**Jackie Tries a New Way**

by JackiegirlÂ©

"You understand that this is a one time deal? No matter how things turn out,

good or bad, you aren't going to be entitled to future privileges."

I was sitting in my living room talking to Peter on the phone. Peter and I had

been friends for years. We respected each other and had one of those rare

friendships that allowed honesty and candor without diminishing the mutual high

opinion. We were both professionals, he an attorney and I in sales. Peter was

married to a great gal, Jana, who I had known since they meet eight years

earlier. His wife and I enjoyed a good friendship and while it wasn't on the

same level as what Peter and I shared it was valuable to me.

"Look, are you sure that Jana is alright with this, I don't want her looking

daggers at me every time we see each other."

"Well hold on just a second and I'll let her tell you in person," came the

unexpected reply.

"Jackie, hi honey. Peter has told me all about the plans you have and I just

want you to know that I am excited for you. I really hope it all works out

perfectly. Don't worry about me, you have my full support. I can still remember

my first time, I envy you."

I didn't know what to say, and before my mind could come up with more the just a

grunt she had Peter back on the line.

"Everything ok now?" he asked.

The only way I knew to cope with this situation was to treat it like any other

negotiated deal I had made in the past. In my best professional voice I replied,

"Yeah it all seems to be taken care of so why don't you email me all the

particulars and we can go ahead. I guess I will meet with you Friday night."

We talked a couple of more minutes and then I was left waiting for the promised

email. I expected to see it in very short order, but was disappointed and taught

my first lesson. When an email arrived a hour later all it said was, "All

instructions will be sent Friday afternoon." It was signed "Sir".

The next two days passed with agonizing slowness. I understood why he had not

sent the plan to me, my mind spent the intervening time creating dozens of

scenarios of its own. Had I seen the true plan I would have spent the time

picking it apart, finding fault and emailing back corrections or changes. This

didn't allow me that option. This made me wait.

I swore myself to abstinence during the wait. Actually Peter had suggested it

but added that since I lived alone it shouldn't be a problem. I don't think he

realized how big a problem it became during those few days. I really wanted to

give this every chance of being a success and hoped that the heightened state

would help me achieve that.

Early Friday afternoon the anticipated message was in my mailbox. Despite the

frustrating wait, despite my eagerness to read the instructions the message

contained I hesitated to open it. My belly trembled and my hands shook as I

stared at the screen.

The message began;

"You know where you are going and why, dress appropriately.

Arrive at the Downtown Hyatt at 6 PM.

Lock your purse in the trunk of your car and use the Valet service.

Ask the desk clerk for my room.

Knock and wait.

Leave your inhibitions and reservations at home.

Remember the things we have discussed and your responsibilities.

Sir"

I read it twice more, then again. I had expected more, expected details,

specifics. This left a lot up to me. Needless to say my afternoon at work was

shot. Three o'clock was the longest I could wait and making my excuses I headed

home.

I started with a long bath, soaking until the water cooled, then shaving my legs

and underarms. Finally squeaky clean and hair shampooed I rose from the tub and

began fixing my hair and makeup. I poured a drink to calm me, limiting myself to

the one. I was nervous but wanted to be fully aware.

I had bought a new lace bra and panty set. Black lace demi-cups and high thigh

cuts made the set look very sexy. Thigh high stockings slipped up my legs and

felt especially sensuous tonight. At 5'2" they came very high on my legs,

reaching almost to the top of my thighs.

I picked out a pair of black heels and slipped into them then grabbed the skirt

I had picked for this night. It was a simple pleated flare, black and reaching

to just below mid-thigh. The blouse was equally simple, a white nylon button up

with short sleeves and a large collar. Tucked into the skirt top it fitted my

form nicely. The light nylon did little to hide my black bra and the outline was

clearly visible.

I knew better than to wear my usual jewelry, and chose only a pair of hoop

earrings.

My timing was perfect, just enough time to make to the hotel and the long

awaited meeting.

When I pulled into the valet parking area I stepped out very conscious of the

rise of my skirt as I did. I placed my purse in the trunk, deliberately leaving

behind my credit cards, cash, and most important tonight, any identification

connecting me to my normal life.

I crossed the lobby trying my best not to look around to see if anyone was

watching me. I felt as if there were a big sign on my back declaring my

intentions and guilt.

The desk clerk was polite, but I detected a condescending tone in his voice as I

asked him for the room. He called upstairs and as he talked he cast glances at

me as if watching to make sure I didn't take a pen or something off the counter.

At last he gave me the room number, then in a sly voice wished me a good night.

It had been embarrassing asking the clerk for the room, but the walk back across

the lobby and the ride in the elevator was terrifying. I wasn't sure about this

at all and knew that I only had a short ride to the 12th floor to change my

mind.

Once the elevator doors opened I stood there trying to gather my nerve and steel

myself for the planned events ahead. Just as the door began its slide closed I

popped out.

I stood in front of his door, breathing hard, shaking, and raised my hand to

knock.

A second later the door opened, good sign, he was waiting for me eagerly I

thought.

In my best attempt at bravado I smiled and greeted him, "Hi Pete!"

"When you learn some manners knock again!" he said and closed the door.

"What.....!" I though as I stood there dumbfounded. "Peter, open the door!" I

called to him.

"Manners? What the hell does he mean?" my brain stumbled over a solution, then

finally a light went on.

I knocked again.

The door opened again.

"Hello Sir." I said not looking directly at him.

"Much better," he told me but did not move from the doorway to allow me inside.

"Much better, but your rudeness has to be corrected even at this early stage of

the game. Give me your blouse."

"What!"

The door closed.

"Peter, please let me in," I begged. "Oh shit", I mumbled "did it again." Sir,

please let me in I'm sorry, I'll do what you ask."

I saw the light through the peep hole change and knew he was watching me. I

knocked again and stood waiting, expecting him to open the door on my promise to

be good. It didn't move.

I called again, "Sir, please let me in, I really want this to work."

The light moved in the peep hole again. The door still did not move.

Gradually I realized what I had to do. I slowly unbuttoned my blouse, looking

around and nervous that someone would walk up on me. I slipped it off and

knocked again. This time the door did open but again he blocked my way.

"You are a willful one aren't you?"

"Please Sir let me in, someone might come any minute," I asked as politely and

pleadingly as I could as I held out the blouse to him.

"The skirt."

I stood. I froze. I stammered but could not say anything. His hand reach for the

door knob and I rushed out a "Yes, yes, wait, I will."

Standing in the hallway where at any second a room door could open, a tenant

could walk out, or a maid could come along I reached to my waist and freed the

skirt. I knew that if he closed that door again I would be left there in my bra.

I stepped out of the skirt and held it to him. His lip curved in a small smile

of victory as he stood there a little longer. Finally he moved aside and I

scooted into the room.

In thigh highs, heels, bra and panties I stood in front of him and he surveyed

me. I had never felt so on display. He asked me to turn for him and I did. His

eyes measured me and I know he saw the tremors running through my body. I shook with fear, excitement and a new feeling for me, abandon.

"Walk to the bed and stand beside it facing the bed," he told me.

Looking at him I did as I was told. When I got to the bed he told me to bend

over it and reach across the mattress. As I did he walked around the bed.

"Give me your hand," he said.

I stretched my right hand out to him and he used a scarf that was somehow

attached under the bed to tie it.

"The other one."

I extended that arm too.

I was tied across the bed face down from the waist up. My legs dangled off one

side. He walked around the bed again and stopped just behind me.

"Spread your legs."

I did.

"More, open them wide for me."

I strained to open my legs as far as I could. The high heels made it difficult.

His voice was smooth, slow and controlled as he talked to me.

"This is your first time so I will only introduce you to the pleasure that you

seek. Any time you can stop if you like. Your safe word is redlight. Use it and

everything stops immediately. You can then dress and go home, the adventure will

be over. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I replied in a weak voice.

He continued, "I have not blindfolded you, I don't think that would be wise on

the first night. I have not tied your legs. That is a test of your commitment. I

have not gagged you. You can scream if you like but remember where you are.

Unless you scream your safeword I will leave you tied and uncovered so that

anyone responding to your scream will find you like this. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Yes what?" he asked in a soft tone.

"Yes Sir," I replied and suddenly felt the sting of his hand on my backside.

"Yes Sir," I almost screamed.

Again, the flat crack of his bare hand on my almost bare butt.

Again, on the other side bringing a moan from me.

Then a soft caress, a slow circle of his large hand over my flesh, across the

lace of my panties.

Another crack, another moan. Now tears were streaking my face as I writhed

about.

"Be still."

"Yes Sir," I got out just before the next bare handed slap hit me.

I jerked.

He rubbed and caressed.

I felt his hand on my thighs, then moving over my lower backside then across my

reddened ass.

"Do you think these panties are appropriate for this?" he asked

"No Sir," I replied through trembling lips.

He reached to the night stand and took up a pair of scissors. Someplace in my

mind I registered that if he had them there he knew what was going to happen. He

knew he would need them.

I felt the lightest touch of them as he slipped the shears between my flesh and

the offending material. Each thigh was cut and the panties slipped to the floor.

"And is this bra appropriate?"

"No Sir," I said as I thought about how much I had paid just a couple of days

ago for it.

The back strap was quickly cut, then each shoulder strap. Roughly he jerked it

out from under me. The fabric pulled across my nipples and shot quick pains

through them. I realized then just how hard they were.

His hand was back on my now bare butt. Smack! Rub. Smack! Caress.

His other hand lay on my back and gently rubbed it, massaged it, caressed it

from neck to tailbone. It was such a contrast to the firmer hand on my tender

rear.

"Please, no more. Please stop," I cried as I bit my lip to prevent the scream

that wanted to eject from my body.

Then I felt both of his hands on my inflamed flesh. It was so soothing, so

sensual, so thrilling to feel his soft touch. They slipped under me, to touch

and part me. I was wet with need.

I felt his body move against me and he was naked and hard. When he had removed

his pants I have no idea, but here he was, his shaft pressing against my hot

flesh.

Then he moved again and he entered me with no resistance at all. He slipped

inside and it was the ultimate counter sensation to the pain of moments before.

I bucked against him. He pressed into me. I moaned and cried. I cried the tears

of joy and pleasure and they mixed with the ones of pain and humiliation still

on my cheeks.

He pumped in me and I tried to open farther, to take more of him, to let him

have more of me.

His hands reached under me and cupped my breasts. A thumb and finger grasped

each nipple and slowly he began to apply pressure to them, squeezing them.

The pain began to mingle with the pleasure of him inside me. With each hard

stroke he pushed my body forward and that made my breasts tug at the fingers

holding me. I was lost in the feeling of him hard and long and deep in me, each

stroke sending waves of pleasure, followed by shocks of pain through my body.

Soon I sought the jerks of pain, letting him force me farther with each stroke.

His belly bumped my tender rear renewing the burning as his hands brought waves

of sharp ache as he tugged and crushed my nipples.

"Please, please, please," I groaned and muttered

Then I felt him stiffen against me and my body began to shudder. I felt him jerk

and for the first time I lifted my legs. I forced myself against him, ground

into him as my climax washed through me. I bit the bed covers to keep from

screaming as I pulled against the restraints and tried to lock him inside me.

Finally I collapsed, spent and fulfilled.

Pete crawled up the bed and cuddled to me. I was still tied, still spread legged

and could feel his seed sliding from me and trickling down my inner thighs. In

that small part of my mind that still retained sanity I could see myself there,

see what I must look like as if I were a spectator at my own ravishment.

He caressed my shoulders, back and hair and his soft touch brought comfort to me

as I eased back from the edge of oblivion. Finally, after what could have been

minutes or hours he freed my hands from the bindings.

I started to leave the room but his firm voice stopped me in my tracks.

"Where are you going!"

"To clean up a little," I replied softly, unsure of what was happening now.

"Did I give you permission to leave my presence? Did I tell you to go? Did I

tell you game over, Jackie?"

"No Sir, I'm sorry sir," I mumbled.

"Kneel," He commanded in a firm but not loud voice.

My quizzical look must have been funny and bought me a little leniency from him.

"Kneel where you are, I think it's time I taught you the proper way to present

yourself to me."

I eased myself to my knees and for the next few minutes Pete worked on getting

me in the perfect position in front of him. He had me lean back on my high

heels, open my thighs, pull my shoulders back and use my upper arms to compress

my breasts to display them for him. I placed my palms on the top of my thighs

and lowered my eyes to the floor.

When I had repeated the position several times he seemed pleased with it and

told me to remain there until he released me from the waiting position. He left

the room and I could hear him using the toilet.

"Get up and get dressed," he said when he returned to the room.

Glad to be released from what was becoming an uncomfortable pose I quickly rose

to my feet. I wanted to go clean up, but I didn't want to ask permission so

instead I moved to my clothes. Only then did I remember that half of what I had

been wearing was now destroyed and unusable.

"I'm getting hungry and thought we would go get something to eat," He said.

In horror I picked up my blouse. I draped it over my hand and stared at the

clear outline of my fingers under it. The same thin nylon that had flaunted my

fine lacy bra earlier in the evening would now reveal my bare breasts.

The skirt was short and flouncy, but with a little care I could manage to get

away with no panties under it. The top of my left stocking was wet and my thigh

was sticky and I knew that I smelled of sex, but I could get by with that too.

The blouse was another story.

"Well?" came the question from Him.

I stammered and felt tears run as I focused my eyes on his chest, unable and

unwilling to look into his eyes.

"I can't go out in this, I would be almost topless!" I cried.

"Kneel for me," he said softly. He didn't seem angry or disappointed.

I did as he said.

"This is your first experience so let me explain your choices now," He began.

"You have three actually. You can do as I ask, get dressed and go out with me as

my girl. You can refuse and accept whatever punishment I choose as a result of

your disobedience. Last, you can use your safeword and we can go home."

"Just so that you will understand everything I will tell you this one time what

the punishment will be if you refuse to obey. I am hungry so I will order room

service and we will stay here. After I call them I will tie you back to the bed

just like you were, adding a few more welts to your beautiful ass as I wait.

When the meal arrives I will let them in and let them serve me while you are

tied there naked."

"Go home?" It occurred to me that sooner or later I was going to end up wearing

that blouse to go home!

But I couldn't now, not right now.

The image that had played in my mind earlier returned. The remote view of myself

tied over the bed an object of sex, a toy. The feeling of his hand on my bare

butt returned and I could feel my backside tingle with the heat still in the

fingerprints he had left. I could feel the stickiness between my legs, the sweat

under my breasts, the tangle of hair on my head. I could feel!

I walked to the bed and bent over it, opened my legs and reached out across the

mattress for my future.

Jackie's New Job

by JackiegirlÂ©

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

panties, 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 panties, 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 panties. 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, panties 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 panties. 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 panties 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 panties 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 panties. 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

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

panties. 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 panties

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 panties. 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 panties 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 panties," she said.

As they moved past her sex I could see that she was wet and swollen, ready for

me. When the panties 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 panties 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

panties 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

The plane landed in 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 on

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 panties. 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 negligÃ©es 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 panties

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 panties 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

panties. 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 panties. 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 panties 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 panties 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 panties 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 panties 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.

Jackie's New Job Ch. 04

I woke gradually from a wonderful sleep, the kind of soft and complete sleep

that leaves you rested, comfortable and fresh. As I opened my eyes the reality

of my situation returned with the strangeness of the room. This was not the sofa

of Marianne's small apartment. I was in my new room at David's opulent Houston

home. There was no fear in the awareness, no apprehension, but more of a

surrendering to the circumstances that brought a calm with it.

I rose slowly, stretching my way out of bed and into the bath. My body felt

wonderful, alive and tingling as I padded nude through the rooms. I ran my hand

over my skin as I stood in front of the mirror and my flesh responded with

quivers in the trail of my fingers. My nipples jerked erect at the touch of my

palms and my newly shaven pussy did a little contraction of its own. I didn't

really feel horny, not in any way I had even known before, but my body was alive

and needy.

This was my first morning at my new job. I had been in Houston less than 24

hours and I knew that my life had already changed in ways that I had never

dreamed. I had woken yesterday in New York as a down and out money manager,

discredited and unemployable. This morning I was the paid toy of a strange man

in a strange city. Last night David had exposed me to a taste of my new life,

first by exposing me to a bunch of horny men in the Veterans Hospital, then

later at the nightclub.

I didn't wake up this morning feeling guilty or shamed as I had feared I would,

but rather exhilarated and alive. I knew that David would push me farther and

things to come would surely embarrass me and maybe frighten me, but somehow,

oddly, I was excited by that idea.

On the sink counter I found an envelope addressed to me. Opening it I found a

Christmas card! It was Christmas morning. All that the card said was to meet him

in the living room when I woke.

As soon as I finished the morning necessities I headed for the door. I looked

around for a robe and of course found none. I did hesitate at the door for a

second, the idea of parading nude into the rest of the house, not knowing who

may be there, was still foreign and frightening to me

"Well," I told myself, "a job is a job, and this one sure pays good!"

I opened the door and headed down stairs.

I didn't encounter anyone on the trip from my quarters to the living room. The

house was quite, but not empty, you can tell the difference. Entering the living

room I spotted David relaxed in an easy chair reading the latest Chisham novel.

I was sort of surprised to see this successful man reading fiction. He had been

a surprise to me since our first meeting and I guess that I should have expected

the unexpected from him. "Good morning!" he called as I entered the room, "sleep

well?'

"Wonderfully!" I replied with a smile.

Wearing only the heels that he requested I wear at all times I swayed over to

him and gave him a chase peck on the cheek.

"You look great, almost radiant," he said with a grin.

"Thank you, you don't look half bad yourself this morning."

He didn't, he was wearing a silk lounging robe tied about his waist and his bare

feet and legs were propped up on the ottoman. He had already shaved and brushed

his hair. He looked fresh and ready to face the day doing whatever it is rich

oil tycoons do in Texas.

"There is a box under the tree for you."

I looked at the Christmas tree. I hadn't seen it yesterday when he had given me

the tour of the house and I know we had been in this room.

"When did you put that up?" I asked in wonder.

"It had always been our families tradition that the tree goes up on Christmas

Eve night. Mom always did it for us as kids and I guess that I just can't break

the habit. Get your present, I've been waiting for you to get in here so I could

give it to you."

I took the gift box and admired the gray and black satin textured wrapping

paper. This stuff cost a fortune to buy and it looked professionally wrapped,

all tight corners and a fancy bow.

I tore the paper from the box excited as a schoolgirl and drew from it a

beautiful black and gray silk robe. The gift matched the wrapping paper. I

looked to David and he nodded his approval for me to try it on.

The silk slid like a feathers caress over my arms and across my shoulders. As it

wafted over my already firm nipples they pinched themselves into hard tight

points under the fabric. Of course there was no sash to hold it closed and the

robe fell over my chest and hung open to mid thigh revealing my bare pussy and

belly. It was fabulous! It felt like pure sex hanging over me and I found that I

was even more excited wearing it than I had been naked.

David rose from his chair and I could see the bulge of his erection standing

under his robe as he got up. I thought he was going to take me in his arms but

he bent to retrieve another package from under the ornate tree. He handed it to

me and I looked with questioning eyes at him.

"That's yours too, Santa left it for you."

More gorgeous wrapping paper flew as I tore into the second gift. I was

astonished to find inside the small box a Rolex Lady Oyster identical to the one

I used to have. I looked at it closely and was flabbergasted when I realized

that this was the same watch I had pawned more than six months ago on my

downhill slide from glory.

I started to cry. What else could a girl do in a situation like that. I slipped

slowly to my knees between David and the awesome tree and clutched the gift to

my silk covered breast and cried at the kindness and thoughtfulness of the gift.

"One more thing for you under there, " came the soft voice above me.

I turned back to the tree and dried my tears before they could fall onto the

robe and mare the silk. I found a long thin box, again magnificently wrapped.

This one I opened slowly, giving myself time to recover before being confronted

by more of his generosity. Inside I found a gold and diamond choker. It was

absolutely breathtaking.

I burst into tears again at the gift, at the generosity and the kindness of the

man.

"Oh David I have nothing to give you in return! I didn't even think about

Christmas and gifts when I left home and there is no way I could have gotten you

anything like this. No way in the world!"

David took the box from me and removed the choker from it.

"You are my gift," he said.

He took the choker from the box and walked behind me.

I didn't speak, I just bent my neck forward and exposed it to him. I couldn't

speak.

As his hands touched me a fire rushed through me and I knew that whatever

reservations I had about the job I had taken with this man were long gone.

With his task done he moved back from me and sat on the ottoman. He opened his

robe and let me see his hard cock standing in front of him, waiting for me. I

didn't get up but walked on my knees to him and parting his legs with my hands

lowered my mouth to him.

I have never been squeamish about giving head, in fact I usually like it. This

was a new experience for me though. I took him in my mouth and felt the need,

the overpowering urgency to give him as much pleasure as I could. I started

slowly, letting my mouth get used to the size of him as I traveled up and down

his hard shaft. I could feel the heat rising from him as I moved my tongue over

the veins of his cock and felt the thing grow harder and longer in my mouth. I

cupped his balls in one hand and surrounded the base of his shaft with the other

and the trinity of hands and mouth began a dance on his hard cock. I took him

deep into me and twirled my tongue around his pulsing prick as I looked directly

into his eyes. A dozen slow descents of my mouth over him were followed by a

dozen rapid ones mixed with the strokes of my hands on him. I began to taste the

flavor of him as he leaked pleasure into my mouth rewarding my efforts. I pulled

off and flicked the head of his enraged cock with my tongue then leaned forward

to kiss him on the flaming head of his manhood. He was wet, hot and throbbing in

readiness for me.

His hands took my head and guided me up to his face. His tongue touched mine as

our mouth came together in heated desire for each other. I slipped unto his lap,

my bare pussy wet and hot against his hard shaft. I reached between us and

guided him into me. He filled me in one motion, un-resisted and welcome inside

me.

I began to move on him, rising and falling on his cock, taking it deep into me

then lifting almost all the way off only to fall back onto him. The pace was

slow and steady as we fucked. His hands covered my tits through the silk of the

new robe and the slip of the fabric over my nipples was outrageously

stimulating. My hands griped the side of his head and held on for dear life as

my body climbed to orgasm.

"Mr. David?" came the call from the doorway.

I froze in mid stroke and my eyes darted to the door to see Mrs. Costner

standing there.

I started to scramble off of him but his hands firmly pushed my shoulders down

holding me impaled on his cock. I could feel him pushing up, burying himself

deeper into me as he turn to answer.

"Good morning Mrs. Costner," he said in a voice that trembled slightly. "What

can I do for you this morning?"

"Mel wants to know what time you want the plane ready and when he should have

the car out front for you," she replied in her normal tone.

His hands had moved to my waist under the robe and now lifted me slightly. I

followed his hands only to have him push me back down. I understood. He wanted

me to continue fucking him as he talked to her. My body shivered as I began for

my first time to fuck someone with a witness in the room. I rose and fell

slowly, deliberately riding his cock the full length. My tennis players legs

flexed as they pushed me up to the top of his cock and then slowly let me back

down. David's hands on my waist had pushed my robe open and my breasts were bare to her sight. My nipples were hard and my chest flushed with desire as we met

and parted our sex.

"Well Mrs. Costner I need to talk to Mel so why don't you send him in if he's

available."

"Very good Mr. David, and Merry Christmas Ms. Jackie!"

As she turned to leave the room I felt an unexpected rush of excitement released

through my body and I shivered in my first climax of the day.

David laughed, "I hope there is more where that came from!"

"God yes! Don't you dare stop now!" I told him in a husky voice.

"You wanted me Boss?" Mel called from the doorway as he entered the room.

David made no move to stop me so I just kept riding his hard cock.

"Mel we'll leave about noon from the airport so lets have the car out front

about 11, can you do that?"

"Sure thing Boss! Think you'll be done there by noon?'

"Mel I don't think I'll ever be done here!" he said, "but we can always continue

this in the car and plane if we need to."

His hands moved to my shoulders again and pushed back the robe. I lowered my

arms and let it slither over my hot flesh and fall in a puddle at his feet. I

was truly naked now in front of Mel as David slipped in and out of me. The room

was deathly quiet and the sounds, the squishy noises of sex could be heard in

the silence.

Oh god it felt so good! I began to just bounce on the top inch or so of him and

let the ridge of his head play over that sweet spot inside me. I thought that

this is how I wait for the serve at the baseline, bouncing on the balls of my

feet in anticipation. Of course I had never played tennis naked or in high

heels, but I wouldn't be surprised by anything that happened now. I began to

laugh at the thought of awaiting David's serve into me.

He looked at me quizzically as I laughed loudly and completely.

"Love all!" I said in a horse whisper and plunging onto his cock exploded into

orgasm. I wrapped my legs behind him and clamped his body tightly to mine as I

shivered and moaned through my climax. Just as I was finishing he came and the

hot gush of him lifted me back to the height of my own cum and I came again, or

maybe still.

"Jeez!" I heard Mel say behind me, "that was hot! Merry Fucking Christmas

Jackie!" he left the room shaking his head as he went, "I've got to get out of

here, you guys are killing me!"

I just sat there feeling David's dick slowly shrink inside me to eventually slip

out of my soaked cunt and the combined cum of our sex leak across me onto him.

I finally rose and went into the hall bathroom to fetch us a warm wash cloth. As

I stood there washing myself Mrs. Costner stopped in the doorway.

"Would you like some breakfast now Ms. Jackie?"

Naked and freshly fucked I stood in front of this odd woman and realized that I

was ravenously hungry.

"Yes, thank you, whatever David is having."

"That is a lovely necklace dear, Mr. David has such good taste."

I wondered if she included me in that statement of taste. I returned to Davis

and cleaned him up then asked if he was ready for breakfast too.

"You can wear your new robe if you like," he told me.

"I'd be too afraid of getting something on it, it is so beautiful, besides,

don't you like what I am wearing?' I did a pirouette in my heels and necklace

for him.

He fastened his own robe then took my arm and led me to the kitchen.

I had assumed that Mrs. Costner served as cook too, but when I entered the

kitchen I was greeted by "Madre Dios" from the old Hispanic cook working at the

large commercial stove.

I did a stumble step and looked to David.

"You are so cute when you blush," he smiled at me and continued to lead me to

the table.

David introduced Enrique who had been cooking for him since his wildcat days in

the oil field. I am sure that in his 60 or 70 years on earth Enrique must have

seen at least one naked lady before, but he sure didn't act like it. His face

threatened to break from the sheer size of the smile across it and his eyes

never left my body even as he flipped eggs and buttered toast.

I was embarrassed of course, but made no move to hide myself. I breathed deeply

and let my chest show in all its hard nippled glory. Yes, my nipples were hard

again and that should have told me something about the changes coming over me.

"Stop staring you old meskin pervert!" Mel's gruff base voice bellowed from the

hallway as he entered the

kitchen. "I told you she was a beauty didn't I?"

"Si, Senor Mel, but I think you must be drunk again. How could such an ugly man

see such a lovely woman except in his tequila dreams?"

I felt the flush spreading through my body as these men talked about me and saw

the twinkle of pleasure and excitement in David's eyes. I also felt the flesh

draw tighter on my nipples and the moisture begin in my pussy.

Mrs. Costner placed a glass of juice and a cup of coffee before me, and then

another service for David. Mel took a seat at one of the bar stools by the tall

counter top and sat facing me and David.

Mrs. Costner took a place next to Mel as Enrique placed platters of eggs, ham,

hash browns and toast in front of us. The aroma of the food almost overcame my

awareness of my nudity and I dug in with gusto. When a drop of yellow egg yoke

escaped my fork and fell onto my bare breast I was glad I had decided not to

wear the beautiful robe. Without thinking I licked a finger and scooped it from

my curve. As I sucked the finger clean I looked up to see David staring at me,

grinning. A quick glance told me that Mel and Enrique were also riveted to me

with their mouths hanging open. Mrs. Costner wet the corner of a napkin at the

sink and handed it to me. Bless her.

"New way to serve eggs? David asked.

"Very young breast of chicken," I smarted back to him, "but you have to bring

your own sausage."

He choked on his coffee and I got up taking my now empty plate to the sink. I

was really enjoying the attention I got being nude in the room and while at the

sink I did a long stretch and yawn, just to show off a little.

"Mrs. Costner, could you stop by my room later when you have time, I have a few

question you might be able to help me with?"

"Of course dear," she replied sweetly.

I walked over to Enrique and standing on my toes placed my hands on his

shoulders and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, "Great breakfast, thank you!"

"Oh it was my pleasure Senorita. Anytime you want something from the kitchen you just call me."

"David if you don't mind I am going to take a shower and relax for a little bit,

unless you have something else for me to do?"

"I'll send Mel to get you when it's time to leave," he replied casually.

I had my shower and was working on my nails when Mrs. Costner knocked on my door an hour later. Still wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around my wet hair I

let her in.

"You seem to be taking this all in stride Mrs. Costner, I mean a naked girl

running around your house, sex in the living room, Mel and the cook drooling

over my body all morning. What's the deal? Are you and David lovers or

something?"

She looked at me and I wasn't sure if she was mad or just sizing me up to decide

if I was worth even talking to. "I just want to see Mr. David happy. He's been

happier than I can remember since his first interview with you. He warned me

about this and told me that if I objected he would move to another house and I

could stay on here.

I'll tell you something Jackie," she continued, "if I were 20 years younger I

would have applied for the job myself. I would gladly trade places with you!"

My face must have betrayed my shock, my words surely did, "Mrs. Costner!"

"Oh hell girl, neither my imagination nor my body had dried up yet!"

"I'm really going to like you," I said and took her into a hug.

"So what's the big question you needed answered?" she asked breaking loose from

me.

"Oh yeah, where are we going today?"

"I thought you knew, we're headed to Key West."

Just like that we were going to jump on a plane and cross half the country to

spend the holiday in the Keys. Ok.

"Look I have this whole closet full of clothes and have no idea what to wear.

You bought it all, what do you suggest?" I asked her.

"Well it's pretty cool outside here, say about 50, so you'll need a coat for the

trip to the airport."

"Hell that's 20 degrees warmer than where I was yesterday at this time." I

quipped.

"Yes, and it's about 25 cooler than it will be where we are going this afternoon, so you'll need something for that weather too."

She entered my closets and came back a minute later with her hands full. She

handed me a soft leather jacket with wide lapels and a sash tie. Then she handed

me a string bikini bottom and a short tank top.

I fiddled with the bikini and saw that the material slipped on the string so it

could be adjusted to cover more or less, as desired at the time. Even in it's

most modest adjustment it covered little and one tug of the string would release

that.

Mrs. Costner smiled at me, "At least you don't have to worry about a stray hair

sticking out and embarrassing you."

Without thinking I ran my hand over my bare pussy, then realizing what I was

doing blushed and stopped. "I guess every cloud has its silver lining," I tried

to sound nonchalant.

"Oh it takes a little getting used to but I think you will find you like it. I

do, I've been shaved for years."

Once again this strange lady had surprised me, shocked me and her giggle

confirmed that she knew it too.

I tried the top on just to do something and found that it just barely covered my

breasts. The hem hung loose in the air under them and the plunging neck bared

the tops. The points of my nipples stood out clearly and they weren't even hard

yet, well at lest not very hard.

"Yes," she nodded, "David will like that. Wear the jacket when you leave here

over the other stuff and then in the plane take the jacket off."

"Can I ask you something else?"

"Sure," she said gamely.

"Why aren't you going home to your family for the Holiday?"

"Are you kidding? Why would I spend a week with that barren bitch my son married

and freeze my ass of in Chicago when I can lay on the beach and enjoy the sun?"

"You won't have to work?"

"No, Mr. David has a couple there to take care of things, I'll have the time

off. Who knows, I might even get lucky while I'm there!"

"Hell you say, it will be him that gets lucky!" I answered meaning it.

"Her," she corrected me.

Oh shit.

"While I'm here I'll go ahead and pack you a bag for the trip if you like," she

continued as if this were the most normal conversation in the world.

Mel called my room a while later and I hurried out carrying nothing and not

wearing much more than that.

When we entered the plane at the private terminal I was awestruck. This thing

was great. All leather furniture, corian counters and tables, entertainment

center and phones at every seat. I had never been on a private jet, but I

suspected this was better than most.

I noticed the company sign on the side of the plane, "Scott Exploration" and I

started to giggle.

"What's that all about?" David asked me.

I pointed to the sign.

"Yeah, S.Ex for short!'

Inside a woman was waiting to take our coats and assist with seating or luggage.

I untied my jacket and turned my back to her letting it slip off. David nodded

at my choice of apparel, Mel winked and Mrs. Costner smiled and told me to sit

by her. I turned to thank the girl with my coat and David introduced us.

"Jackie, this is our stewardess, Sarah."

"David Scott! You can not call me a stewardess! My contract calls me a flight

attendant! Stewardess is sexist and degrading!" she ranted, but with a charming

smile all the time.

"So sue me!" he laughed back at her.

"I just might! Especially if these uniform skirts get any shorter!"

"You know the uniform is in your contract Sarah, you can't sue me for that."

"Yeah, I also know they're at least an inch shorter than they used to be!"

"How much would another couple of inches cost me?"

"With a good lawyer probably a couple of million at least. A million an inch!"

"Might be worth it?" he mused as he headed to the seats.

Sarah was a spitfire and I liked her right away, I didn't know just how serious

she was, but suspected it was mostly just their way of teasing each other. She

had shoulder length curly brown hair that was magnificent on her, big brown eyes

accented it and were the most striking feature of her soft round face. She was

only about an inch taller than I and a little bigger in the bust. I guessed her

to be about 27 or so and later found out she was 35. She moved with grace in her

high heels and just seemed to flow around the plane as we all got settled for

take off.

Her uniform was composed of the short black skirt that was under discussion. It

wasn't really terribly short, about mid-thigh, but it was close fitting and

hugged her round butt nicely. The top was a white cotton blouse, tailored to her

body and revealing under its thin fabric a soft lace bra. A thin black scarf

hung around her neck and was knotted loosely over her breasts. Rather than hide,

it accented the exposed cleavage. She appeared bared legged to her patent

leather pumps.

We sat in individual leather armchairs that would pivot around so we could all

face the table between the seats. As we sat I heard David tell Mel.

"When you get back to Houston call the laundry and tell them to take a half inch

out of Sarah's skirts each time they launder it for the next month. That ought

to be interesting."

The plane took off like a rocket, much faster and steeper than any commercial

jet I had ever been on. We were soon at cruising altitude and leveled off flying

comfortably along. Sarah served us all drinks and snacks and took orders for

lunch. As she bent to place drinks on the table in front of us the necktie

dangled drawing the eye to the visible rise of her breasts. Her legs bent as she

dipped to place trays of snacks on the table and her skirt rose to show a

tantalizing amount of thigh. I could see where she would be very distracting. I

wondered what effect loosing two more inches of skirt would have on her. Would

she modify her performance while serving guests, or go ahead and show her

panties, which would surely be visible if the skirt were any shorter. This

wasn't the usual, "Do you want the soggy chicken or week old fish?" lunch, she

actually offered us menus with several selections.

A little more than an hour into the flight I was getting restless and David was

talking business with Mel so I got up to wander around a little. There isn't

much room to wander, but seeing Sarah at the rear of the plane working in the

little galley area I headed that way. The flight was smooth but still walking on

a plane in heels was a little unstable.

"I waited tables for a time while I was in college," I began, "but never at 600

miles an hour or at 30,000 feet. You make it look so easy."

She smiled, that was good, then said, "After dancing the two step in four inch

heels with a half drunk cowboy this is easy!"

"You must be the new girl."

My expression must have shown my question.

"Yeah the new girl, the one all the rumors are going around about."

"I've only been here a day, what rumors?" I asked a little shocked.

"Look honey, this is a small company really. I mean we make a ton of money but

there are only about 50 employees in all, nothing, absolutely nothing, is a

secret around here."

"So what rumors are going around?" I asked a little afraid to know.

She looked at me raising her eyebrow a little, sort of measuring me to see if

she should tell me the truth or not. "The favorite one currently is that David

decided to stop marrying his lays and has hired himself a high priced French

whore to take care of him.

I never could lie worth a damn, my face always gives me away and it did this

time too. I was at a loss for words.

Sarah smiled her sweet smile again, "I know that's BS girl."

I was relieved and sighed, then she continued.

"You obviously are not French!"

I turned beet red as I stammered for an answer, then realized that she was still

smiling impishly at me, waiting to see how I would react.

It all struck me as funny suddenly, and true. I wasn't French after all. I

laughed, "You're right, I'm not French, I'm from the Midwest."

We talked for a time, just chatter about the company I now worked for and some

of the people in it. The thought crossed my mind to mention what David had said

about shortening her skirts, but I knew that would violate David's confidence,

so didn't. Besides, I knew Sarah could handle whatever he threw at her.

"So do you really mind the uniform?" I asked her.

"This?" she asked using her hand to indicate the outfit, "not at all, I just

like to give him a hard time. I know David uses me to distract some of his

guests on the plane, but that's alright too. If they're dumb enough to let a

little leg affect their business judgement shame on them."

"I've got a feeling you like to tease a little too!" I jested.

"Who me?" she said innocently.

"What about you girl? Is that your uniform?" referring to the crop top and

bikini that I wore.

"This?" I giggled, "hell no I just got dressed up for the trip!" I raised one

foot and wiggled a heel, "these are my uniform!"

She looked a little confused, "You mean just high heels?"

"Yep!' I said trying my best to look unaffected by the revelation. "Around the

house that is all I wear, anything else is at David's whim. Outside I get to

dress, but from what I've seen so far that's not going to be much better than

being naked."

"Don't you get cold?" she asked laughing.

"Honestly, embarrassment keeps me warm!"

For some reason I had the urge right then to strip off my shirt and bottom and

let her see me in my uniform. I resisted the impulse thinking that maybe on the

trip back David would take the choice away from me.

Trying to change the subject I asked her, "Do you guys fly back to Houston, or

do you wait in Key West?"

"The boys, pilots, will be off for the week and will fly home. I'm staying here

for a little vacation. I get to stay in David's house while we're here and the

company picks up the tab for all the meals so why not enjoy it?"

So she would be seeing me around the house soon enough I thought.

I returned to my seat across from David and he smiled at me, "You and Sarah

hitting it off ok?"

"Yeah, she seems really sweet," I smiled back at him.

"She'll be staying with us this week,' he added with no apparent expression.