual experience of reality. Far from distracting him, these fantasies would work his reserve neurons, keeping them warm and ready for use in solving otherwise intractable challenges. Sexual thoughts of the level Chloe had started were on an order of magnitude greater than Mark's usual and propelled his brain like high grade jet fuel. It took him a couple of minutes to recover from the view but the vision would chase him around the clock.

Chloe moved to the left side of the room and carried on with her tantalizing poses. When she got to Sanjay, she stood next to him like she had with Frank. Sanjay had been studying her, planning for his turn. As she stepped close, he turned his chair around quickly, pushing her right leg out with his left and pulling her in so she had to sit straddling his lap. Chloe was caught off guard and almost dropped her notepad. She felt herself falling back and pressed her left hand back to support herself on Sanjay's knee, thrusting her barely covered tits toward his face in a pronounced arch. Her bare pussy rubbed up against his rough jeans, tingling. Spreading her legs across his had bunched the skirt up to her waist and Sanjay's neighbors were leering at her naked ass.

Sanjay was a fairly tall, lanky guy. He was smart enough to pull off a competitive work visa, and had one of the highest salaries at SofTec. He also had a strong competitive streak. Craig had emailed everyone about his date and it sounded heavily exaggerated, but looking at how this hot piece of ass was strutting her stuff for their pleasure, could some of it be true? Regardless, Craig had taken her out first, and something may well have happened. Sanjay had a compulsion to outperform. Whatever Craig got, he was getting more.

Chloe was reassured when Sanjay's hand didn't stray from her waist and his eyes didn't spend too much time below her nipple line. He propped her up enough to let her hold the pad and take his order, effectively blocking the view of her pussy he was struggling not to take. "Mr. Verma!"

"This is what I want. I want a medium rare burger with cheese, lettuce and two tomatoes, a side of fries, and an iced tea." He waited for her to write it down, then continued, "I also want you, wearing something very small and very thin outside your door at 9. I'm going to take you dancing tonight. Understood?"

"Yes, sir." Chloe was breathless. This was totally unexpected.

Sanjay stood her back up, her skirt bunched up above her butt, finally showing her bare pussy to the room. Sanjay's hand took over, sliding up her still spread legs, tracing her slit. The move was so unexpected that it came and went before Chloe could react. He had never seen anything more gorgeous than that little vagina and couldn't hide his reverence as he sampled her flavor off of his wet finger. The next words out of his mouth were deeply sincere, and mostly involuntary, "I definitely want to see more of this tonight."

He pulled her skirt down, reverent and dumb with awe. Chloe blushed hot and he smiled. It took her a moment before she was steady enough to move to her next client.

The lunch delivery went much faster than the day before. Word was getting out that a stunningly hot chick with massive titties and tiny clothes was working at SofTec. After seeing her today, staff at the nearby restaurants would start vying for the privilege of bringing over the food. Brian noticed how the delivery boys reacted and gave Chloe another point for her effect in reducing the lunch bill.

Chloe ate her own lunch quietly in the kitchen to catch a break from all the perving eyes (there also wasn't anywhere to put her food down on her narrow stool). Chloe thought about what Mr. Verma had said and realized she didn't quite have anything that fit his request lying around at home. Her stomach knotted up realizing that he would be expecting something even sluttier than today's skimpy office clothes. She fingered the chain that was tightening around her waist as her stomach filled with salad, cursing Arthur for his posture trick. She forced her flat stomach in further. Arthur. She had a feeling he'd be able to accommodate her with enough notice especially since this was literally a small request. She couldn't disappoint Sanjay, and Sanjay seemed more demanding and take charge than Craig. On the other hand, there was something kind of off about asking someone to help her look like a prostitute. She took a breath and called the old Greek.

"Hello, Angel! What can I help you with?"

"Arthur, I need something for tonight."

"Is it a date?"

"You got it."

"Wonderful! I knew a pretty girl like you would have no trouble getting a nice young man to take you out."

"Do you mind if I make a request?"

"What is it?" Arthur's tone got more serious.

"It needs to be something very small and very thin."

"I see...," Arthur sounded slightly annoyed over the phone, and then there was a pause. "Our deal was for office clothes. I think I can accommodate you, but you will need to do something for me."

"Sure, what do you need me to do?"

"I'll have to think about it. I'll tell you when you come by tonight."

Chloe walked over to Arthur's shop after work, fingering the chain around her waist nervously. Arthur was sitting on his counter expectantly, arms crossed, "Strip please."

She undressed quickly and stood on the platform in the center of the room waiting nervously as he had her turn around. He was so much more serious than earlier. "First, my request, I would like to pierce your nipples."

Chloe was stunned. "Why?"

"Yes or no? Do you want your new clothes, or do you want to go home in sweats and never come back?"

"Can I see them?"

"Yes or no?"

She thought it over. Arthur thought she looked adorable with her brow furrowed, biting her lip like that, "OK, yes."

"Good." Arthur got to work. He iced the nipples to numb them and make them stick out, then he stuck small silver rings through each one. Thin and half an inch in diameter. It hurt like crazy, especially when Arthur dabbed them with alcohol. She wondered where he'd learned to pierce nipples, not to mention braid hair. This man must have some past.

"Perfect, now, your clothes."

"Wait, Mr. Kaliakides... What about this chain?"

"What about it?"

"It's so tight," she pointed to the faint pink mark where the chain had been pressing in all day.

"Hmm... suck it in a little more." Arthur slid a couple of fingers under the chain on each side and pulled it back and forth. "Looks OK to me."

"But!"

Arthur gave her a stern look and Chloe bit her lip. "As long as you wear my clothes, you wear the chain."

Chloe felt like crying. Was she going to have to keep this thing on all summer? No way she could do it.

Arthur stood up and clapped his hands. "Let's get you dressed! Black is for work, pink is for play."

He started by taking apart her braid and combing out her hair. When he was finished, he parted her hair and started new braids. This time he made two separate braids starting higher up on the back of her head and tied them off with pink ribbons. When he finished with each side, he passed them through four inch long elastic tubes pulled tight to her head that made her hair look like ropes streaming out behind her.

Satisfied, he grabbed a loop of thin pink string from the counter with a couple of wide, tapering ovals at opposite ends. He passed one end over her head and down to the middle of her back, then he brought the other end around her neck. He placed the tapered ovals over each breast. The material was mostly see through, but since it matched the pink of her nipples they looked like dark shadows, and now darker than usual as they recovered from the piercings. The rings, however, reflected the light clearly enough. The tapered ovals ended in points at either end where they connected to the strings holding them on. They were only four inches wide at their widest and just reached half way above and half way under each breast, molding closely. There was nothing between her tits and nothing on the sides. The only thing keeping these patches on was friction and tension, and Chloe was definitely feeling the friction part on her freshly decorated nubs.

Really though, her little tit caps were much to sore to be bothered with clothes, even marginally substantial ones. Why couldn't they just be set free?

Next was the skirt. Here, he had again gone for small, and thin, as requested. Chloe couldn't believe that she had actually asked for this. There was an inch wide white band at the top, resting three inches below her navel and riding along her hips over her butt. From this hung a short curtain of the same material as the patches on her tits. A pink trim at the bottom hid a wire that held the skirt in a circle out and away from her body. The wire pushed the hem two inches away on all sides, but it came just barely low enough to cover her pussy when she was standing straight. In back, the skirt covered only the top half of her butt. Her hair, pushed up in its new braids with the pink bands, hung high and out enough to clear the top of her skirt and drape away from her body, framing her mostly bare pale skin like drawn theater curtains.

He put her in clear five inch sandal style heels with inch thick platforms. Pink laces went up to her her knees. She jumped in surprise when he asked her to spread her legs and so he could lather up her pussy mound. This was really getting out of hand. But she went along. She couldn't see herself storming out. And really, he had pierced her nipples, was she going to draw the line at getting her pussy groomed? It felt kind of good actually. Arthur had that warm, barber's lather mixed and it felt delicious. Those skillful fingers expertly rubbing it on.... Didn't they use a brush? All too soon he stopped, and all too soon, the shave was done. Chloe realized she was pushing into his hands when he pulled away. She checked in the mirror against the wall and saw that he'd shaved the bottom of her landing strip, leaving a small tuft of blond hair half an inch above the top of her slit that was actually visible through the fabric of the little skirt.

After cleaning off the excess cream, Arthur patted her dry and pressed a pink plastic shell up onto her pussy mound, creating an airtight seal against her hairless skin. The object had a groove inside two inches deep and an inch wide, and it curved over the sides of her mound at the edges. Flipping a latch on the middle of the shell, Chloe felt it open her vulva slightly and grip it firmly, but not too uncomfortably. "I figured you might need some underwear with this skirt," he grinned. Chloe thought the thing was incredibly strange and had serious reservations about marching around with a crazy sex toy gripping her lady bits, but she remembered how her previous arguments had gone and kept her mouth shut. At least she could go home and replace it with some real underwear.

The skirt didn't really cover as much as highlight the top of her ass pink, and the dark line of her crack was plain to see. In front, the pink pussy cap was also visible, but it provided a sort of illusion. From a short distance, it looked like her pussy. Close up, though, the shiny cover was so smoothly molded to her skin that it looked like her pussy had been coated in a candy shell. Under the skirt, in the short gap between her pussy and the waistband, the little patch of pubic hair was an accent mark on her exposure.

Finished with her clothes, the old man put on his beautician hat and started on her makeup. Pink eyeshadow, rouge and lipstick. He smiled to himself, pink definitely went well with her thick, curly blond hair and blue eyes. He added pink plastic hoops to her already pierced ears.

Arthur stepped back to look at his masterpiece. Chloe looked down nervously.

"Aren't I a bit too... naked? I mean, can I actually go out in public like this?"

Arthur smiled, he knew the town well. Mostly it was a bunch of horny men and what few women there were generally looked like the men and shared their tastes. "Have I been wrong before?"

Chloe grimaced at her nearly naked boobs. Was this really worth the free clothes? She had to admit, though, Arthur's work was a major success at the office and she was saving a lot more than she could have by actually paying for her attire. She nodded in agreement. Arthur brought out the camera.

"Alright now, stand up straight. Good. Now walk around the room. Now, skip. Very good. OK, now I want you to twirl around, again. Again. Excellent." The skirt looked like a Frisbee around her hips, her butt and the pink patch were completely exposed. Up top, her breasts stood straight out as she spun, stretched by the centrifugal pull and looking even more like torpedoes than usual. Arthur made sure he had the sports setting for fast action. "Stop!"

Chloe felt a bit dizzy and bent straight over her waist chain to get her hands on her knees and steady herself. Arthur asked her to hold the pose as he circled her with the camera.

"Now, spread your legs and keep that pose... perfect. Very good, bend down lower, hands behind your head." Her top stayed put, probably because her breasts were pressed tight against her knees, but the skirt flipped over her back and flat belly. She was bent in half, legs straight as Arthur circled and commended himself on his sartorial prowess. He soaked in the view of her naked lower half. The pussy patch looked more than anything like a fake plastic pussy. A look emphasized by the shallow groove running vertically from top to bottom, highlighting the indentation of her smooth vagina. The pose left her ass spread, introducing him to her puckered little rear opening.

"Take your hands from your head and run them up over your legs, but stay with your head down." Arthur was enjoying the view of her downward hanging tits framed by those long, slender legs. Thirty two inch inseams! This girl was more than half leg. His digital single lens reflex camera (and the four video cameras he had placed around the room the day before) faithfully recorded the display. "Higher, higher." Her hands had reached her butt. "Good, now, pull them apart."

Chloe hesitated and started to get up. "Um..."

"If there's a 'but' coming, you know the deal. Good. Now, head down, hands on your butt. Slowly, slowly, pull them apart. Hold that position." Arthur took in the vision of her anus. He couldn't believe she was going along with this. The pose had nothing to do with showing off her clothes. She was spreading her ass to show his camera her asshole, and she had only seen this man three times in her life. He had a feeling she would go further, but this seemed to be her limit right now. He had her go through a few more poses before calling it quits.

Chloe had trouble looking him in the eye as he gave he gave her a pink clutch bag he had switched for the black one she had brought in, and led her over to the door. Patting her on the ass, he murmured in her ear as she went out, "Now go home and wait for your man." She didn't look forward to the bus ride and considered calling Sanjay to pick her up from the store. Then again, that would mean waiting around for an hour and she wasn't too keen on waiting in the store. The spreading ass cheeks deal was creepy, not to mention the pussy cover. The pussy cover was on a whole other level entirely. The way he got all dictator on her, telling her to spread her ass... yes, that was crazy, too. She pressed her legs together. As skimpy as her office wear had been today, she was against the idea of waiting around in the office wearing the current getup.

Thankfully, it was after rush hour and traffic was thin as she waited for the bus. It was starting to rain by the time she made it to the shelter and she didn't even want to think about how her clothes would look wet. A few cars passed and Chloe wondered if they were just going by slowly because of the rain. Curiously, in spite of the weather some of the cars rolled by with open windows. She stood fidgeting impatiently toying with the waist chain. She noticed she was starting to tuck her stomach in without even thinking about it as the chain moved around easily. It had been tight earlier. Maybe the old man knew what he was doing, but still, it would be awesome if she could have the damn thing off.

Finally the bus showed up and Chloe moved out of the shelter, catching a little too much rain as the driver took his time opening the door. With each step up the bus's steep entrance her skirt bounced up, covering nothing. Chloe had come to consider the garment as little more than a decoration for her butt and she was very much aware of all eyes on her as she scanned for a seat. The bus wasn't too crowded, but the seats were quite close and every eye was on her.

She wasn't too sure about sitting right next to a stranger wearing what she was wearing. So she opted to stand. With each bump, her tits jiggled for her audience and her skirt swayed. She felt the cool air from the bus's AC blowing softly all over bare skin. Between her tits, over her pussy and inner thighs and all the way down her legs. And she felt how incredibly naked her butt was. The braids swinging back and forth, bumping into the skirt and shifting it back and forth added a further emphasis to her bareness as the wire loop of the hem knocked against her body much higher than it should have. Chloe felt moisture build behind the plastic pussy cover. Legs spread for balance, with a handhold in one hand and her purse in the other, she caught someone's eye and smiled.

**Chapter 7**
Sanjay pulled up at five after nine and took a moment to appreciate the vision squinting in his headlights. Chloe's apartment was on the first floor of a motel-like complex with the doors of all the units opening up onto the parking lot. He had no problem finding her door as she was standing right in front of it, just as he had requested. Chloe was waiting under a balcony that went along the second floor units, sheltering from the rain. The headlights rendered her see-through garment considerably more transparent, and the light reflecting back off of her skin, even through the material, gave her a sort of glow. Sanjay grinned, this girl sure was compliant.

Chloe wasn't sure if the car was Sanjay's and she wasn't about to run out into the downpour to make sure. It felt like ages before he honked his horn. Chloe ran out into the heavy rain and hurried into the passenger seat. First thing tomorrow she was getting an umbrella. Sanjay kept his eyes focused on backing up as he greeted her, "What were you waiting for? Just standing there?"

Was he serious? After making her wait outside all this time, was he really asking her why she was taking so long?. Chloe figure she'd let it slide. She didn't want to start things off on the wrong foot. "Sorry, Mr. Verma."

They drove in silence for a while. "So where are we going?"

"Dancing! Where else?"

"But where?"

"That's the surprise." Sanjay was determined to look at her as little as possible on the drive, playing it cool. There was also something that was bothering him. Staring at the road helped clear the lust swamping his brain and let him think a little more clearly. He had noticed something when he had her in the headlights; she was wearing panties. He thought over this for a couple of minutes as Chloe sat nervously next to him.

Craig had been a lot more talkative than this guy and Sanjay hadn't given her much of an opening for starting a conversation. Sanjay thought of what they were getting away with at the office, and how Craig had emailed all the guys bragging about how easy he'd gotten a blowjob out of her and how she had been so eager for it she had gone out completely commando. Craig was a putz and Sanjay was damn sure he could get a lot more and he was equally certain he deserved more. He reminded himself to play cool,

"Chloe, I noticed something when I picked you up, and it kind of... upsets me."

"What is it?" Chloe was concerned. The point of these dates was to help the guys feel more confident, right? But it was tricky going. She reminded herself that she'd started down a path and had to stick to it or this job would blow up on her.

"Well I think it's pretty obvious," he turned to her with a look of anger and hurt.

Oh damn, what now? "I'm sorry, but what did I do?"

Sanjay took a hard breath. "The past two days, at work, you come in and it's pretty obvious all you're wearing is a single layer of clothes, no undergarments. You go out on a date with Craig and no undergarments. And here you are with me, and suddenly you have panties on. What the hell, Chloe? Is it because I'm Indian? I fail to understand."

Chloe was stunned. She thought the little white g-string would look cute with the strings coming up above the sides of her skirt and dropping back under between her cheeks. There was no way she was going to go out with that little plastic thing on her pussy and she couldn't exactly walk around commando with the skirt. But ok, Sanjay had a point, too, and she had definitely wounded him. Badly. She felt herself on dangerous ground. "I am so sorry, I didn't realize... here, I'll take them off, you can have them."

Chloe was in a panic and tugged the strings loose at the high cut sides, pulling the little panties down over her legs. Sanjay tried not to show how much he was enjoying the show. The angry race card trick was working pretty well. He felt kind of crumby but hey, maybe she *was* kind of racist wearing panties, just because of who he was. It was a good thing there weren't many cars out now or he would have probably hit one hard. Once again, he pulled his eyes back on the road as she tried to hand him her underwear. But he went back to ignoring her. The more he kept driving, thinking about what he was saying, the more he realized he was actually angry. Maybe at Chloe or maybe she was just the trigger; he felt what he said and felt it more as it simmered.

"Not good enough," he pulled over. "Get out of the car."

Was he going to leave her here in the rain? "I'm sorry, please!" She was on the brink of tears.

"Out."

She complied, stepping out away from the road. Thankfully they were on a stretch of road going through the woods, which meant no one was around. On the other hand, it was raining in sheets and no people meant it would be a long, difficult walk home. The sadistic part of him relished seeing the little blond squirm nervously in her slutty little getup, the water pressing her long braids against her back. He let her fidget for a while before stepping out with his umbrella and coming around to the front of the car. "Get up here and put your hands on the hood."

Chloe was drenched. She walked up on her high, clear platforms, her long braids sagging heavily against her body, pulling her head back, and leaned forward to put her hands on the low hood of the old Toyota, clutching her little panties in her left hand. Hoping to improve his mood she spread her legs shoulder width and kept her back straight. The cold Northwestern rain had plasterer her top to her nipples, showing every little contour in faithful detail. At least the plastic loop in the skirt kept it from sticking to her. Bent over, the water streaming onto her back poured around her naked midsection and concentrated in a line dropping from the little heart shaped lock on the chain around her waist. Her braids fell soggy onto the warm hood. She could feel herself start to shiver. Was it cold or fear?

She felt Sanjay come up behind her as his umbrella blocked the rain from her exposed ass. He gripped her right cheek. Was he going to fuck her?

"Every day, I get those looks. Is he a terrorist? Is he going to bomb us? Is he going to mug me? It's all in the eyes. The way people look." He kneaded.

"Then I meet you, and I take you out and I think you're different. I think you're a nice girl, but still you treat me differently. I'm the only guy you wear panties for. Yeah, it sounds ridiculous to you maybe, but panties or no panties gives a strong message. Then you sit there all quiet. I bet you never thought you'd be out on a date with an Indian. Hell you've probably only been out with white guys."

He sure knew how to make her feel like shit. Chloe was sobbing. Maybe he was right. Maybe that's why she couldn't think of anything to say to him in the car, why there had been so much silence. He was definitely right about one thing: she'd only ever dated white guys. Not that many, but still. There were black people and Indian people at her school growing up, and more in college. She had hung out with a few of them, but she couldn't honestly call them friends. God, maybe she was a racist. She was shaking as her tears ran.

Sanjay realized he was venting years of anger, and that anger was starting to mix with a lot of lust. The emotions fueled each other and he was fully on autopilot. He shifted his grip left and rubbed his thumb into her exposed asshole. "You're just another little racist bitch aren't you."

This prompted another sob from her. Damn, her ass was fine, the little whore. He pressed his thumb deeper, past her puckered ring, and slowly in and out. "Give me your panties."

With a shaking hand, she reached behind her back and handed him the offending little scrap. Sanjay held it to his nose for a second then rubbed it over her butt. He rubbed it into her right buttock in his open palm, gripping and relishing the soft, creamy white flesh through the silk. Then he moved to the center and pressed it up against the crinkled opening. He pushed the gusset with his thumb, poking it in. Little by little, he stuffed the panties into her sphincter until just a shred of the white fabric poked out. He stepped back to admire his handy work. The skirt framed the shivering intern's butt like a halo as the hood of the car pushed her skirt up and out. By now her arms had failed her and she was prone over the hood. The little scrap of string looked like a stringy piece of semen leaking out of her butt, dangling between her straight, spread out legs and streaming rainwater glistening in the car lights. Sanjay felt like he might cum just from looking at her and thought about just reaming her right there in the rain. He finally noticed her shivering and crying, soaking wet over the front of his car.

"My God, what the hell am I doing." He whispered to himself. "Chloe, I'm so sorry!"

He picked her up around her waist with one arm, hugging her close under the umbrella. Chloe hugged back, crying into his shirt. He looked down at her wet, matted hair, "I'm such a jerk... You're freezing! I'm so so sorry."

He walked her back to the passenger side and helped her gently back in the car.

She was hugging herself and rubbing her tears off with her hands when he walked in. "I'm so sorry, Chloe, I don't know what came over me."

"It's alright, Mr. Verma. I didn't even realize how I was treating you. I can't imagine what you must think of me."

"I... It's just that, you must have pushed some kind of button. It was unfair how I blew up at you like that...."

"No," Chloe leaned towards him and put her hand to his cheek. "You had some things right. I don't have any friends... I mean, I only have white friends. I've never been with a black guy, or a Chinese guy or an Indian guy." She leaned in to him. "But I really like you, Mr. Verma." She gave him a full kiss on the lips. "You're strong, you know how to take charge, and you're kind of good looking. I deserved that," as she said it, she felt he he had a right to scold her, the panties up her butt might have been too much though. The look on his face was fragile and she thought better than to bring it up right now. She could tell he felt like shit for what he did, but she knew he had some deep reasons for it. If she pulled her g-string out now, he wouldn't stop feeling like an asshole. She was telling him that he was right, if she took it out he would think she was just trying to make him feel better.

"I am aren't I," Sanjay smiled back sheepishly.

"Yes, and you're going to take me dancing, aren't you, Mr. Verma" she traced her index finger around his ear and gave him a pouty look.

Sanjay smiled back, "Please, call me Sanjay when we're not at work. Now let's see if we can get you a little dry," he turned on the heater and turned up the fan. Hot air started blowing in. "It shouldn't take long with what you're not wearing." They both laughed at that.

Twenty minutes later, they pulled up at a bar with a mix of trucks and cars parked out front. It was done up to look like a lodge. Chloe had been relieved to find out her makeup hadn't smudged much. Arthur must have used the waterproof stuff. Her clothes by now were pretty dry, but seemed to cover a little less. At Sanjay's advice, she had slipped off her clothes to air them dry over the heating vents. The top felt tighter. Chloe couldn't believe she was going to walk into a bar with these two little scraps on. At least she had Sanjay to keep an eye on her. Over the ride, they had had a serious talk about race issues and their respective experiences growing up. She felt she could trust him.

Sanjay parked the car and turned to her with a wicked grin. "I want you to walk in there first, and wait for me. I'll be in in a little bit."

"Why?"

"I want to see how those guys react. It's going to be awesome." He grinned bigger.

"What!?"

"Oh they're harmless. And I'll only be a minute or two behind you. Just go in, lean over the bar, and order yourself a drink."

"Can I have the umbrella."

"Uh uh. You look even cuter when you're wet."

Chloe was taken aback by his reference to the ugly episode in the rain, but she didn't want to mess things up now that they were going well. She was doing much better with Mr. Verma after starting off on a very bad path. His increased confidence was also growing on her. She put on a look of fake shock and slapped him playfully, "You're unbelievable!"

Sanjay just smiled back, amused, "Get out of here."

With a humph, she stepped out of the car and stomped sexily across the parking lot into the bar. Couldn't he at least have dropped me off at the door? She had to admit, though, there was a lot that was hot about what she was doing, Sanjay's assertiveness got her excited, and the prospect of letting a bunch of guys see her dressed like this really turned her on. Sanjay couldn't take his eyes off her incandescently white ass swishing almost entirely uncovered below the pink skirt. She opened the door. And the bar grew silent. A room full of eyes stared. The only sound was the jukebox playing a country song she didn't recognize.

There were about twenty people inside, mostly lined up along the bar. A pretty good crowd for a Tuesday. Except for the female bartender and two other women, they were all guys. The guys all had lust or shock in their eyes. The bartender, an attractive college girl, looked surprised and very amused, the lady at the far end, a thickset woman in jeans and a singlet licked her lips. Another woman, middle aged and dressed up like she was on an after work date, looked offended.

Chloe smiled and twirled her hair. The tit patches had shrunk and narrowed by about an inch and her breasts bulged around them a little. Her skirt had also shrunk, having the effect of warping the wire circle a little and pulling it up. Already brief, it now came down only four inches. The bottom of her slit was fully uncovered to anyone a few feet away, meaning everyone. In case anyone had any doubts the little patch of blond pubes was fully visible under the sheer cloth, making it absolutely clear that the skirt was the only thing pretending at covering her pussy. She knew she wasn't wearing much, but she didn't fully realize how little.

In her sexiest walk and a seductive little smile, she strutted towards the bar. One foot crossing in front of the other with her hips swaying. The gentlemen at the bar made room, eyes roaming freely as they stood to the side. The shocked looking woman stormed out, dragging along a man who took a little too long untangling his attention from the skin show.

The bartender saw good business. This crowd wasn't going anywhere as long as this hot piece of ass was around. "What can I get you, honey?"

Chloe figured it had to be something sexy. She gave the first thing that came to mind, "Sex on the beach."

"Coming right up!"

She didn't know what that was. She was too young for bars and you didn't exactly get cocktails at keggers. But it sounded hot. Her audience looked at her like she was a radioactive doughnut. She shook her naked butt and pussy at them, aware of the little white string dangling like a lure out of her butt hole.

She felt someone come up behind her. A finger traced its way up the inside of her leg and tickled her wet pussy. "Want to dance?"

The crowd wasn't entirely sure if the tall South Asian was with this girl or just ballsy, but they took vicarious pleasure as the babe looked over her shoulder and said, "Sure!"

"What are you waiting for then, dance!" Sanjay stepped back and gestured to the empty floor. Chloe smiled and stepped out. She was a little confused when he took the seat that she had been leaning over. "Well?"

Her smile grew and she started to sway to the music. Toying with her joke of a skirt, then sliding her hands over her body and playing with her 30 F breasts. She was going to dance like the slut Sanjay wanted tonight. Chloe realized her smile was real. The slut she was? Bumping and humping the air, throwing her braids over her shoulders. She paced to the music from one end of the bar to the other, making eye contact with the guys as they started to hoot and howl. The attention was getting to her. It was more than OK to show her goods in public and it was liberating. She turned around and leaned over, spreading her legs wide enough for her swollen pussy to gape. Her hair dragged back up off the floor slowly as she dragged her fingers up her legs. She slid them up to the sides of her pussy, then moved her left hand back down her thigh as she tugged gently with her right on the string coming out of her butt. One inch, two. The crowd went nuts.

She felt a hand on her stomach. Sanjay was leaning over her. He squeezed his hand up under her top, giving her a full grope as he pulled her up. She let go of the string. Sanjay danced with her, turning her with each step till she faced the bar. Who knew country music could be this hot? He was only using one hand to press her towards him by her while his other hand pulled her tit patches open, letting her massive tits hang free between them, rosy nipples poking almost straight out at the cheering crowd. In his other hand he had a drink, her sex on the beach. He raised it up over her so everyone could see what he was about to do. Chloe was oblivious, eyes closed, pressing his left hand on her tit and her right onto her pussy. He whispered, "You know how hot you look when you're wet, right?"

Suddenly she felt icy cold liquid on her face, her neck, her tits. She was so hot, the cold made her gasp. The sensation was overpowering. She pressed into Sanjay and plunged two fingers up her cunt reflexively. She could barely manage a whisper, "fuck me."

Sanjay was fit to burst. He unzipped with lightning speed, turned her around and pushed her backward over the bar, her arms spread behind her for support and her ass on the bar seat, legs draping out to the sides. Between the position she was in, the waist chain forcing her to keep her stomach tucked, and her general arousal, Chloe couldn't help but arch her body out, giving Sanjay a crystal clear invitation to have at her. So he plunged in.

There was no shortage of verbal encouragement along the lines of "Fuck her hard!" and "Holy shit!"
Cell phone cameras were out. Sanjay felt like superman. When he had woken up that morning, he had no idea he'd be fucking the intern in public with a crowd of guys cheering him on. He stared as her firm young tits perking up above her body wobbled with each thrust. So creamy, and that little piercing in her dark pink nipple was beautiful sparkling in the bar light. He grabbed at it, holding the girl steady with his other hand. It was incredible how much tit flesh his hand didn't cover.

He realized pictures meant publicity, but he didn't really care. Among the people he worked with, getting photographed fucking a girl as hot as Chloe, in the middle of a bar no less, was more a point of pride than anything else. Plus, no one would believe him otherwise. And double plus her pussy felt amazing. And her tits. Chloe for her part was too horny to care.

The bartender stood back watching in astonishment. This was definitely the hottest night she had worked.

Sanjay lasted five minutes before pulling out and shooting hard all over her. He had been building up pressure since he picked her up from home and could feel his spoogies rushing against each other to make their way out of his urethra, clear the top of her skirt and paint streamers from her belly to her chin. Only the best money shot for his cheering audience. He stood marveling at this amazingly hot little blond sprawled out naked and panting, displayed for everyone with a thick garnish of Verma juice, and he took out his phone and got his own picture. A handful actually in case one of them came out blurry. Chloe was still dazed from the fucking and the attention to care.

He zipped himself up, hands patting him on the back and asking if they could go next. He declined, but offered to buy a round as he pulled Chloe up off the bar and back on her shaky legs, eliciting more cheers. Still holding her hand, he raised it above their heads in triumph and led her in bowing deeply to the audience. He noticed that her top, missing the tension and friction that had been holding it on, had pooled down around her feet once she had stood up.

He bent down and Chloe stepped out of it to let him pick it up. He noticed the mess he had made. "I guess I should clean you up, huh?"

The show was apparently not over. Sanjay lovingly rubbed her top over her chest, mopping up every last bit of jism. He dragged it gently over her belly, over her waist chain and her skirt. Chloe stood looking down into his eyes, her mouth open and eager, arms to her sides and elbows in, freshly fucked in front of a bunch of strangers and one sexy man down between her delicious legs. She felt delicious. Anyone could fuck her right now.

She saw Sanjay with her top down between her spread legs. She was ready for whatever he wanted. The crowd watched silent, expectant. She shifted one leg a foot to the side, then the other. Sanjay roughly pressed the cum soaked top up into her pussy. Shoving it in with three fingers until it was completely inside her. Fingers still inserted, he stood up, clamped his lips over her hungry mouth and pushed his tongue in between her parted lips.

Once again, the crowd lost it, but the cheers sounded distant, "Take me home."

With no further words, he picked her up and carried her out of the bar. He'd close out his tab some other time. The bartender at the Fat Hound was a little disappointed that the crowd didn't last long after the show, but she knew word would get out and she'd have people showing up for a while hoping for a repeat.

**Chapter 8**

Wednesday morning, Chloe woke up on a strange bed. An actual bed, not her shitty thin mattress. She was still in her skirt and shoes, smelling freshly fucked and laying on top of the sheets. She could feel the silver chain around her waist. Fingering it, she noticed that it was slack and was surprised to find that she had subconsciously been keeping her stomach firm all night. Maybe Arthur was onto something with his little chain idea. Did her abs feel tighter? She also felt the increasingly familiar soreness in her nipples, and her pussy felt good. She had a whole zoo of feelings running around all over her. She stretched out into all those sensations; very very interesting. Turning her head, she saw a red 7:05 on an alarm clock. On the other side there was light. "Mr. Verma!"

She jumped out of bed. Sanjay was wearing a towel, shaving in the bathroom off of his bedroom, thinking to himself that he could definitely get used to seeing this little blond bombshell careening out of his bed every morning, all jiggly tit flesh and shiny ornaments. He even appreciated how her makeup was barely mussed and her braids were still looking pretty neat after all he had put her through the night before. Not to mention the super slutty heels! Very hot that she would keep those on all night. Somehow she managed to look perfect no matter the time of day, or maybe she was just so hot to begin with he couldn't tell the difference. She stood in the door frame looking cute as hell, all desperate and worried, her eyes pleading at his tall, lanky body in the mirror. "I'm going to be so late! I have to get to the tailor's for my clothes and I'm barely going to make it from there to work!"

As he turned, she moved to cover up instinctively, then remembered their conversation from the night before and thought better of it. She didn't want him to think she was scared of him or something.

"Well then you better get cleaned up."

She started taking off her skirt. He looked at her with mischief in his sleepy eyes, "Leave it on, shower like that, it'll look hot. Leave your clothes in, too. I want to be thinking of them inside you all day."

Chloe remembered why she was feeling so oddly full. They had practically assaulted each other after he'd rushed into his house carrying her fireman style and thrown her on the bed. He was either a lot stronger than he looked or lust gave him some kind of superhuman power. The memory was putting her back in the mood.

He had plowed her pussy hard, then he'd squirted a bunch of some gel stuff - hair gel for all she knew - onto her back door and jammed his way into her ass, unloading a third round in her bowels. She could feel her little top from yesterday deep in her pussy. The smaller g-string stuffed deep inside her butt was barely noticeable by comparison. She wondered how she'd get them out. Weird to have clothes packed inside her, but the idea of being stuffed was keeping her pretty horny. Before getting out of the shower she hazarded a finger up her rear entrance. Last night it had hurt at first, but Sanjay's shaft hadn't felt all bad after a while. She wiggled her finger a little, sore, but she could see herself getting used to backdoor action. Chloe smiled to herself, dirty girl. She made herself stop masturbating in the shower and finish cleaning up. She had to get to Arthur's for some fresh clothes and then to work, all in one hour, and she had no idea how far the commute was from Sanjay's place. It was weird to take a shower in the same clothes she'd gone out with, and in heels, but she figured she was practically naked anyway.

Sanjay was fully dressed by the time she got out. She noticed he was wearing a blue dress shirt and khakies. He even had a belt on. A far cry from the cutoffs and ratty shirt with the equation on it he had on yesterday.

"Very nice," she commented.

"You're not so bad yourself. Let's go."

Chloe hesitated. Was he going to give her something to cover up, or was she going to have to walk out in broad daylight with her boobs out and a little skirt that didn't really count? He was already at the door, looking at her expectantly. She followed him, still soaking wet from the shower, out onto his driveway. She almost bolted back inside.

There were people on the sidewalk! And cars! She counted an SUV and two sedans lined up behind the stop light at the corner right outside Sanjay's front door. She ran to the car. Sanjay was standing by the car cracking up. He noticed that she wasn't trying to cover up, leaving her her massive tits to bounce around and her smooth pussy to stare fixedly at him from under her skirt. Good girl. After getting over her shock, she laughed, too. How could she be shy after fucking in front of twenty some strangers at a strange bar?

On the ride Chloe sobered, working consciously to stymie her arrousal. She had resolved not to get heavily involved with her coworkers. After last night, she wasn't sure she'd be able to manage this with Sanjay. "Mr. Verma, I was thinking yesterday, when I went out with Mr. Brown...." She saw Sanjay was all ears and continued, "Well, I'm going to be working here all summer, and I'm basically teasing you all all day. If the other guys think we're going serious, there could be some problems. I don't want people getting jealous, you know?"

Sanjay was quiet for a moment, thinking. Was she rejecting him. He frowned, after the fucking he'd given her last night, she was really going to just blow him off? He checked his temper and started thinking it out, examining her logic. "I think I get it... Yeah, I can see what might happen. Ha! It's kind of all or nothing isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you start hooking up with me, we'll be at work and I'll be the only one getting a lap dance, and the guys aren't going to go along with that. You give everyone lap dances or no one and then you have to dress like a nun just to keep the peace. And if you're giving us lap dances, we're going to start asking you out. If you say no to some of us and yes to some of us, that won't be good. So everyone gets to fuck you or no one gets to fuck you."

Chloe hadn't looked at it in such blunt terms, but he was pretty much on the mark. Describing herself as a slut wasn't something she was keen on. Hearing it from someone else, described so sensibly, was disconcerting. She was quiet for a while. Sanjay started to kick himself for saying something stupid. Reluctantly, Chloe looked at him. Her eyes were wet, but she wasn't going to cry, "Yes... actually, that's exactly right."

She sucked it up and gave him a sexy smile, putting a hand over his crotch. Sanjay looked back, unreadable. He was having some trouble going from thinking of her as a possible girlfriend to thinking of her as a plaything. She leaned in to give him a kiss on the cheek. "I'm glad you understand. Lots of fucking or no fucking." She squeezed gently, feeling him grow in her soft grip.

"In all honesty, I'd rather have you all to myself," he smiled back at her, choking the words out. All reason aside, there was a part of him that was sore about her not getting exclusive with him. He told himself if she wanted to be a toy, man, he was going to have fun. The idea of spending time with this fine piece of ass and being able to do whatever he wanted with her was pretty damn appealing, "but if I have to share, I'm not going to complain."

Shortly, they pulled up to the tailor. It was 7:30. Crap. She was cutting it close.

Arthur dropped the scissors he was holding as she walked in topless wearing a shrunken, warped version of the skirt he'd given her the day before, now no longer pretending to cover her naked body. A tall South Asian man followed her in closely. He recovered, "I trust you had a nice date, then." Arthur sounded terse.

"Good morning, Arthur! This is Mr. Sanjay Verma. Sanjay, this is Arthur," Chloe beamed, nervous at his tone.

"How do you do, Sanjay." They shook.

"Mr. Verma drove me here, we work together." She didn't feel it was necessary to go into details. Her walking in with a man, wearing nothing but stripper heels and a joke of a see-through skirt told the story well enough.

"I see," Arthur nodded solemnly. "Well, let's get started, shall we?"

Chloe took her position up on the platform and pulled off her skirt. "I hope you don't mind, Arthur, but I'm running pretty late today."

"Now, now, dear girl. You know our understanding. Er... Mr.?" Arthur looked at Chloe's friend.

"Sanjay."

"Sanjay, of course. We might take a little while. If you need to get going, I'm sure Chloe will understand."

Sanjay was curious about this situation. This was where she got her unbelievably slutty outfits, and there was something intriguing about the intern's relationship with this old man. "Oh, it's no problem, I can wait."

Chloe was very apprehensive. Arthur was unpredictable and she hated to think about what Sanjay might see. She was also worried. Arthur was going to take his time. Would she lose her job for being late all because of her bizarre clothing arrangement? She could just imagine explaining that at her next job interview. If she ever got another one. Maybe she should just bolt. Arthur walked around the platform appraising her. He didn't try to hide his disappointment, "You are not honoring our commitment, Angel. I really don't understand."

"I'm so sorry, Arthur. I haven't had a chance...."

He stopped her with a raised hand. "You will have to compensate some other way, tomorrow, you must wear the shorts in I gave you Monday. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, let's make you presentable."

Arthur pulled a length of pinstriped dark gray wool from the counter and lay it over her butt. He pulled it around until the ends were at the sides of her thighs, where the material ended. "Hold that there, please."

Chloe stood with her butt covered and pussy bare, holding up the fabric at the top of her thighs by black plastic buttons. Arthur came up with a smaller rectangle of the same fabric and placed it over the first, attaching it to the buttons so that it draped over her front. Mindful of his audience, Arthur decided to show off his work, "Why don't you turn around and show us how it looks... arms up... much better."

Sanjay noticed the skirt was as short as the one she had worn yesterday. Maybe shorter. Strips of her thighs flashed all the way up the sides of the little skirt to where they fastened in front. Her pussy was barely covered in front and a full inch of bare butt hung under the brief hem with the mound of her vagina just visible between her gorgeous pale cheeks.

Next, Arthur brought out a silver chain. It looked just like the one she was already wearing but longer. Was he going to widen the length around her waist? He wrapped one end around her neck snugly and she heard something click behind her neck. He then dropped the slack behind her back like a leash. Chloe felt pressure on her neck as he pulled down on the slack, forcing her to arch her back slightly. After a second click, Arthur stepped back. "Beautiful, turn around so your coworker can see," Arthur looked at his work proudly as she turned around a second time. He could tell the tall Indian man was enjoying the view. He had a feeling this was his kind of guy.

The quarter inch silver chain around her waist was now linked by a similar chain to a smaller loop that went around her neck. The connecting length tugged down slightly, running in a straight line so tightly that it hung suspended away from her body as it forced her to arch her back a little. With this thin control system, she would have no option but to bend at the waist with her back rigid. Chloe was worried.

"You see, dear Angel, even with the waist chain, you still slouch. It's awful and I can't bare to see you like that; showing off my work like a slob." Arthur noticed that he had Sanjay's full attention now. "You understand, don't you Mr. Sanjay?"

"Y... Yes, I completely understand." He marveled as Chloe's forced posture pushed her massive breasts even further out and pulled her waist in further. It was a breathtaking look. "Perhaps you can help me with the next part, sir, won't you come around this side. Please, take her hand."

Arthur didn't really need Sanjay's help for this, but Chloe seemed to trust him, and he wanted to keep her reassured for what he was working up to. He brought over a pair of shoes. These were closed patent leather booties with laces from top to bottom. He placed the first on her bare left foot as Sanjay steadied her. When she put her foot back down, she had to stand on tiptoes with her bare foot to keep even as there was a good six inches of heel on it. Arthur repeated the process on her right foot. Sanjay was getting noticeably turned on and was liberally running his hand between her ass cheeks, making Chloe squirm and flush. The skirt was so short his actions hardly pushed it up. The way he saw it, if she wasn't going to go out with him, fine. If she wanted everyone to use her like a whore, he had no problem with that. In fact he was literally warming to the idea.

Arthur read the look on his face and decided it was time to raise the stakes.

He looked at her sternly, arms crossed, "Alright, young lady, I've been thinking about your attitude. First, in spite of my efforts with you, you continue to slouch like a common hussy. Second, I asked you clearly to come in today wearing the first outfit I gave you, with the shorts, and you show up in a mangled wreck of the evening wear that I so carefully prepared. Clearly, you are just a little slut who cannot keep her clothing on!"

Chloe was chastened by his words. She had broken his agreement and disrespected him deeply by letting the clothes that he so painstakingly made for her, free of charge, get destroyed. And she had let a coworker she had known for less than a week completely have his way with her the night before, in public, and it had made her so hot she had begged him for more once they gotten back to his house. She had even let him fuck her ass. The same coworker she was now letting rub her pussy openly in the middle of Arthur's shop. Who but a slut would act this way? Chloe couldn't look the old man in the eye and stared down, seeing nothing but her big fat tits in her blurring vision. A sight that only reinforced her shame. She shuddered in humiliation and arousal.

Arthur continued, "Why is your skirt ruined and where is your top, Miss? And where is the protective cover I prepared so carefully for your vagina? I do not see any of that here."

Chloe was too ashamed to explain that she was at this very moment carrying one those items inside her lower cavities. Sanjay wondered about what the old man was talking about. Vagina cover?

"You are a little slut, miss. I must ask you to get on your knees."

On shaky legs, Chloe knelt down. What was the old man up to?

"Miss Chloe, it is clear to me that you crave the semen of men. I have treated you like a young lady and you have disappointed me. I would not have it on my conscious to be responsible for other men forming the wrong idea about you. You have asked me to help you dress appropriately for work. I must balance that with the responsibility to dress you in a manner befitting your nature. Mr. Sanjay, you are welcome to join me for this." Arthur solemnly unzipped his pants inches in front of Chloe's face and pulled out his rigid cock. He slapped her on the face a couple of times and backed up, jerking up and down. He looked down at the crying girl in front of him. "Look up at me now, young lady, it is important that you understand....

Sanjay definitely understood. He saw Chloe's tear streaked eyes looking up at the old tailor. This is what it means to be a whore, thought Sanjay, and this is what you want, you little bitch. "As a matter of fact, I will join you. This little cunt deserves to look like a slut."

Arthur nodded at him and made room. "Sanjay, this slut and I have an understanding. She has agreed to let me take pictures of her so I can see how she looks in my clothing. Would you mind if I photographed this?"

Sanjay felt a surge of blood into his penis and nodded dumbly. He was going to cream hard onto this girl and he definitely wanted it memorialized. Little did he know that four high definition cameras were already recording the action from four angles.

For Chloe, this was her first time looking at two cocks at once, and it was being photographed! She realized that she had started playing with herself and felt even greater mortification. Sanjay came first, shooting a first jet into her left eye, with the camera flashing rapidly in the old man's free hand. Chloe reacted reflexively, looking down and trying to blink the jism out and get away from the bright light. The next stream hit her forehead and started running down over her nose. "We did not tell you to look down, young lady! Smile up here, for the photograph!"

Chloe returned their gaze, still blinking her glazed eye and digging deep for a smile. In spite of herself, she was getting wet, and the camera picked it up clearly. Sanjay was finishing up and moved close, dribbling onto her cheek, then moving in further to jab his dick in her slightly open, panting mouth. Chloe dutifully licked him clean. He stepped back and looked at his work. His gunk coated her eye from below her eyebrow and down in a line over her left cheek. His second shot had trailed down from between her eyebrows to the right side of her nose and had finished its run next to her right nostril. He loved the look of his load on her face, and marveled at how she was still jerking off. What a little slut! As he waited for Arthur to finish up, he wondered about what Arthur had been talking about when he mentioned the vagina cover. Whatever that was, she had definitely not been wearing one. She had been wearing panties....

A couple of minutes later Arthur shot his wad. He opted to go lower. Arthur came copiously but he'd never been a high pressure shooter. "Push your breasts together, slut." Coming from the old man, the word ramped up her humiliation and she bit her lower lip to keep from moaning. His discharge hit her lower; long ropes dangled onto her tits. Right, then left. Arthur's aim was good, but a strand ran down off her nipple and dripped onto the floor. Arthur grabbed her hair and rammed his dick in her mouth. "Now clean me well you little bitch."

She swirled her tongue around his shrinking shaft, slurping off his residue. "Umm, keep going, get under the skin, make it shine." She'd never done that, hesitantly, she teased her tongue under the old man's foreskin and ran it over his head. It was more bitter under there. Cum didn't taste all that great and the old man's smegma tasted worse. How low had she sunk? Just last week, she would never imagine anyone willingly getting themselves into this situation.

Finally, Arthur pulled back and zipped up, "Nice work, you little slut," he pointed to the drops of cum on the floor, "but it looks like you missed a few spots. Lick that up like a good girl."

"Excuse me, Arthur, did you mention something about a vagina cover?" asked Sanjay.

"Yes, yes, why do you ask?"

"Could you explain what that is exactly?" Chloe didn't like where this was going. She was done licking but she couldn't bring herself to look up at them and stayed with her face to the floor. Arthur and Sanjay enjoyed looking at her with her head down and ass up, her long hair, still damp from the shower, trailing on the ground, the chain highlighting the slenderness of her back, emphasizing further the big tits that hung straight down underneath. Mostly, they enjoyed the view of her pussy and ass sticking straight up at them from beneath the ultra brief micro skirt.

"It's a piece of plastic, pink. I put it it on her pussy myself to preserve her modesty. You know, that pink skirt is terribly small."

"You mean she was not wearing anything else under that skirt?"

"No, what are you talking about, Sanjay?"

"Let me show you. Chloe, stay down like that." Sanjay stepped behind her and got down on one knee. He dipped a couple of fingers in her pussy and pumped in and out. The camera didn't take long to start flashing.

Sanjay thought about reaching in and pulling the pink top out, but the idea of making her keep it up there appealed to him. It would be a constant reminder to her of their night out. Stuffing the tiny tit cover in her pussy was his way of leaving his mark in her, and she would have to go to some trouble to take it out. Even if someone else got to fuck her next, that thing would stick around. He felt like he had a hold on her, and the thought made him smile. He might have to share her, but he had been the first to cum on her face, and he'd managed to make sex toys out of her clothing. Let's see the other guys top that, he thought. Besides, he only needed the thong to make his point right then. Sanjay enjoyed the way the old man had bent her to his will exaggerating bogus pretexts, he was looking forward to see how he would punish her when he found out about the thong. Of course, seeing how far he'd go once he found out what happened to the top was also pretty tempting.

With his fingers lubricated with her pussy juice, he started working his way into her asshole. Chloe gasped, wide eyed, keeping her eyes fixed on the small spot of her saliva on the shop's parquet floor. He wouldn't! But she couldn't manage the words to protest.

Sanjay had four fingers in after a while, well documented by the old tailor's recording devices, but she wasn't relaxing as easily as the night before and his hand was getting tired from the effort. A few more strokes and some encouraging words and she relaxed a bit. He tucked his thumb under his palm and pushed. Chloe gave out a yelp.

Slowly, slowly he pistoned, moving deeper each time to the sound of the intern's groans. Eventually, he worked his way in past all the knuckles and continued pushing. His hand and fingers ached. Inside, he clenched his fist, Chloe reared back with a yell, pushing further back onto his hand. The fist trick had helped get her a little looser and he unclenched. Fisting was hard work! This looked so much easier on the Internet.

He was in up to his wrist when he felt the the string of her panties. With the tip of his finger, he hooked a strap and started backing out. Finally, with a pop, he was out. He stared for a few moments at the gaping red whole left behind between her pert, creamy round ass globes. He badly wanted to jam something else in there and couldn't help admiring the view and teasing the edges with his finger.

"Arthur, this little cunt was not wearing any thing like what you described. She was wearing this." Sanjay held up the soiled little underwear.

Arthur went red. "Sanjay, go ahead and wash your hands. There's a washroom in the back. I will need a moment. Leave those underpants here."

Sanjay went back and hurriedly washed. He didn't want to miss whatever the old man got up to. He bumped into Arthur on the way out. "I will need to wash, too, my friend."

Sanjay wasn't sure what Arthur had said, but Chloe was standing back up, topless, clutching her hands in front of her and crying. Sanjay was torn between compassion and lust. In spite of how she had been behaving, and how she had rejected him to be the office whore, they had shared a lot last night. A part of him felt bad about how he was treating her, most of him was too horny to care. Hell, she could walk out of here any time she liked. They waited silently for Arthur, who came out a couple of minutes later with a bottle of alcohol, a bag of cotton, a bag of ice, a small velvet box and a rolled up handkerchief. He ordered Chloe to sit up on the counter.

"Spread your legs, and open your mouth. Sanjay, please hold her arms behind her back." Arthur was neutral. He placed one of her braids in her mouth and asked her to bite down on it. He then gingerly knelt between her spread legs and looked up at her swollen pussy and engorged clit. He rubbed an ice cube around her vagina and over her clit. Chloe gasped and squirmed in Sanjay's grasp. Stern words from the tailor reduced her movement to an involuntary quiver.

Arthur proceeded to soak a ball of cotton with alcohol, then wiped it over her pussy, narrowing in on her clit. "I asked you not to wear panties with my clothing. I made it very clear to you that it spoils the look. Your friend had the good sense of stripping you of the awful garment, but clearly, you need a constant reminder."

He opened up the handkerchief and pulled up a thin sewing needle, which he dabbed with the cotton. "This will hurt, but I want you to stay completely still." Her clit was puffed up after the icing, still small, but good enough to give Arthur a pretty good target. His hands were ancient but steady, professional from years of fine stitching. He swiftly passed the needle horizontally through her clit. Chloe screamed into her hair and spasmed forward as much as the chains and Sanjay's arms would let her. Sanjay held her close against his chest. Arthur calmly opened up the box and pulled out one of a pair of earrings, made of the same chain as the other jewelry Chloe was wearing. Each was two inches long with special wire loops of Arthur's own design to fasten onto a person's ears, or elsewhere. He might have been dressing men for years, but he had decades of fantasies piled up on work he could do with a woman. Some of these he had made into fact like the experimental earings and chains he was applying to the teen. This girl was more than his dreams could have hoped for.

He clipped one through the needle hole. Once the young intern was done shaking, he reached up and pinned the second one to the same hole from the other side so that they hung down parallel to each other. Finished, he dabbed her inflamed clit with the alcohol again, eliciting another scream. Sanjay felt her go limp and carried her over to the counter where he laid her out. Arthur smiled, thinking about what the chains would do to her and how only he could take them off. Like the chains.

"That was incredible, but Arthur, will she be alright?"

"Don't worry my friend, she will be sore for a couple of days. I recommend you only use her rear entrance for a little while. After that, she will only feel more arousal than usual."

"Good," Sanjay was honestly relieved, he was fine with using the girl as a sex toy, but wasn't on board with anything that would damage her. "I should be going off to work, but she looks like she needs a moment to recover. Is it alright if I leave her here with you?"

Arthur patted him on the shoulder as they looked down at the sex bomb lying before them. Her skirt hiked up to reveal the twin chains hanging down just below her pussy lips and pulling her clit out of her hood, her superhumanly pert tits widened slightly but still poking magnificently towards the ceiling, and her long braids draping off to either side of the counter. The chains and nipple piercings emphasized her vulnerability; the drying cum was so much icing on the sweet. Both men were tempted to go in for another round, sadly, there was work to do. Not to mention Arthur might not live through a second helping.

"Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on her. But before you go, I have a present for you," Arthur pulled a key out of a drawer behind the counter and reached over Chloe's body to put it in Sanjay's hand.

"This will unlock the bindings. Use it at your discretion."

Sanjay thanked him and put the small key on his key chain, then left.

Alone with the hot slut, Arthur began unbraiding her hair. Like the night before, he combed her hair out meticulously. Since she was lying down, Arthur decided to braid from the top of her head again and wrapped a wide white ribbon around the top several times to hold it up. Her hair would rise three inches from just behind the top of her head before cascading down next to the chain over her back. He bound the bottom of the braid together tightly with her soiled white thong.

Chloe began to stir half an hour after the piercing had knocked her out. Arthur helped her up so she was sitting on the counter. She gasped and reached for her sore pussy as the movement made the chains swing slightly, pulling. Arthur pulled her hand back. "No, my dear," he gave her a benevolent smile, "You must not touch it for a few days. It is very sensitive. Let me help you up."

Chloe could barely stand. Arthur pulled the skirt down for her, a short curtain just covering her pussy. The last inch of each chain hung straight down beyond the hem and in spite of his age Arthur had to fight to keep from jumping her. He asked her to smile as he took a few more pictures from the front. He then asked her to walk around the room, Chloe took a step and would have doubled over with pain and arousal if it hadn't been for the chain keeping her back straight. Arthur was impassive. Her eyes teared, re-wetting the dried semen and making her blink. At Arthur's insistence, she ignored the intense sensations and smiled at the camera. After a couple of minutes, she felt she was about to come. She tried to touch her pussy, but it hurt.

"Very good my dear," Arthur put down the camera. Chloe wondered if they were done. She suddenly realized she was topless. He wouldn't make her go out with just a skirt on would he? Chloe figured he just might. Arthur was considering the same thing, but took pity. It was too soon. In any case, he had prepared a lovely top for her.

Arthur stepped up behind her, wrapping a garment over the chain on her back, pressing it closer to her body and making her arch her back even further. The position forced her to suck her belly in further and the chain on her waist got even looser, adding even more emphasis to her already dramatically reduced waist. He put one sleeve on then the other and walked around in front of her to bring the front sides together.

It was a suit jacket, dark gray with pinstripes, matching the skirt. But it was incredibly short; two large buttons fastened under her breasts. The bottom edge of the top rode far above her belly button. The jacket was very snug on her breasts, pushing them closely together, and it opened wide before reaching those two buttons. The lapels bisected her areolae, leaving a rim of pink exposed on each tit. After a couple of more pictures, he gave her a new little purse, another clutch bag with her things in them, and led her gently out with a hand on her butt under her tiny skirt. He patted her naked ass as she tripped cautiously out the door on her tall heels.

"Remember, you may not wipe the semen off, Chloe. Come back tonight, I will have something for you to wear on your date, but I will not give you anything if you have cleaned your breasts and your face." Arthur added sternly, but in a tender, fatherly tone, "It is important to be clear that you are a loose young lady. "

What date? And she was supposed to keep their jizz on her body all day? He couldn't be serious. But he had already closed the door. With ginger steps, Chloe set out on the ten minute walk to her her office slowly, stopping several times to bring herself down from near orgasms. Those devilish little chains had turned her clitoris into her whole world; she didn't dare to think about how she would make it through the day. Commuters stared and whistled, making her flush further. She hoped desperately that the feelings would fade.

A few blocks from her office, she remembered to check her phone for messages. 9:30! There were texts from Mr. Stevens. God, he must want to kill her by now. And the way Mr. Verma had treated her at the shop, he was probably going to make her life hell, too. It was only Wednesday and she felt like she was screwing up her job completely. It had taken her forever to find work, what was she going to do if she lost it?

She tried running, but gasped and squeezed her legs together, clenching her fists to keep from touching her pussy. Holy shit that was intense. She could feel her juices trickling down her leg.

**Chapter 9**

At work, Sanjay had clued the guys in on his date. He wasn't shy about any of the previous night's events, and let them know how she had pretty much told him outright that she was willing to fuck every one of them. Some of them were skeptical, but Craig corroborated the story. Brian saw how excited the guy's were getting at the prospect and figured it wasn't hurting any, and if she wanted to fuck his whole company on her own time, that was her business. Hell, the way things were going with the young hotty around, he was pretty confident it would help his bottom line. Just as long as she showed up on time and did her work. And showed the proper respect. He smiled to himself thinking about that last requirement. So where was she?

Sanjay said he had dropped her off at a tailor nearby, but that was ages ago. Did she think she could come to work whenever she liked just because she was putting out?

Brian was standing out on the floor when she walked in and he took a sharp breath. The nineteen year old hotty looked flustered and immediately rushed up to him. She stuttered, was she shivering? Brian marveled at the amount of skin she was showing, and the way she was breathing and fidgeting he had doubts the marginal clothes would hold her together. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Stevens!"

Brian looked down at the acreage of tit facing him, "Just what the hell is going through your head?" Saying that, he realized he was addressing her cleavage and figured it was an honest mistake. He was willing to bet either one of them could wear the same size hat as his intern.

Chloe looked down at her hands folded meekly between her legs. She had nothing. Brian noticed large, pale, crusty splotches on her breasts. Was that...?

"You just gave up your day off this week," he was improvising, and the thought of fucking his intern was gaining traction. The way she dressed, what Sanjay had said, her compliance, all those 'sirs' and 'misters'. He had a very positive outlook on the near term prospects of shoving his dick between those head sized gazongas. *Gazongas?* Thinking he was old enough to still use that word made him appreciate the... whatever the word was... of bedding the stacked young blond. But first, business. "Do you think you can come in whenever you like just because you have sex with my team?"

Had Sanjay told him? Probably. Everyone probably thought she was a total slut by now even if her clothes didn't give her away.

Brian was just thinking with his dick at this point, "Bend over the stool. Right now."

Chloe complied wordlessly, but she had some trouble. The stool came right up to the bottom of her chest. Since Arthur's chains made her bend at the waist, she had to climb up onto the lower rungs until her pelvis was brushing the top. Brian made sure she climbed facing away from his cubicle, planning ahead. She dreaded how much she would show her coworkers, but she couldn't not follow Mr. Steven's orders. Back straight, she bent over the stool, propping herself up on the legs on the opposite side. She felt even more air in the back than she was getting used to, and she felt blood rushing to her head in her bent position. It definitely wasn't just the physics of her pose; all the accumulated arousal from the constant clitoral stimulation, the shame of getting berated by her boss, of not being able to come into work late. All that was pooling up in her head, redding up her ivory white skin.

Chloe thought to herself about what her life was about. She had come in meaning to do a professional job and learn some skills that she could build a career on, and somehow that was turning into strutting around half naked and sexually titillating, and pleasing, a bunch of nerds, and she felt she was barely managing it.

As Chloe was berating herself, Brian got his first good look at her lower anatomy and couldn't resist touching. Her skirt had slid up clear over her butt cheeks, letting it all hang out. He was spellbound by the twin chains pulling down on her clitty. Chloe moaned and pressed her knees together as he fingered them. All the guys had grouped in a half circle behind her for a better look at the show.

"What's this?"

 "They're... ahh... they're my piercings?"

"These are new aren't they?" Brian asked, admiring the chains resting in the palm of his hand. Everyone had gotten a glimpse of her vagina the day before, and she definitely wasn't sporting any piercings then.

"Yes, sir." Chloe could barely talk between the shame and the sensations coursing through her.

"Is this why you're late today? Because you were getting your clit pierced."

"Yes, sir," she couldn't bring herself to give the whole story. Being late for slut piercings was bad enough. In any case, the amount of cum she was wearing was more than enough to tell them just what she had been up to.

"And why was it so important to get your clit pierced today, when you should have been at work?"

Chloe couldn't answer.

"Tell me right now, young lady?"

What was she going to say? "I... I don't know.... I really needed to....Ah!"

"And is that cum on your face and tits?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you are a horny little slut, aren't you? You like it when guys shoot their wads all over you." Brian was doing his utmost to spear a cockhole through the front of his jeans. Never in his wildest dreams did he think that he would be in this position, let alone in his office. Could life get any better?

The conversation was a surreal for Chloe. This was supposed to be a respectable job and she had been prepared to start having a professional relationship with professional coworkers. Build a career. She felt the train had derailed, "Yes, sir."

"Fine, then we had better punish you like a slut. I'm going to spank you, and you're going to count. Ten times." Brian waited, building up anticipation. He felt he was getting this 'master' thing down pat. The blood rushing to Chloe's head had started to transition to tears and Chloe made an effort to hold them back.

"Understood?"

"Yes, Mr. Stevens," she gave out a sob in a spasm. Brian stepped back and started swinging with his open right hand. Chloe messed up the count on the third swing, and Brian started all over again. The audience was rapt, Jerome and Frank got a head start for the bathroom. After ten strikes, he paused and groped her ass. Was she going to lose her job, was she going to get gang banged?

"I'm just going to give you ten today. If you come in late again, I'm giving you one spank for every minute you're late, got that?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Mr. Stevens."

Brian was getting comfortable being in control. He smiled to himself as he looked at her swollen mound and realized he was getting a share of the confidence she was giving everyone. If only they could have an office slut year round. "Now you're going to stay just like that for ten minutes, and I want you to think about how you're going to do a better job coming to work on time."

"Yes, sir."

Brian turned around, partially feigning surprise that all his employees had been enjoying the show rather than working. He had gotten so lost in the task at hand that he had spaced out on where he was. "Okay everyone, get back to work." Realizing they weren't moving, he clapped his hands once loudly for effect, startling them out of their own inner moments and feeling a bit of soreness in his palms. He was going to have to toughen up his hands if he was going to keep the young lady in line.

With some effort he pulled himself away from the close-up view and went back to his cubicle. Of course, through the cameras routed to his cubicle he could see her ass and pussy just as well, and he spent the next ten minutes doing pretty much just that. He'd left her with her skirt up around her hips. More accurately, since her skirt didn't go much past her hips, that's as far as it would come down while she was bent over. On the other side, her position had pushed her tits clear out of the top, which now functioned as a frame to showcase her cherry topped globes. Chloe had a small pussy, perfectly smooth, with small inner lips that stayed completely hidden inside a puffy little mound, but her clit, engorged by arousal and piercing, was plainly visible even without the zoom, stretched out of its hood by the chains. Up on the stool, suspended above the floor, the girl was pure art.

Ten minutes came and went. Brian had completely lost track of time and she had no way of knowing how long she had been perched on her post. He looked at the clock. Almost twenty minutes. He sighed and called out letting her know she could get down. He'd already come twice and he felt completely refreshed, relaxed and invigorated. Perfectly ready to get back to work.

The guys hit the bathroom in shifts throughout the morning, some twice not counting the pee breaks, and even those took longer as they struggled to get their hard-ons down enough to empty their bladders.

Chloe did her best to dry her tears without going near the break room. She didn't want to face her coworkers for a while. At a loss for something handy to wipe the tears with, she used her hair, being careful not to muss up the semen Arthur had commanded she keep on her face all day. Since she had a lot of dried spunk over and around her left eye, that she wasn't entirely successful in not smudging it around. Looking into her compact makeup case mirror she noticed that whatever makeup Arthur had used was staying on very well under the tears, semen and makeup. The ultra pink colors adorning her features looked a little paler where the makeup went over them, but not much the worse for wear. She breathed deeply and composed herself, making an effort to put on her best game face and work outside calls professionally. She wanted to put as much distance between her and her morning ordeals as possible.

At lunch time, she made her rounds as usual. The guys were mostly pretty sensitive about the fact she had had a difficult morning and tried to go easy on her. The problem was she was just so hot and so mostly naked. Her skirt didn't cover her ass, her pussy flickered in and out of view under the tiny front flap of her skirt, her top only covered half her areolae and the way her tall heels made her move around drew even more attention to all her wonderful, wonderful assets. And it wasn't like anyone was going to throw them out of the club for copping a feel.

After the spanking, Chloe felt like some of the wind had gone out of her sales, and she had to work harder to keep her waitress smile on. She didn't pose as elaborately for everyone as she had the day before, but everyone still got a good look. This time she started on the left side. Jerome was first, and couldn't resist fingering the little chains hanging clear under her skirt.

"Please, Mr. Finney," she begged the fat man as she squirmed over his fingers. "It's still sore." Jerome nodded, patting her bare ass under her skirt. The touch reminded her of how exposed she was. Almost reflexively, she moved to reach back and pull her skirt down. As she gripped the hem she felt her fingers brush the middle of her butt cheek and realized what a futile action it was. It also reminded her audience about the same thing. This girl was dressed to make cocks geyser mightily, and the little gesture of modesty was an adorable act emphasizing that fact. Chloe moved to Jeff. Jeff was safe, and Jeff was next.

"Um... Chloe?" He looked up at her nervously. Notepad in hand, she looked back at him expectantly with her sweet smile. He looked away. "I'm sorry about this morning...." Chloe didn't think he had anything to apologize for, but she was touched.

"That's alright, Mr. Postolski, don't worry about it. What would you like for lunch?"

"Chicken lo-mein would be nice...." He paused and took a breath. "Listen, I was wondering if, err... you want to come have dinner with me, tonight."

"Thanks, Mr. Postolski, that would be great!" Chloe was genuinely moved. She had been feeling like a cheap slut all morning, and in the few days she had been around, she had come to realize that Jeff was a really nice guy. In spite of everything that had happened, in spite of the cum on her face and tits, in spite of her barely covered tits and ass, Jeff was treating her with respect. "Can you pick me up from home?"

"Sure," Jeff was overjoyed. He thought of how kind and hot Chloe was, and how she was a dream come true and all that.

Chloe bent over to write down her address on a post-it note on Jeff's desk, treating him to another show as her skirt rose again to let him see her delectable ass and pussy, and her dangly clit jewelry. He wasn't sure if he wanted to gawk at that or at her tits shifted out of the low top. His eyes shot burned back and forth over her denuded skin. The clit chains had been drawing her attention constantly to her pussy, and she'd been soaking wet all day. There was a significant wet spot on her stool that she had to keep wiping off. She couldn't resist spreading slightly and swaying her hips slightly from side to side. Jeff's eyes settled finally. Mouth breathing, he ogled the drops of moisture moving slowly and thickly down the parallel silver ornaments between her legs.

 "Here you go!" She stood up quickly with a smile and handed him the post-it. Jeff looked at her spellbound as he clutched the note, her bare tits still pushed up out of her top. Her nipples looked like candy. He gulped.

 Chloe smiled down at Jeff. He had actually made her day asking her out and she needed no effort to smile warmly back at him. She took her time putting her tits away and worked on finishing up with her lunch orders. So many groping hands! Craig, Edward and Sanjay were the worst. Sanjay's right hand traced a line over her inner right thigh and up between the cleft of her ass to pull her in between his legs. Her back was to the room, letting everyone see his hand go under her tiny skirt and push it up. He looked Chloe in the eyes and gave her a mischievous grin. Chloe felt his hand slide around and a finger probe her ass. She started. In front of everyone?!

Remembering her previous experience with Sanjay, she smiled at him to let him know it was alright. She couldn't believe she was letting him do this! In the back of her mind the thought was rolling around the thought from her car ride to the tailor's: where goes Sanjay, so goes everyone.

"What would you like for lunch today?"

The room watched Sanjay slide his right index finger into her rectum. With her skirt hiked up, everyone got a good view of Sanjay's brown finger stuck half way up her asshole between her pale, perky, bouncing cheeks.

"Oh... I don't know. Let me think for a second."

Chloe stood patiently, feeling him pump in and out. A second finger slid in. Chloe worked on looking enthusiastic. The guys looked on as she rotated her hips on his fingers, wiggling her ass in response to his moves. Was everyone going to take this kind of liberty? Sanjay made loud pondering sounds, drawing the show out like he was mulling over buying a house. He smiled at the front view of her tits bulging pressed together and out of the little cropped jacket, so much pink looming at the edges. He turned his two fingers so his palm was facing out, hooking her asshole backward and pushing out a little. With her hands occupied by pen and notepad, she couldn't bend over to rest her weight so she had to arch her back, again displacing her nipples from their scant cover to hang clear for Sanjay, and giving the far side of the room a clearer view of Sanjay's antics. She kept up her smile, gasping involuntarily at the finger pumps. The butt play didn't feel that bad, but the real dealmakers were her clit chains. Anything that made them move made her tingle, often resulting in some audible reaction. Sanjay was quite satisfied to get a moan.

"You know what, I think I'll have a salad. I'm going to try to eat healthier."

"That sounds like a, ah, a good ide ah," Chloe realized he hadn't stopped.

"Would you like me to stop?" Sanjay asked with raised eyebrows.

Chloe hesitated. He was fingering her butthole in front of all her coworkers, what was she supposed to say? On the one hand, she felt very, very awkward. The flush from being bent over the stool had come back pretty solidly. On the other hand, she didn't want to hurt Sanjay's feelings. Based on the night before, she was acutely aware that he had very real reasons for being sensitive to the way she, as a white girl, treated him. She stalled at the impasse between the desire to get out of an embarrassing situation and not let Sanjay think she was a bigot. A third element came into play for the tiebreaker: the guys were enjoying the show, and ultimately she was here to improve their work environment.

"No, please don't stop," Chloe shocked hear the words coming out of her mouth. She felt she was reaffirming her role as the SofTec slut. Sanjay got bolder with a third finger and sped things up. Chloe rested her hand on his shoulder. Suddenly he slowed down. Too slow! He pulled out and Chloe felt a great and disappointing emptiness. She also heard several disappointed sighs around the room.

Sanjay looked at her wearily and patted her ass before sliding his chair back to leave the girl standing alone, chest heaving and ass bared to the room, "I think that's enough for now, we both need to get back to work, but let's talk later about finishing up what we started okay?"

Jerk! How could he leave her like this?! A second later she had her blush back. Was she really upset Sanjay had stopped fingering her ass in the middle of the office? Sanjay watched her rapid transition from indignation to shame and bit his lip not to laugh. Chloe tried to pull herself back together, tugging down on her skirt so she was only partially mooning the room. "Yes sir," she managed and moved along to the other side of the room.

Craig had her bend over and fondled her tits, pulling down on the chain at her neck and diddling her nipple rings. Edward took advantage of her position to let his fingers brush over her moist pussy.

"Edward, please! It's still sore," Chloe begged.

"Shh... It's alright. And that's Mr. Sinclair to you, young lady." He gave her a quick spank. "I can feel how wet you are. You like this don't you?"

"I... please...." Edward pulled her onto his thigh, making her spread her legs to either side and thrust two fingers in. Chloe had her hands full with the note pad and pen, and Edward took his time. It felt good, but it hurt! Chloe pressed her legs together, but only succeeded in squeezing Mr. Sinclair's knee.

"I got dibs on this tomorrow, now get me a ham sandwich, and try to remember your place." He pushed her up and patted her ass.

"Yes, sir." Craig and Edward high fived.

Carlos called from across the room. "We should perhaps make a schedule."

Craig agreed, "That's a good call, Carlos, let's do it."

Carlos called to Brian, "Brian, you want to be in on the rotation?"

Brian stepped out of his cubicle and stood, arms folded, leaning against the side wall of his office. Still feeling puffed up from playing 'master' earlier. He grinned thinking bonus to Carlos for guaranteeing everyone got laid this summer. "Sure, put me in."

Chloe finished taking the orders and making the calls as the guys discussed the arrangement. Each of them would get a day of the week in order. If Chloe took a day off, she had to let everyone know in advance so that they could shift the schedule around. Chloe wanted to object that she wasn't just a sex toy to be checked out like a library book and shared, but then she figured she wasn't planning on refusing any dates. At least the guys weren't that horrible to look at, she thought, except maybe Jerome. And Mark was weird and kind of disturbing. And Jim, too, with those massive crazy glasses. Chloe felt she had to say something, "Um... there's one thing, though."

The guys quieted and turned to her. She continued, "Well, my... vagina is a little sore. I don't think it's a good idea to um, go there for a few days."

The guys looked disappointed, a couple were visibly upset, Sanjay leaned back, smiling. "I'm sure you can accommodate us with your ass, can't you, Chloe?"

Chloe blushed. Did he have to rub in the fact he had gotten her to beg him to triple finger her?

"Come on, Chloe, remember last night. You like it in the ass, don't you."

She couldn't take her eyes off her shoes. "Yes, sir."

 This was received by hoots and cheers. Sanjay wasn't done yet, though. "You know, I just remembered something, before we start enforcing the ban on pussy action...."

He walked around to Chloe's high seat, taking in the full view of her legs and her bare ass on the small leather circle. The skirt came nowhere near touching the chair and only a narrow isthmus of wool separated the bare skin of her upper thigh from the wide span of midriff. He figured the cropped jacket lined up with maybe the fifth rib from the bottom. "Stand up please, Chloe."

He took her dainty hand and helped her up.

"Now hike up your skirt and spread your legs." She dreaded what was coming. The guys were standing up and leaning over their computers to get a better view. Sanjay teased her thighs, moving up slowly to her pussy. He wanted to build the suspense along with her arousal. When he put a finger in her pussy, Chloe reflexively grabbed his hand.

"Tsk, tsk. Hands behind your neck." She reluctantly complied.

As Sanjay sank another finger, then two, three, four, then his thumb, Chloe doubled over, back forced straight by the chains, letting out no small amount of noise. The position forced her tits out of her top again. She wondered if she'd been showing off her breasts more than covering them since she'd gotten dressed in the morning, then she realized she hadn't actually gotten dressed until well after she had left Sanjay's house. Her little reverie helped her relax enough for Sanjay to ease her open. Jeff gripped his desk, Sanjay was hurting her! Sanjay had eased his whole hand in when Jeff called out, "Stop it, Sanjay, that's enough!"

Sanjay turned and grinned, wrist deep, "One second, Jeff, you'll like this." He slowly withdrew his hand and held up her pink top from the night before.

Everyone was stunned. The level of kink with this girl never stopped! Jeff was floored, and fell heavily on his ass. Chloe noticed his body language and wondered if she had completely blown any respect he might have for her.

"You know, I think you'd look real nice wearing this right now. Why don't you give me that jacket."

Chloe meekly acquiesced. For the first time, the office was treated to the entire view of her gorgeous breasts, and not just hanging out of something. Completely and gloriously naked. Chloe forced a smile and thanked Sanjay for the top, soggy with her juices and Sanjay's semen from the night before. She pulled it on over her head and the back chain. Pressing it into her back as she squeezed her tits into the front panels. Wet, the garment wasn't any use for covering her nipples. Every detail was clearly visible, only highlighted a deeper shade of pink. She got a lot of whistles for the look and forced herself to react positively, smiling bashfully. Her pussy was killing her!

The rest of the day passed quietly. The high from Chloe's earlier performances stuck around and everyone was enthusiastic about his upcoming date with the foxy little blond. The sex juices left crusty stains as they dried and shrank her top, tightening it a little over her nipples. She got a few gropes as she cleaned up, but the guys figured she'd had enough for the day and managed to check their urges.

Brian let her go at 7 and Chloe walked over to Arthur's. Sanjay had refused to give her back her suit top or unlock her chains and she got a lot of attention on the ten minute walk. She dreaded Arthur's reaction when he saw her dressed in the mismatched garments.

"Hey!" She heard from a car that had slowed down to match her pace. Chloe tried to ignore the guy. She knew what she must look like, not to mention how she probably smelled like a thawed out sperm bank. "Hey, slow down! Just one minute, I'd like to talk to you. Please, come over here real quick." She continued to ignore him and started walking faster. She noticed the car was no longer next to her, then a door slammed. The man had double parked.

"Hey!" He was right in front of her. "Hi, I didn't mean to scare you." The man was average height and a little thick in the middle. He was somewhat attractive, but the slicked back blond hair put her off. Too much product, and who the hell called out to woman on the street like that. Obnoxious!

"I haven't seen you around before, and this is a small town. I figured you must be new here and I thought I'd introduce myself. I'm Steve," he held out his hand. Chloe hesitantly reciprocated and looked at him warily.

"What's your name?"

Chloe thought about lying, but then she figured this community wasn't very big and he'd probably find out anyway. Plus, he hadn't exactly tackled her and shoved her into his car. Chloe didn't know why that thought struck her, but for whatever reason it was vaguely reassuring. "Chloe."

"Chloe, now that's a nice name," he moved in a little bit closer, from fully stretched out arm's length to partially bent. "So, what brings you to our small town?"

Chloe felt like avoiding the question, but he was probably only trying to be friendly. She hoped. It might not be a bad idea to make some friends, "Oh, I'm just here for an internship". She noticed his amusement and remembered her appearance. She reflexively tried to explain, "It's with an IT company. I, well... it's interesting."

Then again, why did she think she needed to justify herself to some random guy who had so rudely accosted her?

"It certainly sounds interesting," she felt his fingers trail down her arm. Calling her attention to her bare skin. She felt really exposed, tits practically naked and her ass hanging out of her skirt. His lust was transparent and it made Chloe think of her own. The closer he got the less attractive he looked, kind of douchey actually, but she felt her pussy wet anyway. Since the piercing, Chloe had been dripping practically non-stop. She had to wipe her seat every hour at work to keep from slipping off. The damn chains made every situation sexual whether she liked it or not. Not a minute had gone by all day that she hadn't thought about stroking her clit, but she had made herself hold back. No touching for days! Arthur was a complete sadist.

Steve noticed the long breath she took when he made contact with her arm, her parted lips, and the way she was subtly rubbing her legs together. This girl was hot, and she was turned on. Steve trailed fingers lightly over her back and back up tracing the vertical chain. He was inches away.

"I work in software, too. Hey, I know some great places around here we could check out if you're interested in learning more about the business. Do you have any plans tonight?" He pulled his hand back. A part of Chloe wanted him to keep stroking her, but her rational side recognized the opportunity for ending the conversation with the creep.

"Actually, I have a bunch of things I really need to do right now, but it was nice meeting you!" Chloe backed up a step. She wondered if Steve could hear her chains tinkling.

"Ah, that's too bad. Let's meet up some other time, maybe get a drink, alright?"  This had to be the boldest come on she'd ever experienced. Insistent even after the rejection. At least he hadn't offered her money.

"Thanks, but I actually have a lot going on, um, Steve? Listen, I have to get going."

"Sorry to hear that, but hey, Chloe, if you change your mind, I'll be around, okay?" He was still grinning. Chloe felt him pat her lower back as she walked past. She looked over her shoulder and gave him a polite smile and nod. It never hurt to be friendly.

Steve watched her walk away, eyeing his way up from the six inch black heels to the firm round butt cheeks dancing out boldly below the skirt. The summer sun was still high enough to silhouette her vulva and glisten off the twin chains. He chuckled at how the dark skirt looked like a vary faulty censor bar. And then up top, what had really gotten him out of his car. Those tits! Jiggling and bouncing and so big. He stared at their back curves rounding out from the cover of her slender back. Steve Aranowsky swore to himself that he would be playing with this girl by the end of the week.

**Chapter 10**

Arthur looked at Chloe with disappointment when she walked in. "Take all that off. I don't even know why I bother with you if you're going to keep losing your clothes."   She dutifully stripped, a card fell out from the waistband of her skirt when she slipped it off. Arthur picked it up, making a show of ignoring the stark naked beauty, "Steve Aranowsky, where did you get this?"

"A man gave it to me just now. He was trying to pick me up."

Arthur's attention was fixated on the card. Steve was a major client, plus he owned the strip mall. Arthur figured he might be able to save some money on rent, "You will call him. Tonight."

"What?" This was out of nowhere.

Arthur handed her back the card, "Call him, or we're through. You'll go on a date with him, and you'll be extra nice. You understood me, yes?"

Chloe nodded. There was obviously something between Arthur and that weird dude. She wasn't psyched about going on a date with the guy, but Arthur was hooking her up with free clothes, and what harm could there be in an innocent little date. But "extra nice".... She didn't like the sound of that.

 "Now, for tonight, I have something special!" Chloe noticed Arthur's mood had flipped. This morning he had actually told her that she would be going out on a date, but how did he know? It certainly didn't seem like Jeff had known he was going to ask her out. Maybe Arthur had some mystical ancient Greek trick for telling the future. Whatever the case, she liked his attitude better now than when she had walked in and she didn't think it would help to dig.

Arthur pulled out a luxurious strip of gold string and lame fabric and tied the ends with simple shoe lace knots to the silver chain around her neck. The gold strings draped onto her breasts and off the sides slightly; the fabric, a four inch wide strip, rose back up low over the swell of each nipple, so low that the top edge just concealed her little nubs with plenty of pink left showing above. The material covered her to a couple of inches on either side of her nipples and stopped. There was no string or other cover beyond the scrap and the chain, and she was bare from the side of one tit, around her back to the breast flesh on the other side.

The loop hung low in the middle, shaping itself to the contours of her pert globes and forming a window for the deep valley between them. Looking down, Chloe saw the fabric looked painted on, and looking straight down she had a clear view of the little chains hanging off her engorged clit. Just the sight made her press her legs together involuntarily. She could feel the gold cloth cling, which reassured her that it wasn't about to slide off.

Arthur then brought out a matching skirt. This wrapped around her left side and angled up to the right. On the left, the cloth came two inches below her butt, but as it crossed, it got shorter. Her small patch of pubic hair was just covered, but bottom of her slit was exposed, emphasized by the silver chains, and a couple of inches of crack were left uncovered above and below in back. The skirt continued to rise so it was only three inches wide over the middle of her right thigh, in back, it ended in the middle of her butt cheek. A single thin gold string traversed the large expanse of naked ass and leg, and Arthur tied it off with a simple shoe lace knot, no safety. Of course, anyone could rotate the skirt to place the gap wherever he liked.

He gave her strappy gold pumps, this time with no platforms, but a taller heel at six inches. Chloe was in a sharp tip toe and hoped he wouldn't make her wear anything higher. She doubted her feet were long enough for a higher heel. Arthur next carefully removed her makeup with a special chemical and scrubbed away the cum on her face and tits with a sponge before reapplying a new coat (of makeup). Gold mascara, gold lipstick, gold earrings. The gold color contrasted against the somewhat more utilitarian silver, and in spite of its brighter color drew more attention to her bindings. The blush was again pink. He added a large gold bow to the bottom of her long braid, which he wrapped over the soiled thong already binding her hair. For his last touch, he replaced the ribbon on top of her head with an even larger golden bow. The bow on her braid was six inches across, but the one on top was massive, draping off to the sides like a floppy hat.

There was definitely more material in the one bow than in everything else she was wearing combined. Tonight she would be all golden, except for one detail. Arthur pulled out a spray bottle.

 "I am not superman, but I did make a promise. When I explained your situation, a couple of the owners around here decided to help out."

Chloe realized the spray bottle had a milky white liquid sloshing in it. There had to be over a pint in there! She stared dumb in disbelief.

 "Stand still now," Arthur walked around, her spraying a thin mist on her bare back and legs, then paying special attention to her face and breasts, getting some of the shopkeepers' semen on the gold clothes. "I mixed in some baby oil to keep it moist and some gold glitter to go with your outfit. A true slut should wear cum proudly, but I don't want it getting all crusted tonight. Just glossy."

Chloe's tits and gold painted face now had a glazed look to them. Looking in the mirror, she realized she looked worse than naked. Arthur bent her over and had her place her hands on tone of the full length mirrors around his shop, "We are not quite done preparing you for your date."

Behind her, she saw Arthur come out with a big, clear bottle. He knelt down and started working a finger into her asshole. After plunging in and out a few times, he replaced his finger with the nozzle of the bottle and squeezed. Chloe felt a cool liquid pour into her. "With those piercings, you will probably want to stay away from activity up front," Arthur looked at her meaningfully, "but I know you like sex, so it's important to keep lubricated." Arthur gave her a small gold clutch bag made of the same lame fabric that was lying on the counter, "I gave you a lot just now, but I also put a little bottle in your purse, just in case."

"Th... Thank you," this day was full of surprises. Arthur confused her. He could be so mean sometimes, but he also seemed to care in his way. Of course, it *was* him who had dressed her up like this, but it's not like he'd put a gun to her head and forced her to be a slut for her coworkers. That had just sort of... happened. Every way she looked at her situation, she kept finding that she was the root cause of everything that was going on in her life. Well, if she was a slut she might as well own it. The notion of taking charge of her sluttyness was like an epiphany. If she was going to be a slut, she was going to do it on her own terms, and if she did it on her own terms, she knew she could keep it together. Chloe smiled her first genuine smile since Jeff had asked her out. Some lube leaked out of her ass and started trickling down her leg.

 She went through her poses with gusto, letting Arthur get his fill on his camera and bringing out poses from her cheerleader days. Splits, deep stretches, high kicks as well as she could pull them off in her towering heels. At least the clothes gave her lots of mobility. The forceful movements also caused her clit piercings to go nuts and her sore clit was throbbing by the end. For his part, Arthur figured he'd have to see the doctor the next day for Viagra if he was going to fuck her the way he wanted. Now he was still recovering from the morning. She was hot, but he was seventy six.

Chloe walked out of the shop confidently to catch her bus and made it to the bus stand just as it arrived. The bus was packed and she ended up standing in the aisle between the seats. The men in front and behind her soon turned to face her direction. She was feeling naughty and smiled at the guy in front of her, who took that as an invitation to rub her tits. Inevitably, he slid his palm under her little top. A look of confusion crossed his face and he looked at his hand.

"That's my boyfriend's jizz," The stranger looked at his hand in disgust. Chloe grabbed it and licked it clean, giving a big smile. The stranger's mouth dropped and he numbly put his hand back. The guy behind her saw the same thing, and got bold, groping her ass. She thrust it back towards him and gyrated to the hands rubbing her up. They slid their palms around her slippery skin, mauling her tits and ass cheeks. Other guys decided to get in on the fun and she was soon covered by hands. She wanted to protest when someone slipped a slimy finger up between the folds of her labia, but her voice was cut off by fingers from two hands slipping into her mouth. She felt more hands kneading her cheeks apart. Someone must have noticed the copious lube leaking out her back door because a finger was soon pumping slowly back there. She pumped back.

All the hands stimulating her body got her so worked up that the pain in her pierced clitty barely registered. She was just enjoying the moment, working herself up and down on the fingers in her lower orifices and slurping at the series of hands migrating to her mouth dripping with oil enriched jizz. Her mouth was soon so loaded with the stuff, that when the commuters put their hands back they had mainly just added some of her spit to the original concoction. Chloe's body was hardly getting any cleaner. More fingers joined the first ones in her ass and pussy and people switched around, sharing. At any one time, at least three different people had a couple of fingers in the busty coed. Hands pulling out wiped off on her sticky skin and mixed her own sex fluids and the lube with Arthur's special mix.

By the time the bus came to her stop, she had licked a lot of the special semen coating, but she looked even wetter and glossier than when she had left the store. Thinking of herself as a slut was starting to feel pretty liberating. Once she stopped thinking of fucking as shameful, she realized she could have a lot of fun. And no one seemed to care if she walked around flashing her pussy at everyone.

 All this sex was putting a cramp in her exercise regimen, though. She wouldn't get in any exercise tonight, and she was determined to find time for her jog tomorrow. Now, though, she remembered Arthur had asked her to call someone.

"Hello, is this Steve?"

"Yes, yes it is, what can I do you for?"

"Hi, I'm Chloe, we met just a little earlier." For a moment as she clicked her way across the parking lot in the apartment complex, she had the unsettling idea that she was talking face to face with the strange man, that he could see her breasts bounce around unfettered under her little top and that he could was staring at her bald pussy peaking out from under her skirt. Then it occurred to her that there was someone sitting at one of the windows looking at her, maybe drinking a beer and jerking off. Or maybe the old lady in the house across the lot. After all the attention she had gotten on the bus, she found the thought divert even more of her attention to her already energized clit.

"I thought I recognized the voice, how you doing, darling?"

Total sleaze. "I'm great, thanks. So... I noticed that you slipped me your card...," was she going to have to ask *him* out. Chloe wasn't sure if she was quite ready to be that slutty.

"I'm glad you found it, so what's going on?"

"Well, I thought about what you asked. What do you have in mind?"

"What do I have in mind? There's this party I think you'd really like. Are you free tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure, that should work."

"Excellent, meet me where we met today at 8:30. I'll pick you up."

"Oh, okay."

Chloe wasn't sure where she was going to wait around until 8:30 the next day, but she figured she would manage somehow.

Jeff pulled up shortly after she arrived and rang her doorbell. He almost passed out when she walked out to him.

"Hi, Mr. Postolski, you look good!" Unlike Craig and Sanjay, she noticed he had actually dressed up a bit for their date. She was optimistic that Mr. Postolski was going to make a serious effort to treat her as something more than a piece of meat and she took the effort that he had made to look presentable for her as a big complement. Thinking about how she was getting along with all the guys also made her feel a little sick to realize she was putting out a strong message that she was nothing more than an easy slut. Considering how she had been thinking for the past hour, the realization was a huge reversal and it hit her hard that she would be going out in public wearing something that in most places would be certain to get her arrested. How could she get away from that though? A big part of her job was looking good, and she had already chosen her path. There was no option but to move forward. Mr. Postolski seamed like a nice guy and if she was going to back out, it wouldn't be with him.

Jeff looked at her golden slut clothes and glossy face and smiled shyly at his own feet, "You look very beautiful, too, Chloe." He was staring at his feet by the time he finished the sentence. He took her gently by the elbow and walked her out to his car. He was treating her like a lady, and yet she knew her pussy wasn't even covered. She also noticed he was cautious about touching her. Was he being careful not to get whatever was on her to rub off on him or was he just shy? She could feel the chains bouncing over her slit with each step. Her pussy was getting moist.

On the ride to the restaurant, a fine one this time, serving Neo-European cuisine made of the finest local ingredients, Chloe asked him about work. Jeff had trouble keeping his eyes off her her exposed pussy and barely covered tits. In spite of the soreness, Chloe teased him by keeping her legs slightly spread and toying idly with her chains. Light from passing cars reflected noticeably over her shiny, semen and oil coated face. Each bump in the road caused her boobs to jiggle, and each jiggle made Jeff wonder how long it would take for the flimsy gold fabric hanging like a bib over her breasts to slide right off. Chloe made sure to keep an eye on the road in case she ended up distracting him too much. She was actually having fun with this though, and had no intention of stopping.

It didn't take too long to get to the restaurant, which was a good thing since Jeff probably wouldn't have lasted much longer with the show Chloe had been putting on. Ever the gentleman, Jeff got out first and walked around to open Chloe's door. She smiled up at him and gave him her hand. The car was a custom sports car that Jeff had worked on extensively. It sat low to the ground. Chloe swung her right leg out first, still looking Jeff in the eye. She paused, letting him admire the silver hanging between her engorged wet lips. Long moments passed for Jeff before she brought her other leg around and let Jeff pull her up. She gave him a kiss on the cheek. Chloe noted that Jeff was the first to walk her into the restaurant. The other two had made her go in ahead.

Looking down, she also noticed that in spite of his shyness, Jeff had nothing to be ashamed of. When they walked through the front door, Chloe stepped in front of him to save him embarrassment, well aware that the lower half of her pussy was now in plain view of the host. The host's look of shock made her feel very wicked, and Chloe walked up to the man shamelessly. Her tits, swaying under the thin gold curtain were far beyond his capacity to ignore. "Hi, we have a reservation for two under Jeff Postolski."

The host was torn, this lady was practically naked. He considered protesting. Then he noticed a difference back in the seating area. The tone of conversation had changed. Looking back, he saw that the patrons, mostly men gathered around talking and watching sports on the big flatscreens around the room, had diverted their attention to the front. And the attention was far from outraged. The host got the distinct impression that he would have more of a problem turning away the golden slut than letting her in, naked pussy and all.

"Yes, ahem... right this way," Jeff followed Chloe, who followed the host, keeping his eyes on her half naked butt, as the other patrons murmured around them excitedly. The host considered putting them in a booth, but since his customers liked the show, he led them to an open table near the center. If the little slut wanted to show off, let her. The crowd was fixated on her, watching as she sat down. The skirt rose to the top of her butt and bunched up in a golden sliver. Chloe didn't think she would ever get used to the feeling of sitting her naked ass on chairs. Particularly in public. She was also disappointed that the there wasn't a tablecloth. The restaurant was decorated in a modern look with chrome tables and a minimalist aesthetic. The chairs were a transparent acrylic, too, so she was visible on all sides.

She noticed how Jeff was reacting. He seemed a little embarrassed about all the attention she was drawing, but he also couldn't stop staring at her. Chloe thought he would be a bit better looking if he was more sure of himself. The self doubt didn't do anything for him. Thinking about him also helped her think less about herself, and not thinking about herself would definitely help take her mind off the fact that she was sitting practically naked in a room full of leering men. This was different than last night. Sanjay had gotten her all worked up and had taken charge, letting her just follow his lead. Now she would have to bring the man out of her date, get him to stand up and make demands.

"Mr. Postolski, this is a really nice place. Thanks for bringing me here, it's the nicest place I've been to since I got here." Chloe smiled. Around her coworkers, it seemed like all her expressions revolved around some form of smile. It occurred to her that as long as she had been working at the little company, and as humiliated as she had felt, even with Arthur, she hadn't really felt depressed. Could it be that the smiling was starting to rub off on her? Or maybe she really enjoyed being their plaything. Chloe went on, "You know, at work, I've noticed how a lot of the guys come to you with a lot of problems they're having with their work. I don't really understand most of what you guys are talking about, but it seems like a lot of the time, you're the one figuring out the solution."

Jeff blushed and shook his head, but she could see him straighten up a little. "Sometimes, not always. Everyone at SofTec is really good. The past month we've been doing a lot of work on autodiagnostics, which is something I specialize in."

"What is that?"

Jeff got animated talking about his specialty. It was something like the talk she had had with Craig, except when Jeff talked it was evident he was genuinely proud of his work rather than just bragging. She felt like he was talking about his children. As much time as he spent on his work, it *was* like he was raising a child. Chloe made an effort to follow along and felt a lot of admiration welling up for her date as she looked him in the eyes. Then she felt a hand on her breast, under the draping loop of her little top. She looked down and noticed that she had been leaning forward onto the table, drawn in by Jeff's story, and the thin scrap of gold cloth had shifted forward so far it was now dangling in space. Her breasts were fully exposed and with the skirt completely neutralized by her sitting position, she was effectively stripped bare top and bottom. This plus her chain enforced posture had the effect of leaving her with her back arched and tits out, giving everyone a dramatic picture of her naked loveliness. The owner of the hand had apparently not been able to resist.

"You're that girl from the Fat Hound aren't you? With the tall middle eastern guy?" It was a fat man, old and balding with a baby face. The face looked a little familiar. Behind him were a few other men, all casually dressed. The looks on their faces worried her. "We figured we'd stop over and say hi? Who is this guy anyway, a new john?"

She hid her nervousness, acting friendly. "Oh, hi. Did we meet yesterday. This is my good friend, Jeff. I didn't catch your name." It was hard to act civil. The hand had moved down from her nipple under the wide stretch of breast left bare under the little golden loop.

"You can call me Ryan, Ms. Goldilocks. Are we going to get a show tonight? Or are we going to get a piece?" He squeezed. She looked over at Jeff, nervous. Jeff was paralyzed. There was a look on his face that she couldn't read.

"I think you must be mistaken, Ryan. I'm just here to get a bite to eat, and I don't have any "pieces" for anyone but this man over here, including that one piece you seem so fond of...." She was sitting up straight now, facing him squarely, and glanced down at where his hand was fondling her. Apparently, he wasn't done groping. She noticed the host was looking on, and he looked like he was enjoying the spectacle. She wouldn't get any help from that quarter.

Ryan bent in towards her, grinning broadly. She turned her head away, and he whispered into her ear, "Is that a fact, Missy? See, my friends and I are pretty sure that a hot little slut like you is willing to put out for just about anybody," he sniffed, "What exactly is that glaze on your face... it's semen, isn't it? Do you always go out wearing cum on your face?" His hand had traveled down from her breast, forcing itself into the gap between her tightly pressed legs. She was ashamed her pussy was wet, wetter after the fat man's fat hand had been at her tit. Every touch was getting her off lately, acting as a reinforcement for the constant tug on her clitty.

The man's hand slid free. Chloe looked up to see Jeff holding the man in a headlock.

 "You're going to go back to your table, right now, and you're going to pay your bill and get the hell out of here." Jeff was red in the face, now with anger for a change. The fat man was going purple. His friends stood by looking freaked out. The fat man gave up trying to pry Jeff's arms loose and slapped the floor.

"Alright, OK! Fucking lunatic, I should sue your ass!" He was gasping.

Chloe went over to him and grabbed his hand, careful not to get her slick body on his clothes. Jeff looked at her and brought her in for a protective hug. He had grown up on stories of knights and monsters and his fantasy was very simple: He wanted a girl to save from danger. The girl would be beautiful and immensely grateful, and from there things sort of became hazy. Jeff didn't give a damn that the glittery oil and jizz mix on her was rubbing off on him, but in his fantasy the girl didn't have semen on her lips. Jeff grabbed a napkin and meticulously wiped her face clean of the Arthur's coating, mesmerized by her face. Chloe stared back, slightly disconcerted. Men gave her lots of looks, but their attention seemed to go elsewhere, especially in the past few days. Seeing the emotion in Jeff's eyes melted her. One of them initiated the kiss. She reached up and wrapped her arms behind his neck, pressing into him and meaning every bit of it. Jeff vaguely heard applause, but he was focused only on the nineteen year old intern lodged firmly in his arms.

 "Mr. Postolski, take me home, please." If he had a jacket, Jeff would have wrapped it around her shoulders. Instead, he lifted her into his arms. As he carried her out, Chloe felt the chains dangling around on her pussy lips, now swollen by something other than the weight of the lewd jewelry and the attention of the restaurant on her exposed vagina. He put her down gently on her big heels as he opened the car door and held her hand to lower her into the seat. On the ride home, she pressed herself into him and hugged him tightly, he hugged back with his right arm. Chloe could feel him breathing quickly. She had been genuinely scared in the restaurant. Who knows what those guys might have tried? And nobody seemed too want to lift a finger. She hoped Jeff wouldn't get in any trouble for choking the guy. Right now she was holding him mostly because she needed to feel his reassurance, plus, he definitely deserved her gratitude. They pulled up to her apartment after what seemed like just seconds.

 "Please, Mr. Postolski, take me inside." She gave him her key. Jeff got out of the car and came around to open her door. He found her naked and smiling up at him and holding out her hand, her little outfit nowhere in sight. He looked back at her with a dopey, dazed look, and pulled her up onto the pavement. For a moment, she just stood there. Suddenly, she was conscious of the lights on in the old lady's cabin. The thought of the the old lady seeing her naked out in the parking lot got her thinking about what her situation looked like from an outside perspective. She shook with dread of the hag as much as arousal thinking how absolutely naughty she was being. Jeff was happy taking in the view.

Chloe spun around for him and rubbed up against his chest. He finally got his bearings and she was instantly in his arms being rushed to the door. After some frantic one-handed fumbling with her keys, he charged through her door and threw her down on her little mattress. Chloe was more than ready. As he settled on top, she realized he was aiming for her pussy. Holy shit, she wanted him to fuck her cunt, but she was mindful of her fresh piercing and steered him clear with a whispered, "Stuff your cock in my tight little ass... please."

Jeff looked at the naked little intern in front of him as she turned onto her hands and knees, spreading her legs and arching her ass up at him. He knelt behind her and pressed his dickhead into her tight, lubricated asshole. Chloe gasped at the pressure. As romantic as Jeff had been, it felt very wrong to ask him to fuck her ass, and majorly slutty, but she knew her other playground had to recover. Fucking clit chains! Jeff for his part wasn't thinking about anything anymore. His mind was just set on plowing in and out to the hilt. Each push harder than the last. The taught chain running down her back mesmerized him, highlighting the arch of her body as it hung suspended between her waist and neck. He pulled on it gently as he thrust. Chloe felt the neck loop, pulling into her throat, choking her a little. She thought about asking him to stop but a part of her liked it. He pulled harder, choking her more. Then, perhaps realizing what he was doing, switched to pulling on her long beribboned braid. The ass fucking wasn't all that fun, but the pressure his cock in her colon was putting on her tender pussy felt pretty good, as did the two little chains swinging back and forth. Her world seemed to focus on those little dangling chains.

A strong man, someone who cared enough to protect her from ruffians, was taking her by the reins almost literally and bending her to his will. Her initial misgivings about asking Mr. Postolski to pound her asshole evolved into kinky satisfaction. Chloe relished how very depraved she was asking for a man as nice as Jeff to bypass her pussy entirely and plumb the depths of her asshole. And if she had to choose, she couldn't think of anyone more deserving. Not in her horny state anyway.

Jeff lasted for a while. He shot his first load, but he wasn't done and stayed inside, rock hard. He had heard about anal sex, but he had no idea the pressure on his dick could feel so good. The tightness practically trapped the blood in his cock and he was in no mood to stop. The next round took longer. Chloe hoped he didn't end up ripping her hair out, but she wasn't caring very much about anything any more. She could feel her arousal building up as Jeff continued to pump along. "Don't stop, Mr. Postolski, I want to feel you in my ass...." She couldn't believe she was begging for it. The buildup peaked as Mr. Postolski shoved faster. Jeff thought he could feel his cum boiling, hearing her ask him to stuff her sphincter. She came. Chloe couldn't believe she could cum from getting butt fucked but she actually had an orgasm. The cock in her ass was feeling better and better. Jeff followed her climax with his second and rolled off into a heap. He had been jamming his dick into her rear entrance for almost an hour.

He picked himself up and went into the shower. Chloe felt like a rag doll. She mentally thanked Arthur for the foresight of lubricating her ass earlier. Her date was in the shower now and Chloe didn't want to move a muscle. As she became more lucid, she started thinking of Jeff. In the restaurant, she had thought about him to take her mind off what she was experiencing, now she wanted to bask in her postorgasmic bubble, but she had a responsibility to make sure Jeff felt good about himself. Her job was to think about her coworkers, not herself. The more she considered this, the more she realized that it made sense. In a way she was always on the job, putting the needs of the company and the people in it before her own. Jeff was a chivalrous guy, he had been driven hard by animalistic urges for an hour and had treated her like a sex toy. When he had finished, he had left her lying in a heap. Chloe worried that by now he might start feeling some remorse stemming from that chivalrous moral code that seemed to guide him. She had to reassure him that everything was more than fine.

With some effort, she pulled herself up and walked into the bathroom, swaying her hips seductively in her tall golden heels. Wordlessly, she slipped into the narrow shower stall with him. In her heels she was still a little shorter than him. She was careful not to step on his toes. She grabbed his cock and started soaping it up, feeling it get hard again none too slowly. She polished until it was all rinsed off. Chloe thought about what he must have thought of her having cum on her face as makeup, and how he had wiped it off. Did he think that she had been forced to wear it? Did he feel bad about it? He was such a nice guy. Chloe knelt down to put his dick in her mouth and felt his hands reflexively move to the back of her head. Grabbing her soaking braid. His coworkers were going to be treating her like a big slut, and she didn't want him getting upset to see them use her. She had to let him know that she was fine with the whole situation.

Jeff leaned up against the shower wall and let Chloe go to work. He hadn't expected this level of gratitude from his damsel in distress, but boy he was sure liking it! Chloe took him all the way in, choking and coughing in her first couple of attempts. Rubbing her nose in his thick pubic bush. She could feel the buildup. This guy was pretty virile to go three rounds so quickly. Who would have thought Jeff had it in him?

"Come on, give me your cum, you stud. Give me another dose. I want you to pop your load on my face. I want to wear your cum like I'm your little bitch." Jeff never thought he was into dirty talk, but Chloe was proving him wrong. She felt another surge of blood run into his penis and pulled him out just in time to get a spray across her cheek and on her hair. Not as big as the first one, but he was only human. She knew she couldn't let him get too clingy. From what she had seen, Mr. Postolski could be ferociously protective. She wanted him to like her, not beat up his coworkers for getting too fresh. She stayed on her knees looking up at him with a smile, letting him take in the view of his cum dripping down the side of her face.

 "That was amazing, Mr. Postolski. You're amazing." She pulled her way up his body, rubbing her massive F cups over him along the way. She leaned up as high as she could, pressing her wet naked body tightly against his to let him have a big wet kiss, sucking on his lips as she pulled away grinning and satisfied. She was glowing and was pleased to see Jeff smiling back at her.

"Now, Mr. Postolski, I'm going to tell you what I told the other guys. This is just a date. I like all you guys and I really like sex, but I don't want any kind of jealous fights breaking out over me, okay?"

Jeff looked at her with dazed, dopey eyes. His smile hadn't lessened any, "okay."

"Cool! Now let's get you dressed. I have a lot to do tomorrow morning," Chloe said, relieved it had been so easy. She had been expecting a line about taking her away somewhere so they could live quietly.

Jeff wasn't an idiot. He had just been out with the most beautiful girl he had ever met and he had had an amazing time. He wanted to take her away to Italy or somewhere and live a happy life with lots of children and pretty rainbows, but he'd take what he could get. Plus, she had liked it. He was sure about that.

She had actually enjoyed spending time with him and bringing him to three stupendous orgasms. Chloe had given him a little piece of heaven, and that was more than he had ever hoped for.

**Chapter 11**

Chloe woke with a jolt Thursday morning and noticed her right hand had strayed down to her pussy. She had started playing with her little clit chains and the sore pleasure nub had sent her a strong message, not entirely unpleasant, but she wasn't too keen on repeating it. She looked around and realized she was alone in her bed, lying on her side. The back chain made it a bit uncomfortable to lay on her back and she didn't like mashing her tits as she slept.

Jeff, good man that he appeared to be, had bailed and left her all alone. It made her feel low. She rationalized that he had taken to heart the message that their little outing was a meaningless pleasure fling, and that she was open (committed?) to making the rounds of the guys at work. She thought that one over. How had she gone from a regular California girl to willing office slut? Had she made a conscious choice? Had it just sort of happened? She rolled over and buried her head in her mattress thinking that one over. Something about having her face pressed into something soft helped her think and she'd been doing it forever. With the back chain though, she had to keep her back arched and it caused her to stick her butt up and rest her weight on her knees. Her legs spread slightly, letting air get at her pussy lips that had been clamped closed between her legs all night, and the clit chains brushed down on the vinyl mattress. She gasped and drew her legs together sharply, arching her back up further. The high heels, still on from yesterday, pointed upwards behind her.

The feelings in her pussy rolled over her body as she tried to unravel how her life had changed over the past few days. She also wondered when she would get around to getting herself a pillow. She had the money Mr. Stevens had paid her on Monday, now she just needed to find the time to go shopping. It was crazy that the only thing she had by way of furniture was a mattress. She didn't even have sheets!

Back to the slut thing. On Monday everything had been pretty much normal, and she figured it all started to change when she walked in wearing those short shorts and that tight blouse. Then the date with Craig, then Sanjay, then Jeff. She thought about her life over the past few days: modeling clothes for an old man, answering the phone, keeping the office clean, taking lunch orders, playing games on the smart phone, looking pretty, going on dates and fucking. A nice guy like Jeff wouldn't leave a lady all alone the next morning, but then, was she a lady? She was the office bicycle. On the other hand, the guys she worked with made some very high value products, and she was contributing to that in a big way by boosting their self confidence. She was being a slut for a valid purpose. Plus, she smiled to herself, she was kind of having fun. She pressed her legs together over her over-sensitized vagina. As long as she kept things on those terms, she would own her sluttiness.

She would be fucktoy for SofTec because that's what the company needed, and that was the best way for her to get a glowing recommendation. She wasn't whoring herself out, she was legitimately driving up the company's performance.

Fine, but she should still be learning something. Chloe was giving SofTec a tremendous service, but she wasn't so sure she wanted to spend her life fucking nerds. She had started up to learn the trade. Chloe reminded herself to talk to Mr. Stevens about it before the end of the day.

She saw the clock read 5:36 and thought about going back to sleep. After yesterday and last night she was pretty bushed. So tired she hadn't even remembered to take her shoes off before going to bed. She ran a hand over her taught, stomach and passed her fingers easily under the narrow waist chain. It came to her then that she was actually still keeping the posture forced on her by the slender chains. Her neck felt a little sore, but not too bad, and there was barely a mark around her waist. Arthur's technique actually worked. Arthur! If she wanted to get her exercise in, get to Arthur's and not be late again she had to get moving.

She took off her big heels and slipped on her running clothes. A pair of panties, sports bra, t-shirt and shorts. The chains were a bit of a dilemma. With the bra pressing in, her back went into a sharper arch, causing her to stick her butt out even more. The nipple piercings were pretty sensitive, but the clit chains were the biggest challenge. Chloe couldn't find a fastener on the rings to pull them off - Arthur must have bonded the links together somehow. She tucked them into her pussy and pulled her panties up tightly to keep the chains from coming loose, but now the panties pressed up against her stretched little nub. She put a bandaid on it and over her nipples to keep them from rubbing too hard (finally the first aid kit she always kept around came to some use).

Finally she was out the door. For the first time in days she felt she had her own space. Running on the wooded roads around the apartment complex let her relax and plan her strategy for the day. She would flirt her ass off. Whatever they wanted, she would give. She thought about letting the guys do whatever they wanted to her, treat her like a fucktoy. Getting past all the lessons she'd every absorbed about the correct way to behave, the situation wasn't all bad. These were good guys, she liked sex, and, she was surprised to admit it to herself, she kind of liked being bossed around. She'd be their little cumbucket, the thought made her clitty tingle, their little butt slut. She would own the role, and as long as she didn't let her hangups screw with her, everyone would be happy.

Her back and neck were a bit sore from holding the posture on her run. Coming back, Chloe found a glass pint bottle of milk on her doorstep. It was an old style container, more like a carafe, with no cover. It had a little paper bag next to it. It certainly didn't smell like milk, and the color was off. She opened the bag and found pictures in it of her getting fucked at the bar. There was another photo size envelope inside addressed to her parents. Her knees shook.

Everything she'd been thinking about earlier turned upside down. Until now everything she was doing seemed otherworldly. The link to her parents brought home the reality of what she was getting herself into. Whoever this was, how did he, or she, know where her parents lived? It had to be someone from work. Then again, it wasn't hard to track down people in this day and age. She read the note. Congratulations, this is your first bottle of milk! Step 1: Set up the camera on a flat surface, point it to you, and start recording a video. Step 2: Stand in front of the camera. Step 3: Tell the camera who you are and where you're from. Step 4: Take off your clothes. Step 5: Cut them up into little bits. Step 6: Drink the bottle all the way down in two minutes. Step 7: Smile at the camera. Step 8: Open your mouth and stick out your tongue. Step 9: Email the video to chloefucktoy@msn.com

P.S. Wear something nice for your next run : )

For a moment, Chloe felt like breaking down. It hadn't been a week and she was already being blackmailed for doing things she didn't entirely want to do, but had committed herself to anyway. Or did she want to do them? A moment ago she felt like she had everything figured out and now it all got twisted around again. She took a deep breath.

Okay, number one: she was committed to being a slut. If she was a slut, then wouldn't she drink a bottle of cum anyway? There was something kind of funny about being blackmailed into doing something she would have done anyway, but the blackmail drove home the fact that she couldn't really back out at this point. She had picked up an identity and she couldn't do it in half measures. She took another deep breath and focused on her dilemma. Dilemma? She hadn't been drugged into fucking anyone. She had made the choice. She had known in the back of her mind that this could get back to the people she knew back home. So deep down, she had to be okay with that, right? The only issue really was the timing. She knew she would have to tell her parents about what she was doing at some point, but the possibility coming up this soon just seemed so fast.

She looked at the camera, and slowly she smiled. She was committed. She had to own her actions or they would own her.

Other than her mattress, she didn't have any furniture in her apartment, so the only surface she could place the camera on was the kitchen counter. She hit record.

"Hello, my name is Chloe Petit and I'm from San Diego," she smiled big for the camera. Her body was starting to relax into all the endorphins from her run and thinking about what she was about to do got her adrenaline going, "I just got back from a nice long run, and I could really use a refreshing drink."

She peeled off her sweaty shirt and shorts, then stripped off her bra. When she took off her panties, her clit chains swung down and she almost collapsed from the sensation. The camera saw her flush and shudder. She was performing.

"These clothes are nasty, and I've just about had enough of them, now where are my scissors?" She honestly couldn't remember. After a minute she dug them out from under her bed where they'd fallen after she had modified her outfit for Craig.

She came back in front of the camera, brandishing the sheers with a wicked grin and started in on her sports bra. What a waste. She didn't have very many sports bras and they were hard to find in her size. She smiled thinking at what deranged take on a sports bra the old man would dream up if she could talk him into making her one. If nothing else, her journey towards becoming a loose woman was kind of original.

Bra, then shirt, then shorts, then panties. Shredded into little bits and stuffed into the paper bag. She'd leave that out for the milk man to collect.

"Well, now that we've got that out of the way, here's the moment you've all been waiting for!" She reached towards the bottle sitting next to the camera on the kitchen counter and gave the camera a nice close up of swaying boobs. Conscious of the bonus show, she gave them an extra shake before picking up the bottle with a flourish and more tit jiggle.

"So, two minutes. I don't have a timer, so I guess that means I just chug this down as fast as I can, huh?" She pouted at the bottle. "Okay, one pint, ready, three, two, one!"

She upended the bottle into her mouth. She never had gotten the hang of chugging beers, and she'd only deep throated a cock once, with Craig. This was thick goop. She got a mouthful towards her throat and choked, cum shooting back up through her nose. She couldn't help laughing at herself. Semen was running down her nose and around her mouth. She wiped some with her hand and licked it clean.

"Oh, shit, time's ticking. Okay, second attempt."

This time she took measured gulps. The cum was a little cold. Who knew how long it had been sitting out there or whose it was. The thought didn't make it taste any better. What if it was from a farm or something? Ick. She could feel her stomach start to turn and forced herself to think about teddy bears. So plushy, so cute. On the up side, a pint of jizz might not be a milk shake, but it probably had more protein. Perfect follow up to a long run. Maybe next time she could mix it up with some fruit and granola.

"All done!" She announced proudly at the camera and then stuck out her tongue and said, "Ahhh!"

She went over to her computer and loaded up the video, hitting send. As she waited for the video to transmit, she did her crunches and pushups, feeling pretty damn wicked. Nothing wrong with getting naked and drinking a bottle of cum. Hell, how many girls would go through with this sort of thing? Wearing cum, drinking cum. Oh yes, she was doing this one hundred percent and she was going to look good while she was at it. Twenty pushups, one hundred crunches, three miles. Every day.

It was 6:42 when she was ready. If she hurried she'd catch the 6:50 bus. She looked down at herself. Arthur had given her stockings to wear and she hoped he wasn't too upset that they had gone missing. Her creamy white legs looked good stretching naked from the three inch black pumps to the bottom curves of her ass, flashing out under the high hem of the shorts. She remembered how skimpy these shorts had seemed on Monday. Now, by comparison to some of the stuff she had been walking around in, it was practically a habit. She giggled to herself and wondered how many women would wear a shorts like this and think of them as conservative.

She put on the sleeveless linen blouse from Monday and buttoned it up only to nipple level. Slutty, she thought. But she was super slutty. She unbuttoned the one below, then the next. Three buttons held the blouse together now, all of them below her diaphragm. The opening of the blouse was narrow from her neck to the low button, but with each step, her tits would sway and flash their inner slopes through the opening. Not bad.

She made it to the bus, jogging the last fifty yards to catch it before it left and catching the eye of half the riders. The amount of bounce the movement put into her tits gave her serious concerns about running without sports bras. At this hour, she was thankful it wasn't all that crowded. She was in a frisky mood, though, and sitting down didn't feel quite right. She took hold of one of the poles and thought about her day. So she was committed to fucking all her coworkers, huh? She imagined them all taking her at once. Why wait till work was over? They were clearly horny enough all day to make a zillion trips to the bathroom. She found herself idly stroking the pole up and down.

She became aware of her audience. Standing there with her long, bare legs spread for balance, stroking a pole and swaying. No doubt she was showing off all the goods downstairs. She must look like a stripper warming up. Maybe she could throw her clothes at them... Arthur would kill her.

Maybe she could do something else. She figured putting on a little performance for her commuting admirers (the dirty perverts) would be a great way to start the day. Plus, a little more exercise wouldn't hurt. After all, a super killer slut needed a super killer body. She picked one guy and focused on him, looking over her shoulder, then bending down to place her clutch purse down. The lucky man's eyes goggled as the hot blond stuck her tight ass right up in his face. She was close enough that he could just raise up his hand and grab her. Damn, how he'd love to lick that.

As she straightened up slowly she crossed one leg sensually in front of the other, stroking the pole, strutting around it. The bleary eyed commuters were waking up. She put her hands up above her head with her back to the pole and legs spread, and slid down the pole, bouncing a little on an imaginary cock as she hit the bottom. She ran a hand down, stroking her crotch over her shorts, She slid back up the pole, running her hands over her boobs as she looked at her chosen guy, She strutted back around. As her hand strayed over her blouse, she absentmindedly undid a button. It just seemed like the thing to do. She stopped with her back to the pole and pressed her cheeks against it, letting the metal shaft rub between them. The cool metal felt good against her partially covered ass cheeks, and her hypersensitive pussy craved the pressure. She undid another button as she rubbed herself on the pole. With a sly grin, she opened up the next one.

Her blouse was fully undone. She held it together with one hand and spun around to face her target, then kept turning away, teasing him. In her head, she kept telling herself that she was a slut. She was in a world surrounded by men and she really did like to fuck. Fucking was part of her life, part of her job, and deep down, part of her nature. She shrugged the top off her shoulders and turned, pressing the bar between her tits, between the open halves of her shirt, and wrapping her right leg around the pole. Her hands pressed her tits around the pole, keeping her shirt over the nipples, and she stroked her body up and down around it. She kept her eyes on her target and gave him a lusty look, mouth slightly open.

She licked the pole as she shrugged the shirt off. Turning around the pole, her tits still pressed around it, she dropped the shirt next to her little bag. Then she got back up and arched backward till her breasts pointed straight back at her man. Her decorated nipples finally on full view. Her audience was quiet this morning, too early perhaps, but they definitely looked appreciative.

Upside down, looking out the window, she saw that her stop would be coming up soon and realized she had to give the man some kind of finale. She grinned evilly at him and spun out away from the pole, putting her feet on either side of him, wide apart. She leaned forward with her hands on the window behind his head and moved one knee, then the next to seats on his right and left. His hands went instinctively to grab the bare skin of her tight ass, his fingers slid right up under her shorts. Chloe lifted his chin up, tearing his eyes away from her 30 F tits and looking him straight in the eyes with her best hungry look, and she plunged her lips right down over his mouth. The lucky commuter kissed right back. That got the bus clapping!

She looked out the window over the man's shoulder and realized time was about up. The commuter was having a great time fondling her. His right hand had traced up over her back, trailing over the silver chains to her tits. She could feel his hand shaking as he mashed away. The man knew he'd never feel tits like theses and he was going to get his fill. Wordlessly, she pushed away, lips parted. A strand of saliva continued to link their mouths and Chloe licked his lips like she was scared it would go to waste.

Chloe moved off him quickly before he came to his senses and kept her from getting away. She grabbed her things and ran topless out of the bus. She was surprised at how much fun she was having and wasn't sure if her fellow commuters were more disappointed than her when she got off. Maybe she should go work as a stripper next. She had just played stripper on a public bus and no one had said a word. They had all just clapped and hooted. There was something dreamlike about the whole thing. Like she was an animal and surrounded by animals.

A catcall made her realize she was walking through the center of town topless. Phones were out taking pictures and she wasn't even trying to cover up. She smiled and waved at her admirers. Chloe was running fully on her slut instincts. As she neared the shop, she remembered her past exchanges with Arthur and remembered to get "properly" dressed. It wouldn't do to not have on one of the garments he had so painstakingly crafted for her. It was bad enough she was missing the stockings.

"Hello, Arthur!" Chloe strode into the store, genuinely cheery. She was happy she had turned the cum breakfast and the bus ride into golden opportunities to get into her slut zone. The great sex with Jeff last night had helped, too. "I'm ready for my closeup!"

Arthur picked up on her good mood. Seeing the beautiful girl glowing in his shop as he walked out from the back made him smile. "Hello, Angel. It's good to see you in such good spirits. You look splendid! Please, turn around, I love to look at you."

Chloe complied and did a pirouette, her arms out, "Arthur, I'm so sorry, the stockings got ruined at work. I know this outfit just doesn't look the same without them, and I'm so so sorry."

"Ah yes, it's a shame. They really emphasize your legs. I know you're just a slutty girl and you have accidents, but please be careful. It would look much better for the photographs if you had the stockings, and sadly I am completely out."

Arthur looked despondent thinking about it, and Chloe felt down about disappointing him. The way he had just called her a slut rolled by her unnoticed, as focused as she was on actually playing the part.

"Oh, Arthur, I am so so sorry, I hope I can make it up to you," she pouted. She had slut momentum and the flirt was flowing. She was pleased to see him smile.

They went through the photo session quickly and Chloe went through her poses with gusto. A dozen pictures in, she started stripping, and Arthur didn't stop her. First she wiggled out of the little shorts, then she slowly unbuttoned the shirt. She got down on hands and knees and spread her cheeks, this time sliding a finger in back door, then two, and pumping slowly as she looked over her shoulder at the camera. Arthur had already had some intense pictures, strangers had pictures, and she was starting to like being filled up in back. More than anything, though, she liked getting crazy kinky.

Arthur stirred, "Beautiful, dear, very beautiful." The way she was looking at him, he had to take action. He'd be damned if his antique cock didn't tick right here and now, "Now, stand up."

As she stood, he groaned his way down to the ground, old joints popping like fire crackers. Chloe jumped forward to help him down.

"Thank you, my dear angel." The old Greek lay flat on his back and sighed as he came to rest. He lay recovering for a second before unzipping and pulled out his wrinkled hard-on, "Now please, sit on it."

The sight of the old Greek lying on the floor with his dick sticking up like a flag pole was pretty funny, but it was never a good idea to laugh at a dick. Besides, it was a pretty respectable looking dick as far as they went. She stepped over and straddled him. Looking the old man in the eye, she squatted low, guiding his dick to her ass. But she was too tight and dry. With one hand, she stroked his cock under her to keep him hard as she transferred some juice from her now constantly wet pussy to her asshole. After a minute, she had three fingers in, and she made another try for the insertion.

The dick in her ass felt big, bigger than it would have in her pussy. She thought back to Sanjay and Jeff. Generally, it kind of hurt at first, but after a while a cock in her pooper felt pretty good. If she had to pick, she would take a dick up the ass sooner than down her throat. Although deepthroating was okay, too. She noticed she had a finger in her mouth thinking about it. It was kind of nice feeling something between her lips. Her other hand played with her tits thinking about having a fat warm cock sliding in and out of her throat like it was a pussy.

Her clit chains dangling onto Arthur's stomach as she slid up and down his shaft was overtaking her focus. It was like her pussy was getting these little shocks at each contact. Arthur wasn't complaining either. He had his hands over his chest and his eyes closed, relishing every second. From Chloe's vantage point, he looked like a corpse in a casket, his throbbing dick the only thing convincing her that he wasn't dead.

He also had some respectable self control, "Stop now, help me up."

Chloe complied, wondering what he was up to, "Now, kneel."

Of course, the facial. She knelt between his legs as he stroked for half a minute, finally letting out a single burst that hit her just under her right eye and oozed down off her cheek, onto her tit. Arthur was beaming, "Dear heavenly father, I haven't shot a wad like a cannon in twenty years. You bring the best out of me!"

Chloe smiled back, proud at the compliment, and let him help her up. "Now, my dear Angel, go ahead and take your shoes off while I get myself cleaned up and get you your clothes."

It didn't escape her that she was the one with jizz on her face, and she laughed to herself about it. In Arthur's view, the semen was an accessory, not a mess.

She never thought fucking an old man could make her feel good, but seeing how happy she had made the old man reminded her about why she was doing this, and why she had given a strip show on the bus. What she was doing was more than just fucking around. It was sharing something beautiful. She was donating confidence by sharing her magnificent body. There had to be something in all this she could deduct from her taxes.

Arthur came back with a bundle of white and red. She was already standing on the dressing platform in the posture forced on her by her silver jewelry, a constant reminder that she was a tool for fucking and showing off. First he had her put on a new pair of shorts. This time they were white with a red border, made of spandex and possibly some other synthetic material. He drew them up her legs and squeezed them over her butt cheeks. They were tiny! The shorts couldn't be covering half of her ass and they rode between her cheeks, molding themselves to her flesh. In front, they rode very low and a there was V shaped notch cut right above her pussy. Her little blond tuft of pubic hair rode high above the small garment, and if she pulled the shorts down even slightly her clit would pop right out. The white material molded itself to her vulva, giving her a mean camel toe and showing the impression of the clit chains clearly. Her pussy lips, wrapped in the stretchy fabric, pressed down to either side of a very wide brass zipper that ran from the point of the notch to the back of the shorts. The zipper could be undone completely from front to back, allowing complete access without taking the shorts off.

Arthur then brought out a tube of red lipstick and applied a generous coat to each nipple, then her lips. The next piece consisted of white, inch wide straps made out of thick seatbelt material. Arthur fastened them to the back of the shorts under her back chain. The straps were joined together in a Y in the middle of her back like regular suspenders, and then separated as they went over her shoulders. He passed each one over a nipple and brought it down to join the front of her shorts, pulling them up more tightly. Chloe realized Arthur had measured very carefully since two small, brass lined holes cut into the suspenders fit exactly over her nipples.

The straps were a little narrower than her painted areolae, which stuck out a slightly on either side. He pulled a couple of complicated looking small brass nubs from his pocket and fitted them over her pierced nipples where they poked through. He fiddled around with them with his agile hands and gave the straps a quick tug, drawing a gasp from the girl. The brass nubs over her fleshy ones, surrounded by white and red substituted the real things with an exaggeration, and they would keep her tits from bouncing free of the skimpy outfit.

With the suspenders fastened, Arthur reached down in front of her shorts and pulled out her clit chains, causing her to press her legs together reflexively. He let the chains drape over the center of the notch in her shorts, pulling her clit up slightly, and he fastened each chain to a small clip sewn into the shorts on either side of her pussy. Looking down between her legs, Chloe could see that her sensitive clit was now stretched up so that the tip just poked out above the shorts, pulled by her chains and pressed tightly to her body by the shorts. There was no way she would be able to ignore the feelings all day. Chloe could already feel her pussy getting extra moist.

Arthur proceeded to the accessories. He buttoned a white collar around her neck that looked like it had been taken from a dress shirt and tied a short red tie under it with the end just reaching the top of her boobs. Matching shirt cuffs went around her wrists and then her ankles. He fixed her hair into a regular braid starting at the top of her head and passing through a white foot long hair tube trimmed in red at each end to match her shorts. A wide red elastic band fastened the braid at the bottom. When he was done, her long, thick blond hair hung up and away from her like a rope on a stick. Arthur liked this style in part because it made her hair a useful handle for fucking, but mainly because it kept her hair, beautiful as it was, from obscuring his clothes.

The last piece were the shoes. Tall, tall shoes. Today they were strappy and red, matching her tie, nipples and lips, and like yesterday, they had six inch heels. They also had massive platforms, pushing her up an extra four inches. The five foot two inch beauty would now be held aloft at six feet even. It would be like being displayed on a stage with each step. She noticed they were heavy as she turned to look in the mirror and looked at Arthur quizzically.

"They are five pounds each. I have been trying to work out how to make you walk better and I think this might do the trick. I expect the added weight will help you learn to sway your hips more with each step."

Chloe turned looking at herself in the mirrors around Arthur's shop. The cum on her face had dried into a line running like a tear from her right eye over her cheek, and there were some drops on the inside of her right tit. She was naked in front from the collar hiding her neck chain to the blond patch of pubic hair and the tip of her blood red clit nestled in the red trim lining the notch in the shorts. The only interruption was the shimmering silver around her waist. She realized the little red tie pointed arrowlike to her pierced clit. In back, the chain running from neck to waist shot out between the Y of the suspenders, which plunged down to the little shorts.

The shorts hugged each cheek like a glove and the brass zipper, fully half an inch wide, emphasized the cleft. She could actually feel the cold metal teeth of the zipper against her inner vulva and asshole. The shorts were no more than two inches top to bottom, with the lower end riding above mid butt and the top an inch below the end of the crack. Since they didn't reach her hips, the suspender straps actually hung suspended away from her her body from butt to shoulders, held out even further than the back chain and adding even more emphasis to the dramatic arch of her back.

Chloe ran her fingers under the red lining at the bottom of the little shorts and smiled at Arthur over her shoulder. His little outfit matched her mood perfectly. "I'm ready for my close up."

**Chapter 12**

Chloe got to the office at 7:45. She felt bad for the old man. He had been so spent after pounding her ass that he barely had energy left to photograph the little outfit he had worked so hard on. Otherwise, it was a beautiful Washington morning (only mostly cloudy) and the day was getting off to a great start. For the thousandth time, it crossed her mind how crazy she must be getting to consider the way her morning had gone so far normal, let alone a success. She got cheers for her outfit from the handful of guys who had already shown up. Maybe in a few days she'd be walking in naked. She took out her smartphone, put her little purse under the stool and hopped up onto her high seat, ready for anything. The quick move drew a yelp as her shorts tugged down on her clit chains. That drew everyone's attention.

"What's wrong?" Carlos looked up concerned.

Chloe didn't know how to answer, "Oh, it's nothing, never mind." She hoped no one noticed how the tip of her clit was just visible poking above her shorts, but the way the chains were hooked up they were a shiny arrow pointing right to it. Not that her audience needed much of an excuse to stare at her crotch.

Jim was squinting through his thick glasses far down on her left. Oddly for this environment, his coworkers teased him sometimes about his glasses. It wasn't so much that he wore glasses as why, and why he wore those glasses in particular. Jim's eyesight wasn't too bad, but he wanted his vision to be better than excellent. He had four screens at his station, and they were always crammed full of information displayed at extra high resolution. Even 20/20 eyesight couldn't pick up on all of it, and some of it wasn't even displayed in colors visible to the unaided eye. In fact, his screens would be mostly indecipherable to anyone looking over his shoulder, a security precaution as much as anything else.

"My God, Chloe, that is phenomenal piercing you're sporting," He stood up and came around to the intern's perch, never taking his gaze away from the notch in her shorts framing her pubes and clitty. He stopped in front of her, staring in wonder, "Glasses, switch to thermal imaging, Chloe, may I touch it?"

Chloe looked down at the spindly, gnomish Englishman squatting in front of her. She had opened her legs in a reflexive effort to scoot as far away on the narrow stool as she could without entirely falling off and her hands were now gripping the seat behind her, "Y-Yes... umm, but it's very tender."

Chloe had made a conscious effort to avoid that part of her anatomy, but the constant pull was driving her crazy. Having her legs spread to grip the stool didn't help one bit to alleviate the pressure. Very slowly, Jim reached out an index finger and tapped the top of it. Chloe jerked in a spontaneous orgasm. Jim fell on his ass, shocked back as the teen's body arched quivering in front of him.

The office stared wide-eyed. Brian almost shot his wad. He had been jerking off in his cubicle from the moment his youngest employee had walked in. It had not taken him long to give into temptation and install a very high definition video camera to capture every moment of his intern on her seat for future enjoyment. He had even set up a new server in the back wall of the cubicle to store all the video for later enjoyment, and this moment was an instant classic (it would have been no small embarrassment for him to have found out the old Greek had a better system installed).

All the attention, the sexual overtones playing on every moment of her life, and the piercings constantly teasing her clit and nipples had been driving her up the wall with horniness. She had cum hard from Jeff's ass fucking the night before – from an ass fucking! Even having Arthur rear-end her had felt pretty good. Now a simple touch from a meganerd had make her cum in the middle of an office. She had committed herself mentally to playing the role of slut, and now her body was coming along. Or was it the other way around? Was she turning into a major nymphomaniac? Would she ever again function as a normal human being?

She made an effort to compose herself as her coworkers gave her another ovation. Sitting up straight – not that she had a choice – she gently, every so gently, pulled her mini shorts up above her clit, deepening the channel dug by the half inch wide zipper pressed into her vulva. Now she was feeling really feeling those brass teeth against her inner folds. She took a few deep breaths and forced herself to focus on work.

The first thing she did was check her messages. There was a shared document with a chart marking the weeks. Every day on it had a name: her date schedule. She noticed Mark Harris was slotted for today and her heart fell. She had completely forgotten about the schedule! The way Arthur had talked about Steve - Mr. Aranowsky - she knew she would have to let Mr. Harris down.

Mr. Harris was among the few who had already shown up – or just as likely hadn't gone home. She thought about the best way to break the news to him. He probably wouldn't notice her if she walked up to him, at least not anything she said. She decided on an email. Moments later, he got up and walked out, without giving her a second look. For a second she thought he was just going to the bathroom, but then he was out the front door. Chloe's stomach took a wave of anxiety. Mark was kind of nuts; would he do something crazy? She jumped off her stool and gasped, pressing down on her crotch. She really had to be careful in her little getup.

She immobilized the front of her shorts as well as she could and rushed out after him as quickly as her five pound platforms could carry her. Mark didn't respond when she called after him on the steps. Going for a balance of speed and caution, she eased her way down the steps, her unfettered tits swaying and bouncing under the straps, pulling on her nipples. Each stride tugged ever so slightly on her stretched clit in spite of her best efforts. Fortunately it was just one flight.

She didn't catch up to Mark until she was in the parking lot. When she grabbed his arm, he turned an looked at her impassively.

Chloe was breathless, damning Arthur for his insidious little outfits, "Mr. Harris, listen, I'm so sorry. I'll make it up to you , I promise!"

Mark looked at her blankly for a second like she was being obvious, "I know, I just need to go home and do something."

He turned around and kept going to his car. Chloe felt a wave of relief. Mark wasn't upset. Then again, he was a very weird man. Wait, had he just taken for granted that she would make it up to him? It struck her then that he was acting like the dates were her job responsibility. She stood out in the lot and contemplated the gray sky for a moment, thinking things over. She had gone out with Craig, Sanjay and Jeff, and each time it had been about boosting their ego and putting them in a better mind-frame for work, and putting her coworkers in a better mind-frame was pretty much her job. Chloe turned and walked back caught up in her musings, the big zipper tab at the top of her butt crack danced between her cheeks for two cars stopped in the street to get a better view.

There was no telling what was going on in Mr. Harris' head. During lunch, she teased the guys and let their hands play around with her as she took their orders, served their food and cleaned up. They loved reaching under the narrow suspenders and groping her boobs, or just tugging on the suspenders, or tickling her nipples as they pulled on her nipple rings. She had brushed a few hands away from her clit on account of her sensitivity from the fresh piercings and they had all gotten the message.

Around two o'clock she was sitting up on her stool working on a programming exercise Jim had given her. She couldn't stop thinking about how she had ditched Mr. Harris, especially on such short notice. Part of her was relieved she wouldn't have to go out with him – yet – she wasn't eager to find out what a man as odd as him would think of to do with her on a night out. Still, she had made a commitment, and she had made an effort to make her past three dates feel good about themselves. Leaving Mark in the lurch just wasn't right.

Someone was breathing right next to her and a finger was strumming its way down the taught chain going down her back. She looked up to see Craig standing over her. "How's it going with your little lesson there, Chloe?"

Chloe smiled up at him, "Oh, it's kind of tricky, Mr. Brown, but I think I worked out the first few problems."

His hand was fiddling with the brass zipper tab. "Oh yeah?" He smiled back, "This stuff brings me back to highschool. Have you gotten to the polyhedrons yet?"

Chloe looked up at him worried, she had barely worked out the code for the pentagon. She felt Craig slide the zipper down her crack and squirmed involuntarily. She tried not to pay it any mind.

"Listen, it's important that you get the order of operations right. When you get to the polyhedrons, remember it's just like with the 2-D shapes to start." Mr. Brown was working a finger in her butthole now. Right in front of everyone. Her hips wiggled up against it. She wondered if the line of propriety had already moved beyond the horizon.

"Okay, um... is it like," she bit her lower lip, "sequential?"

"It sure is, honey," Craig's middle finger was in up to its last knuckle. He stood breathing down on her for a moment (lunch breath!), the pretense suspended momentarily as he got carried away pumping in and out. She could see some of the guys were holding back laughs behind big grins. Then he looked up at her smiling, "Let me know if you need any help with it, okay? I'll be right back."

He slid his finger out, leaving Chloe's shorts unzipped in the back, and strode into the bathroom holding forth his soiled middle finger.

Then she felt another hand tap her shoulder. She hoped this wasn't going to be a trend. She turned and saw Mark Harris behind her.

"Please, stand up, Chloe, and bend over and touch your toes," his voice was neutral and it sounded kind of cold. Was that his normal voice or was he upset? Mr. Harris didn't stop making her nervous. She realized she had barely heard him say a sentence as long as she'd been at SofTec and his voice gave her chills.

Even so, she felt bad for ditching him, and if all she had to do to make things right was bend over, no biggy. Bent over at the waist, legs straight and slightly parted, she felt the shorts part further and cool air brush over her sphincter. She felt fingers, one, two, three. Mark was pumping her ass. She relaxed. It was getting easier each time. She felt some cool liquid going in. Lubricant. A chill went through her that had nothing to do with the A/C.

"Go, Mark!" "Damn! Do it, man!" Craig had gotten grins, clearly Mark was going further. Was he going to ass fuck her in the middle of the office? Again, whither the line of office propriety? After a few minutes of pumping, he had four fingers in her ass. Her calves were starting to ache from holding the position and she leaned her butt into Mark's leg for support. He was leaning over her, pushing her folded torso into her legs to stabilize her as he fingered his way in. Then she felt him withdraw, only to be replaced by something larger. She felt it push in relentlessly, then back out. A moan escaped her. It felt like a dick, but cooler, and stiffer. And big! With each push it filled her more and more.

Suddenly she felt him zip her back up, leaving the object inside. Whatever it was, it was there to stay. "You can stand back up now." Just as impassively as he had started, he stopped.

Chloe stood. Bent over, the object had felt big; straightening up, with her butt closing over it more tightly, it felt massive. Then as she was getting back into her chair, the object started to vibrate. Her body pressing into the plug protruding from the back shoved it in further. "You will need to squeeze, or it will do that." Chloe tensed her butt cheeks together around the monster. Sure enough, the vibrations stopped.

"The special dildo I put in your butt has four hours of battery life for vibrating. If it stays above 97 degrees and gets five pounds of pressure on all sides, it won't vibrate. If it doesn't, it will vibrate and the batteries will run out. This is your having a date with me tonight. You keep that inside you, and if the batteries still work tomorrow, everything is okay."

That made for two really weird things in one day. No, three counting the "milk" delivery, four with the geriatric tailor reaming her ass in the middle of a store. God, she felt full! Whatever stick Mr. Harris had put up her ass was definitely the biggest thing that had ever been in there. She couldn't wait for her pussy to get better so everyone would stop packing her ass.

An hour later, the office heard a loud buzz and Chloe almost keeled over. She gripped her seat and clenched her butt cheeks, remembering to squeeze her ass muscles again. She was starting to get just a little bit used to the intruder, but she swore the thing got a little bigger as it vibrated. As if it wasn't big enough already! Chloe looked over at Mark, who looked disappointed. She smiled prettily once she recovered.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Harris, it takes some getting used to is all, I promise I won't let it happen again."

Mark just went back to his screen and Chloe went back to her exercise, trying to focus on the problems while squeezing on the dildo. She took a couple of calls and refreshed beverages. The rod was even harder to deal with when she moved with it. With the heavy, impossibly high heels and "date with Mark" (as she was starting to think of her anal dildo) she felt like she was learning to walk all over again. Each step took a little more effort than usual, causing her to sway her hips more, and the effort of pressing against the wide pole forced her to keep her legs close together. Consequently, each step came down right in front of the other, causing her thighs to rub against her pussy mound and against the little clit chains nonstop.

For everyone else, to watch her walk was to watch a paragon of sluttiness in motion. For Chloe, it was like many little strings were forcing her to live, breathe and move in ways calculated to keep her in a constant state of minor discomfort and major arousal.

The feelings governing her were so pervasive at this point that she was forgetting what it was like to not to live subject to this level of control. Her attention was constantly on her body and on serving, but her constraints brought with them substantial pleasure, too. A part of her wondered if she liked like life better this way.

Chloe had determined to fuck around initially perhaps because it was called for, but she was also having fun. She liked not knowing what was coming next, even if it got a little scary. Could it be that the real reason she had consented to be the office slut was because that is who she really was? She was in a fantasy life. Maybe not her fantasy, but all the same, she barely felt the burdens of reality. It was all about good times, feeling good and making other people feel good. She just had to enjoy her body and not think about anything. She tried to focus on the puzzles in her phone and wondered if she could free up enough mental resources from the clutches of arousal to finish it.

She made a trip to the restroom during a rare spell when it was actually empty. The clips keeping her nipples pinned to her suspenders were oddly complicated, as were those linking the clit chains to her shorts. Chloe wondered if this was a conscious choice of Arthur's to keep her from losing more clothes, or if the old man simply liked to work with ancient fasteners out of habit. She unzipped her shorts instead and found them to come apart easily. Without tension from the zipper, the stretchy cloth shrank far away from her orifices, held only by the chains linking them to her clit. As long as she didn't spread her legs too far, the pressure on her love button was just bearable.

The first thing she did was reach back for whatever was stuffing her ass. She felt a little round nub back there and tugged on it. And tugged. The end popped free. The feeling of the wide rod passing through her sphincter felt amazing. Part of it was relief at getting rid of the large intruder. Part of it was something else, definitely not unpleasant. The second it was out, it started buzzing. Chloe looked at it. It was hard and covered in a light pink rubber, longer than her hand and as wide as four of her fingers bunched together at the knuckles. And very detailed. Chloe smiled, realizing that Mr. Harris had probably cast a mold of his own dick for her to wear and rigged it to some contraption. Had he been planning this for a while or did he just think of it on the spot? It was hard to tell with Mark.

She remembered what Mr. Harris had said about keeping the pressure on, so she squeezed it with her hands. It still buzzed. Right, 97 degrees. She either had to tie it up tight and put it in an oven... although how to keep it from melting eluded her. She was a full blooded microwave meal girl and had no idea how to get an oven working. So it had to be somewhere in her body. She'd put it back up her butt, but she had to use it for its usual function right then and there.

She grimaced. She remembered that she had four hours of free time from then until the next morning. Thinking ahead, would she really be able to use her ass to squeeze on it the whole time? As she looked at it, she noticed it had widened a little, just a quarter of an inch at most. But it had only been a couple of minutes. If she didn't do something quickly, she wouldn't be able to get it back inside her again, and she couldn't very well just walk out with the dildo in her hand. She knew she had already hurt Mr. Harris enough for the day.

Chloe bit her lip and reached to the sink, in reach from the toilet, and washed it thoroughly. She took a deep breath and put it in her mouth. It still vibrated and her jaw rattled. She pushed farther, the dildo was hitting the back of her throat and she gagged on it. But it still didn't stop rattling. She took a deep breath, feeling air rushing in through a hole in the dildo, and she pushed further. All but the end was sticking out, and she now had a lot of the dildo in her mouth, the vibrating didn't stop though. In desperation, she shoved the last bit in and had a fit of coughing. She composed herself and tried again. Her face was pointing up now as her mouth lined up with her throat to accommodate the long shaft. She coughed hard at first when it hit the back of her throat but this time she gripped the toilet seat and forced herself to keep pushing the fat rod. Her face going red as her throat protested.

She'd gotten the last bit in and only the little red bulb was sticking out of her mouth. It was odd being able to breathe with a large object shoved down her throat. She'd never imagined she could deepthroat such a large object, let alone breathe through it. Mark must have known that she'd have to shove this down her throat at some point, damned genius. Then the bulb started to glow!

Tears were coming down her cheeks from the ordeal and she sobbed out a laugh. She realized she must look ridiculous. She was sitting on the toilet with a large glowing dildo shoved down her throat, making her look up proudly, with her shorts chained to her clit and massive heels a she had a nice big bowel movement. And she was wearing a tie! She laughed harder when she heard the whistling sound coming through the dildo. The whole experience was so weird, she felt like she was a passenger in someone else's body. Other people were running the show now.

She thought about how Arthur chose what she wore, how she walked, and everything about how she looked. A would be blackmailer had sort of made her drink a pint of cum in the morning. Mark's dildo was making her shove it down her throat. All of her coworkers had her at their beck and call. She moved her hand down to her pussy and stroked the sides. The moment her hand touched the chains she spasmed in arrousal. She didn't have any control. A bunch of men she barely knew ran her life. She just had to go along with it. And why not enjoy it? She wiped herself clean, again hitting the silver chains. Damn she was wet. She clutched the toilet seat, teeth clamped. Good thing Mr. Glow Stick wasn't a real dick! The slightest touch anywhere near her clitty felt incredible.

She slowly pulled the satanic dildo out of her mouth. The thing had to be the biggest object she'd sucked on. Not that she had very much experience so far - that would change! She held it up to the light as it vibrated. It had stopped glowing as soon as she pulled it out. It was longer than her hand. Eight inches? And red, and maybe an inch and a half wide, looking veiny like a real dick. It had to be a mold, which could only mean that Mark had a pretty decent cock. The dildo tapered to about half its width suddenly right before linking up to a round red ball about two inches wide. She figured she'd better get it back inside before it started growing again. It went in a little easier this time.

Carefully she reached behind her and slowly zipped up the opening along her crotch.

She opened the door to see Craig and Edward standing outside the bathroom door, already out and stroking themselves, eager smiles on their faces. She was too surprised and distracted to resist as Craig guided her back into the bathroom, acting like it was completely natural. Her parted lips and half shuttered eyes only led the guys on.

"That little moment with Mark back there was too hot, Chloe. We needed some relief and you were just taking too long." Craig was running two fingers under her tit, stroking out from where they hung away from her chest and up under the thin suspender strap, tracing the exposed aureola peeking out beyond the edge. Chloe was still horny as hell and couldn't do more than pant back, her hands behind her against the sink. Edward came in low. His thumb brushed her clit as he reached between her legs for the zipper and Chloe tensed like a bowstring. The two men paused, taken by surprise at her sudden quiet spasm. They had never seen a woman react that way before and that woman being Chloe was especially striking. Edward kept tugging, rapt as her vulva came into view, and on, reaching between her legs to pull the zipper all the way up the front.

Craig pushed her down as Edward pulled her away from the sink. Edward held her hips up as she bent over, keeping her legs straight and level with his dick. She was on automatic now, running on pure lust. Her mouth already parted in arousal wrapped instinctively around Craig's shaft. Edward started pulling out the dildo. Chloe pushed her mouth off suddenly. If he took that thing out it would only get bigger and she'd never get it back in. "Edward, Stop!"

Edward was stunned still. He had a shock of doubt. What the fuck was he doing, forcing himself on this hot young thing? He had his mouth open to apologize.

"Leave it in... just... work around it, but not in my pussy...." She was barely thinking about what she was saying and Craig was making it clear that his dick head needed sucking.

Edward stared in disbelief. Did she want him to fuck her ass while it was full? Fucking kinky. He stuck a finger in to widen the hole. Chloe moaned back. He pumped slowly. Two fingers. Three. Jesus, how much could her ass take? The dildo wasn't exactly small. Her ass cheeks pushed back against his widening fingers, the glowing red bulb of the plug looked like a big magic button. Such a tight, smooth ass cheeks. His dick felt like a plasma cannon. He pushed down on the dildo to wiggle the hole bigger, easing fingers in next to it to widen the gape.

Chloe did all she could to relax and Edward managed to work a couple of inches in above the plug, which had started vibrating as he stretched her asshole and she loosened her grip to let him in. It was a hell of a sensation. First, the view of porking that beautiful ass, watching his dick disappearing straight and true up that amazing ass, harder than he had ever felt it. Then the vibrations. Then the tightness.

Chloe was shaking, she was so full but there was some magic happening in that rear entry. She had a massive amount of mass stuffed up her asshole. On top of that, some of it was vibrating intensely. Hell, she might as well have pulled it out anyway, but too late now. She wondered if she would live through this. Seismic waves were radiating back and for the from her ever stimulated clit to her ass. The taught chains to her clit, to her nipples, serving as conduits for the pleasure currents. She could barely stand it, but she wanted more. Edward could feel the dildo widen, tightening the hole, and the pressure had got to be enough for it to stop moving. Craig looked over the stunning nineteen year old at his friend's face and wished dearly that he had won the coin toss.

As it was he was having it plenty good at the front end, pulling her forward by her little red tie and the back of her head to force her all the way down. He was already aroused coming in, feeling Chloe tense up and shake in an orgasm was the kicker. A woman having that much pleasure on his watch was blowing his ego, and that got his sperm churning. He pulled out bringing a deep moan from Chloe at the change in pressure, and almost immediately he let loose. Hitting her forehead, hair and spurting over her back, hitting Edward's shirt. Edward gave him a quick, dirty look but an instant later forgot about it. There was just too much goodness going on all over his dick to give a shit about anything else.

He looked over her back, arched slightly by the chains. The glittering back chain looked like a median between the lines of her suspenders, a field goal sort of, and those amazing breasts bobbing on either side as her hands gripped Craig's knees for support. He felt himself ready to shoot and pulled out, determined to paint some markings on the long bare patch of alabaster skin. The first shot landed left of the chain, grazing her suspender. The next two hit dead center. Half of his jizz was now clinging to the chain where it hung suspended above her back and dripped down.

Edward cleaned himself up with some toilet paper and gave Mark's dildo a shove to make sure it was well placed. As he pulled away Chloe collapsed on hands and knees.

"That was awesome!" Edward was gushing, "Thanks, Chloe. I wasn't sure about this but Craig said you would be totally into it. Wow... I don't even know what to say."

"Ditto what Edward said." Craig was rubbing his dick around her face and Chloe was reflexively licking at it, her left hand down at her crotch, brushing gently and bringing herself to short mindless quivers. Craig backed away and zipped himself up, fully relieved, and Chloe's head gave an involuntary little lunge at it.

"Well, I guess we'll see you outside." Chloe nodded back as they left. Her hands between her legs to zip herself up slowly. But her pussy was too sensitive after the workout. She couldn't close sides of the shorts over her pussy without collapsing into another orgasm. Screw it, she would just leave it out. It's not like anyone would complain.

She walked out of the bathroom in her heavy shoes, butt clenched around the glowing toy and one foot in front of the other. The cum on her forehead was crusting up into a badge for her efforts, and Edward's cum slithering warmly to her ass crack gave her goosebumps.

She considered how much Craig and Edward would love seeing her with their semen covering her, and it occurred to her that they were the first ones to fuck her in the office. Did that count as their date in the rotation? She'd try to remember to talk to Mr. Stevens about that. For now, she'd be a nice trophy for the two, and all the guys would be doubly motivated knowing she was accessible. Performance would peak!

She owned her forced sexy walk coming out of the bathroom. The stretch of exposed skin went from her neck and shoulders in a wide swath showing almost all of her breasts down to the very bottom of her pussy, the small red tie signaling brightly to the action spot. The clit chains pulled away to the spread out flaps at the top of her shorts, tugging her clit, red and engorged, a full centimeter out of its hood. Those chains were all that was linking the halves of her shorts and the narrow straps covering her nipples were a complete joke on modesty. She slid daintily onto her perch and closed her legs in a show of mock modesty (actually, to take some of the pressure off her clit). The looks she was getting, and all the sex and the cum she was wearing were making her feel pretty wicked.

Chloe looked out to the room of eyes feasting on her, "I'd ask who's next, but that was pretty rough back there and you all are going to have to wait. Maybe next time."

It was two hours of being surrounded by nonstop droolery before Chloe came down far enough from her horny high to zip up. Chloe forced herself with all of her will to keep her hands off her pussy, and callers she took wondered if her breathy tones meant they had called into a sex line. A few of the guys bypassed the bathroom entirely and wanked off in situ. Chloe turned down propositions throughout the afternoon, pleading that while they could come off easily and be done with it, amorous attentions just got her more horny and if she got any more aroused she wouldn't be able to do her job. Hell, she could barely do her job as it was.

She noticed though that the pain in her clit wasn't quite as bad as the day before and sighed in anticipation of putting her pussy back in play and giving her increasingly sore asshole a break.

Six o'clock finally came around. Chloe strutted over to Brian's office to check out. She reeked of sex. Brian saw her leaning up on the door frame. Her smell, her look, looking at her all day. It had all gotten to him powerfully forcing him to relieve himself several times throughout the day. Again, what a wonderful idea to get a cubicle! Each burst came out of a fantasy, and after each one, he got a major ego boost thinking there was nothing keeping him from making that fantasy real. This deliciously hot nineteen year old would do whatever he told her.

"Chloe, come in here." He patted his lap. Chloe hesitated, then moved forward. When he tapped the back of her thighs, she realized he wanted her to sit on his lap, facing him. Since she hadn't seen him all day, she'd almost forgotten he must be ogling her, too. Why not? He was the boss, though. His separation from the others gave him a sort of aura, putting Chloe on edge. And his tone wasn't playing. For the second time that day she felt truly nervous. This was the man who had given her this job, and he could take it away. As hard as it had been to find this job, she worried how much harder it would be to find the next one after she had been fired.

Brian pulled her close, almost pressing his chin into her tits, and looked up at her. He put a finger up to her mouth and she sucked on it while he talked. "I noticed you had quite a bit of fun out there, today." His other hand went under the back of her shorts to knead her ass, pulling her cheeks apart under the stretchy fabric. Brian's voice was serious, but she could feel a definite edge of arousal, not to mention a growth between her wide spread legs. Brian slid his finger slowly in and out of her mouth, feeling Chloe pump it with her mouth and stroke it with her tongue.

"I don't know if you checked the calendar carefully, but tomorrow is my day with you. I've heard good things from Craig and Jeff and Sanjay, and I'm expecting a lot out of you. I want to see you bright and early tomorrow at Vigo Park at the south entrance at 9 am. I have to be here late tomorrow so I'm taking my date with you early. I expect to see you at your best, understood? Sanjay told me all about Arthur and I called him a little earlier to make sure he would have you well prepared."

Chloe nodded, his finger still in her mouth like a pacifier, bringing a paternal smile to Brian's face. She thought his choice of words was interesting. "Well prepared." It was so weird to think she would end up doing with Mr. Stevens, her boss, what she had gotten up to with the other guys. "Up you go now, Arthur tells me you have a busy evening ahead of you."

**Chapter 13**

Chloe looked at herself in the mirror apprehensively. Shoulders pressed back further than her usual norm under Arthur's chains.

"You can always have a better posture, Chloe. I tried with the chains, but this isn't enough. I want you looking your best tonight for Mr. Aranowsky."

He was talking about her top. It was a little scrap of beautiful white lace with a gold trim. Arthur certainly took his time on it, but it was only three inches wide, and backless. Actually, it only covered her front and it wasn't even attached to her torso. It was a single ribbon that stretched over the middle of her breasts, then wrapped around the tops of her arms to hold itself up. And that was it. If she moved her arms forward, she'd flash everyone. The only way to stay covered was to keep her shoulders pressed back so the ribbon pressed against her breasts, and the pressing made her nipples poke firmly against the lace. In the mirror, she could see how her rings reflected underneath and her nubs showed through in a deep rosy pink; Arthur had insisted on rouging them up to enhance their color. She would be restrained all night. Voluntarily restrained, but limited in movement all the same.

Arthur had continued the theme below. A three inch ribbon of the same lace stretched below her hips, with the bottom just covering her vulva and the top sitting well under her little tuft of pubic hair. Her clit chains hung completely exposed beneath it. The strip rose around her back to cover the center of her ass. Thoughtfully, Arthur had made it tight on the top and loose on the bottom so that it wouldn't ride up, but the slightest move flashed her pussy. From behind it was worse, or better she thought with a smile. Why was it so much funner to be so slutty? The bulge of her pussy was on display from behind in the gap between her upper thighs and just below the firm globes of her ass even when she kept her legs closed. Chloe had carefully adjusted the fabric to cover up the plug that bulged out of her asshole, but Arthur had silently edged the skirt back up, high enough to let the bulb glare out underneath.

The old Greek had been fascinated by the thing and had insisted on getting in touch with Mark to talk about it. Chloe dreaded to think what unholy sex toy would come out of the union of their two minds but she had caved and given the old man Mark's number.

The third item were the shoes. This time, they had no heels but that didn't mean she wasn't standing on her toes. The shoes were white, like the rest of her outfit, and they were closed all the way up to her ankles. Thankfully they had a pretty low platform - just an inch, but they boosted her height seven. Heelless high heels. Arthur had also made them heavy. If anything, heavier than the five pound shoes he had given her las time. He was certainly a stickler for posture. Whatever that meant.

To match them with her "top" and "skirt", he had wrapped the same lace around them, making them look like frilly socks going straight into the ground. Last there was her hair and face. Arthur had gone for a white and pink them with white eye shadow and lipstick and pink accents. He had bound her hair in a wide white lace wrap around the base with her hair, now curled and sprayed, fountaining out above it like a bouquet. Arthur had taken some time with the do and Chloe had never seen her hair quite so massive.

"Okay my little slutty girl, you are ready for your big date. And tomorrow you have another big date with your Mr. Stevens, correct?" Chloe nodded. "Tell you what, I'm going to do a big favor for you. You have to see this Mark tomorrow to give him back your butt toy, and you have to go to the park very early. You're going to be very busy and you're going to be very tired after this date. I'm going to put your clothes for tomorrow in your house so you don't have to come here. There is one other thing I want to make clear now, though, about our deal."

Chloe looked at him attentively. The old man's tone had gotten serious. "I am making your dating clothing now and I am making your office clothing. I am happy for this new arrangement, but there is one condition."

She was apprehensive. Arthur's conditions were significant. That's how she'd gotten herself all pierced and chained up. Arthur took her by the shoulders and looked up into her eyes. She was just a little taller than him in her big shoes.

"If I make you clothing like this, this is a different deal," Arthur paused to add emphasis. "I will only agree to continue making you clothing only if you agree to only wear my clothing. To be clear, the clothing I make you will be your only clothing. Do you understand?"

Chloe thought about it. She was already spending all her time wearing what Arthur gave her anyway, and she couldn't afford to dress the way she needed to without the old Greek's free help. Not much choice, she thought. She nodded.

"That's settled then. Now give me your key and go. You don't want to keep Mr. Aranowsky waiting and I have to leave to meet someone."

"How will I get it back to get in?"

"I'll leave it some place where you can find, maybe under a rock or something, now go!"

Arthur wasn't asking. She obediently gave him her key and left, holding the matching lace clutch purse tightly.

She looked at her phone. It was only 7. What was she going to do for the next hour and a half? She walked over to the spot Steve - Mr. Aranowsky - had accosted her the day before. It was a light commercial and business area and there was a significant amount of traffic. Rush hour. And she was standing pretty much naked for everyone to gawk at. She couldn't put her hands in front of her to cover up because it would leave her tits exposed, and there was still quite a bit of light out. In the store, she had been able to make out some of the color of her nipples under her top, in the sunlight, the were even more visible and the silver rings glittered even in her peripheral vision. She couldn't decide if she should turn her back to the traffic or face it. Either was she would be exposed. She fidgeted in her high, no-heel shoes and pressed her legs together. Cars honked and slowed down.

A police car pulled up. It slowed by the curb in front of her and two cops got out. The thin one came out of the driver's side, eyeing her up and down. His burly partner followed.

"Miss, we have to ask you what you're doing standing around like that. I'm reluctant to make the obvious assumption, since it's not an issue we face around here, but you're making it very difficult."

Chloe went pale. There was no way they wouldn't think she was a prostitute. "I'm just meeting someone. He's supposed to pick me up but he's very late."

"We're going to need to see some ID."

Chloe fumbled in her purse, a matching little lace clutch bag, and pulled out her license. Burly took it and went into the car. Slim sat on the hood staring at her, brow furrowed. Chloe fidgeted. "I'm not sure you're dressed properly for being out in public, miss." Slim got up and walked around her, tapping his club against his thigh.

"I think you're what we call indecently exposed." She felt something hard going up the inside of her thigh. Slim ran his club up to the juncture between her legs, clinking against her clit chains and making her shudder. He pressed the rod up to the back of her bare pussy mound, and up. The thick stick spreading her lips and forcing her to step into a wider stance. "Just those chains...."

"We oughta take you in for this. Soliciting, too probably." He was sliding the club slowly back and forth. "What's this now?" He slid the club out and tapped it on the red bulb barely poking boldly under the scrap of lace.

Burly called out, "No priors. She's clean."

"Looks like you're a nice girl after all. So what's going on with all this interesting jewelry, and that little friend of yours back there? Turning over a new leaf?"

"I'm just waiting for a friend, officer. Honest." Chloe was starting to shake in fear and arousal. The fat night stick was getting to her, rubbing around like that.

"Uh huh. Who is your friend exactly?"

"Steve... Steve Aranowsky."

The men hooted. "Shit! That man sure has good taste," this from Burly.

"Steve Aranowsky or not, we can't just let you off scott free for hanging around like this," Chloe was looking him in the eyes now. Being surrounded by horny guys at work had made her very good at knowing when a guy wanted to fuck. Actually, it was the only kind of guy she knew. Slim wanted to fuck and he wanted to have a good time doing it. Chloe gave him her sexiest pout. Slim leered back, playfully. "Tell you what young lady. You're going to go into that back seat, and then I'm going to go in that back seat and then Buddy is going to go in that back seat. Are we clear?"

"Yes sir." Chloe shivered out under her best remorseful look. A cop fantasy, times two! On the one hand she was being confused for a whore, not a dream summer experience; on the other, going with it meant having a lot of fun fucking.

"Well then get moving." Slim poked her on the red plug, shoving her toward the car. Buddy dutifully held the back door.

Slim looked down at her, sitting in the back seat. "Well that won't do. You're going to have to get into a more convenient position."

Chloe leaned across the seat and raised her right leg up behind the headrest. Spreading herself fully open. Her left arm reached to the floor to brace herself, pressing the top down tight over her massive tits, making them bulge out around it even more. Chloe's chains caused her to arch her back a little even lying down, this also meant that she posed like a glamour model pretty much all the time. Slim admired the silver she was sporting, propped up like that on her ass and shoulders. All tight skin and juicy teen flesh. His mouth was bone dry. "Some nice jewelry you have there, Chloe," croaked Slim in his best authority voice.

He scooted in after her, pulling his cock out. Chloe also had some trouble finding her voice. "My pussy is still sore from those piercings, officer.... I.... Please use my butt."

Slim started, stunned. Then laughed. "I'm afraid it's a bit occupied right now."

Chloe considered her options. She could let the policeman fuck her with the butt plug in her, but she was still sore from the double penetration Edward had given her earlier. And she still had to fuck that Steve guy! She wondered at what point she had come to assume she would fuck whoever she was out on a date with. When had she passed that illustrious milestone? Or she could suck it up and take it in her pussy. That might not be very wise either, but soon. Chloe knew this guy wasn't going to take a blow job either. He wanted to fuck. She made up her mind.

"Pull it out." Slim grabbed the bulb and pulled slow and firm. Her "date with Mark" came out with a pop and started buzzing. She knew it would start growing, too. Chloe took it and stuck it in her mouth, and almost retched. It tasted awful! But she had to keep pushing. Her red plastic master wouldn't be satisfied until it was down her throat and she was breathing through it.

Slim was instantly rock hard. This girl was serious dynamite. He pounded her ass for all he was worth. He knew Buddy was standing outside keeping watch but it would be kind of embarrassing for anyone to come by and see him with his pants down. Chloe was reflexively squeezing him, a habit after working on the back door dildo all day, and it was definitely helping him move quickly. Days like today he loved his job. Correction, there were no days like today. This was a once in a life time thing. But did it have to be? Seriously, in this town, who gave a shit if a girl like this was going around naked. Hell, any referendum mandating she go full nudist would pass like a wet turd. He shot a load up her ass fantasizing about follow up work on this case.

He pulled out, pulling her little skirt off and wiping his dick with it. Burly Buddy followed. Chloe was thankful his endowment didn't match his build. How many cocks was it today? There was Arthur, then Edward and Craig, and now two policemen. Five in a day and she hadn't even gone on her date yet! Six counting Mark's little present. Buddy came faster than his partner and helped her up, very gentlemanly, except he didn't give her a chance to take the dildo out of her throat.

Chloe stepped back onto the sidewalk and didn't see her bottom anywhere. She saw it poking out of Slim's pocket and realized he was keeping it as a trophy. Shit, now she had to stand around here bottomless in front of traffic until Steve came around. "One more thing, honey. We're going to need you to bend over and work your little friend back up into your back hole before we go. So why don't you go ahead and do that." Slim wagged his stick around, indicating she should turn around. Chloe complied, looking at the office building in front of her, thankful that everyone had already gone home and the police car was mostly blocking the view from the street. Wait, no, that was clearly a silhouetteo of a man in the window over by the corner.

She pulled the cock out of her mouth and bent over, clamping down on it tightly with her hands, Slim couldn't resist and put his hand on her lower back. "Let me help you warm up a little bit, you're already closing shop back there."

She felt him run his nightstick up onto her asshole and press in, pushing the tip. Fuck, but those things were huge.

"Please..." she tried moaning in protest. The cops laughed.

"Man, that's hot." Slim shoved a little deeper, watching the black rod poking up into the air above her. Chloe saw the flash.

"Don't worry," said Burly, you're not in it, just the slut's ass.

"Love it. I'm going to put it up on the bulletin board. Alright young lady, let's get your little friend back in his cave." He pulled slowly on the metal stick and enjoyed her moans as she felt her colon emptying out. "Go ahead now,"

The vibrating plug was quite a bit wider now after its time outside. Her hand didn't come near closing around it any more. With an effort, she stayed bent over and started working it back in. One inch at a time and it took her a few minutes. The men watched rapt as the big head opened up the impossibly tight looking hole. They couldn't believe she had been wearing that big dildo all day, they had both just fucked her and then shoved a nightstick in her ass, an her little sphincter was already closed up. But sure enough, the dildo went in. Chloe wiggled and worked it gently, and got all eight inches up her back door.

Slim and Buddy helped her back up and leaned her up against the car as she caught her breath.

Slim smiled down at her, "It's nice to see a young girl who knows the meaning of civic duty nowadays."

Chloe smiled back at his little joke.

"We have to be going, but how about you kiss my little friend here goodbye?" He held up his stick. Chloe noticed some people had started to stop by for a look at the show. The officers were apparently having too good a time to care.

Chloe gave it a little kiss.

"Now now, what is that? Let's see a real kiss, and thank him for a good time."

Chloe figured if she should be thanking anyone for a fuck, it should be the cops, and if they wanted her to thank a cock, it should be one of theirs, but the affairs of men and their cocks didn't make sense by definition, right? Chloe leaned in sideways and licked up on it, flinching on tasting it as it had been up her ass. Fucking asshole. "Thank you very much Mr. Nightstick."

"Now that's better."

She straightened up and looked at them. She realized she must have just joined some club, like the mile high club but for fucking policemen. One fantasy down! The thought made her grin. This is what being a slut was all about. She giggled. These two bastards had just proved she was no longer in reality (I'm just going to go ahead and put Kansas in parentheses here). There was no way in hell she'd get off this easy if these guys were real police officers in a real place. There were no rules here so she could just relax and enjoy the fuck out of her summer, fucking. But it would be best if she didn't have to taste that butt plug again. Or that night stick. She had a feeling it wouldn't be the last time though.

"Now stay out of trouble young lady, we'll be keeping an eye on you." The men grinned and got back into the car, driving off. Chloe stood in front of the slowing traffic bare from the bottom curve of her tits to her tall lace covered, heelless shoes. She spread her legs, held her hands behind her. It was the easiest position to hold to keep her breasts covered short of squatting on her haunches and pressing up against her thighs - which wasn't very sexy at all. Okay, maybe it was kind of sexy. She knew she was hot and she knew she was naked. So she tried squatting but it was annoying and difficult in those shoes so she got back up again and resumed her position. She realized how ridiculous it was to think about covering her tits when her legs were spread to the public, flashing her pussy and the chains hanging off of it. The wickedness made her smile. The cops had practically given her a green light to do what she was doing and she thought it was kind of liberating. That and the breeze blowing against her hot cunt felt delicious, her jewelry clinking in the wind.

There weren't many commuters normally, but she noticed as the time passed foot traffic on her sidewalk thickened. Not across the street. Commuters were certainly taking the long way to their parking spaces around her parts and they were decreasingly shy about it. A suit with a camera had been steadily growing larger on her 9 o'clock, and it didn't take long before his fellow fair-weather pedestrians got the idea. Chloe figured those guys at the bar snapped some shots, why shouldn't these hardworking gentlemen? Too bad they weren't around a little earlier for the cop porn. Did pictures count as blackmail if she didn't care? Chloe considered whether she'd drink the cum being dropped off at her door anyway. What *did* she think about the folks back home seeing her pictures? She was too intoxicated with the rush of everything going on to give a damn.

Chloe walked up to her fans, one foot in front of the other, butt clenched, shoulders back, back straight. A model of sex, Arthur's dream girl. Everyone's dream girl. She smiled. No dialogue called for here. She turned away from them, crossing her arms over her breasts giving a show to the group at the other side of the sidewalk, and she bent over. The silence broke behind her as her fans caught site of her date with Mark and the close up of just where those two little chains were going. All kinds of comments came at her, but the hand on her arm caught most of her attention. Look but don't touch!

She turned and saw it was Steve, flushed and beaming in a tuxedo, had the time really passed that quickly? "And that's a show, ladies and gentlemen," Chloe realized some of the men were actually women, "this young lady and I have some places to go!" Steve hustled off, glowing with his prize. Cars were parked all down the block where they hadn't been half an hour earlier. Correction, hour and a half. It was dark. She had completely lost track of time. His motorcycle was parked on the next block. "Hop on".

Chloe squelched her pussy down behind Steve. The bike was one of those loud ones and it vibrated a hell of a lot. Holy shit this was going to be some ride. Her clit chains acted like little wires going straight to the source of the vibration and she instantly tensed up against Steve's back, her face pressed to the smooth back of his helmet because he hadn't thought to bring a second helmet for her. Demerit! Okay, so it might not have fit over her massive hairdo anyway. And where had Arthur learned to do hair? And the vibrations kept on coming. The damned thing only got stronger as he sped up over wooded roads. Could she get one of these things at home, just the engine and maybe the seat, too? The vibrations were shaking around whatever motor Mark had put in the dildo, too, and she was feeling way too much. She hoped the thing wouldn't break. She clung to Steve fighting to stay conscious, except her mind somehow kept having random thoughts. Like where were they going? Steve was having trouble breathing; the hot chick massaging his chest and shaking behind him was getting him really hard.

She opened her eyes when she felt the object in front of her vanish. Eventually, she registered that they were in front of a big house and there were a lot of cars around. Steve was looking down at her. She was straddling the bike an inch from naked. Her legs clutching the sides in those big shoes of hers, arms pressed down in front of her pushing her massive tits together with the little lace cover bunched somewhere in between. Her little nipple rings and the chains around her neck, back and waist accenting the shiny chrome of his sweet, sweet steed. She belonged attached to that thing. But she was leaving a wet spot. Steve fished for his voice and mental faculties, lost mostly in lust but also a little bit in indignation.

"Ahum... right... I'm going to need you to go ahead and wipe that seat down when you get off. Hmm...." Steve spaced, checking out the prize on the bike, "Yeah... you're just going to have to go ahead and use your hair."

Chloe was still catching her bearings. What? Oh yes, the big wet spot she'd left. She had already used her hair to dry stuff, but this was kind of different. It would be a shame to waste Arthur's fine work like that, although he had told her to be extra nice to Mr. Aranowsky. She daintily stepped off the bike, steadying herself on the wet back seat. Crazy big shoes without heels were tricky when you'd been cumming straight forever. Trickier. Or fifteen minutes or whatever. Chloe leaned over and looked the man in the eye. His mouth was open and he wasn't looking too focused. She smiled and lowered her tongue to the seat. "Unh unh. If I wanted you to lick it, I would have said so. You're going to dry off my seat, and the only thing I see you can use is that big hair of yours."

Nothing focused Steve's mind like his bike. Chloe realized he wasn't going to relent so she bent over, put her head on the seat and pushed it down with her hands. The spray made he hair stiff and springy, and it wouldn't stay down. The action made the top come away and Steve got to marvel at the teen's jugs swinging under her as she used her hair to scrub. Steve saw her bent over and smiled to himself, the little chains were just dangling there, pointing the way along. He unzipped and rubbed his dick along her pussy. Chloe started. It felt good, but she was still recovering. Was it too soon? More to the point, did she like this guy enough to make it *that* easy for him.

"Hold on, Mr. Aranowsky," she remembered her manners, "those piercings are still a little sore, so my little kitty is going to have to be off limits for tonight."

Chloe felt his hands tense on her ass cheeks and heard the grunt of frustration. She ignored it and focused on drying the seat. Steve wasn't a man to be denied, especially not after how this chick was leading him on. You did not show up bottomless and nearly topless for a date and then say don't go in my pussy. That was not cool.

"Let's go in, sweety, we have a party to go to." Steve pulled her up by the arm and walked her across the parking lot. What kind of a house had a parking lot? And there sure were a lot of cars. They went up a long flight of marble steps where a pair of large bouncers stepped aside. Kind of stunned and wondering why Mr. Aranowsky was looking so grim walking next to a piece of ass like that.

They walked in onto a foyer elevated above a large recessed ballroom lit up by a chandelier. The place was full of men and women dressed up in formal evening wear. Eyes went up to them and there was a noticeable lull in the noise. A couple of jolly tuxedos walked up to them, "Steve, my man! Damn, did you bring yourself a date."

"I'm a hell of a lucky man to have found her. I found this young lady walking around town. Chloe, meet Abe and Mitchell, they're a couple of business partners down from Seattle. Why don't you turn around and let them see that amazing... erm... what you're wearing."

Chloe noticed Steve's tension was gone. Here was a man who liked being buttered up. She gave her best impression of a shy smile and turned for the gentlemen. Perfect posture forced by Arthur's adornments and tiny steps in a slow little circle. The men admired the lacy white socks ending at the long span of flawless alabaster skin up over all her chains and all the way to where it met her little tit cover. She was keenly aware they were not the only ones observing her show.

The fatter one, Martin, spoke, leered, "Well, Steve, I gotta hand it to you, that's a spectacular young lady you've brought along. I don't suppose you're willing to share some of that good fortune."

Steve laughed. Chloe considered that she had so far been successful in boosting the confidence of every man she'd gong out with in the town of Sweet. "Well, she has been a little difficult... " She wondered if he was actually going to try lending her out and if she'd be on board with it. These guys or the asshole? Tossup.

"How did you get her to get those amazing piercings downstairs? And did I see a red butt plug or was I just hallucinating?

"Ha! She just came that way, I have no idea. Anyway, we need to get some business out of the way, honey would you mind bringing us some drinks. I think martinis would be perfect." He took her little purse and put it in his jacket pocket. Maybe so she could carry the drinks? He patted her ass to move along. He turned to the two men who were awestruck that he was so casually handling this bombshell. Steve was counting on that to put them off balance.

Chloe surveyed the crowd. Conversation had picked up again, but she was still getting looks. Lustful or mean. At least it was mostly men between her and the bar. There were quite a few women, all elegantly dressed and generally not looking pleased with her, but on balance, like everywhere else in this town, there were more guys, and they parted reverently as she made her way down the stairs into the ballroom proper, backing away to get a full view of her up and down. She was so spectacularly incongruous that they figured her for a performer set up by Steve Aranowsky for their enjoyment.

Chloe had only been doing this slut thing for a few days and being surrounded by formal attire made her feel pretty self conscious. She felt herself getting flushed under all the attention. A rosy faced man stepped between her and the bar, "My god, you are a sweet little thing! How the hell did Steve end up with someone like you to bring around to his little party?"

Chloe stopped and watched the man watch her breasts jiggle their way to a stop, thinking how silly he looked being so focused on her breasts. She was liking how everyone in this this town seemed pretty ready to have a good time. Or at least let her have a good time. Except maybe the women on the other side of the floor who looked like they might tear her to pieces. She thought back to her strip tease on the bus, how everyone was happy enjoying the show, and how everyone at the Fat Hound got into her little sex show with Sanjay. Good times. These guys were better dressed, and the place had seemed a bit stuffy at first, but she was warming to it.

She smiled back at Mr. Rosy Cheeks, "Well, I guess Mr. Aranowsky just lucky, because there's no one like me."

**Chapter 14**

"And what will you have, sir?" Chloe stood ramrod straight with elbows and shoulders back, holding up a tray up to serve one side of the circle of admirers that had formed around her and having a hard time keeping the ribbon covering her nipples. Most of the women and couples had cleared out, some taking offense at the little slut walking around brazenly with her piercings tinkling, some feeling out of place in conversations increasingly focused on the fine qualities of the busty serving girl with no bottoms.

Chloe had brought drinks back to Steve and his friends to find that a tall, elegant brunette in a pricey black evening gown had joined the group and that Steve's hand was on her waist. Steve had asked Chloe to make herself useful and go around serving drinks, which had been pretty disconcerting. Was this how the man usually treated his dates? What kind of guy takes a girl out, ditches her for someone else and then starts treating her like a waitress? Chloe picked a large number to count down from and reminded herself of her promise to Arthur that she would make sure his friend had a good time. Arthur had made it clear that it was very important that she do so. Chloe was turning to leave when the woman mentioned something to Steve about confidentiality.

"Oh, yes, that's a good point. She hasn't signed an agreement," he had stopped to think for a second, "Martin, do you have those ear plugs on you from your flight? I think we're going to need Chloe to wear them. You see, Chloe, this crowd has come here to talk business and they all have agreements with each other not to spill the beans on any secrets they hear, but you don't. So you're kind of a risk if they're getting drunk and that might make some people uncomfortable. Thanks, Martin."

Steve moved towards her and carefully pushed the ear plugs into her ears, drowning out all the noise. The guys had taken their drinks and the lady reached up to get hers, stopping to casually stroke the bottom of her breast and trace a nipple ring through the thin white lace. Chloe saw her say something to the small group, but she couldn't hear a thing. She saw everyone laugh, looking at her, and their attention turned to something else. Chloe wanted to cry. She had gotten to like all the sexual playing around and being admired, but these guys were acting like she was a joke. She felt like a doormat. And the earplugs felt warm and sticky; Mr. Aranowsky's fat friend had been wearing them for hours and now she was, and they hadn't even been cleaned.

She couldn't hear anything and her eyes were getting blurry with tears of shame. With the tray in her hands and having to keep her arms back for her top to stay on she couldn't even wipe her eyes. Everyone could see the big earplugs sticking out of her earholes. She worked to compose herself, realizing it was kind of ridiculous to be worried about covering her tits when everyone could see her pussy. The brunette noticed she was still standing next to them and brushed her away. Mr. Aranowsky didn't even acknowledge her and kept talking to his friends. Chloe turned and went back to the bar. With the earplugs in she felt isolated in her body and her clit chains were calling her attention even more.

As ordered, she went back to the bar to pick up some drinks. She held up the tray to the bartender and nodded towards her former date; the bartender smiled and loaded her up, copping a feel of naked tit when the tray was full. As she circulated, she noticed that the crowd was increasingly male and increasingly loud. They were getting bold, too.

At first the occasional hands traced her butt or her back chain, then they started touching her boobs, mostly from behind. Chloe didn't do anything. She was lost in herself, seeing men grow loud and feeling the hands and fingers, getting hornier. She relaxed and forgot about Mr. Aranowsky and her earlier humiliation. She moved from group to group asking if anyone wanted drinks, but she had no idea what came out of their mouth. They would smile back at her and say things to each other and laugh. She couldn't hear, but it was clear that the guests were getting louder and drunker and having a good time.

One of the few women upended a tall mojito onto her little top, making the tin lace completely transparent. Someone slid an ice cube between her top, wedging it over her left nipple, doubling her over in shock. But she did not let go of the tray. It was strange having her hands full, not being able to do anything about what anyone did to her. She was powerless among strangers, but she wasn't afraid. She was at their service, but they were the ones who wanted her, and their lust had her very wet.

Her clit chains working like little lures took an oddly long time to get any attention. She moved into one group and a short, fat man, ignored her offer for a drink and let his hands trace down her abdomen to toy with the little chains, making her squirm to keep her legs together. The fat man looked up to his friend and said something that made them all laugh. He slid a finger in her pussy and Chloe almost came, watching them laugh louder. Fat man pulled out and ran his finger over her lips, watching her mouth part to let it in. She sucked on it almost by reflex.

This must have been some kind of signal. The next thing she knew, a pair of hands were kneading her butt cheeks apart, then twisting her butt plug. Chloe wanted to forget about her pussy's soreness. All the sights and touching was getting to her. Fat man moved fingers down to her pussy as her friend played with her plug. She parted her legs, still holding the tray. The ice in her top melted quickly.

She didn't know when or how, but at some point someone took the tray away. She had gotten lower and everyone had gotten taller. Someone pulled her arms up and took her little top and she was on her knees, but all she could think about was her clitty. Her legs spread kneeling and her body lowered so the clit chains dangled on the floor. She moved up and down slowly, feeling the clit chains brush against the floor sending little vibrations up into her body where she craved them. Her lips were occupied sucking a couple of fingers on the fat man's hand. The fat man beamed and looked around at the audience. Chloe was in the center of the room and pretty much everyone was watching the show. Fat man stared up at Mr. Aranowsky, who nodded back. Chloe wasn't noticing anything happening beyond her skin.

Fat man unzipped himself and slid out a hard, fat cock. Chloe didn't register for awhile that she was sucking on something that wasn't a pair of fingers. Her left hand was on her thighs, helping her bob up and down as she wrapped her hand under the fat man's balls. Her whole mind was on her pussy, and her free hand itched to stop being so careful around the still too tender organ. Would she damage her own little clitty if she put her fingers inside her? Just thinking about it was getting her aroused.

Another penis was poking her on the cheek. Frigging herself became a moot point because penis two needed jerking off... but not yet, she moved her free hand off her thigh, forgetting her internal debate. She tensed in an instant orgasm. Fat man was starting to tense up, too. She felt the blood rush into his dick. He pulled out and came. A lot of cum but it just poured out. A hot little river spewed out and down, running down her upturned throat and between her tits, pooling around and under her waist chain. She gobbled the next comer.

Chloe was surrounded by jerkoffs now. Different cocks of different types circled her and she got into a rhythm of sucking and bouncing to keep feeding her clitty the little vibrations it craved. A dick would poke her cheek and she would grab it and stroke it as she finished sucking someone off, then mouth dick would cum, sometimes in her mouth, sometimes on her face, her hair, her tits, she would turn and get a new mouth dick and stroke a new cock. Her arms were getting tired. Then she was on her back, or as on her back as she could get. The back chain made sure only her ass and shoulders were on the ground and her back arched. Her toes in their tall, heelless shoes made a third point of contact. Someone came up and put his dick between her big tits. There was enough cum on her tits to let the guy slide his cock up and down. She had the sense he was a good looking guy, but he had his pants off and she thought he looked kind of funny wearing only the top half of a tuxedo. Maybe he didn't want to get jizz all over his nice pants.

Someone else came down and started kneeling between her legs. She was lucid enough to close her legs and moan him away. She was still too sore for that, and that was pretty much all she was conscious enough to act on. She'd never had a dick between her tits, but she the idea seemed like a good alternative. The man had been pushing her tits together on either side of his penis and she took over. It felt pretty good, especially when he flicked her nipples. Or was it someone else flicking her nipples? She didn't care. It wasn't like having a dick up her pussy, or her ass actually. The ass plug had started vibrating again and Chloe clenched back on it to make it stop. Yeah, weird but that actually felt nice, too. Nicer than the tit fucking, but that was also, ok. Maybe about the same as sucking dick. The guy came. Again, not a squirter. He just dribbled down a stream that went up over her shoulders for a change, instead of down. Painting some cum on her from a different direction.

She felt a hand pull her up. It was Mr. Aranowsky, and she stood on shaky legs. Chloe had forgotten that she couldn't hear. The whole thing had been completely dream like and the entire situation was still feeling distant from regular reality. Steve was thinking the same thing, looking at the naked girl covered head to toe in jizz and silver ornaments, and wobbly on her crazy shoes. He led her up the stairs between rows of clapping guests. The evening had been a success for him. There was nothing like getting a man's dick up to get him to make irrational business decisions, and Steve had worked that angle to cut some very good deals.

They met up with the brunette at the top of the stairs and Steve put his arm around her waist, looking over his shoulder to gesture Chloe to follow along. Chloe followed along in her tall shoes, leaving the party behind. They led her up another flight of stairs, ignoring her until they reached a large bedroom with a massive modern bed and matching furniture. The elegant lady looked her up and down and said something to Steve, who laughed and went over to the wall to flip a switch. The black light came on.

Chloe saw herself in the mirrored wall opposite her. She was criss-crossed in glowing white where all the cum had dried. The woman walked up to her with a big smile and slapped her tit to the left, then her other tit, backhanded. What the fuck? She slipped a finger under her neck chain and dragged her over to the bed, stopping at the foot to meet with Steve. She pulled Chloe down by the neck, pressing up on her belly to make sure she bent over at the waist and put her mouth to Steve's crotch, where Steve was ready with his dick out for Chloe to suck. Chloe knew what was expected and dutifully took the man's dick in her mouth.  She felt elegant chick walk around behind her by the finger she was tracing over her back. She grabbed the big red bulb and pulled in and out. The cock was starting to vibrate as it came free of her anal grip. Chloe moaned back into Mr. Aranowsky and reached back reflexively for the plug. She didn't want it growing big so she couldn't put it back in. She felt a hand grab her hair and shove her face hard onto the dick. She had deepthroated a couple of times already, so she could handle it, and Mr. Aranowsky wasn't too big. Still, though, she couldn't help coughing around his penis as he slammed down her throat. The lady was spanking her on the ass with the vibrating, growing dick. Chloe felt her slide the dildo over her ass and vibrate it over her clit and chains, teasing her pussy opening. She pressed her legs together. The lady was insistent.

Chloe forced herself off the dick, "Please, not there, it's sore... Please put it back in my butt."

The lady spanked her ass with the big plastic dick and Mr. Aranowsky pulled her back onto his cock. She felt the plug return brusquely into her back hole. Then she was getting tugged by the chain onto the bottom of the bed. The lady was naked and she dragged her between her legs, pulling her into her pussy. Chloe had never licked a pussy before, so she guessed her way around, licking at the strange woman's pussy like a cat. She felt her face get pushed in closer and stuck her tongue in like a little penis, licking around the inside and using her nose to rub at the clit. It was weird being down there, like her face was getting mashed around in her own vagina. She wasn't sure if she liked it or hated it. It was mainly just unusual and mushy. It wasn't like cum. Did cum taste better? She compared the two in her head, thinking about the big bottle on her doorstep that she had chugged down, and the guys she had sucked off. She wasn't sure if she liked the flavor, but she liked the experience of sucking semen better. Wrapping her lips around a man's hot cock... and drinking that bottle of semen had felt kind of... awesome naughty.

Mr. Aranowsky pulled Chloe up towards the headboard and had her kneel next to the lady, who stroked her big tits, smearing around man slime before cleaning her fingers off in Chloe's compliant mouth. They were talking to one another and Chloe had no idea what they were saying. This not being able to hear anything felt crazy. It was like part of her wasn't really there.

Mr. Aranowsky climbed on top of the brunette and executed a vigorous missionary performance. Apparently they wanted her to watch. Chloe felt like she should be jealous of the lady, but then she thought Mr. Aranowsky was a jerk anyway, but more than that she was on the bed as the sex toy, not a woman. Looking down at herself, Chloe got distracted watching the cum paint job on her glowing in the black light. It was like some sort of weird camouflage. Sex camouflage maybe to help her blend into lust crazed wilderness. She giggled at that. Painted up in her true slut colors. Being a toy in this fantasy world meant she had free license to enjoy herself without worrying about the burdens of being a grown up.

The giggle must have reminded Steve that she was there because next thing she knew he was pulling Chloe down by her big tuft of hair, matted by now and mostly stiff. He pulled out of his lady friend and shoved his dick in Chloe's mouth a few times, then back in the woman's pussy, keeping Chloe's head down on the lady's vagina. Chloe figured she was there to help out, so she started licking at the vagina again. This was a hell of a weird date. Who ditches a date for another woman - who isn't even as hot, makes her serve drinks to all his friends with her ears stopped up, makes her walk around naked, makes her give blow jobs to all his friends. Wait, that wasn't entirely true. The being naked was mainly due to Arthur, the cops and her, and the cock sucking had kind of been up to her, too. So maybe it kind of balanced out. She had sucked off every dick in the party, and Steve was only having sex with one woman. Whatever reason he had was his own, and who was she to judge? She smiled. She was the sex toy.

Cock sucking was kind of nice, and pussies were okay, but she could definitely go for the combination of flavors she was getting. She teased her nipples. And being in her first threesome was pretty cool. Man, she really was a slut! Chloe smiled into the two crotches. If only Steve would fuck her, though. She felt a little put out to be sidelined on the actual sex. Maybe Mr. Aranowsky didn't go for butt sex, and she had made clear that her pussy was temporarily out of service.

Mr. Aranowsky interrupted her revery. He was starting to tense up, and apparently he was doing a good job on his lady friend since she was starting to really buck and was gripping him to her tightly with her legs. Then again, she could have been bucking because of what Chloe was doing to her clit. Chloe saw semen start to come out around Mr. Aranowsky's cock as he thrust in and out quickly. She shifted her mouth down to get at his dick sideways from the top, lipping his shaft as he came in and out. He backed out after a moment and the lady's hands pressed her head upside down over her pussy. Chloe sucked eagerly. Yes, semen and pussy juice mixed pretty fucking well. Her tongue explored thoroughly inside, she even reached her fingers in to make sure she scooped up everything.

Mr. Aranowsky took his turn next, pulling her back by the chain off the bed to kneel next to the bed and give his dick a proper polishing. His dick was getting hard again and he took his time thrusting in and out of her throat. Chloe's mouth was tired from all the use she'd given it that evening, sucking off the party and licking the lady's snatch, but she had developed a nice rhythm. She went back to her little bounce to give her pussy some stimulation through the chains and used both hands to play around with the man's dick. Someone should have told her to bring knee pads if she was going to be giving so much head. She'd have to talk to Arthur about getting some in the next outfit he made her. A special cock sucking outfit. What would an ass fucking outfit look like?

Steve must have been thinking about ass fucking, too. He pulled her up by her hair and draped her face down over the bed where the lady was sitting playing with herself watching them. More muff diving for Chloe. Mr. Aranowsky twisted the plug out of her ass and dropped it on the floor. She felt his smaller dick enter the rapidly closing gape. He barely moved. The next thing she felt was his warm semen expanding around in the depths beyond her sphincter. He stayed in for a while, Chloe's ass by now reflexively gripping tightly to his dick shaft. She realized the plug, her "date with Mark", had trained her to massage penis.

Mr. Aranowsky pulled out and pulled her back off the bed by her matted hair to give her his filthy dick. She automatically closed her mouth over it and almost retched at the taste of her own butt, but she sucked dutifully like a good sex toy as he took a seat and relaxed. He collapsed back on the bed and slipped his limp wet dick out. Propped up on his elbows, he slapped the girl gently on the nose with his used rod chuckling at himself.

Chloe looked up at the lady to see her smiling down at her condescendingly and waving next to Mr. Aranowsky. The lady's foot came up to her tit and pushed back, sending Chloe onto her ass. Mr. Aranowsky rolled over to make out with the lady, leaving Chloe on the floor. After a while a large black man came in, picked the sticky sex doll up off the floor and started walking her out.

Chloe remembered about the dildo at the last moment. She had gotten so used to having it fill her up that it took her some time to connect the emptiness in her ass with the fact that it was no longer in her. She tore herself away from the black man and crawled over to the plastic toy. She was dismayed to see that it had gotten quite a bit bigger. Now it was as thick as her ankle!

She stood the vibrating monstrosity up on the floor with her hand and lined it up with her back door, working at relaxing herself. After spending most of the day clenching her asshole, it took some effort to relax so she could get it back inside. She saw the pair on the bed looking back at her and laughing. Chloe thought how pathetic she must look, and the shame aroused her. Fucking herself with a massive plastic dick in front of strange people was just what a sex toy was supposed to do., She slowly lowered herself onto the butt plug. The black man looked stupefied watching the stacked little blond slide the monster inside her.

It felt like ages, but she did it! She stood triumphantly and walked wobbly on her big heavy, heelless shoes, crusted silver jewelry jingling, the black man behind her. Was he the butler or something?

The big man walked the naked, cum covered sex doll back the way she had come, out the front door. The party had cleared out, apparently a while ago. How much time had passed? She wondered if she would actually manage to get any sleep before she had to get up for her date with the boss.

**Chapter 15**

Chloe curled up in the back of the limo with her head on the seat listening to the vibrations of the road passing underneath. The driver had noticed the ear plugs and pulled them out. She had gotten so used to not hearing anything that she completely forgot she was wearing the filthy plugs. Mr. Aranowsky must have alerted him to her state because he had thoughtfully covered the seat with a tarp before letting her inside.

Chloe realized she must have drifted off when she started at the door opening. Apparently a gentleman, the driver reached in to give her a hand onto her steep shoes as she stumbled out. With a "Good night, ma'am," he got back in and drove off. Chloe realized she had been ready to suck the guy off and was somewhat disappointed that he had just left. She truly was a slut and the thought made her smile.

She realized she had been surrounded by people for hours but that was the first thing anyone had said to her. Or at least anyone had said to her that she had actually heard. As she stumbled near exhaustion to her front door she realized she had given Arthur the key so he could set up her outfit for the next day. But where had he left it? She knew he had told her; why couldn't she remember. Under the doormat, on top of the ledge? She was starting to panic.

How was she going to get inside? Fuck! Should she call someone? One of her coworkers? At least it was warm out. She realized she didn't have her purse either, so no phone. Mr. Aranowsky had put it in his coat pocket when they had pulled up to the party and she had forgotten to ask for it back. She looked across the parking lot at the old lady's place.

Chloe was apprehensive about going to the dark little house. The old lady had been giving Chloe weird looks since she moved in. Weird like disapproving. What would she do if Chloe walked up naked and cum frosted her door in the middle of the night asking for the key?

She didn't really have a choice though. Chloe stood in front of her door looking at the house across the lot, noticing it was starting to rain. She steeled herself. She had to get inside and if the old lady disapproved of her lifestyle, tough, she was paying rent damnit.

She marched across, balancing on her toes with each step surprisingly easily, momentum keeping her level. Just like riding a bicycle. More like riding arousal. With the wind on her bare skin and piercings she felt like every part of her body was being stimulated. It was amazing what she could get used to, but Chloe had always prided herself on her athletic skills. She often surprised people who thought she must be awkward doing anything physical with those mammoth tits of hers.

Here she was handling those big ol' jugs, the nutty shoes, the chains, the piercings, the enforced posture, the big ass ass dildo, with aplomb. Thinking of this accomplishment buoyed her as she walked across the long stretch of pavement. She was a sex toy, she was good at it and she was proud of it. By the time she got to the old woman's door she had just enough rain on her to get the cum slightly moist on her naked body. Shed knocked.

The house was dark, the lady old. Chloe felt kind of sheepish about waking her up and kind of stupid for not being able to find the key. Where the hell could the old man have put it? The rain was starting to fall a bit harder behind her and a cool breeze picked up, getting some of the wetness up under the awning. Would sure suck to get stuck out here all night. For the first time that day, she crossed her arms in front of her. Chloe realized this and it shocked a laugh out of her. After all she had been through that day, the only thing that would get her to cover up was being cold.

Maybe it was the laugh that did it. A light flickered on inside. A very small light that started bobbing and waving along dimly behind the window. Suddenly the reality that she would actually have to talk to the scary crone put a lump in her chest, and the door opened way too quickly.

She was standing in a nightgown in front of her, holding a big lump of wax with a lit wick coming out the top. The two stood looking at each other silently across the dark doorway with the candle underlighting the wrinkled old face. Chloe noticed the wax started to shake slowly, then violently and worried the light would go out but it held.

A hand shot out and grabbed her by the tit so fast Chloe didn't get a chance to scream. Wordlessly and with surprising strength the little old lady dragged her across the porch and shoved her across the railing. Water sliding off the roof fell on her back, uninterrupted by any gutter. A moment later she felt a whack on her ass, and then she remembered to yell out. Feeling the re-hydrated cum slide over her face she thought about what she must look like to the old lady. Glazed like a donut, stark naked, knocking on her door in the middle of the night. This wasn't her fantasy time, this was a real person, an elderly person, and she had inconvenienced her significantly. And she was walking around on the old lady's property looking like a whore. This old lady didn't need that. And wasn't she a whore? Seriously, what else had she done but fuck a bunch of strangers as part of her job. Was she learning anything at the internship? If she did nothing more than have sex, would they fire her?

She started blubbering out apologies, if anything the blows on her butt came harder.

Well, but so what if she was? She was having sex for money, but she was having fun. And other than waking up senior citizens in the middle of the night, where was the harm? She was making people happy. Most people anyway. Every day that week she had gone to work the guys were in a better mood than the day before, and it was all because of her. All because she was making them feel better about themselves. And not just at Softec. What about all those other guys she had sucked off at the party? That was hard work! And those guys had definitely enjoyed a unique experience. She was a fine piece of ass, finer than most, and if she could make a living out of community service based on her ass, why should she look further for a better aspiration?

She smiled thinking the old lady had beat an epiphany into her. She wasn't the girl from last week, in her "professional" skirt and humdrum employment worries. No, she was a queen slut with buns roasting under the hand of her landlady. Wiggling her lightly crusted sticky cheeks to the hits. "I am so sorry, ma'am, and I am very thankful that you have the patience to teach my retched soul some good manners."

The old lady must have tired out. "What I came to ask you ma'am is if I might have the key to my apartment. I am afraid I locked myself out and I would hate to get stuck out in the rain all night."

There was more silence behind her, but no butt slapping. Chloe stayed bent over the railing with her head in the rain. It felt like ages, and she was cold! Her head snapped back suddenly as hands pulled on her messed up mass of hair.

"You get out in twenty four hours, hussy! I don't want to see your sinful hide around this place this time tomorrow night." Chloe looked down at the old lady. So tiny and furious in her night gown, brandishing a key at her like a cross. Chloe did what any nice girl would: she smiled and said thank you, and she turned and sashayed her way off the porch. With a little extra sway in her hips.

She was quite confident she would have a bed tomorrow night. Probably nicer than her own.

**Chapter 16**

Chloe woke to the familiar angry buzzing. It was Friday morning and she was lying on her stomach on her shitty, thin vinyl mattress. Her boobs bulging out, squashed beneath her, pressing her pierced nipples into her soft tit flesh. It wasn't her favorite position, but with the back chain, lying on her back just wasn't an option. The rain had done some work washing off the mass of jizz she had been coated in at Mr. Aranowsky's party, but it was a partial job and all she could smell was semen. She stretched out her tight muscles, her sticky skin peeling off the mattress in places. After the party yesterday she had been surprised they weren't more sore. Was she constitutionally predisposed to being a fuck toy? She slid her hands under her body, her fingers tickling her skin and breaking the crusty bonds connecting her to her bed. Her whole being felt centered on her constantly stimulated clit and nipples, and even her stuffed ass. She could think no further than bringing herself off. She smiled languidly with fingers from both hands gently exploring her mostly healed and sorely neglected vagina. Oh yes, she was a fuck toy.

She brought her left hand around to pull on the big red ass plug. With the base exposed by just a couple of inches it started to vibrate. Awesome! As tired as she was, she had held the plastic cock mold squeezed tight in her rectum all night. Mark would not be disappointed.

Chloe looked around, consciously realizing there weren't any sheets on her bed, just the cool vinyl of the thin pad. She couldn't tell if anything else was missing because she didn't have anything else to begin with. That would sure make it easier to pack when she had to move out later. Did Arthur take the sheets? The landlady? She rolled herself up onto her butt and hit her alarm clock off, moaning as the weight on the red plug pushed in deeper,. Who woke up at 5:30? And in the summer? She realized she still had the weird, heelless shoes on and bent over to take them off.

The lacy covers were still on them, but they were torn and covered in dried mud and semen. How the hell did so much cum get on them? The splotches of dried jizz on her calves stretched in a continuous coat onto the shoes and lace, all of a piece. Chloe saw a seam on the inside, and a weird catch, but she couldn't work out how the thing opened. She half peeled, half ripped the dirty lace off her shoes to get a better luck. The shoes were a continuous expanse of white leather covering her foot tightly to the top of her ankles and there however they were supposed to come off escaped her. With the lace shoe covers off, Chloe realized she had destroyed or lost every last piece of clothes from Arthur had made for her, but she figured since Arthur had put her up to this last date he could hardly blame her if the date had done in his latest masterpiece.

At least she still had the damned nutty white shoes. She bounced up off her bed, eager as always to start her day and looked down over her stunning body, her fingers tracing over her habitually compressed abdomen under the slack waist chain to the clit chains swaying between her slightly parted legs. Her pussy was already wet and tingly. Definitely no running today with those shoes, but they were pretty. Maybe pilates?

She strode into the bathroom, feeling a slight, pleasant soreness in her calves from having to stay up on her toes all night. Serving drinks and walking around with all her weight concentrated on two narrow pads not three inches across had been an excellent workout. The whole experience had felt like a dream, not being able to hear anything and being naked in front of so many people. And so many cocks to suck and jerk off. She couldn't believe she had had so many dicks in her mouth and how easy it had been to get them into her throat. Once she got over the reflex to cough and gag all over them, it had actually felt kind of nice. A strange sort of massage inside her neck.

She had figured out that with her throat doing all the work, her jaw muscles could rest. She imagined having a dick in her throat all the time, rubbing gently in and out. Well, there was Mark's dildo. She worked her mouth and felt the tightness. If she was going to keep doing this sort of thing she would have to figure out some tricks to stretch those muscles. It would be great if her jaw would just hang slack so dicks could go down her throat. She laughed at the idea of walking around with her mouth gaping open like some cocksucking zombie slut. Oh, the guys would love that idea for sure!

Strange though, with the lady and Mr. Aranowsky. He was the only guy who hadn't wanted to put his dick in her butt. She was starting to get a kick out of being used as a sex toy, but with them she had felt like a barely relevant accessory, and she was totally hotter than that other woman, too, and younger. She realized definitely liked attention. Eyes eating her up got her blood going. Playing second fiddle, not so much. But she'd done it for Arthur, and Arthur had done a lot for her, and a favor was a favor. And before that, being surrounded by so many dudes going crazy lusting after her - there she'd gotten attention. And anyway, that mixed taste of pussy and man cream, that was pretty cool, too. Did that mean she was bi because she liked semen mixed with pussy juice? Chloe kept rubbing the soap on. It took lots of lather to get all that dried cum off, and it took her forever to shampoo her hair. Lather, scrub, rinse, repeat. Over and over.

She started out of her revery a while later to some clinking and shuffling sounds outside of her apartment, wondering what it was. She realized she was squatting in the corner of her shower stall, sucking her thumb and rubbing her tits, rocking gently with all her weight on the bulb of Mark's dildo. Her clit chains rubbing on the shower floor. How long had she been down there? Next question: how long could she stay down before she had to start getting ready to go out? That dildo had gotten to feel pretty good in her asshole there and she really really liked those vibrations going up to her clitty from the little chains hitting the floor. She was barely sore up front anymore and she moaned at the prospect of finely getting her little love box stuffed. Damn, she was a horny slut. A hot horny slut.

She reached back with her left hand to the big red bulb. Maybe a little bit more ass fucking first. There was something kind of delicious about being stuffed in the back, and denying her pussy play one more time let her tell herself she had discipline. One more round in the butt, then it was all pussy. A good bye butt pounding. Alright, maybe just one more butt pounding before getting out of the shower.

She stood back up on her toes in her tall shoes to get a better purchase on the plastic intruder, feeling the warm spray of the shower come down on her back as she leaned forward against the shower wall. The old lady might be a bitch, but she did giver her good water pressure. Every time she pulled the rod out, the fat red head vibrated her tender rim, and slowly the vibration faded as she pushed the thing back in and squeezed. Relax, and grip, relax and grip. She was totally doing pilates. Jilling pilates. Her left hand pushed back on the back wall, just far enough so she could rub her erect nipples across the cold acrylic. She sped up in back, panting into the thrusts. She had plenty of time.... And plenty of time passed. To think, a week ago. Hell, two days ago, maybe less, she'd never imagine she could get herself off from pumping a big vibrator deep into her colon.

Chloe stepped out of the shower, temporarily sated but still horny, fingers pruning a bit from being in the shower so long. She reached out for a towel but, fuck, whoever got her sheets, got the towels, too? She walked naked on her toes to the closet and was hardly surprised to find it empty. Turning into the only other room, she saw some cloth on the kitchen counter. No surprise this time, the pile was very small and very unusual looking.

Whatever it was looked weird and confusing, and she didn't feel like trying to figure it out. Anyway, it wasn't even seven yet and she didn't have to be anywhere until 8:30. First, drop off the dildo with Mark, then meet up with Brian at the park. She wondered why Brian didn't just meet her at work and drive her over to the park. Maybe he just wanted to get sleep. He was the boss. She was curious about the noise she'd heard outside during her shower earlier, and figured she'd check on that, then maybe get some more sleep before getting out. She was starting to realize she had probably gotten up way too early considering how late she must have gotten back from the party.

Chloe strode soaking wet and naked over to the door. She didn't even think twice about opening it up all the way. Being seen naked was starting to feel pretty normal, and she was getting kicked out anyway. In front of her were not one, but two carafes. Chloe couldn't help but giggle. She was having a blast and she didn't give a damn about blackmail. She saw there was a little envelope propped up next to one of the bottles and started bending over to open it up. Then she stopped herself, figuring whoever had dropped off the "milk" was probably lurking nearby spying on her. She figured she'd give them a nice show.

She opened up the deadbolt on the door to keep the door from shutting and locking her out then stepped out onto the walkway bordering the parking lot. She turned to face her apartment and spread her legs wide. Then she put her hands behind her head, holding her soaking hair up out of the way and arching her back to make her big glistening wet tits point up. Slowly, she bent over at the waist, the only way she could bend due to her chains, easing her way lower and lower. She did a lot of yoga and was proud of her flexibility. When her head was next to the bottle, she turned around to smile between her legs, sure someone was zooming in. She turned her head and licked down the side of the glass, finally reaching the envelope and gripping it between her teeth. She rolled her way back up, turned back around and made a show of opening it up. Sure enough, there were instructions.

She took a moment to read through them and then put on a disappointed look. The instructions were just not very inspiring today. Chloe put them neatly back in the envelope and rolled it into a cylinder. She picked up one pointed foot and shifted it a foot to the side, then turned her pelvis forward. Was the old lady watching? Her hand traced up along her moist little slit, making her shudder at the sensation. It had sure been a while. Chloe relished every moment of sliding the rolled up envelope into her pussy.

Next up, the two bottles. Wouldn't it be crazy if she was locked out right now? What would she do with the two bottles and no clothes. Wear them? No, she'd had enough of cum baths for the time being. Maybe next time the semen strangers asked her to do that she'd be glad to. Today, though, she was actually quite hungry. She hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday and if she kept this up, Arthur would probably be able to shrink the waist chain by half. She looked down at her damp shiny waist with drops of water still on the chain and noticed it looked quite loose. As a test, she found she could get four fingers under it easily. She definitely had to put some more meat on those bones.

She bent quickly to pick up the first bottle. One pint of cum would do nicely. She leaned against the door frame and reached up to massage her tit. Did a flash just go off? Chloe smiled. She could just make out some voices in the woods. Yup, audience. She put the rim of the carafe to her lips and tilted her head back, feeling the still warm gunk slide into her mouth. This time she was taking her time. She gulped slowly, savoring each mouthful. It wasn't the taste she relished so much as the overall feel. The thick warmness as it slid down her esophagus made her think of so many penises turning to warm jelly and covering her throat like medicinal balm. And the sensation of standing outside naked rubbing her massive tits and fiddling with her pierced nipples knowing someone else was getting off of it was.... She finished emptying the bottle and pulled back, letting a tendril trickle over her chin and a couple of drops fall onto her right tit. There was some residue on the rim and she swirled her tongue around the glass to clean it off.

The carafe came back down and she picked up the second bottle, sending a wink and a smile over her shoulder as she strutted her pert naked ass back inside. The performance had energized her and she felt ready to deal with the odd pile.

The first item was a denim T with a hole at each point. Next to it was a cylinder on a matching scrap of denim and a couple of blue denim stars a little more than an inch across. She noticed a piece of paper next to it with some numbered illustrations. She looked at it in amazement. No way! But even as she thought that, she felt herself snort out a laugh and she grinned. The illustrations were very clear and this looked like a lot of fun.

But what the hell would she do with her date with Mark? First things first. She squatted down, relaxed and pulled the red invader out. She got up and walked over to the sink and paused, thoughtful, examining the big red vibrator. Last night she had sucked off Mr. Aranowsky's dirty cock fresh out of her asshole and it had been nasty. It had also been very, very slutty. Obviously, it wouldn't have tasted bad if washed, but was that the most important thing? She was getting into being a slut in a huge way, and a huge part of being a slut was being nasty. She looked at the red tube as a test. Was she going to start laying out caveats and limitations or would she be a true slut, uninhibited and unrestrained by any concern save giving and getting pleasure? She had made a lot of choices in the previous week and this was another one. She had ignored all choices leading to being a "good girl", invariably choosing to be a slut, and and every choice she had made had led to fun. Sure, there wasn't anyone around to see her this time, but it was still a choice.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Plastic Penis sir," she cooed, sticking out her tongue to trace the growing, vibrating monstrosity from bottom to top, tasting her ass all the way. Her tongue traced the rim of the fake dick head and she teased the fake head into her eager mouth, letting her lips slurp over it to kiss the breathing hole at the tip. In a single, practiced move, she dropped her mouth and inhaled the length of the beast into her freshly lubricated esophagus.

She gripped the sink and bit into the toy to keep from gagging it back out. Surely not the best cocksucking practice, but taking a dick down her throat was one thing, a vibrating plastic rod was a whole other level of slutty proficiency. Slutficiency? Proslutciency? She was a sex monster. She roared and almost choked laughing as the roar turned to a whistle shooting out of the hole in the fake penis, then she almost choked again laughing as her first choke turned to another whistle.

After she caught her breath, Chloe stepped back to the counter and considered the three pieces. The patches were easy. They each went over a nipple, clipping to either side of each hoop ring with little, blue safety pins that were hard to see from the front. The points of the star didn't quite reach the end of her areolae, and little gaps of pink showed through between them. She considered just going without them.

Next up was the main event.

She picked up the Y shaped scrap of denim. Each part of the T was an inch and a half wide and connected at a slightly wider v shaped point. At each of the three ends, the strips connected with rubbery circles two inches across. Chloe also noticed how neat Arthur had made the stitching at the edge of the strips. Ever the professional.

The longest arm of the Y had two zippers running lengthwise along the edges and a small gap around the top of what would be the front. Unzipping would remove the central section entirely. The instructions indicated that this part went between her legs and went over the straps that came over her hips.

Chloe wrapped the side straps around her hips and over the top curves of her ass cheeks. Holding the loops behind her in place, she reached between her legs to pull up the third part. She had to pull tightly to get all ends to meet up. After some adjusting, she had all the rubber loops lined up at her anus and pressing her butt cheeks apart. With the rings aligned, she found that the hole in the front ended up right over her clit. Arthur must be some sort of clothing engineer to be so precise. Gingerly, she reached under the shorts and pulled the chains through the gap above the removable panel, gasping as the move tugged on her love nub. And to think that two days ago the move would have had her bent over writhing on the floor! She still found it next to impossible to think of anything other than her clit, but at least she was getting used to it. She smiled, her pussy was once again ready for action!

Next was the piece de résistance, and the reason she was breathing through Mark's dildo. Well one of the reasons. There was something weirdly nice about the feeling of something rubbing the inside of her throat. Maybe she was just weird that way. With her free hand, she grabbed the dildo and lined it up at her back door. It was a heavy contraption coated in blue rubber, matching the "shorts", and she noticed there was a cap over the end. The thing was all of two inches wide and similarly long at eight inches. Chloe squatted having worked out that squatting was the best way to handle this kind of thing.

With her left hand holding the shorts in place, she stood the new dildo up on the floor and worked on relaxing. Priming herself with her right hand. For lack of any other kind of lubricant in the apartment, she scooped out cum from the second milk jug. She figured it was all natural and organic (hopefully not farm raised though!) and therefore better than commercial lube. She dabbed a dollop onto her sphincter and rubbed it around the opening. The next coated finger slid into her ass, pumping slowly in and out to start getting warmed up. A couple of minutes more and with half the bottle of cum spent in the service of lubrication, she felt ready. That and her legs were getting tired from squatting on her toes and she wanted to hurry up.

She'd lost the "shorts" in all the pumping so she wrapped them around herself again, holding them in place as she skewered herself onto the new blue dildo. Reaching up to the kitchen counter for extra leverage, she pumped lower and lower onto the shaft. She was surprised a couple of minutes later when she felt her cheeks reach the floor, the plug lodged deep into her back hole, serving as a nail holding the denim on.

Chloe walked over to the full length mirror on her bathroom door. She looked so naked. The stars on her nipples drooped away from her breasts a little, actually giving an unobstructed view of her areolae from the side, and looking closely, anyone could even make out the base of the central nubs. Below, the weird shorts came down very low in front, Her little tuft of pussy hair loomed just above the top of the shorts. Further down, her engorged pink clit was also visible hanging out of a little rectangular gap in the front of the shorts, the chains dangling loosely beneath it. The rest of her vulva was barely covered. The denim was barely wide enough to span the center of her pussy and the pale sides of her mound were visible bordering the blue fabric even with her legs closed. If anyone removed the narrow patch in the middle, Chloe wondered if the sides would slide into her pussy or ride up to either side.

But it was the back that was really insane. The narrow strips of denim rode over her butt cheeks to meet at the wide blue plug pushing out a circle against the inside of her tight ass cheeks.

No one would have any doubts about what was going on. Chloe was glad that she had been practicing squeezing tight on the red ass toy all of Thursday because there weren't any features on this dildo to keep it in her ass. It didn't have a depression right before the base to lock onto her sphincter and it didn't screw onto the rubber rings on her shorts. It was a straight rod, two inches across at the base and two inches at the top. The only way to keep this thing inside her was to use her butt muscles.

Chloe used a bottle of some special solution Arthur had left in her bathroom to wipe off the makeup from the day before. The stuff wouldn't come off otherwise, for better or worse. She then put on the new makeup on her counter, more blue: eyeshadow, lipstick. Pink on the cheeks. Chloe thought it looked pretty strange to have her lips blue circling the glowing red head of Mark's dildo. On a whim, she turned her ass to the mirror and painted a five pointed star on the plug in a darker shade of blue to echo the ones on her nipples. Last, she pulled her hair into a simple ponytail, tied off in a couple of places with two white ribbons Arthur had left on her kitchen counter. Chloe was getting a little tired of wearing her hair the same way all the time, granted, for Mr. Aranowsky he had given her an elaborate do. Arthur didn't want anything getting in the way of his clothes. What would she do if he asked her to cut it off? Chloe shuddered at the thought. That was one line she wouldn't cross. Anyway, being summer it was nice to have it up and away from her body, letting air up underneath.

Chloe looked at the clock. It was still only 7:00. She could sneak in just a bit more sleep before she absolutely had to rush, and she was already fully dressed. Chloe smiled around the red plug thinking about what "fully dressed" meant nowadays as she slipped back onto her mattress. This time, not sticking to it. Her hand slid down to her long neglected pussy as she drifted off.

She woke up and stretched out languidly, rolling over onto her arched back, taking a deep breath through the red dildo. It was nice sleeping in a little. Double stuffed, she had been dreaming of getting skewered by huge floating cocks. She looked over at the clock. Crap! 8:35! She had less than half an hour to get to the park and there was no way she could get the dildo back to Mark.

She jumped out of bed and tottered onto her crazy shoes, chains swaying. Her purse! She realized she hadn't seen it since yesterday... Mr. Aranowsky! She'd given it to Mr. Aranowsky! Now she had no money and no phone. She also didn't have any keys. She looked around and realized that except for the "clothes" she had on, her toiletries, a thin mattress and a carafe of semen, she didn't have any belongings. Moving out would be so easy.

"Fuck it." Chloe strode out of the apartment, leaving the door wide open. She'd hitch. She walked out to the road and started walking. The red plastic penis shoved down her throat made her tilt her head back slightly, so she looked very proud strutting toward town with her big naked tits bouncing around. She knew she'd have no trouble hitching a ride to the ninth circle of hell if she wanted.

Soon enough an old green Ford pickup rolled up. Chloe bounced over to the driver's side and looked up at an old man. She smiled up at him around the dildo and casually slid it out. The old man's eyes bugged out watching all eight inches slide free and start vibrating at him. "Hi there! My name is Chloe and I'm looking to get a ride to Vigo Park. I was hoping you could help me out."

"H... h... h.... 'kay... miss. G... g... get in."

Chloe tilted her head back and eased back the plastic before sashaying her way over to the passenger side. The old man's eyes were stuck on her.

She opened the door and hopped into the front seat, grunting out a whistle as the massive plug holding her shorts up jam into her. She looked over at the helpful motorist and gave him another big smile around the red plug of the dildo. Well, she wouldn't be much for conversation, but she figured her body was enough for payment. The old man just kept looking at her slack jawed, making no move to drive anywhere.

She put her hands over her nipples and flipped her head, motioning for him to drive along. He nodded slowly and started the car. The old man drove slowly and Chloe kept catching him looking at her. After a couple of minutes he started to swerve over the road. Damn, she should have known she would be this distracting. Chloe figured she'd been squeezing on Mark's toy continuously since he'd put it in her and she had plenty of time before the batteries ran out. She slid it out of her throat.

Stretching her jaw for a second, she gave him her friendliest look and steadied his hand on the steering wheel before he plowed into the forest. Her vibrating "date with Mark" in her other hand teasing around her pussy.

"Listen, I'd like to thank you now while we're still out in the woods instead of at the park. Would you please pull over for a minute?"

"S... sure."

Chloe wondered if the stutter was normal for this old guy or if it was her. There was only one way to find out. She kneeled on the passenger seat and leaned over the guy's lap, feeling her smooth bare ass rub over her white leather shoes. The driver pressed himself back against the seat, fully overwhelmed by the amount of naked young honey bending over him. Chloe ticked the man's zipper with her tongue and walked her fingers up his crotch to grab it. She slowly pulled it down, then reached in and fished the wrinkled old penis out of his flannel boxers. The old man was only half hard, but Chloe could feel him filling up quickly. After working all the cocks at Mr. Aranowsky's party, she had a pretty good sense for the plumbing.

The old man wasn't bad either. His cock was almost as big as the one she had up her butt. She realized she didn't have much time so she sucked hard. The first few bobs got him warmed up in her mouth cavity, and when she felt him almost completely stiffen up, she lunged, gripping the end in her throat and sucking for all she was worth. She felt the guy take a sharp breath.

Chloe peeled back slowly, letting her tongue dance around his length and under his tip. She remembered what Arthur had asked for once, that she lick the base of his head under the foreskin. She only hoped this guy had washed more thoroughly. Her tongue traced around the mushroom. No such luck, this guy had some residue. If she had some cash she'd take out public service ads reminding guys to do a better job cleaning up the smegma. But the trick worked. She felt a rush of blood come into his cock. It wouldn't be long now.

"Oh yes, suck it little girl." Okay, so the stutter was definitely her. The man tugged on the lever to push his seat back, leaning back and stretching out his legs to get more comfortable.

She teased his dick head with her lips and plunged down again. Then repeat. This time she knew she had him. She plunged down one more time, grabbing him fully in her throat. Driver had other plans.

He grabbed the long rope of her hair and pulled her off. Holding his big dick in his right hand. "Get down here, bitch."

She followed his tug to clamber on to the floor between is outstretched legs, wedging herself into the tiny space under the steering wheel. Chloe knew exactly what was coming. Everyone in this town seemed to want to blast their loads in her face. What the hell?

She'd play along. Chloe knelt between his legs and pushed her massive tits up at him, pointing the denim starts at his face. The old man jerked his long cock slowly to aim, then sped up. She was looking right down his dick hole like a gun pointed at her when he blew. Fuck! This guy had been saving up.

One burst, two. There was so much pressure some it actually splashed back. Three, four, five. The man had impeccable aim. The first two got her right between the eyes and the remainder weren't far off. She had it on her eyebrows and coating the blue mascara of her eyelids. It was running down her nose and over her cheeks; a thick veil of semen.

"Mmmm. Very nice, why don't you scoop that all into your mouth, real slow." Chloe was taken aback. This was the first time anyone had asked her not to keep the cum on her face. She smiled up at him and scooped up his spend in her fingers, making a good show of slurping it all off of her fingers. More frosting to top off her cum breakfast.

She sucked his shrunken cock a few more times to get it squeaky clean and climbed back up to her seat to slowly work the growing plastic dildo back into her mouth. This was the longest she'd left it unattended and it was fully half inch wider. After some false starts and a lot of squeezing between her hands and lips, she finally worked it back down her throat. Fortunately, the old man was so sated that Chloe's show just barely kept him from crashing off the road. They arrived at the park promptly at five till 9. Chloe felt well prepped to meet her boss.

**Chapter 17**

9:00 AM on a Friday, Chloe was standing just inside the south entrance of Vigo Park wearing star shaped nipple patches too small to cover much beyond the tip of her nipples, silver chains, denim barely covering anything was nailed to her asshole by a fat, heavy dildo, its fat circular end visible bulging between her tight ass cheeks with its prominent star painted on it. She was breathing through a second, glowing dildo packing her throat. The ridiculous shoes turned her feet down at her ankles making her stand on her toes even without heels, and her large mass of hair was tied up with a couple of simple white ribbons. There was still dew on the grass and some early risers were out jogging or walking. The day looked like it would have a rare, clear sky and the girl stood out in the sunlight, fidgeting. Her fingers played with the chain that had been making her suck her stomach in to less than nineteen inches for the past couple of days, and all she could think about was someone fucking her to satisfy her tremendously needy little cunt.

9:10 AM, she was still standing around, arms folded across her chest with her trembling legs parted slightly as she swayed slightly from side to side. The movement causing her little clit chains to swing like a pendulum. She craved teasing herself, willing herself to keep her hands off, to keep herself horny, letting the pleasure build. It was odd being dressed this way and in this place. Looking like a slut made more sense, if any, for going out at night. But the way she was dressed barely matched the way she felt. All she could think about was dick. A pack of dogs towed a scruffy looking guy in hemp pants and a ponytail towards her. He slowly registered her through half lidded eyes and gave her a slow smile. Chloe started back as the dogs came right up to her. The shock of blond hair above her the little "shorts" beaconed to them and a big one dove right to her crotch. The dog's snout brushed against her dangling clit chains with slobbering curiosity. The breath and brush doubled Chloe over sharply as much as her back chain would allow, causing her to nearly choke herself on the metal loop around her neck.

The dog walker gawked mutely at what he was seeing before eventually managing to tear the lunging hound back. "Sorry, ma'am."

He walked off, glancing frequently over his shoulder at the shivering blond, his eyes no longer sleepy. Chloe took stock of herself. The clit chains were certain to drive her to an early death by orgasm, but at least they were getting mostly manageable. More likely she was just getting used to being desperately horny all the time. Just yesterday she had scarcely been able to walk. She threw her hand back to stop the plug sliding out her bum. With the distraction she had forgotten to keep her butt clenched!

Brian stood twenty yards away next to a tree where he had been admiring his pornographic intern since she had arrived. She had looked so cute jumping away from the dogs, but this was funnier. Mark had given him a program for his phone "Nothing Butt Fun", and he was putting it through its paces. There were two pictures of dials on the phone with numbers all around them. He had turned one from 2 to 1.25, and that had caught Chloe off guard. He waited a couple of minutes and dialed the other one to 8.5. After typing in some more commands, he put the phone into his pocket and walked over to the distressed looking girl.

"Good morning, Chloe, so sorry I'm late, I was putting together a nice picnic for lunch."

Chloe forced a smile at him around the plastic cock she was clenching her mouth on. What the hell was going on with that butt plug?!

Brian started walking and Chloe followed along next to him. In her big shoes she was taller than he was, but they were difficult to walk in and she had to make an effort to keep up. Meanwhile the plug in her ass was seriously disconcerting. Brian looked over at the girl, who smiled back down at him as well as she could through her stretched lips. His hand went down to her butt and let his thumb rest casually on the protruding cap of the narrowed plug.

"What do you say we toss the frisbee around for a bit, there's a nice spot right over here." Brian took her hand and led her gently down the side of a small hill off the trail and onto a wide field surrounded by trees and walkways. He put down the picnic basket and took out a big red frisbee. How the hell was she going to run after a frisbee propped up seven inches on the crazy heelless shoes? Mr. Stevens went over to her and took out his keychain.

"I think we'll need to unchain you a little so you can move around more easily." Chloe was pleasantly surprised as her boss knelt down in front of her and took out a small key. She had been wearing the chains so long she had mostly forgotten about them. Mr. Stevens unlocked the small heart shaped clasps at her hip and neck and Chloe immediately stretched out, but she reflexively went back into the same posture she had been forced into for days. After so much time in the chains, it didn't even occur to her to relax.

With his hands around her waist, Brian couldn't resist running his hands over her washboard abs. Sanjay had told him the waist chain kept her at under nineteen inches and he couldn't believe anyone could be that narrow. He looked up at the girl's plugged mouth and brought her in for a hug, kissing her on the glowing bulb and letting his hands slide down to grip the exposed firm globes of her ass. He felt outside end of the plug and had an idea.

"Well, Chloe, we don't want to lose these nice chains, do we? Why don't you turn around for a second and touch your toes."

Chloe executed a tight little circle on the grass and reached down to her grab her shoes. By recent habit, she bent at the waist. She could feel Mr. Stevens running his hand over her right glute. There was some tugging and turning on the big plug, but Chloe, again due to recent habit, did not release her grip on the fat plastic cock. She felt the chains rush down the tube in her butt, deep inside her and held her pose as her boss put the cap back on the dildo. As she stood up slowly she could feel the chains slide down the plastic tube in her colon and plink at the bottom.

Brian motioned her to go out a ways and she did her best to prance quickly on her toes. Her bare tits swung wildly and the metal bouncing around in her nether regions kept her very distracted. Brian tossed the frisbee right at her and she caught it in a cautious two hand grab. She was an athletic girl, but somehow hadn't gotten caught up in many of the ultimate frisbee games that popped up everywhere at school. Brian went easy, tossing the frisbee and watching her grab it out of the air. It was amazing to see how her tits bobbled and vibrated every time she smacked the frisbee between her hands. There was also something very hot about having her perform with that dildo jammed down her throat. Mark had told him all about how it would vibrate and grow if released from a tight warm hole. He loved that man's ingenuity more and more by the day.

Speaking of ingenuity. He saw Chloe reach a hand quickly behind her and squeeze her legs together. The program must have triggered the next phase. Her butt plug would grow and shrink throughout the day according to the signals from his phone, but the very end of it, where it joined with her shorts would stay at a constant two inches to keep the scrap of cloth on her body. "Is anything wrong, Chloe?"

Chloe shook her head. He tossed her the frisbee. He wasn't the best sportsman and it went up this time, arching back down at Chloe from behind. Chloe struggled to keep the shrinking plug trapped while dancing around to grab the frisbee as it came down. Brian saw her left hand pressed in between her cute little ass cheeks as she reached up to grab the red disk, but she just missed and it landed halfway between her and her boss.

Chloe trotted over daintily and again bent at the waist to pick it up. It was definitely a habit by now and she knew Brian would like it. Her calves were starting to get sore, but she figured she hadn't gotten her workout and a little bit of frisbee would do nicely.

They tossed the frisbee back and forth for a while in the morning air and her ass got used to pressing down on the smaller dildo with the chains rattling around inside as she moved all over the place. It had gone up to two and a half inches wide and seven long and then down to one inch across and nine long. The chains inside were thin and smooth enough to adjust themselves to the contraction. Brian would have to quiz Mark at some point on how he had gotten the thing to change dimensions so drastically. Air pressure? But then how did he work in the vibrator? Brian smiled at the sudden look of surprise on the girl's face as that feature kicked in. She instantly dropped the frisbee as both hands flew back to grab the little monster.

Brian wasn't about to let up though. He noticed that pretty much everybody who went by oggled the mostly naked beauty bouncing around after the frisbee and he started getting careless with his throws, enjoying watching her bare legs flex and tense, and her boobs. The boobs were definitely a show. He never thought he'd see naked tits toss and wobble around like that. Chloe for her part was getting sore. Her calves were killing her, her sphincter was getting tired, her tits ached, but her pussy was absolutely soaked! The twin silver clit chains were going crazy and pulling her little nub around every which way. After half an hour of running around chasing Mr. Stevens' damned frisbee, she plopped down on her ass and fell back onto the ground. A couple of guys watching her from the top of the hill clapped and and whistled and kept snapping pictures with their phones. She gave them a feeble wave.

Brian stepped up into her view of the sky, grinning. The grin hadn't left him all morning. "What? Lying down on the job?"

She shook her head to convey her exhaustion.

"Hungry?"

She nodded. Brian and frisbees had had even less of a relationship than Chloe, so his throws had pretty much gone all over the place. Chloe was better and she had to deal with all the bells and whistles. Where she was slick with sweat, he was barely flushed. Brian unfolded a big red and white picnic blanket from the basket and started to lay out the spread while she took a breather through the hole in Mark's dildo. He had set on the idea of taking his intern out on a picnic the day before after exhausting a bunch of other ideas. All the possible things he could do with the girl had spoiled him for choice. He wanted to make sure he did something with her that he would never be able to replicate with anyone else.

A key element was showing her off. He had this piece of ass to do whatever he wanted, and he wanted to make sure everyone knew it.

The picnic basket he had picked up at the supermarket had come fully stocked and he had added a nice bottle of wine he had been keeping in his collection. There were olives, cheeses, crackers, gourmet sausages and of course, grapes. Chloe moaned. He looked over and saw her wriggling. The plug must be growing again. He pulled out his phone and smiled at the numbers on the dials. He thought he should feel a bit guilty at being so sadistic, but watching the young girl writhe on her back, her tits ludicrously bare under the tiny denim nipple patches, he was too busy feeling a lot of other things.

"Chloe, why don't you come over here."

Chloe managed to compose herself and crawled up onto the blanket, tits swaying like udders, to kneel next to her pudgy boss.

"You'r going to have to do something about that red thing in your mouth if you're going to eat, huh?"

She didn't know what he had in mind, but he was the boss. Chloe made sure to suck on it suggestively as he pulled it out slowly. Brian wondered how long he could keep his dick from exploding. He held up the slowly expanding vibrator. "Now why don't you get up on your hands and knees and let me see that fine little ass of yours. How's your little love box doing today?"

Now she knew what was coming and was thankful her pussy was ready for operation again. She was also grateful Brian asked about it first. But in the middle of a field in the middle of a public park? Brian was either insane or very confident. Her pussy got a bit wetter. Anything he wanted as long as someone put a cock in her cunt!

"Running around really worked my clit up good, but I'm kind of used to the chains by now. I think it's ready to go, Mr. Stevens."

"Good good." He reached up behind her and tugged down on the twin zippers holding on the front panel of her shorts, pulling them gently from just above the rubber ring circling the plug to just under her clit. The inch wide strip of denim fell onto the blanket leaving the the exposed teeth of the zipper to graze over the sides of her vulva.

"That pussy looks a bit hungry, too." He let a finger in to test the waters feeling the oversexed girl tremble around him. "I figure she should get a little appetizer, huh?" He plucked a couple of grapes, still cold from the store, into her pussy. After such neglect, Chloe never imagined grapes would be the first thing she felt sliding around in her love tunnel. Followed by his fingers. She realized they were out in public now, and she was doggy style with a man's fingers up her pussy and her big creamy tits hanging down with small blue stars doing a half assed job of covering her nips. The thought got her rubbing her legs together. The feelings in her long neglected pussy and the big stick growing in her ass were getting her very hot.

Brian dragged the vibrator up to tickle her breasts and trace their long slopes up to her chest, then down over the length of her belly. As he got near her clit he slowed mercilessly. She wanted him to just bring it right to her clitty damnit. It was on fire from the chains dangling wildly beneath it and the breeze wasn't helping. He neared and, fuck, the bastard skipped right over. Fucking tease. She felt him push it up into her tight cunt. She was so wet it didn't take him long to work it in right after the grapes. Then she felt cloth. Brian took his time positioning the zippers and closed her right back up, the dildo still inside. No! She looked over her shoulder and gave him a desperate moan, but she couldn't bring the right words out, but she managed a moan.

He patted her ass affectionately and she pressed herself into his hand. Even Brian could see how horny she was. Her pussy juice was drenching the blue fabric and coursing down her legs. "There there now, first we eat, and then we'll find something else to do."

Chloe sat cross legged on the blanket, feeling the flannel on her bare skin pressing up on the slowly widening plug. She could feel it expanding upward, too, and wondered how big it would grow. She already felt packed! Fully. Front and back. An eight inch dildo in front, and something larger in back. Fuck but she wanted to fuck. Rigid sticks in her holes were all very well, but a real hot dick thrusting around in her pussy after all the teasing was what she really needed.

She focused on sucking on the little bits of food as seductively as possible, dragging her fingers slowly out after pressing each bit in. Her right hand stayed down at her pussy, playing with her clit and the little chains it had been carrying around so long. She could see Brian was sweating. Why the hell was he holding out? Bastard!

She tried to focus on what Brian was saying. Stuff about work and how the company was going, and what a good job she was doing. Blah blah. Her job was sex. Her life was sex. Fuck software.

"Oh, Chloe," Mr. Stevens broke out of his droning. "You've barely had anything to eat." Chloe realized she had been sucking on her fingers and rubbing her clit through the little opening in her shorts. Indeed, she had not been doing much eating.

"Why don't you come over here and suck on my cock while I tell you more about the new X software package."

Finally! A little cocksucking, and maybe he'd put his dick where she really needed it. She got on hands and knees and almost lunged at his crotch. Little Brian popped right out after she worked it out of his boxers. And little it was. Alright, it was probably average, but at least it was real. If only he were closer to the fake cocks that had been running her ragged!

She crawled her way to his lap and started sucking.

"I know you came on board to do more than drive us crazy with your hot little slut body, so I should probably let you in on what we're doing. The X package is an integrated office suite that enhances traditional desktop software by letting people work together simultaneously on the same files from any location. As each person works, everyone else working on the file can see what others are doing on it in real time. If the changes are in a different section of the document, users can get a picture in picture function like on TV. Compatibility isn't even an issue since it builds right on top of existing software. We're tearing up on the deadlines for this thing and it's really going to make this company. Oh, that feels good...."

"There's just one thing I'm worried about... why don't you turn around for a second." Chloe, pulled herself off and crawled around to face away from him. Brian slowly unzipped the flap over her cunt and took the dildo out. Chloe automatically reached back and put the thick vibrating shaft back in her mouth as Mr. Stevens attempted to replace it with his schlong. Smaller, but at least he moved. Chloe tensed her pussy muscles onto his stick as well as she could (which was in fact, very tense). Okay, he wasn't so little, but she had been getting used to much larger, albeit plastic game. What was she on? She hadn't been fucked in days! Since when was she a size queen? Chloe reminded herself that not all dicks were dream dicks.

"Right, so, one thing I'm worried about. Jermaine. You might not have realized it since he keeps to himself so much, but Jermaine is the genius on this project, he's near a breakthrough, and I know for a fact he's getting offers from other firms. We need him to stay badly but dollar for dollar, I know I'm not going to be able to outspend the competition. I need you... umf... right, I need you to... to... really um... make him want to stay. Fuck the rotation okay, with the dates... Jermaine's your priority. Oh my god...."

Brian surrendered to fucking her tight little pussy. If anything, Chloe was actually starting to get into it more. Her pussy was on a short fuse after so many days of constant stimulation and finally having something massaging her inside, coupled with the nefarious chains, and being out in plain sight in broad daylight.... Being seen like this.... Her whole body trembled as waves of ecstasy started shaking her at almost every one of her boss's thrusts. Her mind had become completely incapable of registering any of what Mr. Stevens had told her. Something about fucking Jermaine. Big fat Jermaine. Maybe he had a big fat cock....

Brian was surprised he'd stayed coherent for so long. The pussy felt amazing, but he wanted more. He started teasing the vibrating blue dildo in and out as it transitioned from fat to thin. He forced himself out of her pussy and pulled on the thick cap of the long, now very thin, blue ass tube, letting the tiny scrap of denim passing itself off as shorts fall right off. Her asshole closed up as fast as he could blink. This girl was extraordinary!

He plucked a grape and pressed it into her pliable little asshole, then he pressed another one in after it, watching the tiny pink ring swallow it up. Then another one. It was kind of hypnotic watching the grapes disappear, but not enough to distract him entirely. Brian's boiling hot pecker felt fit to pop and he tried to think of something extremely awful to cool himself down. It wasn't easy. Ultimately, it was the thought of losing this prime piece of ass that kept him on task. He realized Chloe was as valuable as anyone else on his team, even Jermaine. He'd give an arm to preserve access to her body, and with the amount of traffic her pictures and videos were getting online he knew interest in her was growing. Interest with money behind it. Somehow, he had to figure out a way to keep her, but right now, he was going to tap her ass.

He slipped his dick in after the grapes and pumped. Chloe tensed and relaxed, milking him all by herself. Brian barely moved, numbly undulating himself into her backside. Their minds were both completely clouded with arousal. The process felt so good, it took him a moment to realize he was cumming. And big. Jets were just streaming hard up into her colon.

"Fuck!" Brian fell back on his ass to the sound of applause. A small crowd had gathered at the top of the hill. Brian smiled up proudly and waved up at them. Chloe was still on all fours in front of him, a bit of his spunk starting to ooze out of her ass. Watching the vision in front of him gave him an idea. He caught his breath. "Chloe, get the sausage plate."

Chloe crawled over and brought the sausage plate over and set it down in front of Mr. Stevens.

"Now stand up right here, facing towards me with your legs spread.... Okay, now ease down squatting, right there, okay... perfect." Her asshole was perched over the greasy plate with the leftovers, just a few bits of sausage. A string of pearly white semen was dangling directly into the center from her asshole. "Alright, just relax your asshole and push out all that jizz.... That's good. Just squeeze it out."

Chloe was mindful of the onlookers staring raptly at her as she crapped his load onto the dish. She felt something solid pressing on her sphincter and helped it out with her fingers. The grape fell onto the plate. Chloe made to wipe off her fingers on the blanket, but Mr. Stevens stopped her. "Actually, let's get that plug out of your mouth again. I want you to lick that cum off your hand...." She pulled out the red toy and slurped on her ass cum stained fingers. "That's good, now stick that red dick in your pussy... Excellent."

Brian was getting a kick out of the moment. This was better than any porno and on top of that he was smack in the middle of it, with a young hotty doing his bidding without question. He witnessed the ooze slow to thin strands. The plate had a good size pool of his juice on it and he was feeling himself getting hard again. "Right, keep fucking yourself with that red monster. Gorgeous, but get on your knees now, now back up.... Nice, nice, now bend over."

He pulled the sweat slick girl around so her her ass was in the air and her face over the plate, twin tails of her big blond hair draping to either side. He shoved his dick back in her asshole feeling the hard plastic dick in her pussy rubbing the bottom of his cock through the thin membrane splitting her orifices. "Oh yes, go ahead and lick up that mess. Eat that shit up, that's a good girl."

He pounded himself hard into her ass. Chloe's face pushed down onto the plate, smearing back and forth as she ate up the nasty, greasy mess. Her tongue sliding over it all, picking up her boss' substantial spend along with bits of food. Mr. Stevens kept the pressure up, keeping her from getting up. "As I was saying, I want you to be extra... umf... nice to Jermaine. Fuck him good.... Let him know... you really like it... I'll give you a big... fucking bonus... double your pay... triple... hold on."

Brian pulled out. He didn't want to miss the sight of his intern lapping up the filthy cum he had pumped up her ass. He walked over to her front and knelt in front of her pretty face, now covered in cum and food. "Oh yeah, suck it.... oh..."

Chloe had to keep from gagging. Sucking up ass semen and dick covered in her ass juice, Mr. Stevens' talk of money... it was making her feel filthy. In private it would be different, still nasty... but here, in the park, in the middle of a sunny day with spectators cheering on... it was different. The pictures would be online, no doubt about it. People would know she was a slut, and Mr. Stevens had reminded her she was doing it for money. She was a whore. Oh god. She could feel tears welling up as she sucked on his dick. She reminded herself she was doing this for school money. Her pussy reminded her that she liked it. She had made a choice. She was a slut. She liked it. She got off on it. She couldn't back down, she couldn't no matter what. No matter if she had to turn herself into Jermaine's girlfriend. Jermaine, the fat slob. The creepy fat slop. Fuck. What the fuck was she getting herself into?!

Mr. Stevens pulled out of her mouth and stroked out another stream right onto her nose and mouth. "Fuck, that's beautiful. You are so fucking gorgeous, my gorgeous fucking slut."

They took a breather. Chloe curled herself up on the blanket. She'd reflexively licked some of the cum off her lips but made no move to wipe it all off because Mr. Stevens hadn't asked her to.

Brian looked down on her, impressed with himself for making such an impact. "Alright girl, I need you to get off the blanket and get 'dressed' while I put all this stuff away. Make sure to take your chains out of the blue plug."

Chloe took the cap off the butt tube and let the chains slide out. As soon as the cap came off a light went on inside of the plug. Looking in, she found that the plug got transparent with the cap off and her hand was visible from the inside holding it up. Brian apparently was also aware of this feature.

"Go ahead and leave the cap off. I think I'll like it better that way."

With Mark's red dildo packing her pussy, she wrapped the shorts around her ass, minus the front panel, and and fastened it with the blue plug. The small garment framed her pussy in front and where before the cap had stood out boldly blue behind her, now her back channel was wide open and heavily illuminated, giving any casual observer a physician's level of visibility into her colon. Brian fiddled with his phone and Chloe started to feel vibrations coming up her back passage even as the lit up shaft expanded to its maximum size: nine inches long and three across.

She felt the relentless, vibrating expansion and her knees buckled. It was massive! How the fuck was she supposed to walk?!

She struggled to get the chains on over the sensations. One around her waist, one up her back and a third around her neck. Locked on with the little heart shaped silver locks. Brian struggled equally to pack up the picnic. He was going to need another release before they got back to the office. How could anyone exist who could get anyone so horny?

He got another idea. "Chloe, could you get on your knees one more time, just keep your pants on, though and bend over with your ass up. That's good."

He knelt behind her again and jerked his cock, looking down the brightly illuminated dark pink tunnel before him. So unbelievably deep and entrancing as it expanded under the pressure of the growing tube. So wide. Such a lovely hole. He couldn't believe it could stretch this wide and still snap up so tight it would hug his wiener. He ran his finger along the rim as he stroked over her proferred backside, sliding his finger deeper then sliding his hand in, fingers together, into the well. And that was enough.

Brian was quick to draw his hand out and aim, with both hands, into her asshole. He couldn't believe his cock could crank out so much juice as he spurted again into the tube of clear plastic splitting her open, marveling as the white jizz pooled at the bottom. He couldn't believe anything about this girl. Why she was doing this. How hot she was. What she was capable of. He took the narrow scrap of denim and packed half of it in between the tube wall and the wall of her sphincter, momentarily stretching her wider. The cloth draped out like a little blue slut flag.

"Just stay there while I finish up."

Brian had parked on the other side of the park and he let Chloe lead the way, watching her struggle with the massive, vibrating dick splitting her open in back and Mark's red toy stretching her pussy. She was more than naked now. Her stuffed, pierced tight little cunt was framed and her gaping asshole was lit up like a Times Square billboard. Her tits weren't really covered up, she was propped up on freaky shoes and her hair was bouncing behind her like streamers out of the handlebars on a young girls bike. They were her handlebars. She was an advertisement, she was a toy and she was wet.

Chloe couldn't think of anything she wanted to do more than bring herself off then and there, in public. Fuck, especially in public. With all these admirers gawking stunned at her. The nastier the better. Getting fucked in public. Eating cum out of her butt. Mr. Stevens' picnic was incredible but now she only felt hornier. Was there something in the local water that was making her like this? She was walking around looking like a wet dream and feeling like a wet dream, and she didn't want it to stop.

And what about Jermaine? Big fat, smelly, creepy Jermaine... fucking her, where people could see her maybe... hopefully.... What would they think of her with a guy like that? They'd think she was a slut or a whore he was paying. They would think she was the nastiest most depraved girl they had ever seen because she was, and they would wish it was themselves who were with her. Chloe smiled. She had so much power. Cum streamed out of her ass and down her leg.

**Chapter 18**
Everyone turned as Chloe walked into the office. Brian, following behind her went completely unnoticed. She had a fat red dildo bulging out of her soaked pussy, framed by the open zippers surrounding her crotch. There was champagne out, and everyone had been patting Jerome Finney on the back. Chloe's appearance meant the only movement was growing cocks.

Brian paused and smiled slowly before striding towards Jerome with his hand outstretched. "So you did it? It was about time, too. I've been expecting this for weeks, you fat bastard! Congratulations!"

The men slowly recovered, but they didn't take their eyes off the naked beauty standing akimbo in the center of the open space. Jerome smiled back, enthusiastically getting back into his senses by talking shop.

"Yeah. It turned out to be the easiest thing. All I needed to do was bypass the core and let each slave app link with any of the others, so you can interface directly with any app on a remote computer without running it on the computer's OS. You can host as many programs as you want on the master software, AND you can run the programs accessing the processing power of the remote computer, the device, and anything else you can network together."

Brian was shaking his head, "Jerome, you fucking nailed it." Jerome was doing a bad job playing modest.

"Listen, we owe you big for this. Take the weekend off and get some rest. Hell, don't come back for a week if you like! You totally earned it. We still need to work on the GUI and we'll have some questions on implementation, but I owe you a vacation and a bonus."

"Thanks, Brian." Getting the weekend off was a rare event for the pale gang. They'd been pretty much living in the half furnished floor for two years, and most of that time had been spent just trying to break even.

"And...." Brian looked around, "Everyone's going to hate me for this, but fuck it, we have all summer and Jerome deserves it. Chloe here lost her day off privileges for the week, so she's going to be on the clock this weekend anyway." He looked over at her, "Chloe, I want you to assist this brilliant gentleman on his little vacation and make sure that he has everything taken care of."

Chloe was prepared and smiled with as much enthusiasm as she could muster at Jerome Finney. That only seemed to make him more nervous. The man was morbidly obese, like, 300 pounds obese. On the upside, it would be nice to go out on vacation on the company dime. Her very first business trip! But damn, that was a lot of man to please. Chloe couldn't hold back a shudder thinking about what she would need to do. She played it off as a sexual rush and rubbed at her little red toy. Her date with Mark. The whole room sighed.

She kept on smiling widely at Mr. Stevens and Mr. Finney, "Yes, Mr. Stevens... but I'll need to let Arthur know. This is all I have to wear and it's going to take some time for him to put some clothes together for wherever Mr. Finney wants to go."

"I have to confess I kind of saw this coming," Mr. Stevens grinned slyly. "I've been keeping close tabs on everyone's progress," he looked at everyone meaningfully, "and I gave Mr. Kaliakides a heads up yesterday so he should be ready, but yeah, you know what, why don't you take Jerome so he can let Arthur know how he wants you himself. Jerome, your weekend starts now. Get the hell out of here." He clapped his hands for emphasis, fully in alpha boss mode, "looks like we're going to have to order our own lunches today."

"Um... actually, Mr. Stevens, I have one little thing to take care of first." She skipped off on the tall shoes towards Mark Harris. Leaving behind loud exclamations. The combination of her clit chains jangling around, her tits bobbing all over the place, and her wide open, brightly illuminated asshole leveled the room with an even greater wave of lustful shock. Moreover, it almost leveled Chloe. She had way too much going on on her body and in her body to be skipping impulsively and she settled a few steps later in front of Mark, gripping her parts and shivering at the over stimulation. The show hadn't worked though, Mr. Harris was still busily at work.

Chloe stood coyly behind his chair and tapped him on the shoulder. He looked at her with his wide-eyed face, neutral. She wanted to make this good for him and his impassive shell was starting to daunt her. She slowly lowered herself to the ground with her pussy pointing out at him between the bare rows of zipper teeth on the parallel strips of denim. She started pumping. The rod would come out and vibrate, and she'd shove it right back in. She started to hold it up against her ultra sensitive clit just a little longer. It had been tough to lay off playing with her cunt while she was going through her slutty metamorphosis, but it had been worth the heightened sensitivity from Arthur's piercings. Arthur was a fucking genius. The fresh memory of the nasty fucking Mr. Stevens had given her at the park added more fuel to the fire.

With each thrust, Chloe sped up. She lay on the floor with Mark looking down at her from his seat and the others circling around, rubbing themselves through their pants. Her stuffed pussy and ass pointing right at them with the her colon lit up nearly a foot in. A shaft for a fuck mine any of these men could call his own. How much longer till they lost their hangups and just started wanking right on her in the middle of the office? On her?

The thought warmed her up even more and she went on full autopilot. Her hand felt like a blur shoving the eight inch shaft in and out. Being watched was hot, getting to play with her pussy while surrounded by horny dudes dying to fuck her was fucktastic. She felt her orgasm build and she worked it, bucking her hips against the vibrator, and right at Mark's face. She made herself focus on Mark's face the last few moments and held the dildo in deep as she came. Someone blasted a champagne bottle over her as everyone cheered. She noticed Mr. Harris was sweating and flushed, his mouth open. She knew Mr. Harris as an impassive braniac, lost in his own megathoughts, but clearly, he too was susceptible to the power of her pussy.

But she wasn't done yet. Chloe got up on her knees and slowly slid the rod out, dragging a strand of her cunt juice with it. She brought it up to her mouth and in one move, tilted her head back and swallowed the big rod completely, sucking on it on the way back up. She presented the spit shined vibrator, still vibrating to its owner. "How did you like your date, Mr. Harris."

Mark nearly came in his pants. "It was very nice. Thank you, Chloe. Very nice, thank you, Chloe. Very nice. It was very nice. Thank you."

"Mr. Finney," Chloe smiled up at the big man, daintily presenting her hand. "Are you ready to go?"

Jerome couldn't look at her directly and nodded meekly. Chloe felt terrible for him. He had looked terrified when Mr. Stevens had said that she would be going go on vacation with him. He had a phenomenally beautiful girl dropped in his lap and he couldn't deal with it. The poor guy obviously needed a bigger boost of confidence than anyone else in the room. She pressed herself up to him as they walked out, guiding his right hand to her ass. To the inside of her cheek, letting his fingers fall into the deep well in her asshole, gaping a full three inches across. She needed to make him feel that she genuinely wanted to be with him, not just because Brian had said so. Mr. Finney would be quick to think that she was only being nice because she had to, so she would need to work extra hard. She dug her arm into his waist and nuzzled into him, feeling the flab fold over her arm. This would be a major challenge.

Long, silent minutes later, Chloe was still sitting in the passenger seat next to Jerome. Jerome was quiet. In fact, except for his proud discourse on his new project back at the office, she couldn't remember ever having heard him speak. They also hadn't moved. She was very, very worried.

"So what would you like to do for your vacation, Mr. Finney?"

Chloe had turned herself around a bit to lean against the far door so she could face him directly. The man was huge, easily over three hundred pounds, and he looked tense. His hands gripped the wheel tightly. She saw him working his jaw or trying to get his voice going but no words were coming out.

Chloe knelt up on the seat facing him and put her hand on his arm. He looked away.

"Are you all right, Mr. Finney?" Chloe was genuinely concerned about what he was thinking and about how disastrously things would end up if the big man had a meltdown. She didn't want to imagine the tension at the office if the vacation didn't go well. Hell, she'd probably lose her job if Mr. Stevens thought she messed up his star player.

"I can't do this... I just can't."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"You... It's just that, I don't feel right with this." he took a deep breath and clutched the wheel tightly. "You're very beautiful but I don't like that you're doing this for money. I promised myself it wouldn't be this way...."

Jerome paused, realizing what he'd just said and hoping Chloe hadn't picked up on it.

Chloe's mind raced to avoid another tense pause. The man had spoken, words had come out of his mouth. She had to meet him half way to keep him from crashing.

"Mr. Finney, I'm doing this because I want to be here. I love this company, I love what it's doing and I'm having a lot of fun with you guys. Seriously, Brian is not paying me nearly enough money for this to be for the money."

"So you're doing this because you like to have sex with a bunch of geeks? Seriously, there's no way you would be here if it weren't for money. A girl as hot as you wouldn't even give me the time of day if she didn't have to."

"I do like to fuck. So what? But I absolutely wouldn't be here if I didn't like you. Maybe if I didn't know you it would be different, but I've seen your dedication and your talent, how you work so well with the team, and how you've always been quiet and you haven't been mean or disrespectful to me." She was definitely sugar coating it. Jerome had always creeped her out, but desperate times... another little lie would clinch it, "To be honest, I was actually talking to Mr. Stevens about how you were one of the guys I felt most comfortable around. That's why he was so quick to send us off on vacation together. He knew I would go for it. Heck, great guy, time off with a big budget after just one week of work, all on SoftTec? Of course I'm going to be psyched about this."

She was leaning in with a tender smile, stroking his doughy arm. Her big bare tits were just inches from him. Saying the words she felt them ring truer than she expected and she beamed contentedly at a surge of genuine affection. Though he did smell a bit.

Jerome was resistant. A lifetime of rejection and scorn from the pretty girl's ilk, from girls way below this girl's league, had left him deeply wary of such friendly overtures.

"You do realize it's very hard for me to believe what you're saying, right? And If it's true you're probably crazy."

Chloe wasn't one to stand down from a challenge.

"You really think I don't like you, that I'm not enjoying myself and am just doing this for the money?" Jerome kept his eyes forward and didn't answer.

Chloe sat thinking about what she could say as they sat silently in the car. "Listen, Mr. Finney, I don't have any way to prove the way I feel, my motives or anything like that here and now, but it really does mean a lot to me that you have the best vacation of your life. You tell me what you want from me and I'll do it. No bullshit. I'll do whatever you need to prove to you this is real. Just don't be a stick in the mud, alright?"

Jerome sat still and took a deep breath. He replied without taking his eyes off the road. "I get to pick what you wear right?"

"Yes."

"And where we go?"

"That's right."

"And what you do? No bullshit?"

"Absolutely."

The big man nodded. He started the car and drove the ten blocks to Arthur's in silence. Chloe could tell he was deep in thought.

Arthur looked like he was expecting them and he was grinning from ear to ear. Feminine fabrics and wispy garments hung all around the fitting area of his menswear shop.

"Welcome. Welcome, Mr. Finney. Mr. Stevens called ahead and I've been preparing for your arrival."

Jerome didn't say a word. He pulled out a handheld device and walked purposefully towards the old Greek. He stood talking to him closely, hunched over the pocket computer as he pulled up the pictures he wanted to show him. Arthur looked on with growing interest.

Chloe started to feel relieved. Mr. Finney was overcoming his reservations and getting involved.

Jerome looked up absentmindedly and asked her to wait outside while he talked with Arthur.

Chloe stepped out and waited. She kept waiting, musing that her dear geeks seemed to like keeping her standing around idling in public. Were they trying to get back at all the girls who had ever made them wait around while they got ready before dates? Had they ever had dates? Time passed slowly. She wished she had her phone so she could check the time. Hell, she wished she had her wallet and hadn't forgotten to get it from that douche bag, Mr. Aranowsky.

She hugged herself over the little denim stars floating over her nipple rings, leaning against Arthur's shop, feeling very naked. It hit her that she was pretty much trapped without her phone or her wallet. She didn't even have a bed to claim her own. She was homeless and all she had was an obscene parody of clothes to call her own.

More naked than at the park earlier, having no idea about where she was going, what she was doing or what her fat coworker would want from her in the next couple of days. Chloe had put herself entirely at his mercy.

Mr. Finney stepped out and looked over at her. "Remember your promise, Chloe. I need to take care of some things and I'll be back later. Arthur will take care of you."

She went back inside to find Arthur working with some tools.

"My dear, please get up on the stand and disrobe. We have quite a bit of work to do."

Chloe went to the platform as instructed and began stripping. She pulled out the big blue plug, swollen to medium size, slowly. The long cylinder seemed to come out endlessly and she sighed in pleasure and relief as the last inch vacated her sphincter. With nothing holding it together, the small shorts just dropped.

She unclipped the little denim stars from her nipples and took them up in her hands with the small scrap of her shorts and the big dildo that had been in her ass. Arthur would have to take care of the shoes.

The tailor placed her clothes on the counter, careful to keep the ass-stained plastic tube wrapped in the fabric and away from his hands. He went back to work on whatever he was doing, leaving a fidgeting Chloe waiting on the platform. When he turned around he had his hands closed around something small and he was smiling impishly. "Your friend, the fat man had a request for you, an upgrade, but he said that you have to say that you want it."

"What is it?"

Arthur shook his head. "You agree first. That's what he wants."

Chloe chewed on her lip. Mr. Finney wasn't a bad man. Could what he wanted be any crazier than anything she had already agreed to? Plus, she was trying to prove that she trusted him and truly wanted to spend the next few days being his sex pet. She nodded.

Arthur brought his right hand up to her left nipple, now held erect and sensitive by the little ring, he tweaked it and got a slight gasp. Chloe started to reach up reflexively but hesitated; Arthur might get annoyed if he thought she was interfering with his work.

"Not painful right, just a little sensitive?"

She nodded.

He reached down and stroked her clit chains, getting a stronger reaction but again, Chloe confirmed it was alright.

"Very good, very good. I just wanted to be sure. Your friend."

In his left hand he held little pieces of golden hardware. He brought the first piece up to her right nipple and skilfully removed the ring. He then passed a length of string through the small hole and fed both ends of the string through a small golden cylinder, half an inch long and tapering at one end to a sort of gold washer half an inch wide. Arthur slid the cylinder up the string and Chloe bit her lip for the last part, when he pulled the string gently to stretch out her nipple, making it narrow enough to fit into the cylinder with the wide end covering the very inner part of her areola. It looked like a golden nipple had been fitted over her own. It briefly occurred to Chloe to wonder why Arthur would happen to have this sort of thing lying around in his store.

He kept the string taught for a moment so he could fit another accessory, a thick golden bar that would keep her nipple trapped in the half inch tube, its sensitive tip bulging out of the end by another half inch. He carefully placed round little balls at each end of the bar to keep it from sliding out. Then he did something very odd. He brought out what looked like a grocery store scanner and he waved it over her nipple.

Arthur answered Chloe's look of confusion, "This was a gift from one of your colleagues. There is some sort of computer in the jewelry that locks everything tight when I pass this over it. This way nothing falls off!"

He then repeated the process on her left nipple, and with her headlights now forced stiffly erect, he moved down.

Chloe's knees started to give way as she realizes what Arthur was planning and she pressed her knees together to keep his hands out.

"Now now, do you want to disappoint Mr. Finney?"

Chloe relented and rested her hand on the old man's shoulder. .

"Of course! How thoughtless of me. Please come lie on the counter."

Chloe looked down between her massive tits as the old tailor with the piercing skills went to work sliding the third cylinder onto her clit. All the sensitivity she' thought she had gotten used to in the days since he had given her the clit chains came rolling back as he repeated the process of passing the string through the hole and pulling her bud into it's new metal home.

She gripped the counter and writhed into his hands working hard to moaning out a scream of raw feeling. Arthur expertly rode the wave and reattached new, shorter gold chains to the new hardware, but he didn't stop there.

The last two items in his hands were little golden balls as big around as the nail on her little finger. As they rolled in his hand she could hear them chime and wobble. Like Christmas tree ornaments they had little hooks on them, and he wasted no time fastening them to her new gold chains. With the shorter chains, the little balls didn't touch the counter even when she was sitting and she reflexively clamped her legs together trying to relieve the new pressure stretching out her clit. It didn't hurt the same way as when she had first been pierced, more like her pussy was just throbbing. The pulling made her clit feel like it needed to be fed.

"Very good now my dear, up you go." he helped the girl back on her feet to see her double over and shriek out an orgasm. He let her stand for a moment suspecting what the little balls clanging together were doing to her, but he couldn't imagine and she couldn't put it in words. The net effect for her was that she was finding it impossible to think beyond her overstimulated pussy.

"Mr. Finney should be back in a few hours but we have quite a bit of work to do to get you ready for your long weekend. Please step back up on the platform."

**Chapter 19**
Chloe stood outside the shop thinking she spent way too much time standing around waiting in public wearing next to nothing. It was a good thing the local cops didn't really care much about public indecency and apparent prostitution. More accurately, they enjoyed it.

As Arthur had dressed her, the half inch chiming balls hanging off her clit got her obsessing about the next guy who would stuff her. Everyone had been up in her ass for days up until Mr. Stevens had ridden her pussy that morning in the park. She had had no idea it would feel so good with her piercings. Adding the balls would just be heaven. She wanted that fat fuck's fuck stick and she was going to do whatever was necessary to prove she wasn't bullshitting him.

She wondered about what would happen when she left town in Arthur's latest creation though.

Mr. Finney's input had gone into everything, and he had specially asked to see her wearing an obvious choice. The cropped sweater top was sleeveless and just stretched far enough to hook onto her now inch long nipples in their golden tubes, plainly discernible poking their engorged pink tips out of the distended white knit. Hemispheres of milky white breast bulged below for the public's pleasure. "Public" soon to comprise a population beyond Sweet.

Arthur, or Jerome perhaps, had opted for a less traditional variation for the skirt. He had bonded strips of blue and red celluloid into an open cone in such a way that the strips formed pleats. To get in and out, one entire side opened, fastening at the top with a silver button bearing the insignia of Arthur's shop.

As was his style, and according to Arthur by necessity, the piece was alarmingly brief. It was in length to Arthur's regular miniskirts what regular cheer skirts were to regular miniskirts. Arthur explained that this was due to the fragility of the cellophane (and why he used cellophane was a mystery known only to Arthur and probably Jerome, too). It absolutely would not do for her body to put stress on the garment. Sitting on it was out of the question. In fact where she could she should take it off before sitting down.

Looking down at herself she couldn't see how removing the skirt would make a difference. There were just four inches of skirt from top to bottom. Four inches sitting low on the top curve of her butt and hanging out mid curve like rafters. The new anal accessory, this time a clear acrylic object, winked out beneath. The skirt kept it's little length going all the way around and when it came to her pussy it remained mercilessly unchanged. Four inches sat above her pubic patch and didn't manage to cover the distance to the bottom of her glistening wet pussy lips, let alone the shiny golden balls bouncing and swaying beneath them.

In good cheerleader fashion she wore ankle socks and sneakers. Arthur had done his thing with the sneakers though. They wouldn't flatten out and the ankle opening was at a wide angle to the sole. He had put pieces of metal in them or something that kept the toes bent. Like the last shoes he'd given her, these had the effect of pointing her feet down without using a tall heel.

Mr. Finney finally rolled up and waited while his obscenely dressed cheerleader put the pink bag Arthur had prepared for her in the back seat and carefully took off her skirt so she could join him in the passenger seat.

Jerome took in his bottomless passenger and couldn't hide the tears in his smile.

"That's.... Wow."

Chloe was moved realizing no one ever done anything like she had for the fat man. Agreeing to the new accessories in her nipples and clit, hell, agreeing to wear this outfit, was a pretty extreme gesture to show someone.

As they kept driving, she noticed his initial reaction faded into a resigned look and he drew deeply into himself.

"What's wrong, Mr. Finney?"

"I was just thinking about what you did and why."

"Well, I did it to show you that I really do want to hang out with you for the weekend. Why else? Plus it is kind of a cool look."

"I know you mean it, Chloe. The thing is, the why why. It's why anyone ever wants to do anything nice for me and you know what I'm talking about."

Chloe felt once again like he was slipping from her. She also couldn't deny what he was getting at. "Now listen, Mr. Finney, that's no way to talk. You keep thinking everyone pities you and that's what's going to happen."

"That's too easy for you to say. Just look at yourself and look at me. When no one wants to be around you, then you can talk."

Chloe saw the gauntlet drop. "Fine, test me. I thought doing myself up like this would be enough to show you I'm serious, but clearly it's not. And if you have another test for me then bring it."

Mr. Finney nodded and went back into his world. Chloe was coming to realize that's where he was most comfortable. He didn't talk much because talking meant interacting with other people and interacting with other people sucked when they all thought he was just a pathetic fatass.

But couldn't she identify with that? At Mr. Aranowsky's party all the women thought she was a cheap slut. On the other hand, all the guys wanted to fuck her. No, Mr. Finney didn't want that. It occurred to Chloe that the only way to make Mr. Finney happy was to identify with him at his level.

Rejection had brought his insecurities to the fore and somehow perverted the rational responses of an otherwise sensible man, a genius, to go in the opposite direction.

His world had to do with his insecurities. She needed to expose hers and fall into his world to get close. But was it really all about him? What would she learn about herself about following him into his rabbit hole? How would she even go about it.

They pulled up into a Denny's. Chloe let Jerome waddle ahead as she refastened the skirt she had carefully placed on the back seat. She worried about her appearance now that they were no longer in Sweet, Washington. Cops outside the town limits probably wouldn't let her off with just a couple of fucks. There was nothing for it though. Anyway, the balls chiming clinging to her clit were enough to think about.

Jerome was already sitting by the time she walked in. It was already 10 so there weren't many people in the restaurant to gawk at her pussy and piercings through the see-through skirt or her stretched out nipples poking through her crop top. However, there were strangers.

Jerome was facing away from her at a booth near the back corner and she scooted in to take her seat next to him, deftly removing her skirt as Arthur had instructed. Anyone could easily make out the big spikes distending her sweater just above the hem and pink crescents of her areolae below it. Scooted in next to Mr. Finney for now her bottom would be visible only if someone came up right on top of her. Wait, there wasn't a tablecloth; she'd better keep her legs closed.

It kind of sucked trying to be modest after she had spent a week having fun being the town slut. But this was the real world, not the fantasy land of a town full of randy geeks. She had to behave.

Chloe grabbed up Mr. Finney's hand and put it over her pussy feeling him stiffen.

"You know, for modesty," she smiled at him. Maybe getting to him wasn't about learning to share his funk by becoming a fellow reject but rather building him up into a paragon of masculinity. It had worked for everyone else so far.

"You asked me to test you so...." he gave her pussy a good grope. Chloe moaned into it.

"You like that don't you you little slut. You probably like that even more out here where everyone can get a nice good look at you. Go ahead and play around with those big fat tits of yours, you fucking slut."

Maybe Mr. Finney was unloading pent up aggression from his years of being mistreated, but Chloe couldn't help but agree with him; she also couldn't help but enjoy herself. She'd been liking being slutty practically since the first day she took it up. She smiled. Tuesday wasn't it?

There was a teenaged kid with a middle aged woman some tables over. Chloe knew they'd seen her walk in and bet eight to one she had already spoken to management about getting them tossed out... Maybe not if she put out for management though. Meanwhile a lonely looking dude across from her by the window could use some cheering up.

She looked him in the eye and slid her hands up her firm abs to the dramatic overhang of her bare bottomed boobies, sliding up slowly beneath the sweater to tweak her pierced and stretched nipples while her tongue busied itself moistening her lips.

Mr. Finney hesitated seeing her enthusiasm. He'd aimed at shaming her with her sexuality and got caught up enjoying her show. She was now enjoying herself being out with him. He was out with this hot piece of ass nineteen year old. Him, Jerome! And she was having a good time because of him, Jerome!

He had expected her to moon over him, whispering sweet nothings about what an amazing guy he was. This was something else. When was the last time he had used exclamations after his name In his brain that way? The closest he ever got to that was a satisfied smugness.

His dick was hard poking into the overhang of his gut.

If she was enjoying herself now, well he was just getting started. This girl would be soaking wet by the time he took her to bed.

The waiter showed up, a pimply kid about Chloe's age.

"C...C...Chloe?" His eyes were huge. Chloe had no idea who the kid was but they probably went to the same school.... That thought shocked it's way deep into her brain to the fight or flight switch, which right then was linked up to her pleasure node because her pleasure node was swollen. Or was it her clit that was swollen? Those chrome balls....

"Hey! High school right? Sorry, I can't remember your name."

She felt her nipples at him.

"We had PE together. M... Mark."

"Well it's good seeing you, Mark."

"You, too, Chloe. So what would you guys lIke to order?"

Jerome realized the kid must have had a major crush on Chloe and decided it was time to step in to make his dream come true and feed the girl's ravenous slut.

"I'll take an all American dinner special, with the steak rare, and a second of the same but medium. Just give me an eight ouncer for the second one; I'm trying ti cut back. My girl here would like to start with your cock topped off with a bit of rimming. She's not carrying a purse but she would be more than happy to pay for it by putting her lower orifices to work on your Mr. Happy. Also bring her a Greek salad, she'd like that. One for me, too. Gotta get my greens in."

Chloe wasn't expecting that. Neither was Mark. Both teens blushed while Jerome felt his smugness level rise. Chloe wasn't put off though. She knew Mr. Finney was aiming at making her ashamed of her sluttiness, but she liked it after all, and fucking some dork from high school she couldn't even remember was tops when it came to slutty.

"Nice plan! C'mon, Mark. I saw a nice place by the dumpster when we were coming in."

She bounded out bottomless from behind the table and dragged Mark behind her. Lonely guy by the window stared dumb and widemouthed. Mom looked on in bemused disbelief.

Chloe had him against the back wall with her hands to his zipper and her plugged naked ass to the woods. He was a tall lanky kid and in her modified tennies her eyes were almost at his chin.

"I'm not going to get you in trouble with the boss am I?"

Mark was just starting to sense the magnitude of his present jackpot. Chloe Petite to do with as he pleased.

"No it's just Pat, Mike and me."

"Maybe I can do them next, but go put in the order first so we don't leave Mr. Finney hungry, I'll warm up my toaster for you."

She took a step back and spread her legs to slide a couple of fingers in. Mark was back a moment later and paused, unsure how to proceed with this sex demon.

She picked up where she left off, reaching in his still open fly again to grab his hot swollen cock again. She pushed him back up against the wall, her mouth immediately all over his dick.

"Goddam, Chloe, I had no idea you were such a slut!"

"You sure know how to talk dirty to a girl, Mike."

"Ung! It's Mark."

Chloe went back to smoking down penis. She pushed back thoughts about obvious things like how everyone she knew would fast learn about her rampaging sexuality and all the repercussions, and she focused on relishing the moment, but how much did she really like dick?

Chloe knelt down topless sucking and Mark couldn't hold back. Getting sucked off behind his restaurant was golden. The sucker being the hottest girl from high school was priceless. Being able to prove it would make him immortal. He got down and lay back. Much more comfortable to get his dick sucked.

It also lined Chloe up with the sign on the back of the restaurant. Mark pulled out his camera and flashed her up. Chloe sucked on. This was a guy she had gone to high school with. She didn't know him from a hole in the ground and she wasn't the least bit interested in him even, but here she was gulping the last inches of his penis into her esophagus at the back of some podunk restaurant and now he had a picture of her. No backing down now. Shit, everyone she knew at home would know about this. Her parents!

She could feel him speeding up and she realized she would have to seriously pace this guy to make him last through the full tour Mr. Finney had commanded. She pulled out smacking her lips.

"Alright daddy, you ever get a rim job?"

Mark shook his head staring at her over a dumb, gaping smile. The idea of getting his asshole licked had never featured in his fantasies, but now, looking down at his gorgeous former classmate, it was kink number one. He let her pull his pants down and get to work, feeling her nose press into the crack of his ass. Feeling that beautiful face pressing into his ass, her warm tongue bathing his brown hole, was enough to keep lead flowing to his pencil.

Chloe mused over the bitter taste of ass, grateful her former classmate at least did a good job wiping. This was part of the life she was diving into. Not a tasty part, but no life is perfect. She could labor to be an office drone, hunched over a desk cranking out reports or whatever, or she could be an office whore, bent over a desk in the professional pursuit of frequent and glorious orgasms... the worst part being the occasional tasting of an asshole. To hell with what anyone thought, this was her life. She marveled that the wondrous landscape of her chosen new career had never even occurred to her a week earlier.

Chloe felt giddy thinking about it. What was so great about holding herself to conservative standards? Okay, it meant she didn't have to lick asshole, but she was past that. Otherwise fucking was fun. Fucking was dirty. More importantly, it was a blast (and it meant getting blasted). Plus slutting it up was proving to be a valuable service for her wonderful band of geeks. Her heart was in her throat and she shook with adrenaline, but she was going to double down. The many camera phone pics floating around would be her publicity shots!

She pulled back and squeezed his balls enough to make Mark lucid.

"Alright big boy, I've got my orders and I'm not going to let you pop until you've had the full tour."

She got up and walked her hot goddess walk to the dumpster, teasing her fingers along the length of his penis as he recovered enough sense to follow along. She leaned forward, reaching between her legs to guide his dick gently into her vagina, her fingers trailing away along her glistening clit chains. She was so worked up she didn't care who was pumping in and out behind her. Somewhere in her mind though she wondered about Jerome and why the first thing he wanted her to do was fuck a waiter while he sat waiting for his food.

For now though she was just enjoying Mark and his penis. Mark was doing a fine job pounding her into the green metal wall of the dumpster. Whoever Mark was in high school, she didn't think he had gotten much ass but he was definitely making up for it now. What he lacked in size he did a pretty good job making up for with enthusiasm.

Mark had her flush to the dumpster with her tits on the metal and his chest on her back. Pogoing her vertically it was feeling good all around. It gave her nice tickles when her metal accessories brushed against the dumpster, like hot sparks were shooting off them. She hadn't forgotten though there was one more stop on her tour.

"Alright hot stuff, don't blow your load yet. Pull up one of those flattened boxes". It had only been a couple of minutes from when they started but Mark seemed like he wasn't going to last much longer, and orders were orders. She had her mind set on following through. It was a good thing she'd lubed her ass up before she left Arthur's. Part of being a top notch slut was good planning!

Mark very courteously, and quickly, laid out a piece of cardboard. Realizing just one would be too short he immediately put out a second, his cock dribbling precum all the while. Once he was all set up, Chloe felt like she should curtsey to the gentleman and he took her daintily offered hand and helped her off her heels onto her eminently watchable back. He followed briskly letting Chloe hook her knees on his shoulders. He'd get her front from the back and her back from the front. She didn't think she had tried this combination yet, then was struck by the fact that she was already losing track.

Mark's chivalry vanished swiftly, starting with a vicious extraction of her ass plug du jour. He immediately fell to thrusting at her gaping hole, falling flat on her to better enjoy her big fat titties and suck on her luscious mouth (these adjectives being the only concepts going through his head).

Mark was determined to stretch his time with Chloe Petite as long as possible. What were the odds? What were the chances of a repeat? What were the chances he was awake?

With all the exercise her back door had been getting, few men were a match for her, and fewer still who had been through the sort of warm up she had just doled.

"Fuck me!" The words came out of Mark like his soul tearing loose.

"Oh boy did I," Chloe leaned in wickedly, pressing her forehead on his and drawing him into her eyes by the back of his head. A goddamned succubus to him. His devil slut. "Go home and tell the kids what a tremendously hot slut I am, and keep a lookout for my website."