Jackie's New Job

by Jackiegirl Â©

Never screw your boss! Figuratively or literally it will end up coming

back to bite you in the ass. That was the hard lesson I had learned this

year. I mulled that over in my pretty little head as I sat in the first

class cabin on the flight from Houston to my home in New York City.

I had been a money manager with a big firm on the Street until February of

this year. I had been successfully climbing the ladder of my career for

five years. Sometimes the bodies of co-workers provided convenient

stepping stones on my journey and I used them without remorse. They may be

going down in flames, but I was soaring!

Of course a girl has to use all of her talents to advance in this super

competitive age, and I was not unwilling to use the gifts God gave me to

full advantage. I dressed for success! Sometimes that meant professional

wear, sometimes looking like a slut. Whatever it took, I did it. Two years

ago when my department head starting to show some interest in me I was not

inclined to discourage him. When the interest went farther, into

invitations to dinner and the show I willingly agreed to it. The

relationship that developed over the next months was mutually beneficial,

earning Perry some of the best sex of his life and me an inside track on

the better clients. My mistake was starting to take it seriously.

Perry was single, attractive, rich and a lot of fun to be with. As time

passed I forgot why I started going out with him and gradually began to

fall in love. I started to fantasize about us as a couple. I began to have

these little girl daydreams of being Mrs. Perry, complete with the house

and picket fence. Fantasies are fine, until you try to make them come

true.

Christmas last year I made the mistake of bring up the subject of "our

relationship" with Perry. He responded in that way men have when they

don't want to piss you off because they haven't been laid yet. We spent

the rest of the day together and no matter how sweet and loving I was I

could never garner a reciprocal I love you from him.

Suddenly our plans for the New Year changed. He had a family crisis that

needed him. Then our ski trip needed to be changed. He had never been much

for calling me, but now my calls to him went unanswered, intercepted by

his assistant. Then the office grapevine had him seeing another woman from

the legal department.

I confronted Perry. Actually I bushwhacked him in the corridor and

demanded to know just what the hell was going on. After the usual male

stammering the matter boiled down to, I was becoming too serious and

possessive and that we both needed to take a break so we could get our

friendship back in perspective.

I don't know what hurt more, my heart, my pride or my ambition for my

career.

God I felt so stupid! How had I let that guy get to me that way? How had I

become just another mutton headed girl looking for a man to take care of

her?

Looking back now I can clearly see my little mind at work and the path

that eventually led to my destruction. I progressed from hurt feelings to

a broken heart. Anger followed, first at myself, then at him. It brewed

into a maelstrom of resentment and bitterness. I think that at the time I

was really crazy. My next actions sure support that idea.

I was not going to let that son-of-a-bitch get away with it! He broke my

heart, used me and for all I knew was in the process of stopping my

flourishing career with the firm. In a fit of brilliance I struck on the

perfect way not only to get even but to do some permanent damage to his

bright prospects at the company.

I logged into his computer and very effectively pronounced 82 of his prime

clients deceased!

You can imagine what it looked like when it hit the fan! Buy and sell

orders were ignored, drafts on multimillion-dollar accounts were declined,

accounts were frozen and best of all condolence letters were sent to the

next of kin. God it was beautiful! Except......I forgot one thing.

Every password computer transaction is recorded, tracked, filed away,

backed up and permanently stored. This is for the SEC and for protection

from lawsuits by irate clients. It also was my undoing.

The office was in a total uproar. Clients were pulling accounts,

threatening to sue and demanding explanations from the firm. Everyone,

except yours truly, was in recovery and full kiss ass mode. Perry was

frantic and I was in glory. Then two very large and very unfriendly

security guards appeared at my office.

I think I handled it well. I was stunned that my game was uncovered, but I

confronted the branch president and Perry with grace, "How do you like

being fucked!"

I carried what was left of my job and precious career out in a cardboard

box minutes latter.

For years I had made a good income and for the last couple a great one.

I'm afraid that I wasn't very smart about saving. I liked my lifestyle. A

$6000 a month apartment, a nice car with payments to match, good

furniture, art and lots of clothes ate up whatever I made each month. In

the beginning I wasn't too concerned, thinking I would soon find another

job. I realized after the first few refusals that I was being blackballed.

I finally applied at a temp agency and there learned the firm had indeed

put the word out.

I pawned my mink, then my Rolex, then other jewelry, art and even

furniture in an attempt to keep my apartment and car. It was all futile

and by the summer I was on the street looking for a place to stay. New

York is hard enough to find a decent apartment in, but unemployed and with

bad credit it is impossible.

I called my college roommate, Marianne. She agreed to take me in as long

as I didn't mind the couch. At that point my other alternative was the

shelter, or, God Forbid, going back to the Midwest and MOM!

Marianne was wonderful. She treated me like a sister. Over the years since

graduation I had kept minimal contact with her, and then usually only to

brag about how well I was doing. She never threw that back up to me.

Her walkup was small but cozy and the couch wasn't too uncomfortable. It

was only going to be for a couple of weeks, until I found something to

support myself.

A couple of weeks became several, then a month, then two. Marianne was

easy to live with and never made me feel like an intruder. The only time

that I felt like a problem to her was when her boyfriend came over. In the

small apartment there was no privacy to speak of.

Marianne was an enthusiastic lover and Dale was totally unconcerned about

my being there. They didn't actually fuck in the tiny living room in front

of me, but some nights it came close. Once in the bedroom they gave no

quarter and fucked with abandon and noise.

In the mornings Marianne would often come into the front rooms in just her

knickers, with Dale in close pursuit in just his boxers. I would feign

sleep as they made coffee and played a little grab ass. When they

retreated back to her room I would very noisily get up.

Often during the night one or the other of them would pad naked into the

kitchen for a snack and through shielded eyes I would follow the bobbing

of a hard cock or the jiggle of pert breasts across the room. I was

embarrassed. It wasn't because I'm a prude, but because of how horny it

made me feel. For six months I had been without sex and since I had been

at Marianne's I didn't even dare masturbate. Sometimes I get a little load

when I cum and I couldn't stand it if she caught me at it.

I finally was able to find work as a fill in waitress. It wasn't much but

at least I could contribute a little to my own support. We settled into a

routine, I was approaching acceptance of my new station in life and

Marianne never once indicated she was ready for me to leave.

Early in November we were sitting at the table enjoying some take out from

the restaurant where I was working when Marianne brought up the subject

that would change my life again.

"Honey," she began in a small voice, "I came across an ad today in the

Village you might be interested in. Now don't get me wrong, you can stay

here forever if you want to, but I thought this might be something you

could handle."

She had me intrigued. The Village was an alternative paper full of ads

from all sorts of shady businesses and with personals that would make you

blush. What in the world would be in it there I might find suitable?

I reached across the table and took the paper from her and read;

Very Rich Single Man

Looking for

Live in Playmate

Must be attractive, intelligent, educated and Most Important WILLING!

I will furnish all expenses, wardrobe, car, travel and luxury

accommodations.

Very generous salary and even more generous bonus for 1 year contract

Send clothed picture to XXXXXX@.com

Include 25 words or less why you qualify.

I read the ad again, then again. "You want me to be a whore!" I exclaimed

at Marianne.

"God Jackie!" she replied, "I didn't say you had to do it, or even that I

thought you should do it, I just thought you might be interested in it!

Excuse me all to hell!"

I choked back a sob. Marianne had always been odd, but she was being

wonderful to me. "I'm sorry Marianne," I told her, "I guess it just took

me by surprise. The idea that I have sunken low enough to trade my body

for a roof over my head is so degrading."

"Jackie you can stay here as long as you want. Sooner or later this will

all pass over and you will be able to find another great job. I just

thought that was funny, and that maybe you would be interested in the

adventure and sexy thrill of it."

"I'm just so confused," I admitted to her, "I really don't know where my

life is going."

"I know honey," she soothed me. Then she shocked me. "What do you think

you were doing with Perry? Trading your cunt for better clients! We're all

whores in some form, even me."

She left the table and for the next hours I watched senseless TV and my

mind turned in turmoil. In the early morning hours I read the ad again.

When Marianne came in for breakfast in the morning I was still awake.

"Marianne will you take a picture of me?"

I've got to give her credit, she didn't smile. "Sure, when? Now?"

"Now's as good as anytime," I told her and went to change clothes.

I returned to the room in my best professional suit with heels and fresh

makeup. I did look good.

"He said a picture with clothes on, I can do that and see what happens

next I guess," I allowed.

Without comment she took a half dozen digital snapshots of me and then we

selected what we considered the best of them to send off.

"Have you written your 25 words or less yet?" she asked me.

I handed her a typed sheet.

"My life is a disaster and I am willing to do anything to escape it!" was

all it said.

"Well that's to the point!" Marianne chuckled.

We sent it off that afternoon and returned to the daily grind of our

lives. Thanksgiving passed without word and I had given up on ever hearing

from the mystery man. During the holidays I got more hours at the

restaurant and even made enough to get Marianne a cute silk scarf for

Christmas. Then in Mid December I answered the door to find the Fed Ex guy

there.

"Package for Miss Jackie," he said.

At first I thought it was from Mom, but as soon as I saw the return

address from Houston I had the feeling my answer had finally come. I tore

the package open and inside found a first class round trip ticket to

Houston and a short letter.

Dear Jackie,

Almost a thousand women applied for this position and you are one of the

three selected finalist. If you are still interested use the ticket

enclose to come to Houston this Friday. You will be compensated $1000 for

your time and effort. There will be a suite for you at the Airport

Marriott and you will be able to return home on Saturday. Our interview

will take about an hour, the rest of the time will be yours to spend as

you like.

Please dress appropriately for our interview.

A car will meet you at the airport to take you directly to our meeting.

If you chose not to come use the envelope provided to return the tickets.

Hope to see you soon,

David

That was tomorrow! A thousand bucks, damn could I use that! What kind of

interview was this going to be? Would I have to fuck him to earn my money?

Questions, more questions, darted through my head.

When Marianne crossed the threshold I bombarded her with it all.

"What should I do? I never expected this to go this far! Should I go? What

do you think, oh God what should I do now?"

"Relax Jackie," she told me. "What can it hurt to go? I mean if things go

farther than you want you can always get back on the plane and come home.

You know you're welcome here. But, you know what, I bet that by now you

could use a good fuck anyway!"

My brutally honest friend! God she was right about that. I was so horny

that I had thought about picking up some guy in a bar, but couldn't afford

the drinks while I was looking for Mr. Right.

"Ok, so I go." I mumbled.

"Yeah, you go!" she cheered me on. Of course I was going! I needed the

money, my curiosity was aroused and frankly I was horny.

"What does he mean by "dress appropriately' do you think?"

Thinking out loud Marianne mused, "Well we know he's not hiring a

secretary, or housekeeper, so I think you want to go with something

attractive and sexy. You need something that will show willingness, that

is one of the things he wants."

Soon we were busy getting me ready for the trip. Marianne cut my dead ends

and then gave me a manicure and pedicure. While we were painting my nails

Dale showed up. Both of us were dressed in only t-shirts and knickers, and

while I had never been so casual around Dale before I figured what the

hell, I was going to Houston to apply for a job as a high priced whore so

what if he saw my barely covered ass.

Of course he wanted to know what was going on but all we would tell him is

that I was going to Houston for a job interview. Judging from the tent in

his pants he was enjoying the scene. Later when they wandered off to bed I

was so frustrated that I wanted to cry. I hadn't realized just how much

being on display to Dale had turned me on until I felt the damp spot in my

knickers. I wondered if he saw it too.

The City was cold the next morning so I dressed in loose slacks, tennis

shoes and a pullover sweat shirt for the plane ride. In an overnight case

I carried a change of clothes.

When the plane was about 30 minutes out of Houston I carried my bag to the

restroom. It was time for me to get into character for my interview. Once

in the tiny room I stripped off my travel clothes. I lifted the sweat

shirt over my head baring my breasts. I hadn't worn a bra thinking it

probably wasn't required for this trip. Seeing my naked breasts in the

metal mirror brought home what I was doing and for a second the fear

overcame me and I almost chickened out. Then the sight of my topless form

started to excite me. I don't know why, but it felt so sexy standing there

on a flying airplane half naked. Quickly I removed my slacks, knickers

shoes and socks so that I was totally nude, surrounded by several hundred

people and hidden by just a thin door.

I carefully removed my interview clothes from the bag and then stuffed the

unneeded clothing back into the bag. I prolonged putting anything on,

taking time to freshen my makeup and brush out my hair. I did look good.

My weight was not a problem and my body was still firm and tight at 29. My

breasts are a bit small by normal standards but just fine on my short 5

foot 2 inch frame.

I slipped the stockings up my legs and smoothed them into place. I pulled

the short black pleated skirt over my hips and zipped it tight. It fell to

mid thigh, just long enough to hide the tops of my stockings under most

circumstances. Then I slid into a white cotton blouse, buttoned it up and

tucked it into my skirt. The cuffs and collar were huge French cut and the

neckline hung open to the top of my breasts. The material wasn't thin

enough to be see-through, but not thick enough to hide the prominent

nipples standing hard against it either. I slipped into 4 inch black

patent heels and was ready to go.

I wore neither bra nor knickers. I wasn't sure what David expected. While

my outfit didn't appear sluttish to the casual observer I thought it was

"appropriate attire" for a playmate. I knew it was willing, god it was so

willing that I was quivering inside.

The walk from the lavatory to my seat was only six rows, but in that six

rows a dozen men ogled me. My seat partner, a businessman from Houston

suddenly was very attentive, where he hadn't spoken two words previously.

I sort of enjoyed the stares and it reinforced an ego very badly beaten

over the past months.

At the airport I walked with purpose to the pick up area. Once again I

sensed eyes following me, staring and enjoying what they were seeing. My

stride improved and my butt swayed with happiness.

There was a man standing at the curb holding a sign that read simply

"Jackie". I hustled to him and introduced myself and he led me to a

stretched limousine. Long and black it shined in the warm afternoon sun.

He held my door and I quickly slipped into the rear seat. I had forgotten

about my lack of dress and I am sure he got an eyeful of me.

The ride was short. On the way I talked to the driver and learned that he

was David's full time driver and security guard. He was ex-military and

lived in separate quarters at David house. We pulled up in front of a high

rise office building and Mel parked right in front. He came around and

opened my door. This time I was more careful, but it is hard to slip out

of a car and not show a lot of leg, or more.

Mel escorted me across the lobby and up the elevator to the top floor.

When the doors opened I face a beautiful foyer of marble counters and tile

floors with a view of the city that was spectacular. We walked past the

receptionist with just a nod from Mel and into a private office.

The office was huge, taking up one fourth of the floor. The windows gave

an equal view of that in the foyer from two entire walls. The carpet was

plush and obviously expensive. The third wall held an entertainment center

and complete bar set up. There were sofas and overstuffed chairs in a

sitting area and then at the head of the room was a gigantic desk. The

desk appeared to be some exotic wood that shown with a gleam from deep

within itself. On it's top was a lamp, a blotter and a laptop, nothing

else.

Sitting behind the desk was who I presumed to be David.

He looked to be in his early fifties but still fit and healthy. His hair

grayed a bit on the sides and his face was hard angles colored by a lot of

sunshine. His hands perched on the desktop looked to be strong and while

well manicured were not the hands of an office clerk. They were rough

looking even from the top side. I could imagine calluses on the finger and

palms from hard manual labor. His dark brown eyes shone with a gleam that

exceeded the luster of the desk.

As I approached he rose and walked around to meet me, hand extended in

greeting. David was about 6 foot tall and maybe 180 pounds. He seemed to

be a great shape, not flabby or soft. When I took it I knew I was right;

not the hands of an office worker. His business suit was well cut and

expensive. His shoes shown brightly.

"This is Jackie Boss," Mel said as an introduction.

"Welcome!" David said in greeting.

All I could manage was a, "Pleased to meet you."

David offered me a drink and I eagerly accepted hoping it might calm my

shaking limbs. I was never so nervous before in my life.

Mel fixed my bourbon and water and David offered me a seat. The guest

chairs were arranged in front of his desk back far enough that he would

have a clear view of my legs. I didn't attempt to move them closer,

knowing that the placement was intentional on his part and maybe a test

for me. As demurely as I could I sat and crossed my legs. I was aware that

the lace tops of my stocking were showing, but there was nothing to do for

it now.

The interview began unexpectedly. David questioned me about history,

politics, religion, science, art and music. I assumed this covered the

intelligent and educated part of his requirements. After about 30 minutes

of back and forth David stopped to explain that he enjoyed the company of

smart women, and I seemed to be more than capable of holding my own.

Next the questions turned to personal life. He asked about my family,

jobs, college and friends. He wanted to know if anyone was going to be

upset if I moved away for a year. In this area I was unfortunately perfect

for him. No one was going to miss me except maybe Marianne.

I was relaxed and comfortable after our 40 minutes of knowing each other.

David seemed to be quite a gentleman and the idea that I had come here for

anything unsavory wandered out of my mind. Early in the interview I had

been tempted to give him a little show by crossing and uncrossing my legs,

sort of a Sharon Stone thing. As the time passed the idea left me and I

relaxed into his welcome gaze and easy manner.

He brought me back to reality.

"Let me explain a little to you about what is going on here," he said. "I

have been married three times. Each time the woman was all I could hope

for, at least until I said I do. As girlfriends and even fiancÃ©es they

gave willingly to my desires and needs. We had fun, played games, teased

and made love with abandon. Once they were the Mrs. all that started to

change. They all thwarted me, turned me aside and suddenly found that

things we had previously enjoyed were beneath their new station in life. I

was now a crude pervert and should be happy to have her there to improve

my life. The first one lasted 10 years before I finally got rid of her.

The next two lasted only a little more than 2 years each."

"I am a man with a strong sexual drive. I love beautiful women, looking at

them, touching them, loving them. I decided that I was not going to marry

again. I was not going to let another bitch get my name so she could cut

off my pecker. Often in business it makes better sense to rent or lease

what you need rather than buy it. It eliminates long term commitment,

keeps your assets free and reduces maintenance. I decided that I would

rent a playmate."

"Does that shock you?" he asked of me.

"Honestly, yes." I replied.

He laughed.

"I have taken the liberty of investigating you. I know about your fiasco

at the last job, about Perry and all that. By the way do you know he was

let go?"

I smiled, "I had heard that."

"I know that you are not a professional, by that I mean not a hooker or

stripper. I know that your reputation is good other than destroying

Perry's career. I also know that you are in dire need of a job and money,

true?"

"Yes," was all I could say.

"If you still want to go forward I have some more questions to ask you.

These are much more personal and much more intimate. If you want to stop

I'll give you your $1000 now and Mel will take you to the hotel and pick

you up for your flight tomorrow. Do we continue?"

"Yes"

"Ok, I don't want elaborate answers, just simple and direct on the point.

If at anytime you do not want to answer a question you can collect your

money and go home."

I stared at him suddenly unsure, he seemed so much stronger and dangerous

than before. "I guess we go ahead," I told him.

"Do you masturbate?"

Well that was certainly personal and intimate.

"Yes," what else was there to say.

Have you ever been naked in public?"

"No."

'Have you ever fantasized about being naked in public?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever had sex in public?"

"Sort of, semi public anyway."

"Did other people see you doing it?"

"I don't think so, but I'm not sure."

"Do you like to fuck?"

I smiled, "Yes"

"Have you ever had more than one partner?"

"No.'

"Fantasized about it?

"Yes."

"Have you ever been with a woman?"

"No."

"Fantasized about that?"

"Yes.'

"Do you give blowjobs?"

"Yes," I blushed.

"Do you enjoy it?"

I blushed deeper, "Yes."

"Do you let the gentleman cum in your mouth?"

I know I was bright crimson by now, "Sometimes."

"Do you swallow?"

""Sometimes."

"Do you like the taste?"

"Not really, just the effect."

"Do you have anal sex?"

"Not regularly, but I have tried it."

"Did you like it?"

"Not the first time, but later it wasn't so bad."

"Do you cum when you fuck?"

Again I was blushing, "Almost always."

"So you would say you enjoy sex?"

"Oh yes, very much." Once that was out of my mouth I rushed to clarify it.

"I'm not a tramp or anything like that, but I do like to have sex."

"You wouldn't be here if I thought you were a tramp!" He answered firmly.

"This job pays $2000 a week, and a $100,000 bonus at the end of the year.

Plus you get to keep a $60,000 car and your wardrobe, which will be very

expensive. That adds up to almost $300,000. I take care of all the taxes.

What are you willing to do for that much money?"

Here was the big question, the turning point, the bridge to cross. Here

was the question I hadn't answered for myself yet. I knew the answer, I

had known it the minute I met David.

"If you mean sexually, almost anything as long as it doesn't involve pain,

No torture." The words came from me unrehearsed but I knew they were the

truth.

"Then my final question" David continued, "if I asked would you stand up

right there a take your clothes off for me?"

I sat a second as the request sunk in. Did he want a verbal answer? I

guessed that I could do that and nothing else would be said. Somehow I

knew that if I really wanted this job I was going to have to do more than

speak a couple of words now.

I stood up and slowly unzipped my skirt. David watched me closely, as did

Mel who was a silent presence in the room. The skirt fell to the floor

revealing my bare pussy under the tail of my shirt. Then I undid each

button one at a time and carefully peeled the shirt from my shoulders. It

too dropped to the carpet. I stood in heels and hose in front of David.

Slowly I turned offering him a full view of me. As my eyes passed over Mel

I could see the appreciation and lust of beauty in them. When I was again

facing David I sat back down. I tried to act at ease in this room with two

strangers seeing my nude body. I didn't make it completely and David

smiled at my discomfort.

"You are very beautiful Jackie," he said with open admiration. "Are you

cold?"

"No, it's really very comfortable in here," I replied with a quizzical

look. .

"Your nipples are hard, if you're not cold you must be excited."

I could feel the flush rise through my chest, neck and face as he sat

there watching me, gauging my reaction and all the time smiling at me. He

was right and his words made me realize how right he was. I was

tremendously excited by the blunt questions and by my own nudity.

"I guess I am," I admitted to him.

"Uncross your legs for me Jackie," he asked.

I knew why he wanted that and the red tint to my skin darken as I complied

with his request. I placed both thighs flat on the upholstered chair and

parted then slightly. My light brown bush was neatly trimmed for the

occasion.

"You're wet," he commented.

I looked down at myself and the center of my bush was darkened by my

moisture. I was very aware that my clit was enflamed and that my labia was

swollen with my excitement. Right now I was glad he could not see that

much of me.

"Yes I am, does that please you?"

"Very much," he smiled at me.

I could still sense Mel behind me, he made no move, spoke no words but

remained a heavy masculine presence in the room. I could almost taste his

lust in the air. It was different with David. I could see the appreciation

and admiration. I could even detect his effort at self control, but under

that his eyes gleamed with a twinkle of playfulness and teasing.

I fully expected his next request to be to suck his cock, or fuck him or

maybe Mel. If I stopped right now I was an exhibitionist or maybe a

stripper. The next step in this game would make me a whore. Maybe better

paid, smarter or classier than the girl walking the street corner, but no

less a whore than she.

David leaned over to open a desk draw. What was he getting? Condoms?

Lubricant? Was now the time to get up and run?

His hand came out with a stack of money, green bills. He placed it on the

edge of the desk near me. "This is what we agreed on for today, you have

more than earned it."

I leaned in toward his desk to retrieve the cash. I didn't have any qualms

about taking it, I needed it badly. I was acutely aware of his eyes on my

bare breasts and hard nipples as I moved closer to him. I had placed my

little clutch purse on the edge of the seat and now I picked it up and

stuffed the cash into it. It joined the $52 that was there, all my money

in the world till now. There was also a driver license and two cancelled

credit card that I kept for identification.

"I promised that I would only take an hour of your time today," David

spoke. "We have used that already. I have more to go over with you. Would

you be willing to join me for dinner this evening?"

I have to eat someplace I thought. "Sure," then it struck me. "I don't

have anything to wear but what's on the floor here and a very wrinkled

pair of pants and a sweat shirt. I guess I can run out and buy something

if you'll give me an idea of the kind of place we will be going to."

Dumb ass me I didn't even think to pack another change of clothes, or even

something else to fly home in. I was so focused on the interview it was

all I considered as I packed the case.

"I'll have something sent to your room. What sizes do you wear?"

"I thought you had me investigate" I quipped.

"Three dress and six shoes, right?" he grinned at me.

Oh shit I thought, I wonder just how much he does know about me. "Right!"

I smiled back.

David nodded to Mel as he said to me, "I'll pick you up at your room at

seven."

The meeting was over and I stood up. Mel was standing behind my chair now

and as I turned to face him he handed me my blouse and skirt. Somehow

getting dressed was more embarrassing that stripping or even being naked

in front of them.

Back in my little short skirt Mel led me to the car and held the rear door

for me again. As I slipped into the seat Mel said, "God damn girl you did

great! You have the job, I'm almost positive!"

Driving to the hotel Mel continued on for me. "You are the last interview,

he already saw the other two girls this week. The first one stopped and

left during the questions. She got really flustered and started crying.

The second one just said yes when the Boss asked if she would take her

clothes off. He told her that he would let her know his decision in a few

days and sent her on her way."

I had started to shake as the nerves caught up to me but I continued to

listen to Mel, and I found myself hoping he was right.

"You really bowled me over when you stood up and stripped. You are one

very pretty woman Jackie if you don't mind my saying so."

"Thank you Mel," I answered with a smile he couldn't see.

"Anyway," Mel continued, "he didn't ask any of them to stay for dinner, or

discuss anything else after the questions."

"I don't understand," I told Mel, "he said that there were a thousand

girls applied for this. Surely some of them would have been more than

willing to walk naked down Main Street to get the job. Some of them would

not only answer the question but be glad to give a demonstration while

they were at it."

"That's not what David's looking for!" Mel said forcefully. "He doesn't

want a tramp like he told you. Any girl that sent a nude picture was

immediately disqualified, that was half of them. Some not bad looking gals

too I might add. Then he sorted them by body type, he likes petite women.

He did some basic background on about a hundred and more in-depth probing

on about 25. From that he picked the three of you. You are all basically

the girl next door types, good girls with what David calls "potential",

whatever that is."

"Potential?" I asked.

"Yeah, he says its untapped talents like a fire inside that he can bring

out in the right girl. You know what I think, I think when he saw your

pussy was wet he saw the "potential" he was looking for."

My body flushed with shame as I heard this man talk so openly about my

obvious sexual excitement in front of him and his boss.

The room was great, reminding me of the luxury and comfort of my old

apartment in the City. The sitting room held a wet bar and full

entertainment center, was comfortably furnished and provided a great view

of the airport. The bedroom had a huge king bed with down comforter and

fluffy pillows. The bath was ornate, with a large Jacuzzi tub and

oversized two headed shower. Mel left me at the door and told me to call

room service if I needed anything.

Well I didn't have much to put up, just a few toiletries and makeup. Once

that was done I turned on some soft rock and headed for the shower. I had

been on the go since early this morning and the stress of the trip and the

situation was really beginning to wear on me. I wanted a shower and a nap.

The twin heads of the glass shower beat a soothing pulse over my body as I

enjoyed the stinging warm shower. My hands soaping my body lingered over

sensitive areas and while the tightness in my body relaxed the sexual

tension only strengthened. I moved still damp and naked to the inviting

bed and stretched out on top of the comforter. As if my body had taken

over from my mind my legs opened and my hands began to caress. My upper

arms pressed my breasts together as my right hand cupped my pussy. The

fingers parted, forcing my lips apart and ever so slowly the fingers of my

left hand began to turn circles on my enraged clit. My eyes closed, my

legs parted more and the pressure of my right hand increased as the left

kept the steady slow pace of circles.

There was no movie playing in my head but a collage of images, some real,

some imagined. I saw the eyes of the men on the plane following me, then

the eyes of Mel as he watched me slip into the car and I knew that he had

seen my bare furry pussy.

I saw myself kneeling on the floor of David's magnificent office sucking

his cock in front of Mel. I saw my blouse slip from my shoulders and fall

to the floor, not from my viewpoint but through the eyes of David. I heard

myself answering intimate questions from a complete stranger and felt a

satisfaction at my truthful answers.

My fingers were now probing into me, curling around to touch that special

place that excited me so. My hips bumped from the bed in time with my

fingers and my mouth hung open in a continuous pant of need.

I hadn't had sex in almost a year and hadn't even masturbated in half that

time. I needed this.

I was lost in myself as my fingers danced, my pussy throbbed and I bit my

lip as I made small noises of need and desire.

The image of David looking at my wet pussy filled my head and the orgasm

began deep inside to tear through me in a wave of almost painful pleasure.

My body thrashed on the bed and my hand tightly held my pussy, fingers as

deep as they would go and trying to reach deeper.

I finally rolled to my side sobbing with fulfillment and fell into a deep

and dreamless sleep.

I heard a bell ring. I reached for the phone and then heard it again. My

room had a doorbell, how nice. I jumped from the bed and dashed to the

closet to retrieve the robe I had seen there. Once covered in some modesty

I went to the door.

"Concierge!" He announced, "I have a package for you."

I opened the door and he walked in with a garment bag and a shoebox.

Placing them on the bed he turned to leave as I searched for my purse to

tip him.

"Not necessary," He smiled, "Mr. Scott has already taken good care of me

and given me instructions to ask if there is anything else you might

need."

David Scott? I hadn't even known his last name until now.

"Thank you," I told the man, "if I think of anything else I will call the

desk."

I zipped the bag open and inside was a lovely silk dress. It was cream and

pastel blues and green. Removing it from the bag I saw it was a backless

halter with a deep v-neck and a ruffled skirt. I mussed that I was right

to save the packing space for a bra.

The shoes were a creamy open pump with an ankle strap and 4 inch heels.

That was all he had sent.

It was already a little after six so I got busy with hair and makeup,

trying to look my best. My shoulder length brown hair has a natural wave

to it that make it easy to be casual and a little more difficult to do

anything fancy. I picked casual.

I thought about the dress. My breasts would be fairly well displayed in it

and as thin as it was my nipples would be obvious even when they weren't

hard. They were hard now.

I rummaged around in my travel bag and found the knickers I had worn this

morning. They were plain white bikinis and had more than a few hours wear

on them. I just couldn't bring myself to put them back on. Besides I

reasoned, if David wanted knickers he would have sent some. My stockings

were still in good shape, no runs, and they were a light taupe that would

go with the dress so I started with them.

When I pulled the shoes from the box I found a card

"Hope you approve of my selections, see you at 7, David"

Yeah, I approved.

I slipped the shoes on and they were quite comfortable. Then I gathered up

the dress and slipped into it. The hem fell to about two inches above my

knees. The top draped over my chest just right. When I raised my arms you

could see the side curve of my breasts. Standing erect you could see the

inner curve at the front and the nipples, as I suspected they would, stood

out prominently in the thin silk.

I knew that I was going to be embarrassed wearing this in public,

especially naked underneath, but rather than dispel my arousal my nipples

became even harder and I could feel the juice flow in my pussy. My body

was hot with the flush of excitement and my color was bright in my face.

The doorbell rang again and I opened it to find David standing there. He

wore a different suit, no less perfect than the earlier one. His silk tie

was knotted perfectly in the center of his soft blue broadcloth shirt and

his smile was alive and infectious.

I did a little pirouette for his approval then he took my hand and led me

from the room.

"We are dinning in the roof top restaurant, great food and good service,

plus we don't have to brave the cold night to get there."

There was another couple on the elevator when we joined it and I got the

first of what I knew would be endless glances. Some would be

surreptitious, some blatant, but all would focus on the hard points

leading my jiggling breasts. David smiled and I knew he approved of the

stare.

David led me across the dinning room to our table and held my chair. A

real gentleman. I was having a hard time reconciling the man with the job

he wanted me to perform.

Of course everyone from the waiter to the sommelier and all the other

guests were having a vicarious adventure with my tits. Funny, I sort of

enjoyed it and made no attempt to hide.

When to wine was poured David shocked me again in what was becoming his

offhanded manner.

"Did you masturbate when you got to your room?" he asked me in a normal

conversational tone.

I almost choked on my wine and had to grab the napkin to keep from

spitting it all over him. I stared in disbelief at him.

"Yes, I did if you must know." I answered trying my best to remain calm

and act as if this was an everyday topic for me.

He smiled, a big wide wonderful grin that shared his pleasure with anyone

near. "I'm glad you did, you seemed in need of it last time I saw you. I

am even more pleased that you told me the truth. That is to be one of the

primary rules of the adventure. No matter what, no matter how personal or

embarrassing you have to always tell me the truth. If I ever hear a lie

from you I will put your cute little ass on a plane to New York same day."

He didn't say it as a threat, it was a fact and I understood he meant it.

For some reason so far I had honestly answered all his questions and I

could see myself continuing that.

"No problem, but be careful what you ask, you might not like the answer."

I replied.

"Are you naked under that dress?"

The tables were fairly close together and I wondered how much of this the

adjoining diners could hear. I blushed and mumbled a yes.

"Excuse me I didn't hear you," David said.

"Yes," I spoke again in a normal voice this time sure that the man behind

me could hear every word.

We ordered steaks and ate with gusto carrying on small talk about his life

and mine. Finally as the dinner was cleared and coffee brought David got

down to business.

"The rules are really pretty simple Jackie, you do whatever I ask,

whenever I ask, with whoever I tell you. Do you understand what that

means?"

I had to swallow before I could answer, "I think so, yes I do understand,

anything."

"Right," he continued, "anything. I really like oral so there will be a

lot of that. I like to wake up with a warm mouth around my dick. I told

you I like beautiful women, and I do. I like looking at them so there will

be a lot of exhibitionism on your part. I am something of a voyeur and you

will have to complement that for me."

I cut in, "Do you mean dressing like this a lot?"

"Like that and more so," he continued, "it might even go to public nudity

if the mood strikes me. I also like to watch people, so you might have to

fuck another man, or woman for me to watch."

He looked into my eyes to gauge my reaction. I tried not to reveal my

fear, or my excitement.

"I thought so," he teased, "you like this!"

"Oh David," I moaned, "I don't know. I have never done any of this and

don't know if I can. Talking about it is sort of thrill, I have got to

admit that."

He just chuckled. "That brings up another rule. You can refuse me if you

want to. The first time you do you forfeit half that weeks pay, a $1000.

The second time in a week I will fire you and you go home with only what

you made so far and a first class ticket. Of course you can quit any time

you want."

I just nodded to him. I was in a turmoil of confusing thoughts.

"What if you ask something of me that I can't do, can we discuss it and

maybe arrive at a compromise that will fill your desire and I can live

with?"

"I told you I like smart women. Yes we can talk about it, but my decision

will always be final."

"Sounds fair," I answered.

He reached across the table and took my hand in his strong warm grip. "Are

you wet?" he asked me.

I just looked at him with wide eyes.

He repeated the question, "Is you pussy wet right now?"

I nodded, then spoke, "Yes."

"Do you want the job?"

I nodded again, spoke again in a soft voice, "Yes."

"Good, then you're on the payroll starting right now!" He raised his glass

in a toast and I returned it.

"Show your pussy to the gentleman sitting behind me," he said

conversationally. "Just keep looking at me and let him see your bare

pussy."

Oh shit! I had just said yes but I guess I wasn't prepared for this.

Everything I had been taught as a young lady told me this was wrong,

shameful and nasty, but surprisingly I wanted to do it. I wanted to do it

for David, for the money, but also because something inside me wanted it

too.

I kept his hand in one of mine as my other dropped to fiddle with the hem

of my skirt. Then I uncrossed my legs and parted them. In the corner of my

vision I could see his fork stop at his open mouth. I could see his eyes

zero in, taking in my stocking tops and the brown fur covering my bare

pussy.

The color in my face told David all he needed to know. His eyes held mine

and drew me away from watching the man. My minds eye could still clearly

see him, could see his wide stare, his mouth work still hanging open, his

hand begin to tremble and even his dick growing hard in his pants.

David continued to hold my hand, but his fingers began to play with my

palm. The thrill it sent through my body added length to my nipples,

moisture to my cunt and color to my cheeks.

"Jesus Christ David," I said in as normal a tone as possible, "if you keep

that up I am going to cum right here at the table."

The lady sitting next to us turned and looked in disbelief. We ignored

her.

"Wouldn't want that now would we," he laughed. "Time to go before we get

thrown out of here."

He took my hand and escorted me back past all the admiring gazes. Down the

elevator we went and through the hall to my room. I knew I was going to

get laid, that he was going to make me start earning my keep.

In front of the room David took me in his arms and encircled me in his

warm firm hold. His hands on my bare back felt wonderful, rough textured

but gentle they pulled me to him and his mouth covered mine. His kiss was

as strong as the rest of him, taking me, closing out all but him and his

masculinity. I surrendered to him, melting into him and his hard body. His

hands wandered, feeling the sides of my breasts, then slipping under my

dress to cup me, to hold me. My legs parted and wrapped around his as I

pressed my sex to him. I was ready to be taken, ravished, loved or just

plain fucked.

He pushed back and reached for the doorknob.

"Mel will be here at nine to take you to the airport, sleep well." He

turned and left me standing there.

I just leaned on the doorjamb. I was flabbergasted. I was his whore,

bought and paid for, willingly. I was ready to do whatever he wanted right

then, to be his unrestricted slut and he walks away! Shit!

I didn't sleep well. I hardly slept at all as I tossed and turned in the

lonely bed. Part of me was craving David and his body, selling myself to

him to use. Part of me was disgusted with myself for sinking so low from

my previous high status. It wasn't really that I was disgusted by the

fall, but by the fact that my body seemed to like where I had landed.

Masturbating didn't help. My body craved David's body, not my own fingers.

I tried to relieve the stress, the tension, the frustration, but nothing

worked. No matter how hard I visualized all I ended up with was a tired

hand and a sore clit.

When Mel arrived at nine I had been up for hours. I had to chastise myself

again for not packing clothes to wear home. I had to pick between the

wrinkled and worn pants and sweatshirt I had flown in with, or the black

skirt and white blouse I had worn for the couple of hours to my interview.

I picked the skirt and blouse and once again disdained the worn knickers. I

knew it would be colder than Hades on the ground in the City, but Marianne

was picking me up and I had called her to bring my overcoat.

They say the clothes make the person. I don't know what the little black

skirt made me, but I do know what it made me feel like. It made me feel

exposed and at the same time like I had a great secret. It made me feel

vulnerable and at the same time powerful. It made me feel like flirting

and hiding, It made me feel like a whore and a goddess. Mel obviously

approved judging from his stare at the door.

He handed me an envelope and opening it I found $5000 and a note.

"The money is to help you settle things at home and be ready to move back

here in a week. Call it a signing bonus. I will send you a ticket for a

week from today to return. You are to bring only the clothes you are

wearing and what few personal effects you can't live without. Everything

will be furnished that you will need. If you have a passport bring it with

you, if not we will get you one. I have only two request before you

return. Have a professional manicure and have your nails done in red, you

know the color, whore red. Second remove all the hair below your head.

I hope to see you a week from today,

Your new Boss

David."

I was thrilled to see the money, now I could set things right by Marianne

after all the help she had been to me. The manicure was no problem, I

loved to get them and what difference did the color make. Removing all my

hair I knew meant shaving my pussy. I had never done that and had no idea

of what it would look or feel like. I assumed that it was to get me into

the role I was to play, house whore to a rich oil man. I didn't even

notice that my nipples were hard again until I saw where Mel's eyes were

looking. Damn.

So here I sit in First Class flying back to the Big Apple ready to close

out my life there and move into a new one. I bought a book to read and use

it so I can pretend not to notice the stares and horny looks from the

fellow passengers. My stocking tops keep peeking out from under my hem and

my nipples rise and fall as my wandering mind shifts it's focus.

A couple of the men onboard look pretty good, but I don't know David's

rules about having a mile high quickie, I do know that if he asked me I

would have to tell the truth. I am better off staying horny. One of the

women in the front row is very attractive and the question David asked

about being with another woman filters through my mind. Would I, could I?

Of course I could, but would I enjoy it? Would David?

My pussy is wet as the miles slip under us and my old life and inhibitions

disappear into the dark sky.

Jackie's New Job Ch. 02

by Jackiegirl Â©

I slipped from slumber to wakefulness peacefully, easily, feeling

wonderful. I look around a little disorganized and realize that I am back

on Marianne's couch in her Village apartment. The events of the past two

days seemed far away, almost unreal. I sat up on the makeshift bed that I

had used for the last six months.

This sofa became my home thanks to the kind friendship of Marianne and the

disastrous crash of my career. She had fed me, given me shelter and held

my hand through almost a year of unemployment. When I was blackballed from

every decent job in the City through my own stupid actions she supported

me. I owed her.

I stood up from the sofa getting my bearings again. I was in a t-shirt and

knickers. I heard the noises from her room indicating that she and her guy

were awake and about to join me. I put coffee on.

Marianne had picked me up at the airport last night when I returned from

my job interview in Houston. It had been late and she had her boyfriend

with her. She dropped me at the apartment and they went out. I heard them

come in much later, followed soon by their noisy activities in the

bedroom.

Dale came out first dressed only in his boxers, and made directly for the

bathroom. Marianne followed. She came in to retrieve a cup of coffee first

then went to pee. Dale took a seat at the table and I handed him a cup. He

smiled at me.

"You look cute today," he said.

I knew he referred to my sleepwear but I didn't care. He had seen me in

knickers and t more than once now. The privacy in a little one-bedroom walk

up is limited.

"Hey you!" Marianne cut in, "don't be making passes at my roommate."

She was dressed much the same as I, a little tank top and knickers. Dale

must be having a good morning I thought two half-naked girls in sight.

I got up and walked to my purse. I bent over, showing a little panty I'm

sure, and grabbed the bigger bundle of cash from my bag. I handed it to

Marianne.

"My God! What did you do, rob a bank?" she cried.

"No, I got the job and this is a signing bonus. I want you to have it.

Call it back rent."

"I can't take this Jackie! You're broke and need it more than me," she

said.

"Believe me Marianne, I won't be needing it, besides, I have some more in

there." I assured her.

"God damn!" Dale cut in, "what kind of job did you get?"

Marianne looked at me sideways. I gave her a little wink. "Personal

assistant to a Texas oil man," I told him, "good salary, lots of travel

and all expenses paid."

I was damned if I was going to tell him that I had hired on as the private

whore to a horny Texan.

"I leave next Saturday. There is a lot to do in the mean time and I might

need your help M."

Dale left for work a little later and we had time to talk. I told her all

about the trip. I told her about the airplane, the limousine , Mel the

driver bodyguard and then about the interview. When I got to the part

about the question and answer session she was curious so I had to relate

many of the actual questions.

I told her about standing in the center of the room and stripping naked.

Her mouth hung open as I told her about it.

"Marianne we knew that was what the job was about, why the shocked look?"

She swallowed and replied, "I just can't feature you doing that! I mean

you are always so proper and ladylike."

"That wasn't the worst of it honey!" I told her. "The way I look at it I

am fucked here, no job and no prospects. I am fucked there too, but at

least there I get well paid for it." I told her about the compensation

package.

"Wow! Do you need a helper?" she laughed.

I told her the rest of the story, about the dress, how revealing it was,

and diner and David hiring me. I didn't tell her about flashing the man at

the next table at David's suggestion.

"Ok girl, so now we have to go shopping!" she bubbled.

"Nope, no shopping, all I take is what I wear." I answered her.

"You're kidding! You go with nothing?" she said unbelieving.

"Yep, just the clothes on my back. He said to come in the "clothes I was

wearing", I'm not sure if he meant any clothes I chose to wear, or the

ones I had on at that time. I'm not taking a chance. Those," I pointed to

the discarded skirt and blouse, "are going to the cleaners today."

We talked some more and I filled in all but one detail that I knew I had

to address soon. Finally I worked up the nerve.

"Marianne," I began, "I'm not real sure how to ask this or if you will

take it wrong."

"Just blurt it out girl!" she said.

"Well one of the things he said I had to do was shave," I think I was

blushing, "you know, bare down there."

She laughed, "All men are perverts! Dale likes that too."

Big eyed I asked , "Are you bare?"

"As a babies butt!" she replied with a grin. "Dale shaved me the first

time and damn, did it make him horny! Now we do it a couple of times a

week, when you're working in the diner late."

I was blown away and the words were out of my mouth before my brain kicked

in. "Can I see?"

My hands flew to my mouth to try to catch the words, but missed. Marianne

didn't bat an eye, she just slipped her knickers down and I was looking at

the first hairless pussy I had ever seen on a grown woman. It looked

wicked, naughty and, I admit, sexy.

"I'll help you," she said, "unless you want Dale to do it, after all he

does have experience."

I smacked her on the shoulder, "No way in hell is Dale getting anywhere

near my pussy, razor or no razor!"

"No time like the present," she coached me, "go take a nice long bath then

we groom you for your new job."

I looked at her as she picked up our cups and cleared the table. She was

acting like she was going to help me do my nails, not the most personal of

all grooming.

I went and drew a bath. Soaking in the warm comfortable tub my mind

reviewed the events of the past days. I was still surprised by my physical

reaction to David. I had wanted him to come into my room and take me, I

still did. Even now thinking of him turned me on, fired my imagination.

That was when Marianne came into the bathroom.

She had her razor and gel cream, a couple of towels and some lotion.

"Ok girl, scoot down in the tub and put one leg over each side." The big

claw foot tub was the best thing in the apartment. Long, deep and wide it

allowed a person to stretch out and relax.

"Well come on, lift that hairy thing up here for me." She teased.

I placed my forearms on the tub bottom and hooked a leg over each side and

then floated my middle to the top.

Marianne didn't say anything, she just squirted some gel into her hand,

reached over and smeared it on my pussy. Just like that I had been touched

by my first woman.

She used her hand to work the gel into a lather and cover all my bush.

Then she rinsed her hand in the tub and took up the razor. She looked at

me, then at my pussy. She took the first long slow stroke. It surprised me

how fast it went. Or at least I thought she was done.

"No, we still have to get all the little stray hairs around your lips.

Open your legs as far as you can." She told me when I started to let back

down.

I looked at her, "Well you want it right, don't you," she asked acting a

little put out.

I did as I was instructed and opened wide for her.

She held my lips apart and slipped the sharp razor over them, removing any

visage of hair and stubble. She pushed her finger into my crease to open

me and force my folds open and then spread her fingers to pull my flesh

tight.

I was unnerved by the touch, the intimacy of it. I had to say something

just to keep from freaking out on her.

"One of David's questions was if I had ever been with another girl, I

guess now I can tell him yes." I blurted out.

"You're kidding!" she cried, "you mean he really asked you that? Wait a

minute! You mean that you never have?"

In my embarrassment I got defensive. "Yes and no to answer your

questions," I said huffily.

"Girl are you in for a treat!"

"You mean you have?" I asked shocked.

"Well hell yes! It was my minor in college didn't you know that? I know we

weren't roommates long but I thought you knew that I liked girls too. I

just never made a pass at you because you seemed to be such a tight ass."

She was done and had removed her hands from me thankfully. I dropped back

into the water to rinse off and hide.

"Stand up and put this lotion on, it will really help," she instructed me.

"I'd do it for you but you're still a virgin!" she laughed at me.

I stood and dried then applied the soothing lotion to my pubes. Marianne

watched fascinated. I slipped my robe on and made my way to the living

room.

"Look Jackie," she said, "I'm sorry if I hurt you with my teasing. You

have become my best friend and I just want you to be happy. I know all

this is scary for you but to tell you the truth I am so jealous I could

scream. I wish it were me."

I didn't know what to say so I just hugged her. She had saved me from

living on the street as a homeless and unemployed nobody.

The next few days passed fast as I made arrangements to store the things I

just couldn't give up and gave Marianne the rest to keep or sell. I used

most of the thousand dollars I had left to buy Christmas gifts for my

parents, sister and brother and shipped them off to Little Town, Nowhere,

USA.

Thursday I was pretty much done with all the preparations except the

manicure that was scheduled for the next day.

My mind was a turmoil of new thought and fears as the departure date for

my new life approached. Marianne had been very supportive and helpful,

allowing me to talk as much as I wanted and even keeping Dale out of the

apartment for two nights as we spent our last few days together for a

year.

I had shaven again, not out of a real need, but for the practice. While I

was doing it I couldn't help but think of Marianne's hands on me that

first time and some of the things she had said.

I brought home a bottle of wine for us to share, knowing that Dale

wouldn't be in until late. We put on some music, broke out the snacks and

settled in for a girls night.

When we are almost done with the wine I finally worked up the courage to

ask her what had been on my mind for days.

"You say that you have been with women before, can you, well if you could

give me some pointers I might not be so scared."

"Ah, shit Jackie," she mumbled, "you just do the things that you like to

have done to you."

"Come on Marianne, please?" I pleaded about half drunk. "I mean how do you

even get started? Do you just throw her on the bed and dive between her

legs?"

"Is that what you do with men?" she asked, "No wait, I take that back. Men

are not a good comparison, they're animals. They have their value, nothing

beats a great fucking, but they suck at making love."

She went on, "Are you sure that you have never been with a girl?"

"I think I would remember it if I had!" I told her.

"You have to be slower, softer than with a man. You have to let her guide

you more. I mean with a man you know what he likes, stick it in your mouth

and he's happy!" she laughed.

"Believe me," she said, "you won't have any trouble reading your partner."

"I don't know M,' I said, "I guess I'm just so nervous about never doing

it and I don't want to blow this deal by running off screaming the first

time it happens."

"Stand up Jackie," she told me as she rose from the settee.

I stood and watched as she walked to me. Standing in front of me she ran

her hands up my bare arms. I shivered and instinctively drew back.

"Relax," she cooed.

She did it again and I stood still for her. Her hands traveled up my arms

and over my shoulders to cup my face. She removed them and did it again. I

noticed her shiver this time. She stood with her hands on my cheeks and

leaned forward. Her lips just barely touched mine.

"Softly," she said, "always softly." Her lips pressed a little harder and

I felt her mouth open. Mine responded.

"Gently," she said, "always lead her gently to what you want."

Her tongue touched my lips and she moved a little closer to me, making

contact with her breasts on mine.

I opened my mouth and allowed her inside. It was like nothing I had even

felt or tasted before. She didn't push me, just held her tongue in me and

me in her arms as the heat rose in us.

Then she broke away. "That's all there is too it," she said.

I was still standing there, still numb from the sensation of her lips and

not sure what to do next. So I tried it with her. I moved into her and

took her head in my hands. She didn't resist, allowing me to pull my mouth

to hers. This time her lips parted and my tongue entered her.

I moved my hand to her arm and traced it over her bare skin. My sense of

touch seemed to be magnified and I felt each fine hair of her arm, As I

moved it back down her I brushed her breast with my palm. Her lips sucked

on my tongue before drawing away to nestle against my neck.

"Is this a lesson you want to continue?" she asked in hot breath against

my neck.

"Please," I whispered.

"Unbutton my blouse," she said quietly.

My hands moved to her blouse and I began to fumble with her buttons.

"Easy, just relax and let things happen," she whispered again.

She turned slightly in my arms making it easier for me to reach her

fasteners. I took a deep breath and undid them slowly, one at a time, my

hand trembling.

"Now move your mouth to me." She instructed.

I lowered my head to her bare breasts and took her right nipple in my

lips. It was a different feeling than any I had ever known. The softness

and hardness together was only female. The heat of her body was fragrant

with sex, with desire. I mouthed her nipple, sucking and licking her. She

had said to do what I like, so I did, I pulled her tight nipple out with

my mouth and sucked on it. She moaned and pulled her breasts hard to my

face.

"Kiss me again," she said.

I moved my mouth to hers, leaving the sweet taste of her breast behind.

Now her mouth was hotter, her breath warm with the inner fire of her. I

plunged my tongue into her as my hand returned to her bare chest and hers

pushed my shirt up to touch mine through my bra.

"Come with me," she told me and turned to her room.

I followed, not thinking, just wanting.

In the room she pulled my shirt over my head and reached behind me to

unfasten my bra. The bra fell between us and I was bare. She slipped her

blouse off and then took me in her arms and hugged me to her. I had no

idea how soft, how smooth and how warm a woman's flesh could be. I

dissolved into her and our mouths joined again.

She laid back on the bed and beckoned me to her. I moved as if in a

trance.

"Take my shorts off," she said.

My hands found her zipper as I stared into her face. She was calm, much

calmer than I was. I shook all over, from fear or need I couldn't tell.

I slipped her shorts down her legs and off her feet.

"Now the knickers," she said.

As they moved past her sex I could see that she was wet and swollen, ready

for me. When the knickers cleared her feet she opened her legs to me,

drawing back her knees and exposing herself fully. I marveled at the sight

of her and could feel my tongue on my lips as I did.

"Taste me," she said needlessly as my mouth lowered to her.

There are no words to describe what she tasted like. Sweet, tangy, sharp,

hot, wet all leave out the essence of the nectar of her.

She tasted like Marianne, the wonderful friend I had grown to love like a

sister. She tasted like the most thrilling experience of my life, and like

the safety of home. She tasted like excitement and I got instantly drunk

on her. I ran my tongue through her tentatively, brushing her lightly from

bottom to top. Her hood was pulled back and her clit standing, waiting for

me.

I licked it slowly, carefully at first, then with more eagerness.

Her hands held my head and I heard her voice from far away. "Slow and

easy, go slow and easy. Right there, lick right there. Now suck a little.

A little harder. That's it, right there, just like that. Now use your

tongue, slip it inside me and fuck me with it. That's right, Oh God yes

just like that. Now breathe on me, all over then suck my clit again. Yes,

fuck yes just like that."

Her words led me on as I made love to her, learning her body and her

desires. I worked slowly as she liked and I cared not how long it took. My

hands held her thighs and the feeling of her flesh under me was thrilling.

My breasts pressed into the bed and my nipples felt the course fabric of

the blanket. Each time they moved my body tingled with excitement.

Marianne started to move her hips against my mouth and her instructions

stopped. I felt that she was nearing her orgasm and I was overjoyed to

bring it to her. I was only interested in her fulfillment, her need at

that moment.

Her body tightened and her hips arched up to me. Her hands pressed my face

tighter to her and she came. I tasted that new sensation too. She flooded

my mouth. She covered my face. I sobbed, from the happiness of her release

and the pain of knowing that it was over.

I lay with my head on her thigh, my own body quivering as she settled down

from her high. Then I felt her pulling my head up. She guided me up the

bed and rolled me over. She removed my shorts and knickers then moved on

top of me supported on her arms over my waist.

"That was not the scary part," she said, "this is," and lowered herself to

me.

The first touch of her lips on my bare flesh sent electric shocks through

me. I vibrated and jerked at the sensational touch of her lips on mine.

Her hands worked inside my legs and parted my sex. She blew on me and the

warm breath sent tingles running from my pussy to my brain.

"Oh," I moaned. Then her mouth covered me. I didn't know. I had no idea

what it could feel like. Almost instantly an orgasm shot through my body

like none I had known before. I groaned loudly and worked my hips to open

myself more and have more of me covered by her mouth. She pulled back.

"That's just the beginning," she said.

The next minutes are lost to memory, except for the feelings. The events,

the actions, are gone, but the feelings remain clear and vivid. I throbbed

with one orgasm after another as she taught me things about my body that I

didn't suspect. Her tongue and mouth brought me to places that left me

suspended in heaven, then crashing to earth again. I panted and cried, I

whimpered and cursed as she worked a magic on my sex. Even though she

never left my pussy she made love to my whole being. My legs curled around

her back and I held her as if my life depended on it. At that moment I

would have died if she stopped.

Finally drained of ability to think or act I fell back to the bed

exhausted.

She moved up to me and we tenderly kissed again. My mouth still tasting of

her and her mouth still wet with me. We cuddled up and fell asleep.

I heard a noise that woke me. The door latch. Dale had his own key. He had

one long before I had moved in and often used it if he were coming over

late. I started to jump from the bed but Marianne put a hand on me,

holding me there.

"It's Dale," I said in a loud and urgent whisper.

"Stay here," she asked.

"I can't! He'll be in here in a minute and see us!" I told her in a panic.

"I know," she went on speaking close to my ear so he won't hear, "I want

him to find us together. It will make him so horny he will be wild!"

I owed Marianne, I owed her a lot. The look of fear in my face registered

with her and she said calmly, "Lay back down baby, it will be alright, I

promise."

I put my head back on the pillow next to hers and closed my eyes against

my horror.

"Oh shit!" I heard as the door opened.

"Dale," Marianne said in a conversational voice, "Jackie and I were just

taking a little nap while we waited for you."

"Nap my ass!" He retorted, "since when do you two nap in the nude

together?"

"Now don't be an ass Dale!" she said. "You can always spend the night at

your apartment!"

I slid from the bed trying my best to be invisible. Dale's eyes followed

my naked body as I reached for my shirt and shorts. I didn't even look for

my knickers or bra. I scooted from the room slipping my blouse on as I did.

The door closed behind me and there followed a minute of silence. Then I

heard Dale exclaim, "God damn that feels so good!"

The next forty five minutes were a continuos narrative of their sexual

adventure. I know that Marianne was deliberately being louder than normal

for my benefit, to show me the effect I had on Dale. I flushed with

embarrassment at the thought of him seeing us in bed together. I paced the

floor, then sat. I got up and paced some more. I turned the TV on and the

volume up the cover their noise.

Finally the door opened and Dale came out. He came out naked and walked

across the room to the bath. Seconds later Marianne followed looking

disheveled and very satisfied. She grinned at me as she stood there naked

too.

"Jackie," she asked softly, "one more favor, please?"

I just looked at her, the girl I had made love to this night.

"Take your blouse off. Please?" she asked me.

"What?" I asked flabbergasted.

"I want to see if Dale will get hard again looking at you."

"No way!" I insisted.

"He's already seen you so what's the big deal. Besides this is what

you'll be doing for a living in a couple of days."

"I'm not a whore yet!" I replied feeling very confused.

"Where did all that money come from then?" she asked sensibly.

"From showing my body to strangers" I thought to myself.

I slipped my blouse off and threw it on the sofa just as Dale opened the

bathroom door. He stopped in his tracks and stared at us.

"Did I die in there?" he asked pointing over his shoulder to the bathroom.

"I think I just walked into heaven"

His dick indeed started to rise and we watched as it swelled and grew to

full length. Not another word was said as he rose from dangling to rigid.

Marianne walked over to him and took his shaft in her hand. She pulled him

to her and said, "Come on, we have unfinished business."

I endured another half-hour of their rambunctious lovemaking. Marianne

came out later and sat with me.

"Jackie are you ok?" she questioned with real concern in her voice.

"Just confused, that's all." I answered.

"You get some rest and tomorrow we can talk if you want. By the way, you

were awesome!" She smiled at me, leaning over to kiss my lips before

leaving the room. I didn't sleep much that night.

Friday went fast. I picked up my skirt and blouse at the cleaners, bought

some new hose, visited the few people that knew more than my name to say

goodbye. I spent four hours in the salon getting my hair and nails done

and luxuriating in the specialized pampering .

Marianne had to work a double, her replacement calling is sick at the last

minute. I was terribly disappointed as I packed the few things I was

taking with me. I unframed my Diploma and rolled it safely up. I packed

the one picture of my family that I had. It was of the five of us on my

High School Graduation day. The last day I remember us all being happy

together. I packed everything except the few toiletries I would need the

next morning. Exhausted I fell into my sofa bed for what I hoped would be

the last time.

Marianne came in from her double about 6AM and woke me. We shared

breakfast together, each of us quiet. We were both sad that our new

relationship would end before it even had time to develop. We promised to

stay in touch and I faithfully swore to take my vacation, if I got one,

back here with her.

I dressed in my freshly laundered skirt and blouse, slipping on thigh high

stockings and heels. They were the same clothes I had worn to my interview

last week.

"You sure do look cute in that getup," Marianne told me.

"Yeah, well I sure do feel exposed in it too!" I replied.

It was Christmas Eve and cold outside so I had to wear my overcoat to the

airport. Marianne drove me in her car and there was little conversation on

the way. The terminal was crowed and busy with the holiday traffic. I had

no baggage to check so we sat in the bar as we waited for my flight to be

called. Still too early to drink so we had juice and sad farewells

instead.

"Dale told me to tell you goodbye too," she said. "He wishes you good luck

with your oil man."

"That's nice of him," I smiled.

"I told him about your job," she said in a weak voice.

"You did not!" I asked, shocked.

"Yeah, I did. You know how it is. I mean it got pretty hot the other night

after he saw us together and well one thing led to another and I told

him."

"Oh Shit!" I groaned, "what did he have to say about that?"

"Well," she started, "he wanted to know if he wins the lottery can he hire

you for next year?"

"Did you kick his ass?"

"No," she whispered to me, "I told him he could hire you for me."

"Marianne you could have me any time for free,"

When the call came to board the plane she walked me to the security gate.

"Kiss me goodbye," I asked.

We took each other in our arms and in the milling crowd kissed as lovers.

I backed away and handed her my overcoat. I wouldn't need it in warm

Houston.

"You sure do look cute in that," she repeated again as I walked up the

ramp to my new life.

The plane ride was about what you would expect. My seatmate kept checking

my legs out under my short skirt. The stewards were busy but attentive and

the flight was long. Either the men in the First Class cabin were not as

obvious about looking me over as the last flight, or I was getting used to

it. I read a novel and made my way through the sky to Houston trying to

ignore the face that I was braless, pantiless and headed for a year of

prostitution.

Jackie's New Job Ch. 03

by Jackiegirl ©

The plane landed n Houston without incident, but still my heart hammered

as if we were crashing thousands of feet into the ground. When the forward

hatch opened with a whoosh I was both relieved and even more terrified.

This was it! I thought that maybe I could stay on the plane and use my

return ticket right now, never leaving the seat. I knew that I couldn't do

that and slowly pulled myself together and to my feet.

I was the last of the First Class off the plane and made my way slowly up

the ramp to the terminal As I entered the concourse waiting area I heard

my name called and turn to see David standing there. Evidently in Houston

money and power buy you security clearance. I guess it does everywhere. I

swallowed, gulped is more accurate, and made my way to him.

He looked good, tall, fit and kind of handsome in a rugged way. He had the

look of a man who had worked hard, without care if he got some dirt on

him, then did his best to clean up for the show. I already knew he had

strong rough hands that could touch you as lightly as a feather, and arms

that could fold you to him with unbreakable strength and not disturb a

hair. I knew that he would be equally at ease in a bar room brawl, or

between silk sheets.

He looked happy, as if greeting a long gone friend, not an employee he had

met and hired only a week ago. Ok, so I wasn't the normal employee, and

this wasn't the conventional job, but still he really did look glad to see

me.

I felt like a teenage girl, nervous, unsure and blushing. I was surprised

I wasn't wobbling in my four-inch heels. I made my way to him holding my

head high and smiling in return. He took my hand when I reached him.

"You certainly look happy," I greeted him.

"I was just congratulating myself on my good taste and judgement," he

replied, "shall we go?"

I fell into step beside him as he led me through the concourse and out to

the waiting car area. He held my hand and we walked close enough that my

flouncing skirt brushed his leg. I could feel the free movement of my

breasts under the blouse and I was very aware that my nipples were again

firm at the tips of my breasts.

"Damn this guy gets to me!" I thought as we stepped along.

I knew that we were drawing the attention of others. Those approaching

glanced at us repeatedly, eyeing my legs striding under the short skirt

and the little circles drawn by my nipples in the blouse. I knew as they

passed they turned to watch from behind. I could feel the stares and sense

the pleasure that many of them took from looking at me. I guess I made a

nice distraction in an otherwise hectic afternoon for them.

The limousine was waiting at the curb with David's rough-cut aide, Mel,

standing at the back door ready to open it for us. As we approached Mel

opened the door wide and smiled a warm greeting at me.

"Welcome back Ms. Jackie!" he said cheerfully.

I tiptoed up and gave him a reciprocal welcoming peck on his cheek, "Thank

you Mel."

David held my hand as I slid into the car paying careful attention to my

skirt. I wasn't trying to keep it down, just the opposite, I wanted to

insure that it rode high.

The smile on his face told me my mission was accomplished. I slid over the

leather seats and David slipped in next to me.

Mel drove expertly, slipping gracefully through traffic with almost no

upset for the passengers. Soon we were out of the airport and moving along

smoothly over the freeway toward Houston and my new home.

"You did really well Jackie," David said as we rode along, "your nails

look great and I like the color you picked."

"When the girl in the salon asked what color I wanted I just couldn't

resist," I told him with a grin, "I told her Whore Red."

His laugh was real and deep, and contagious. Still laughing I told him the

rest.

"As for the other request I had to get my roommate to help me with that."

"Marianne, isn't it," he asked surprising me a little with his knowledge

of my life.

"Yes, she was really great to me, a good friend."

"Well from the little I've seen so far it looks like she did a good job

for you," he teased.

"Oh she did that alright. Now I need to go back and change my answer to

one of your interview questions though." I knew I had to tell him about

Marianne and now was as good a time as any.

"Oh, what question is that?" he asked.

"The one about having ever been with another woman," I said quietly.

"Oh, so you and Marianne said goodbye?"

With more than a slight trace of sadness in my voice I replied, "It was

more like I just met her for the first time."

"Don't be sad, Jackie," he said softly, placing a hand on my shoulder,

"you'll be seeing her again."

"I know."

He continued, "The thing I am most pleased with is that you picked the

right clothes to wear today."

"Yeah," I scolded him, "your note was a little ambiguous! I figured if I

was going to have to guess what you wanted I would err on the side of

caution."

I moved to the rear facing seat in the large car and sat directly across

from him. I place my knees outside his, knowing it would please him. I

reached across his lap and took his hand in mine.

"David I have only known you a few hours really. I can't read you yet,

tell what you want or need. A month from now you will only need a word or

two for me to understand you, and in six months I will be able to predict

what you want, how you want it and be there when you need me. In the

meantime please bear with me if I seem a little dense, ok?"

"So far you have done wonderfully, but yeah, I understand. That brings up

another thing we need to talk about," he went on. "The way I see it there

are two ways we can go about this. I can let you ease into things and take

your time adapting over a few weeks. Let you get used to your new job and

duties a little at a time."

I cut him off, "David, that won't work, That would be like tiptoeing into

cold water. There is only one way to get wet, jump in head first!"

He smiled, "That was the other option."

He went on, "Seeing as how you mentioned head and first. I have been

thinking since we went to dinner last week what it would feel like to have

your mouth on me."

"Jump in girl, the waters fine!" I mumbled and slipped to my knees between

the seats. Slowly I undid his belt, then snap, then zipper. I pulled the

slacks down to find no underwear, just a very hard David that honestly I

had been wondering about too.

"You told me you had a big sex drive," I said looking up at him, "you damn

sure weren't kidding were you?"

"Close the divider please Mel," he said.

"David you don't have to do that for my sake," I told him.

He looked at me for a couple of seconds, then said, "It's more for our

safety then your privacy Jackie. I want Mel watching the road, not us."

"Oh, good idea," I replied and lowered my head to him as the dividing

window rose separating us from Mel.

I took as much of him as I could in one long slow glide over his warm

flesh. I hadn't been teasing, he was big, larger than any of the

boyfriends I had in the past. My best guess at that time was over seven

inches and later proved to be seven and a half.

Again I looked at him. "You can tell me when to stop, or not," I said,

giving him permission.

I placed my hands on his bare thighs and felt the hairy strength of them

under my touch. He threaded his finger into my hair and very gently

described the rhythm that he liked. I slipped up and down him in steady

motion and soon his hands just lightly followed my bobbing head.

I heard the whine of an electric motor and felt my hair lift and flutter

in the wind. He had opened the side window. The comforting presence of

privacy glass was now tucked down into the door. The wind rushed in and I

knew it carried the gaze of passing spectators with it.

I was well down in the car and no one could see who I was, just what I was

doing. I hesitated as the realization overcame me, but just briefly.

David's hands offered a gentle nudge and I resumed my steady pace on him.

I really wanted to just go wild on his hard dick. Remember it had been a

year since I had sex with a man, and this was one hell of a man. He was as

hard as life and as warm as love under my mouth. I wanted to gobble him up

and devour him whole. This was for him though, not me, and I held myself

in check.

I felt the car slow and take an exit from the freeway. It slowed some more

and then stopped at what I assumed was a traffic light. The open window

hadn't been forgotten, just put to the back of my mind. Now it raced into

my thoughts screaming at me. Moving down the freeway at high speed was one

thing, now stopped at an intersection there could be a car pulled up next

to us, or even a pedestrian on the sidewalk watching my handiwork.

David didn't say or do anything to indicate that I should stop. I know he

could feel my gulps around his dick and maybe he liked them. I was

beginning to shake now, from fear and from my own pent up desires. The

public exposure was part of it I am sure, but that scared me more than

excited me I thought.

As we pulled away from the light David's hips began to rise and fall from

the seat. He soon matched the tempo of my bobbing head with a rhythm of

his own. I felt his thighs tighten under my hands and his hips rise, not

falling again. Then he flooded me. I kept just the tip of him in my mouth

and let him fill me. I swallowed, he refilled my oral depository and I

swallowed again. The warm and sharp taste of him almost made me choke, but

I held on and managed to finish without losing any of his seed to the

expensive upholstery.

I rose from my place on the carpet and took my seat again facing him. He

was leaning his head back on the seat top and had a look of satisfaction

on his relaxed face. "He should have," I thought.

"Why don't you fix us a drink," he said sounding a little breathless. "The

bar is in the back of the front seat on the other side. You could probably

use one and I know I could."

I really could use the drink, or mouth wash, whatever he had. I fixed a

couple of straight bourbons and handed him his.

He looked around and said, "We'll be home in a few minutes."

We passed a sign that said River Oaks and turned into a secluded and high

priced neighborhood.

"I used to live in Tanglewood, but that got to be a real hassle with

George and Martha Bush living just down the street. The Secret Service was

all over the place. When GW came to visit the place turned into a zoo."

"Don't get me wrong," he continued, "I like George, but it is a real pain

in the ass being friends with someone whose life is always under a

microscope."

"You know the President?" I asked incredulous.

"Yeah, in fact we are having diner there next month."

"Where, at the house in Tanglewood?" I asked hoping I was right and the

other house was not the destination.

"No, at the White House," he said simply. "Don't worry, you will be the

best dressed lady there. I wouldn't want to do anything to embarrass the

President"

He was telling this to a girl he just had give him a blowjob with the

windows down.

We were pulling through a gated entry in a high stone fence and up a short

circular driveway. We stopped at the front entry and Mel quickly came

around the car to let us out. David held my hand as I made my exit and

once again I was rewarded with a great smile for my effort at the lack of

modesty.

As we climbed the short entry stairway David was telling me, "I am sort of

making the rules up as we go along here. There are quite a few things that

I already know, some I have told you. The rest I will let you know about

as we need them. I don't want to overwhelm you or scare you off."

That sounded ominous. Just inside the foyer the house opened up into a

great open living room. There were massive windows on the opposite wall

overlooking the landscaped yard. The house led off to either side in

windowed hallways that opened onto other rooms. The staircase was an open

curve of carved wood and marble steps. It was a fabulous house by any

standards.

"The first rule of the house Jackie," David began, "is that whenever you

enter it you take off your outer clothing. The only exception to this is

if I specifically tell you not to. Most times you will be wearing little

or nothing under them. I told you I like to look at beautiful women and

this is part of it."

Mel had gone upstairs ahead of us with my travel bag and I assumed he was

taking it to my new room. We were alone in the foyer.

"You mean all the time," I asked.

"Yes, here and at my other houses too," David replied calmly.

I shrugged off my blouse and stepped out of my skirt. "What about shoes

and stockings?" I asked him.

"I like a girl in heels," he smiled, so those can stay on. Actually I

prefer that they do, and that you wear heels whenever I am around."

I gave a start when I heard a voice from behind me. "Good afternoon, Mr.

David."

I turned to see a woman about twenty years my senior standing there in a

housekeepers dress.

"I'll take those for you Ma'am," the Southern accent volunteered. "You

must be Ms. Jackie."

Feeling more naked than ever before in my life I handed the prim woman my

two articles of clothing.

"This is Mrs. Costner," David began, "she has been my housekeeper for

years."

He continued the introduction, "Mrs. Costner, this is Jackie. Jackie, Mrs.

Costner will see to most of your daily needs, meals, laundry, that sort of

thing."

I stood there unable at first to speak, finally I managed a "Pleased to

meet you."

"Come on I will show you your new room," David said starting toward the

stairs.

My room was magnificent. It would have qualified as the master room in

most homes. The center of one wall was taken up by a huge, canopied four

poster bed. The rest of the furnishings were obviously first quality and

expensive. The adjoining bath was just as nice. The tub was big enough for

two, the shower even lager and it had multiple shower heads, four of them

to cover every inch of you at once. The vanity was a long granite top with

good mirrors and lighting.

"This is your room Jackie. No one will come in here but me, and I won't

enter it unless you invite me. This is your place, your sanctuary."

David walked to the dresser and opened one of the nine draws. This one was

filled with stockings, all colors, all kinds. The next draw held knickers.

There was twenty or maybe thirty pair in there of all designs, none with

modesty as the first requirement. The next was bras. They all shared a

common quality, they were ultra sheer, or only half cup. Everything was

eye candy for a horny man.

In the armoire he showed me negligées and lingerie like teddies and

bustiers, garter belts and body stockings. Last he led me to he walk in

closet. It was bigger than most apartments. There hung an assortment of

blouses and skirts, tank tops and dresses. One wall section was a shoe

rack and it was partly filled with high heels of various types. Slippers,

sandal and pumps in assorted colors lined up waiting for me.

"When did you have time to do all this shopping?" I asked him amazed.

"I didn't, Mrs. Costner did."

That embarrassed me even more than standing nude in front of her. She not

only knew the nature of my job, but the tools of my new trade.

"Let me give you a tour of the house," David said.

On the way back down the stairs we came across Mel. With a sly grin he

said, "Did I tell you how nice it is to see you again?"

What else could I do under the circumstances, I laughed. "Yeah, thanks

Mel. It looks like you will be seeing a lot of me around here!"

David led me around the house showing off the great kitchen, the game

room, his bedroom and study, the library and the guest rooms. We ended up

at the patio doors off the main living area and from there he took me

outside to see the wonderfully crafted back yard complete with pool and

out door kitchen.

He sat at one of the wrought iron patio tables and I joined him. Mrs.

Costner came with drinks.

"She can almost read my mind," he told me. "She claims to be related to

Kevin, but I don't believe her."

"Anything else Mr. David?" she asked giving him a sour look.

"No, thank you Mrs. Costner, you can go if you like."

Turning to me he added, "She is the only one who calls me Mr. David.

Everyone else uses David or Mr. Scott. She won't call me David and I won't

let her call me Mr. Scott so we compromise. She's a tough bird."

The afternoon December air in Houston was in the 70's and very comfortable

after the frigid New York weather. Sitting naked in the cushioned chair

was relaxing. I couldn't remember the last time I had been outdoors nude.

Probably when I was talked into skinny dipping in high school.

"In all the excitement you might have forgotten that this is Christmas

Eve," David said.

I hadn't, but I had put it aside for now thinking that things would take

care of themselves.

"I've got you a special Christmas ensemble to set the mood and celebrate

the Holiday. Tonight we will go out to eat and then come home to wait for

Santa. Why don't you take a little nap and I will wake you in a couple of

hours."

I left David sitting there and made my way toward my new room. Through an

open doorway I spotted Mel and Mrs. Costner leaning against the countertop

in the kitchen. I knew I would have to face them without David sooner or

later so I turned in there.

"Mrs. Costner," I said on entering the room, "Could I have a small glass

of water please/"

"Of course you can Sweetie," she said cheerfully. I had expected anything

but that.

She handed me the glass and smiled. "Me. Jackie you are by far the

prettiest woman that Mr. David has ever brought to this house. I bet that

you are a real lady too. I don't know how or why you got involved in his

silly game Sweetie, but don't let him frighten you. He is really a good

man. He has just been hurt in the past. The last two Mrs.'. Scott have

been, if you'll pardon the expression, real bitches."

I felt such a relief knowing that I wasn't going to have an adversary in

her.

"As long as you treat him right Mel and I will do all we can to help you.

Of course Mel, being the MAN that he is, thinks Mr. David's new game is

great. I'm not so sure."

Mel just smiled without denial. I was I a stranger in a strange city,

naked and involved in something I didn't fully comprehend, but I had found

two friends. Life was good. I expressed my thanks and went up to my room.

The phone next to my bed rang. I looked at the clock and noticed I had

been sleeping four hours.

"Hi Jackie," I was David's voice, "when you've had a few minutes to wake

up would you join us in the living room?"

Instinctively the words came from my mouth, "Naked?' Then I thought a

second and continued ,"never mind, that was a silly question. I'll be down

in a few."

I brushed my teeth, washed my face and took care of the other necessities

then entered the closet and found a pair of heels I liked. I slipped then,

crossed the room and going through the door walked back into my new life.

Walking down the open staircase I had no idea who or how many people were

in the room below me. I felt a rush of excitement and fear as I stepped

lower and lower.

"There she is," I heard David say, "come on in Jackie, Mel will get you

something to drink. Juice or tea ok with you?"

Mel rose and crossed to the kitchen as I moved to David and bent over to

kiss him on the cheek.

"I thought you might have company," I said with relief.

"Just Mel and me right now," he said, "Do you think I'd let you walk into

a room full of people in your birthday suit?"

I looked at him grinning like a kid at a birthday suit party, "Of course I

do." I told him.

I loved his laugh, he was free with it and when it came out it was always

real.

"You're probably right!" he laughed.

Mel came back with my juice and handed it to me saying, "I can't get over

how pretty you are. I hope I don't embarrass you by looking all the time."

"Mel I'd be a fool to expect anything else. I would think you were gay or

I was ugly if you didn't look." Turning to David I asked, "So what are we

up to tonight?"

"I told you I had something special for you to wear. Mel would you go get

the package from my room please?"

I liked the way he always said please and thank you, his consideration

even for employees.

We waited, not needing to say anything, for Mel to return. He handed David

the package and he in turn passed it to me. I opened it and stared at it a

little confused.

"You're going to be Santa's helper tonight. Go ahead put it on for me."

There were four pieces of clothing in the box. I took out the small red

knickers first. They were almost a thong of red lace and nylon. The front

panel was sheer. I slipped them up my legs and arranged them in place.

I don't know what it is about dressing in front of men; it makes me feel

even more naked and exposed than being without clothes. The red knickers

accented my body. Naked is natural, being dressed in lingerie is

seductive.

Next I traded my shoes for the tall heeled black ones in the box. They had

rounded toes, an open instep and a full heel cover. There was a strap to

hold them in place. Then came a small red skirt. I do mean small too. The

waist of it hung on my hips and was accented by a black belt. The skirt

fell about 12 inches from there to end with a white fur trimmed hem. The

blouse was make like a tank top that slipped over my head and had a low

scoop neckline. The bottom of it hung over my breast and left a lot of

exposed midriff. The edge of the blouse fell only to the bottom of the

curve of my breasts and then was trimmed with more white fur. The low neck

and short tail left no room for error. If I reached up or bent over I

would be on display.

The box was empty. I moved around the room letting them get a good look at

my ridiculous costume and they raved about it. I sat down in the

overstuffed chair across from them and as I suspected there was no way to

conceal my red lace knickers. I leaned forward so they could check out the

top and their smiles told me it did indeed reveal my titties.

David leaned over and picked another box from the floor. When he opened it

he removed a large red Santa Hat.

"No way!" I cried, "you don't pay me enough the wear that thing!"

"It's for me silly girl, and I kind of like it," David said. "What's wrong

with it anyway?"

David and Mel escorted me to the garage where we loaded up in his Lexus

and Mel climbed into a pick up truck and followed us from the house.

Thirty minutes later we pulled into the front entrance of the Veterans

Hospital. Several orderlies's appeared and took packages from the truck

and the trunk of David's car then David led us all into the facility.

I spent the next two hours literally being Santa's Helper to David's Santa

as we passed out gifts to patients in the hospital. I understood David's

plan immediately, I was to be part of the Christmas gift providing a

little cheer with each wrapped present. Unlike the wrapping on the

inanimate gifts mine was designed to allow a little peek inside.

By the time we finished the first ward I understood David's plan. Each

gift I presented with a little kiss on the cheek and each one earned a

great smile, a light touch on my bare skin or a proposal for marriage. Of

course they also got a free peek down my shirt and a view of my bare

breasts while whoever was bedded behind us got to look at my little red

knickers. The whoops and hollers were ongoing and not at all vulgar but

very appreciative.

I soon stopped being concerned about any sexual aspect of it, and even put

modesty aside (like I had any at this point) to bring these guys a Merry

Christmas. David and Mel passed out over 150 gifts and each one included a

peck on the cheek and a glimpse inside my gift-wrap. When we finished Mel

went on home and David took me to a nightclub.

The place was packed and my Santa suit drew lots of looks and even some

comments. I ignored them all. We had a few drinks and I questioned David

about what he had done. He wouldn't say anything about it at all, a great

mystery.

We danced and I could feel the eyes on me as we did, but felt safe in

David's arms. He was a very light drinker, even taking ginger ale over

booze a couple of times. I was grateful that I wouldn't have to ride home

with a drunk. Things were going great, I was feeling good and enjoying

myself tremendously, even getting used to the silly costume I wore and the

fact that I couldn't sit without showing my knickers to the place.

"Does it bother you?" he asked me smiling a little. One of these days I

will learn about that smile.

"Well,' I began, "it does make me a little uncomfortable."

"Then take them off," he told me.

"Excuse me?" I asked surprised and flustered.

"I want you to take them off for me," he said quietly and calmly.

He wasn't smiling this time and my heart skipped several beats. He was

serious.

My first reaction was to refuse. There were a couple of hundred people in

the place and all of them would be able to see me. I thought about my

agreement to David's terms and how he had told me this would be part of

it. I thought about how I had flashed that guy last week at his request. I

thought about the thousand dollars I would forfeit if I refused.

David had hired me as his playmate, read private whore, and I was here for

the money, right?

I stood up from the table.

"Where you going Jackie?" he asked as his hand moved to hold mine.

"To the ladies to do as you asked." I replied in a low voice.

"No," he said, "do it here, at the table."

I flopped back into my seat. If I did as he asked how many would actually

see me pulling them down, see me baring myself. Oh God and I was shaved,

what would they think. I did not move, I sat frozen in place.

David's hand touched my shoulder and woke me from my fear induced trance.

I raised my butt from the seat and reached under the short skirt and

gripped the sides of my knickers and slipped them off. I stepped out of

them and handed the red lace to him. I didn't look around, didn't dare

even glance up at the room.

"These are wet," David said with some surprise in his voice.

"Yeah," I replied embarrassed, "I told you it made me uncomfortable to be

seen in them."

"Uncomfortable? Don't you mean horny?" he teased me.

"No, I mean uncomfortable, it makes me uncomfortable to know that strange

people looking at my knickers makes me hot. Now they will be looking at my

bare pussy, what will that do to me?" I retorted.

"We will know in a few minutes,: he said

The heat and flush rose in me as I sat there in my tiny Santa skirt and

bare bottom. I could feel my nipples standing against the thin fabric of

the blouse. I could also feel the moisture building between my legs as I

sat with them crossed hiding as much as I could.

David ordered another round for us and he steered the conversation to my

family. He had picked the least sexy topic I could think of. Maybe he was

trying to take my mind off my situation. I didn't work. All I could think

of was the room full of people looking at me.

He took my hand and led me to the small dance floor. In his arms I felt

less threatened. Less vulnerable, but still on display.

"What you thinking about," he asked as we glide smoothly over the floor.

"What do you think I'm thinking about," I snapped at him. "I'm thinking

about being your whore."

"You're a natural," he said into my ear.

I pushed him back and through clenched teeth whispered, "Damn you!" and

walked off the floor.

I returned to our table almost in tears. I was angry, at him and at

myself. He followed behind, a look of little boy discomfort on his face.

It was plain he didn't know what was wrong. Stupid men!

I reached cross the table and took his hand. "David, watch me."

I uncrossed my legs and placed both feet flat on the floor. I parted them

slightly, then a bit more.

I kept my eyes on David, but in my head a stereo-optic vision of the room

played. I could see the eyes move from conversational partners to my

exposed body. I could see the bodies of watchers tense as if they were

trying not to scare a deer into flight. I could see the nudges and nods as

attention was directed to me.

"David," I said in a horse whisper, "I want you to take me outside now an

fuck me."

I stood up and waited for him to join me. He reached for the knickers he

had dropped on the table in a teenage show off move.

"Leave them," I told him, "let the waiter have them."

We walked rapidly out of the club and across to the car. David came to

open my door and I just leaned back against it. He stood in front of me

and I reached for his belt.

"Here, now," I groaned to him.

I freed him from his slacks and dropped them to just below his ass. I

parted my legs as far as I could and still stand.

"Guide it in me!" I ordered as I took his belt, one end in each hand and

used it to pull him into me. When his hard dick was at my opening I jerked

the belt and forced him deep in a single motion. My legs left the ground

and circled him as I rode his cock as if it were the center of my life.

He fucked me hard, pushing me back against the car door and plunging deep

into me. I wanted more. I humped him, I jerked up and down as much as the

physics of the position would allow and took him into me again and again.

Were others watching? Neither one of us could tell you, we were all of the

universe at that moment and the only thought, feeling or consciousness was

at the joining of our pelvis's.

I came. I came in a crying rush that took me away from reality and spun my

head in circles of pleasure and need. Then I felt him cum too. He jerked,

he lunged and he shuttered as he filled me with rivers of heat. We

shuttered together as we came down from Valhalla to join mortals again.

"You ok?" he asked as he set me back on the ground.

"Yeah, you could say I'm ok," I laughed as I stood on shaky legs.

He opened the car door for me and I slipped into the seat. When he joined

me I took his hand and looked into his face. In a serious tone I told him,

"David?'

"Yes?'

"You are going to have to get the car cleaned, I'm leaking all over the

seat!"

"I may leave it as a sentimental reminder of our first time together," he

kidded me.

I smacked him but was thinking, "This is only our first time to make love,

to fuck. Where in the world is this going to take me next?"

The ride home was quiet, each of us lost in our thoughts and pleasures.